

THE COSMIC RELATIONS
AND
IMMORTALITY

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ON THE CIVIC RELATIONS. Being a third edition of "Talks on Civics" rewritten from the catechetical into the expository form, and revised and enlarged.

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THE COSMIC RELATIONS
AND IMMORTALITY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

THE COSMIC RELATIONS AND IMMORTALITY

By
HENRY HOLT

Being a second edition of the author's treatise
"ON THE COSMIC RELATIONS"

VOLUME I



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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

OF course no one could sanely undertake an exhaustive treatment of the subject indicated by the title of this book. What I have attempted is an outline of the evolution of the relations between the soul and the external universe, and a summary of the recognized relations that are still so immaturely evolved as to be little understood.

With the latest philosophy, I have assumed a germ of consciousness in each particle of the star dust, recognizing the consciousness when it becomes obvious in the recoil of protoplasm from contact, and following the evolution up through primitive life into the soul as we know it to-day. I have made this sketch with a special view to showing that the existence of an unknown universe is a corollary of the evolution of knowledge. This has often been expressed in a sentence, but not often systematically expounded and illustrated.

After this hasty sketch of the *a priori* indications of an unknown universe, I have gone at once into the *a posteriori* indications, giving an account of the mysterious relations that have been carefully studied only for a generation, between the human forces now termed telekinetic and the better known modes of force; and also of the psychical relations termed telepathic, following them up to those which some consider spiritistic.

That these phenomena are of great interest, and the study of them of the very first importance, has been the belief of some of the first minds of our time, including minds so diverse as those of Mr. Gladstone and Professor James.

These things upon the borders of our Cosmic Relations have been most notably studied by the Society for Psychical Research, and earliest perhaps among the motives for undertaking this book, was the desire to present, so far as I could in the limits, and in such organic shape as I could, the most

important of the accounts of phenomena and comments upon them scattered through the forty odd volumes so far published by that Society. My compilation has naturally accreted with itself considerable material from kindred sources, including some from the observations of my friends and myself; and I have ventured to accompany it with many guesses and comments of my own as to causes and implications of the phenomena. Where all is so vague, there can be no immodesty in any earnest student hazarding his guesses. The only immodesty conspicuous in the connection is that frequently shown by those who pooh-pooh the facts without knowing anything about them.

Many of the facts presented are very nebulous, and the guesses are naturally more nebulous still. This has led to a great deal of deliberate repetition, of views from various angles,—so much that I fear it will tax the patience of the readers whose approval I most desire. I trust, however, that they will bear with the repetitions better from knowing that, although there is probably a full share of those which result from imperfection in the author's grasp, there are many others which are of set purpose.

I beg farther indulgence for some inconsistencies. For instance, in dealing with the most tremendous subjects that tempt our intellects, at one moment one is conscious of their immensity, and uses the habitual symbols for the feeling, and at the next moment, in a different connection, the word that he has just capitalized arises in some matter-of-fact connection without any emotional content, and slips off the pencil as free from emphasis as any other word. I let them stay as they fell, and hope that their inconsistencies will not bother the reader as much as they have bothered the proof readers. Those good (and sometimes very bad) people have also been greatly bothered by the extracts of heteromatic writing: for I left them to be printed just as I found them, and they are often superior to the rules of rhyme and reason, let alone rhetoric and proof reading. Moreover, there are folks who don't like being bound by rule: if there never had been such, this book would not have been possible—or perhaps any other.

In addition to the sins for which I have already sought

absolution, I have contradicted myself with a freedom perhaps not quite Emersonian, but also, alas! not quite with Emersonian excuse; and perhaps the worst thing I have done, but a thing which I suspect has been done by more than one other author, even by as great a one as I have just named, is letting stand two or three sentences written in good faith, whose meaning is so elusive that, by the time of revision, it has escaped even the author. It may come back, though, when sought under different circumstances, even by a different person.

To crown all the paradoxical treatment of a paradoxical subject, there is matter on pages 373-4 and 395-6 that perhaps ought to be in the preface, but it could not be understood without a knowledge of much that precedes it.

I have not made so much apology without a vivid consciousness that *qui s'excuse s'accuse*. But is there not sufficient sanction in antique usage, for a preface being "The Author's Apology"? And surely in these days of unrelenting book production, he has more need of apology than ever before. I do not envy the man, or have much hope for the work of the man, who can write on these vague subjects without painfully mistrusting himself. But there is at least one good reason for any aspirant setting out with a good heart—though he may receive, and deserve, no attention, or even contemptuous attention, he is at least essaying needed work: for our age takes too little interest in these subjects, even if some ages have taken too much.

My obligations to many friends are great—to Mr. Dorr, Professor Kellogg, and Professor Newbold they are beyond expression. That two of them have sometimes talked all night with me is but a faint indication. Professor Kellogg has read some of the proof, and Professor Newbold the whole of it. So has Mr. Bartlett, the biographer of Foster. So also have several other friends, some of them at almost as great sacrifice of peace of mind as the proof readers.

I have also to express my thanks to the Society for Psychological Research for permitting the publication of some of the matter in Professor Newbold's hands which is under their

control. It is given in Chapter XXXVI, and also in the Baker case on pp. 859f.

Some passages have been printed in *The Unpopular Review*. As it is usual to acknowledge such facts, partly perhaps to warn off readers, so slight a circumstance as my being the editor ought not to prevent the acknowledgment here.

H. H.

FAIRHOLT, BURLINGTON, VT.
September 26, 1914.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE interest in Psychical Research which has sprung from the bereavements of the war, has brought a sudden demand for a new edition of this work. The title of the first edition was simply "On the Cosmic Relations." Sir William Barrett, in a notice approving of its contents, expressed dissatisfaction with its title, and made its inadequacy for the first time apparent to the author. Although the principal purpose of the book was to tell what had been done in Psychical Research, the title came from a desire to show that the new phenomena under research were as legitimate a part of our relations to the cosmos as those which had preceded them, and thus to establish the scientific basis for the new knowledge by correlating it with the old. I also hoped thereby to lessen the opposition with which the new knowledge, so contrary to old prejudices, is generally received.

But Sir William's comment opened my eyes to the fact that the book's title failed in what, to a person not of the Ruskinian type of mind, is really the first object of a title—to indicate the main purpose of the book; and thereby incidentally facilitate its circulation. I trust that the expansion of the title in this edition will remedy the defect, and excuse this long explanation.

Since the first edition was published in 1914 "mediums" as gifted as their predecessors, and with a great variety of gifts, have cropped up everywhere and in all social positions, and

there has been an enormous amount of involuntary writing by ouija board or pencil. Seldom has there been such a flood of literature, good and bad, contributed in an equal time to any other department of knowledge. This suggests that this book should be rewritten, but that would involve withholding it at a time when the demand is pressing and perhaps important. And rewriting is not really worth while: for there has been no such change in the aspect of the matters treated, as cannot readily be disposed of in a supplement. Yet not only has the general literature of the subject vastly increased, but my personal knowledge of the phenomena has increased also, and it may be worth while to give some idea of the new aggregate. This I have attempted in some supplementary chapters, and I have also made some modifications in the final summary of the first edition.

I have added nothing to speak of about "materialization." Before Dr. Crawford's discoveries, summarized in Chapter LVI, I was so skeptical about it that I had not even studied the subject; and I am still ignorant of it except at second hand. But Dr. Crawford's evidence, and some that has reached me privately, make me think that the topic is probably worthy of attention. I can not, however, hold back this edition to study it farther.

When the first edition was published, there was comparatively little information outside the Proceedings of the S. P. R., and as they were not easily accessible to readers generally, I quoted from them very freely. But the English S. P. R. has not been as active as before the war, and has confined its reports more and more to studies deeper than the average lay student's interests go. But, on the other hand, there are now many good books within reach of everybody. Yet with the exception of Dr. Crawford's, they do little more than confirm what I have given already.

All the additions I have found practicable are, in Chapter LVI some brief accounts of what appear to be the revolutionary discoveries in Telekinesis announced by Dr. Crawford; in Chapters LVII and LVIII, some account of my own experiences with two remarkable new sensitives, touching whom nothing has yet been published except my own articles in *The Unpopular* (now the *Unpartizan*) *Review*, from which

I quote freely; and in Chapter LIX, I give some comments on the current flood of involuntary writing, and a brief account of a few of the most remarkable and novel recent miscellaneous cases.

Because of the progress of Psychical Research since the first edition, the supplementary chapters (LVI-LIX) and the slightly modified final summary composing Chapter LX, are of course somewhat at variance with the first edition. Especially are Chapters LVII, on my experiences with Mr. T.—and LVIII, on my experiences with “Mrs. Vernon,” at variance with the statement, after my séance with Mrs. Piper, in Chapter XXVIII, that I had not been near a medium since, nor cared to go. But I did not go then, and have not gone since, to seek communication with my own departed ones (in fact I willed it away in the Piper sitting) but I have gone merely to study the subject; and I strenuously counsel against the habit of going for any other purpose. Notice Mrs. Travers-Smith’s opinions on that point in Chapter LIX.

To avoid making an entirely new index, a short supplementary index of the new matter has been printed after the original index. But introducing that new matter between the last two chapters of the first edition, has involved renumbering the pages, and consequently the references after page 930 in the original index are seventy pages too small. They can be corrected by adding that number, or the corrected ones can be found in the supplementary index.

In the investigation of the subject, probably the greatest need now obvious is the comparative study of the immense mass of alleged evidence already accumulated—a search for generalizations regarding which sensitives generally agree; and that is needed whether the study leads to the discovery of underlying principles, or “busts up” the whole thing. I, for one, don’t think it will. If I were younger and less committed to other work, I might attempt that study, but even then there would be no justification to keep this book out of print until the work should be done. There are others to do the work, and I earnestly commend it to them.

What little comparative study has already been done has

brought out some important uniformities which it may not be premature to call laws. The best summary of them that I know has been made by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in *The New Revelation*. I give a brief but very significant quotation from it in Chapter LIX.

Since the first edition appeared, we have had the terrible privilege of living through, or at least into, the greatest period of revolution the world has known. On its physical side the revolution has probably been no greater than on its psychical side. The accelerated weakening of old dogmas has greatly increased the interest in Psychological Research; but, of course, a stronger influence has been the hope of reunion with those whom the war has so cruelly torn away. Extravagant as the suggestion may appear, perhaps this interest may yet more than compensate all the suffering of the war. The least that can be expected from it is a better correlation of psychic phenomena with our previous knowledge, while as much can be hoped for as a clearer demonstration of the survival of death, a regenerated religion, and expectation of a rational heaven.

An eminent scientific man casually remarked to me the other day: "I see that now Lodge and Conan Doyle have had their heads turned." I asked him if he had read their books, and when he told me he had not, I had my pleasure usual in such cases, of telling him that I knew he had not, when he made his remark.

The splendid labors of the S. P. R. have been, especially lately, largely devoted to search for what James used to call "knock-down evidence." I don't expect it much more than I expect the exact squaring of the circle: what with telepathy, teloteropathy, and the possibility of verification only from incarnate minds, not to speak of the inevitable difference between the conditions of incarnate existence and postcarnate existence, if there is any, the conditions of the question, outside of Telekinesis, do not seem to admit of knock-down evidence. Yet evidence may be convincing without being conclusive, and there does seem a visible chance that as people learn more and more of the facts that have already convinced

most of the investigators—that have “turned the heads” of Swedenborg, Lincoln, Myers, Hodgson, Lodge, Crookes, Barrett and the Balfours, and attracted the profound attention of Gladstone, Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, MacDougall, Schiller, Bergson, Gilbert Murray, James, and Lord Rayleigh—as people learn more of these things, and as the fashion of involuntary writing spreads, there will gradually spread a belief in immortality based on such evidence as we may have. Men have gone to the stake for convictions whose evidence was no stronger. With that conviction we may hope for a great increase in right reason, in morality, in hopefulness, and consequently in happiness.

H. H.

FAIRHOLT, BURLINGTON, VT.

October 23, 1919.

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THE COSMIC RELATIONS AND IMMORTALITY

BOOK I

CORRELATED KNOWLEDGE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

THERE is something more than resemblances of words to make this age of wireless telegraphs, horseless carriages, and tuneless music, an age of lawless laws and creditless creeds. When new things replace old ones, new conceptions must follow; and during the transitions, men's convictions are suspended. Accordingly the comparatively recent realization that the Cosmos is governed by law, uniform, just, and merciless, has dethroned the god whom prayer influences to disturb the order of Nature. With such a god, goes most that such a god implies; and until we assimilate new conceptions of the power behind the universe, we are getting along with a short supply of faiths, and in some respects not getting along at all well. It may not be hard for instance to trace the connection of the lawless laws and creditless creeds with the tuneless music, or with any other art which has parted with inspiration. The old views of our Cosmic Relations being gone, these conditions cry out for new ones.

It is a commonplace, but a very true one, that we are apt to attribute too much of mankind's well-being to recent discoveries. Telephones and wireless telegraphs are useful as transmitters of words only if the words say something worth saying; and there has not been said as much worth saying since the invention of the telephone as there was during an equal period before that invention. The wealth developed by man's recently increased control of nature has put the

search for wealth in front of the searching of the spirit: neither in production nor in appreciation have literature, philosophy, or the arts, the place they had about the middle of the nineteenth century, and science has been turning more and more from the discovery of Nature's inspiring laws to the production of wealth. The relation between man and the universe outside him has been growing more mechanical and less emotional. True, the city dweller seeks Nature more than he did, but it is for his body's sake rather than his soul's sake, and he feels a responsive soul behind Nature less than he did. The fervors, thrills, and longings of the philosopher are gone with those of the devotee. With them have disappeared the inspirations of the poet and the artist. If they come back, they must come under new forms: the old ones are like worn-out garments. Of what the new ones may be we are about to search for some hints.

Men have always had some sort of realization of the ineffable mystery surrounding what they know. From the savage's propitiation of the unknown Power behind every known thing, up to Spencer's predication of an Unknowable beside which all we know shrinks toward nothingness, that mystery has been the source of many of our best emotions, and often of our dominant ones. For long periods and over wide spaces, religion has been both an inspiration and a control. Although it was behind the cruelties of the Inquisition and the asceticisms of the Thebaid, it was no less behind the sculpture of Greece, the painting of the Renaissance, the poetry of the *Divina Commedia* and the *Paradise Lost*, and the music of the *Twelfth Mass* and the *Stabat Mater*. What perhaps is more, it filled the ages in which lived makers of other great works, who, while showing no consciousness that they were affected by religion, even while contemning it, unconsciously owed to it much of their inspiration. This is realized by most of the few living men who experienced and hated the Puritan education that survived beyond the first half of the last century. At college they may have hated to go to chapel, especially when compelled to it before daylight in winter, and in the shortened holidays of June afternoons; they may have despised many of the dogmas taught, and even many of the good teachers who were too stupid to see the

new revolutions rushing through thought; but despite all the hatred and contempt, some of them feel yet the thrill from the old hymns sung in the slanting sunlight of the shortened holidays, and realize that those thrills were akin to those which made that an age of great music and great literature—greatness whose dwindling makes this age comparatively barren.

Yet the inspirations of Rossini and Verdi and Abt and Lachner and our own Foster, and those of Tennyson and Emerson came from precisely the same universe that we have before us now—nay, from a much narrower one; but the interpretations of it were different, were generally accepted and were embodied in a set of enthusiasms common to all men, and therefore doubly inspiring to all men, even to the few whose emotions affirmed when their intellects ignored or denied.

The Calvinistic theology, with its outcrop of Puritanism, had made God a tyrant to whom all joy in his creatures was displeasing. This made morality consist in self-suppression. The master of my preparatory school, though educated as a physician, counseled his boys against drinking water in hot weather: so far did the conviction go that all our desires inclined toward evil; even in fevers, water was not permitted; and at Yale in my time, not only were the students forced to go to chapel in the dark mornings and winter storms, but an offer to cushion the benches of the chapel was rejected because it was feared the cushions would promote effeminacy. At the same time, in defiance of all consistency regarding the effeminacy, but most consistently regarding the asceticism, athletics were not encouraged, partly, whether so realized or not, because they gave pleasure.

But the reaction against those monstrous opinions, in dethroning the monstrous god the opinions propitiated, dethroned the only god there was, and, to the minds of many, introduced a purely material universe—one without malevolence but equally without benevolence—a Cosmos, it is true, because orderly and governed by law, but with its emotional elements ignored, and even its beauty dissected away in the search for causes.

These arid views were of course possible only during the passing of an intense emotional reaction. While the relations

of the Soul to God became abstractions too tenuous to consider, the interactions between the Soul and the rest of the Cosmos, were more distinctly recognized and investigated, and it became generally realized that of those interactions, happiness is, despite exceptions, the natural result: indeed, the Cosmos has come to appear an apparatus for the production of happiness, and, on the whole, despite many failures, a very successful one. At least in our corner of it, Nature has been at work longer than we can intelligently realize, in making man "from the dust of the earth"—in evolving responsive matter from irresponsive, and in building up organisms of responsive matter for no other apparent reason than that the responses may produce happiness.

All sane action is undertaken for the sake of happiness. Other reasons have been given, but they do not bear examination. Action may be sane, however, and yet mistaken, or may even be deliberately counter to the happiness of the actor, in which case, as in self-sacrifice for another's sake, it will be intended for the happiness of someone other than the actor—it may be even for the happiness of God, as in the Juggernaut sacrifices no less than in the Roman incense or the musical tributes of the rural New England melodeon and choir. Or the action may be counter to the happiness of someone else, in which case it will be for the happiness of the actor, as in robbery; or of some third person, as in removing a friend's enemy; or again even of God, as in persecuting those who deny him.

Or, once more, the action may be against the immediate happiness of the actor, but for his at-least-supposed ultimate happiness, as in asceticism for the soul's sake; or it may be against the immediate happiness of another, but for his supposed ultimate happiness, as in religious persecution. But in whatever complexities the purpose of action may be disguised, it is, if sane, ultimately intended for happiness—of somebody somewhere. Counter theories have been maintained, but they have been demonstrated fallacious, both in logic and in practice.

The proposition that, so far as we can see, happiness is the only known justification for the existence of either soul or universe, has probably been the object of more attack

than any other proposition in philosophy. The opposition, however, has been mainly against low definitions of the term happiness, which the critics have made for themselves. But that proposition is supported even by their suggestion that God made both soul and universe to amuse himself—that his eyes might be delighted by human sacrifices, and his palate by their flesh; or that his ears might be tickled by melodeons, and his nose by incense—such was one idea of Divine happiness entertained by some of those who made the suggestion.

If happiness means the satisfaction of poor taste, or vanity, or sensuality, or means even mere amusement, the proposition is well founded. But where does happiness bulk larger—in poor taste, or good taste; in vanity, or modesty; in excess, or temperance; in selfishness, or generosity; in laziness or activity? If happiness is most effectively sought in good work relieved by the recreation essential to its best efficiency, and directed to the greatest aggregate happiness—regarding the happiness of the individual only as a component of that; in love of the beautiful universe and of the arts we generate from it; in love of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, and the beautiful moral law; and in grateful, hopeful, filial, intimate reverence for the Power and Beneficence obvious behind it all—if happiness comes mainly from these things, who shall say that its production is not the main result, and the best result, of all the legitimate activities we know? And yet it is but a by-product of duty.

With this view—that the cosmic relations are normally productive of happiness—has come the realization that the substitution, in the control of the universe, of law for anthropomorphic volitions, has not done away with morality; and that discrediting the testimony on which, in our branch of the race, the hopes of immortality had mainly rested, did not destroy all bases for the hopes, especially as there began to appear new bases, which even conquered the skepticism of many investigators to whom the old ones appealed in vain.

These new mental attitudes have resulted from much discussion, but they are still so new that discussion can hardly yet have become superfluous, and that any earnest writer may hope to present some aspects worth noticing. In this hope

I venture one more consideration of our Cosmic Relations—one by no means exhaustive, even of our present knowledge, but only of some salient features of it.

Our "Cosmic Relations" is a brief term for the interactions between Soul and Universe. For those interactions to be successful—which means for them to be productive of happiness, the actions on one side must of course be in conformity with the actions on the other. There are actions on both sides not controlled by our wills—on one side, many of our own thoughts and feelings; and on the other, most of the processes of Nature. But we have always found the actions we do not control, consistent with each other—in conformity with Nature's laws, as we phrase it; and when the actions we do control are also in such conformity, the actions we do not control always co-operate with us, and insure our success; when our actions are not in conformity, the other actions oppose us, and insure our failure. Conformity is what we call morality.

With some of the reactions we are very familiar, some we know vaguely, there may be others at which we merely guess, and probably the vast majority we do not even guess about. The changes in our bodies on which our mental and physical well-being depends, are but very imperfectly known to us, and many not known at all. The same is true of conditions in our environment. We can yet foresee but imperfectly the daily and seasonal changes of temperature and moisture on which our health and fortunes so largely depend; and we guess but faintly that there are around us changes of magnetic and electrical tension which materially affect our vigor and spirits, and yet which we recognize but slowly and vaguely, and cannot anticipate, much less control. Such, however, as already hinted, is the obvious consistency of the universe, that there is every reason to believe that if we deduce correct principles of conduct regarding what we know, we will comport ourselves wisely regarding what we do not know. The vast majority of wise people have even carried this principle so far as to believe that if there is a life beyond the one we are leading, the full use of this one is the best possible preparation for that one. Some ascetics, however,

have advocated the subordination of this one to certain fancies which they have entertained regarding that one.

To guard against such extremes, it is well to know the general laws of the happiness-producing Cosmos: for they indicate the right uses of less general knowledge. That is the reason for traditionally applying the term *The Guide of Life* to the general laws, embraced under the name *Philosophy*, and is why masters of special arts have always come to learn from masters of philosophy, and why widespread errors of philosophy have led to disastrous blunders in religion, statecraft, economics, criminology, physical science, and invention—blunders all the way from attempting to govern heterogeneous peoples by homogeneous suffrage, and attempting to cure laziness by fostering it, down to astrology and perpetual motion.

As any treatment, however modest, of the widest generalities, must here and there touch the outlines of all we know, to make some sort of consistent whole it must include many things with which most readers are already familiar. But that is an infirmity of nearly all exposition: often the best that one can hope to reach, is putting old facts in new lights.

Our study, like all others, needs a classification of subject-matter and a terminology, and our classification, like all others, cannot escape being a little arbitrary, with some overlapping at the lines of division.

As already intimated, we will consider the Cosmos as consisting of the soul and the universe external to it. Yet some wise people deny any such duality—part of them declaring that there is nothing outside the mind, and others declaring that mind is only a function of matter. Very well, we will consider this later; at present, for the first class of persons, let us divide the contents of the mind into what it does not project as seemingly outside itself, and what it does; and for the second class of persons, let us divide the functions of matter into those taking place in the nervous system, and those taking place outside of it. As said before, no classification is faultless, but any one of these will do to work with,

and the three are nearly enough identical to permit the terms of any one to apply to the others—at least closely enough for our purposes. The terms in each case may well be covered by the old-fashioned words subjective and objective.

This is our first illustration of something that will come before us often—and with which the reader is probably already only too familiar—the absence in Nature of lines of demarcation, and the frequent necessity of assuming them for purposes of study. As with body and soul, so with animal and vegetable, chemical and physical, and hosts of other pairs of categories. Of most of the items under any pair, we can say: This comes under one of the pair, and this under the other; but there are some which we find it so difficult to place that we are tempted to say: This comes under both. Even to-day certain of the simplest organisms will be found included in both zoölogical and botanical text-books.

Using our terms Soul and Universe, we place the body outside of the soul. But inside the soul we recognize a Something which says *my* body, *my* sensations, *my* thoughts, *my* feelings, *my* soul. This something we know only as making such remarks, and claiming such possessions; but we at least give it a name—Consciousness. But we call even it, *my* consciousness. What calls it so? Another consciousness? If so, that too must be “mine,” and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus consciousness, like everything else, is ultimately a mystery beyond our faculties. Yet we include it with the mass of sensations, thoughts, and feelings, under the conception which, *pace* the quarrels of the psychologists, we call Soul.

Outside of the soul, too, are other souls, which, in relation to it, we are to include not in Soul, but in Universe: for as happiness is mainly produced by the interactions between one soul and other souls, unless we did include objective soul in universe, there would be but a sorry foundation for our fundamental proposition that the interactions between soul and universe are the cause of happiness.

To this proposition it may be objected (How hard it is to make a proposition to which “it may be objected” never applies!) that the soul derives happiness from its own functions—from studying its own processes, contemplating its

memories and imaginations, and constructing its interpretations, theories, and schemes. True, but all these seem to have their *origin* in reactions between Soul and Universe.

We will regard the universe as consisting of, first, the portion known to us; second, the portion partly known, or on the borderland between the known and the unknown; and third, the portion unknown, which is presumably immeasurably the largest. This classification, too, is like all others, very vague at the dividing lines—so vague indeed that we have to begin by admitting the first portion to be, from one point of view, identical with the second; but we will find another point of view.

What shall we understand by the known universe? It is really a sequence of phenomena. Until lately it was believed, and is still generally believed, that we can perceive, think, and feel only through vibrations in the objective universe, including nerve matter, and we may as well proceed provisionally on this belief until we reach the reasons that may point to supplementing it. Supplementing belief seems, in this generation, to have been one of our most important functions.

Knowledge is the recognition of uniformities and differences in the aforesaid vibrations, and it is really knowledge, only as it can prophesy uniformities and differences in new vibrations.

The ability thus to prophesy depends of course upon uniformity and breadth of experience. Certainty varies as these vary, and as there is no final experience—as the sun *may* not rise to-morrow morning; as next winter *may* be hot, and next summer cold; as anything and everything *may* turn out differently from what it always has; there is of course no absolute certainty. Or looking at it from another angle: if certainty means demonstration not open to any possible doubt, absolute certainty is impossible to the human mind: for, as has often been said, absolute certainty would need infinite evidence, whose accumulation would require infinite time. Meanwhile “absolute” and “infinite” are words which are merely confessions of ignorance, and therefore “absolute certainty” is not only unattainable, but unthinkable; and over all this, some diseased minds have made a great pother.

But it is a far cry from such considerations, to the inference of the pessimists that as human knowledge is not certain, it is useless. We have found practical certainty, in the vast majority of instances, as reliable as absolute certainty could have been; and our uncertain knowledge is not only the best knowledge we have, but it is good enough. Our degree of certainty that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, and that things will go as they have gone, except as their totality improves, has been a guide to all human effort, and a basis for all human happiness. Though the disasters that have come from mistakes have been many and serious, they have not been enough to prevent life being generally worth while to sane people not given to pessimism—if any sane people are. There are those for whom the only certainty possible to men is not enough. Their trouble, however, is not with their mental food, but with their mental digestion. They need the help of the alienist rather than the philosopher.

One often meets a general statement that the fact of evolution of our faculties and of our knowledge of the Cosmos up to the present stages, demonstrates that the evolution of both will continue, and that therefore there must be not only a universe, astronomical and microscopical, outside the one we know, but also an unknown universe within the one we partly know, and that this is as true of mind as it is of matter. But I have never seen an attempt to make this abstract statement more realizable—more like the fruitful knowledge we have of visible and tangible things, by a sketch of evolution contrasting our universe with the universe of our primitive ancestors, and drawing from the contrast the legitimate inferences regarding the wider capacities and wider universe unknown to us, presumably infinitely vaster than those we know, and presumably to be enjoyed by our descendants, and possibly by ourselves in some other plane of being.

The mysteries of that unknown universe of mind and matter have always been contemplated with awe, alike by the primitive savage and the most advanced saint and mystic, and this awe has been the parent of most of the religious emotions. But the developments in the universe of our daily experience during the past century, have been so much greater than ever before—have so increased our control over the powers

of Nature, and with it our wealth, that never perhaps, certainly never since the luxurious days of Rome, have men's thoughts been so diverted from the mysteries and emotions which have marked the great religious ages. Those ages have had their extremes, but ours is in the opposite extreme, and sadly needs to have a portion of its interests lifted from Lombard Street and Wall Street, not to speak of the Savoy and the Waldorf-Astoria.

Without a large consciousness of the universe beyond our knowledge, few men, if any, have done great things. The consciousness may have been mingled with dark and cruel superstitions, but it has been effective in spite of them. Even poor Napoleon had it, and if his age had not been enough like ours to afford him but a niggard supply, he might not have been the pitiable failure he was.

The task I have set myself is, first, to attempt (in Book I) some such sketch of evolution as may impress, more than abstract statements can, a living consciousness of the existence of the universe beyond our knowledge. For such a sketch the facts are yet meager, and have to be pieced together by not a little guesswork. Moreover, they largely relate to primitive and uninteresting things, and I fear my sketch will be dull, especially in the early stages, where its relation to its object cannot be very obvious. Moreover, as it must deal largely with commonplaces of knowledge, you may be impatient unless I am fortunate enough to lead you constantly to regard them as links in a chain of demonstration which, when completed, may possibly repay your attention.

As soon as you find yourself bored, which I greatly fear you will, it may still be worth while to turn to Chapter V. There, after you skip what I fear may be some "fine writing" that I have been betrayed into, you will find the gist of everything between here and there; and in Chapter VIII you will find the beginning of some things that may not have to depend on any powers of mine to make you "sit up and take notice."

Having done what I can to arouse an interest in the Unknown, I shall proceed (in Book II) to give some account of a mass of phenomena which of late have fitfully emerged

from the Unknown, and which although they seem to have always been more or less a part of man's reactions with the Universe of both mind and matter, have been so small a part that, while they raise questions of the highest importance, they have been little explained—that is to say: little correlated with the mass of verified and usable knowledge.

Incidentally, and especially in conclusion (in Book III), I shall offer the leading guesses, and some of my own, as to the possible correlations and implications of these uncorrelated phenomena, and the answers they offer to the questions they raise.

The last two books I trust will not tax the reader's patience as severely as the first one.

We proceed now to the threatened sketch of evolution with reference to its demonstration of a universe beyond our knowledge.

CHAPTER II

SKETCH OF HUMAN EVOLUTION

The Body

FIRST for a rough survey of the apparatus through which the Soul maintains its reactions with the Universe. As this apparatus is evolved, its presumptive farther evolution involves a farther evolution of its functions, which means an increase of the reactions between Soul and Universe; and that means an increase of happiness. At the outset, the survey of the evolution of the apparatus may seem going over too familiar ground, but it will contain some implications that are not very familiar, and that are ancillary to our main purpose. It will also help some more specific work later. Moreover generally, probably always, the best way to study things and their relations is to begin with their evolution.

Evolution began anterior to our knowledge, but it is now going on in things so much like any one we may wish to study, that we can generally get a fair notion of that thing's evolution, through the similar evolutions going on around us. For instance, from hints we get from other suns and systems, and from the action of mechanical laws that we know, we have made a history of the evolution of our solar system; and although no man ever saw that evolution, our history of it is probably more reliable than many histories of human events that profess to be made from the reports of witnesses. Similarly regarding the evolution of plants and animals and intelligence: we have primitive protoplasm and many primitive organisms with us now, and by watching them, and seeds and embryos which repeat their own ancestral evolution, we have learned much of the past biological evolution of which we are the summit.

As we know (in the sense of "knowing" already explained), the evolution of the human body took its start, if

we wish to assume a start anywhere, an immeasurable time ago, in a cell of protoplasm.

The most primitive individual creature that we know is the amœba. It is little more than a nucleated cell of protoplasm, and yet it does queer things. But first let us see if we can get behind it to a connection with inorganic nature: for inorganic objects do queer things too.

Professor Holmes says (*Evolution of Animal Intelligence*, p. 67):

“There are various ways of imitating the movements of Amœba by drops of oil or other fluids subjected to changes of surface tension. If a drop of mercury is placed in dilute nitric acid and a piece of potassium bichromate placed near it the drop of mercury will bulge out toward the bichromate and may surround it. The bichromate as it diffuses against the mercury causes a diminution of surface tension at the region of contact. The stronger contraction of the rest of the surface film forces the mercury to protrude at the weakest point, producing an outpushing resembling the pseudopod” [false foot] “of the Amœba. It has been contended that variations in surface tension account in great measure for the movements of Amœba and other Rhizopods much as in inorganic fluids. There is certainly a striking analogy between the phenomena in the two cases, but the studies of Jennings have shown that explanation of the phenomena is not quite so simple.”

Elsewhere Professor Holmes tells us that a drop of water will swallow a fine splinter of glass, and that a drop of chloroform will also, if the splinter is covered with shellac, and will eject it after the shellac is dissolved and becomes part of the drop. A drop of protoplasm with a nucleus, which we call an amœba, will swallow pretty much anything it can manage to flow around, and after treating it, so far as conditions permit, as the drop of chloroform treats the shellac, will eject what remains, as the chloroform does the glass.

In view of such facts, one is almost tempted to ask whether the desire to draw an arbitrary line between “physical and chemical processes,” on the one hand; and on the other the “super-physical agency... vital principle, or entelechy of some sort,” may not be simply the old theological prejudice,—

and whether organic and inorganic are not simply two aspects of the same thing.

To determine where, in the three performances above described, life begins, certainly will give material for debate to those fond of the exercise. Perhaps the question can be settled by the fact that you and I can be pretty closely proved to be descended from drops of protoplasm, and nobody yet heard from can be nearly as closely proved to be descended from drops of water or even drops of mercury or chloroform or oil, though the chloroform is complex matter, and the oil is organic matter.

Professor Holmes (*op. cit.*) is my principal authority for the statements immediately following:

In the material of amœbæ and other low forms, various chemical reagents inserted in the water they inhabit, awaken reactions which lead to changes in form, sometimes enough to produce motion of the organism, and lead it to or away from the reagent. It is thus difficult, if not impossible, in the simpler creatures, to draw the line between chemical reaction and animal motion, and even purposeful motion in creatures a little higher still.

So with the effects of gravity—some of these creatures find their way to the bottom of the receptacle, and others to the top. Chemical reactions, especially variations in the amount of oxygen, combine with gravity in producing these motions.

Light, too, is an agent; and when the spectrum has been thrown on the water, there has been a marked clustering of some creatures toward the red end. Often clusters form in response to the conditions—for instance around a drop of some reagent, sometimes to their destruction, though oftener to their betterment. If an electric current is sent through a mass of amœbæ, it will move itself, or part of itself, toward the cathode. All may go, or, if the current is very strong, the point near the anode may contract and disintegrate.

Paramecia, worms and mollusks generally react to electricity negatively, and crustaceans positively.

Masses of amœbæ elongate themselves toward favoring objects—throw out pseudopods—and attach themselves. We envy the crab who, if he happens to lose a limb, develops a

new one, but the crab may envy the amœba who makes his limbs as he needs them—extrudes a pseudopod in the direction where his reactions send him, and flows the rest of himself up into the pseudopod. Then he will do it again, and so travel.

Amœbæ also get (make themselves?) top-heavy, and roll over, and keep it up till they have traveled an appreciable distance. Creatures a degree higher have more or less permanent cilia which they use similarly, and by which they regulate their motions. A grade farther on, these cilia become a swimming apparatus—in later evolution, the tentacles of the octopus; or the creatures may evolve, instead of cilia or tentacles, a curtain like that of the jelly-fish.

The cell of protoplasm has, in a sense, no interior organization: it gets all its nutriment and sensations (if it has any) from its surface—from *outside*. But its descendants tend to evolve into sacs or tubes, and the water flowing through the opening of the sac or tube supplies some nutriment and sensations *inside*. This differentiation soon becomes marked, the nutriment being taken up more and more from the inside, and distributed through a system of minor tubes which become evolved throughout the material composing the principal one.

In time, the central tube evolves a bulge which acts as a stomach, a gland shows up alongside it, and that pestilent organ a liver is introduced into the world, perhaps contemporaneously with original sin.

In time the lower end of the tube differentiates into various sorts of intestines, and appendicitis becomes a fashionable possibility. The upper end differentiates into a mouth, and when the mouth becomes human, not only do its lips and teeth become beautiful, but eating itself becomes a fine art, and a well-managed dinner table becomes a great educational and political influence.

The subsidiary apparatus for circulating the blood also develops into a pumping engine and system of intakes—arteries, and one of outlets—veins, for the waste left after the nutritive matter has parted with its force. This waste is deposited in reservoirs from which it is discharged period-

ically. Were it discharged constantly, as it is made, all refinement of life, and present attractions of human beings for each other, would be non-existent. The circulatory and excretory system also does its share for the æsthetic, in supplying red lips and pink cheeks and the flushes of emotion, and Cleopatra's "bluest vein."

Meantime is evolved a parallel tube for gaseous food and waste. It opens into the mouth, and below ramifies into lungs, and, like the other tubes, in time makes its contribution to intelligence and beauty: for it contains the apparatus for the voices of Patti and Caruso, and an extension of it was covered by that same Cleopatra's nose upon whose dimensions Pascal rested the fortunes of the world.

On the way up to all this, parts of the body surrounding the original tube have differentiated, as already partly intimated, into the curtain of the jelly-fish, the radiates of the star-fish, the feelers of the octopus, the fins and tail of the vertebrate fish, the paddles of the amphibious lizard, the wings and legs of the bird, the legs of the quadruped; and at length the arms and legs from which are modeled those of the Apollos and Venuses.

To receive the sensations which all these pieces of apparatus pick up (including the aches announcing that they need attention), and to direct their consequent activities, there is gradually evolved throughout the body a nervous system. It begins at the surface, where it gets its sensations from the external universe.

A very primitive nervous system is an afferent nerve near the surface, bringing sensation to a ganglion, and from the ganglion an efferent nerve going to some sort of contractile tissue near the surface. The surfaces of some primitive animals are covered with such rudimentary systems—the earliest distinguishable ones being little more than ganglia alone, which, in addition to producing contractions, in some way influence the surface nutrition and, in time, the temperature.

But by and by these rudimentary systems get integrated into higher systems; two ganglia may be connected by a nerve, or each connected with a third ganglion, and by the

intervention of the third ganglion the afferent nerve to the first ganglion may provoke an answer through the efferent nerve from the second: so that a message that a surface spot itches, is not offset by a mere message from the ganglion to the spot to contract, but by a message through a different ganglion to a beak or a claw or a hand, to scratch it.

Farther, two of such systems of three ganglia each, may be connected through each third ganglion with a seventh. And in this system, of seven, an afferent bringing a report from any of the six, may start, by way of the seventh, an afferent from any other of the six, or perhaps all of them. There may be a scratch ordered from one, a cry from another, a reflection on the cussedness of fleas from another, and so on.

Two such sets of seven ganglia may both, by connection with a fifteenth ganglion, be incorporated into a set of fifteen, and then there will probably be some philosophizing, perhaps not only regarding the cussedness of fleas, but possibly regarding a universe where fleas are possible, or even a god who permits them.

These incorporations are not as systematic as described, but take place in all conceivable fashions. Moreover they need not be between ganglia connected by lines of nerves, but in most cases they actually are between adjacent cells connected in all sorts of ways by prolongations from globular or oval centers. Masses of cells so connected by many varying affixes, make up still larger ganglia; and in the higher animals, the largest of these is the brain.

Meanwhile the nerves at the surface have multiplied until, as any pin-prick will prove, they are as close together as some of the early casuists supposed the angels were on the needle's point.

The ends of the afferent nerves all over the surface, including the sense organs, get intelligence from the external world, and transmit it to the first point where something is done about it—at least to the first point where the nerve carrying intelligence in, meets, in a nerve-bunch or ganglion, a nerve carrying orders out. This meeting may be in a ganglion on the way to the brain, or in the brain itself.

In the first case, the return message goes to the muscles near the affected spot, before the nerve from the spot affects

the intelligence at all; and the muscle gives some involuntary jerk. Or possibly the afferent nerve current will pass on, perhaps through sundry ganglia, to the brain itself. In this case, before any efferent message goes back, the situation may be thought over—it may be concluded, for instance, that scratching is more trouble than it's worth, and no orders are issued, except sometimes a very imperative order to keep still, if the itching, or the impulse to sneeze, or perhaps the impulse to say something questionable, should be dangerously strong.

Mingled with the lacework of afferent nerves to carry sensations from the surface of the body, but preponderantly behind them, is the network of efferent nerves leading to the muscles. Then, mainly well below the surface, both the afferent nerves and the efferent nerves begin to join each other, not only in ganglia, as stated, but also in "cables" going to other ganglia, the cables uniting into larger ones until these last go to the backbone, and one of them passes in on each side between each pair of vertebræ, and there unites with the principal cable of all, and passes up into the brain.

A preparation of a human nervous system in the Jardin des Plantes looks like a statue of lace: so here again, as in every piece of apparatus or every function we have been considering, evolution has been toward beauty, even though hidden beauty.

This is a rough sketch of the apparatus for the soul's voluntary reaction with the universe, whether the soul be a mere capacity to react to touch, or a capacity to receive impressions and ideas, and issue directions and ideas, with the power of a Bismarck or a Shakespeare.

In addition to the apparatus for voluntary reaction, is one in some respects more interesting still, and, as will become plainer as we proceed, more related to our present task. In fact the sketch of the nervous system already given, serves our immediate purpose only as contributing to an understanding of the sketch we are about to give. In front of the spinal column, and on its respective sides, are two other cables which do not go to the brain, and into which enter

nerves from all the organs that act independently, or partly independently, of the will—the heart, the lungs, the digestive organs, even the sweat pores on the skin, which help to regulate the temperature of the body. These cables have several ganglia which act like subsidiary brains in regulating the actions of the connecting organs.

The two nervous systems may be—probably often have been, respectively called voluntary and involuntary, though they connect with each other so that, regarding respiration, for instance, they are both voluntary and involuntary; and, as in walking, playing music, or in some tricks of legerdemain, the voluntary one may be trained into almost involuntary action. Our wills control the first system, being limited only by our powers and whatever unresponsiveness there may be in the environment. With the other system (generally called the sympathetic) our wills have little to do, except so far as our knowledge and discretion affect the body's health.

If the conscious purposeful human soul controls the nerves—or most of them, which center in the brain, what controls the nerves centering in the sympathetic system, where the human will does not enter? There are overwhelming reasons for recognizing it as the same power that makes and vitalizes the flowers and the sequoia, the unthinking monad and the scarcely-more-thinking whale; causes the sun to lift moisture and to gild the clouds in which it floats; causes the air to float them, and the shifting wind to send them back to earth in storms and with lightnings—the same power that causes the sun to burn, that rolls us away from him by night, that swings the other planets around him, and all the planets of other systems around their suns, and all (the word begins to lose meaning here) the suns around each other; and still the same power that has evolved and sustains the mind of man to learn these things—the power for which we may as well, perhaps, use the old name God, with all its reverend associations, and despite all its besmirchings. The name can often save a lot of circumlocution, and we need not confine it to the anthropomorphic conceptions generally associated with it.

Our limitations being what they are, it is fortunate that we do not have to take entire care of ourselves, and that so

much care of us is taken by that "Power not ourselves." If we had to take thought to pump our own hearts and lungs, digest our food, secrete our bile, and perform the other functions essential to keep us in condition, we would forget, keep constantly ailing, or be letting something stop; and if it were the heart, we should die. In fact, if we had to attend to these functions from the beginning, we cannot conceive of our growing up at all; we cannot even conceive of our existence *starting* at all, if "God" had not started it for us. "He" sets the little apparatus going, and brings it to maturity, but allowing us, as it goes on, to do for ourselves as much as we can do well, and more.

Where and how did the apparatus start? Nobody knows. Nobody knows where anything started—even a train of cars. Did it start at the station, or in the factories, or in the ore beds, or in the star dust, or in the previous system smashed into star dust, or in the star dust that made that system, or where? In all our classifications, we have to assume a starting-point with reference to the inquiry at hand. Whether we begin man, as we have done, in primitive protoplasm, or in the cell differentiated from the male parent, the will and the power that assimilate and integrate and differentiate him, are both his own and not his own. If the soul creates the body (for which proposition Dr. William H. Thomson, in his new book on *Brain and Personality*, makes the latest argument and one of the best), the soul must be both the spark of life in the parent cell, and the power working outside of the independent volition of that cell, even when matured. There will be significant things to say about this later.

The Senses

So much in general for the apparatus through which the reactions between soul and universe take place. Now let us proceed to the more specific reactions. This will involve a more specific consideration of some portions of the apparatus. Here too we have to choose our starting-point. Star dust may be a little too primitive, though I confess that I, for one, cannot conceive of anything physical or spiritual without its start at least that early. But let us start with as primitive a thing as we are familiar with.

A bit of rock reacts to gravity. Is there any sign of soul versus universe there? Hardly.

Non-magnetic ore reacts to magnetic ore. Any sign there? Not yet probably.

A bit of protoplasm, or the sensitive plant, expands to heat, or contracts to cold. The puzzle begins: there is life indeed, but expansion and contraction with heat and cold are no evidence of life: inanimate things show that. But when an animate thing does it, may it not mark a transition toward consciousness?

The bit of protoplasm, or the sensitive plant, contracts to *touch*, and restores itself; the puzzle thickens: a rubber ball will do that, but the ball's contraction is only in proportion to the degree of the pressure, while the protoplasm's or the plant's contraction may be much greater or less than the degree of pressure.

We have no doubt about that being a vital reaction—something that no inorganic thing will do; or if we find it done by anything before called inorganic, we will, I suppose, at once call that thing organic.

Such primitive responses, although there were, strictly speaking, no nerves, were the first germs of nervous reaction. As evolution went on, however, portions of the primitive homogeneous substance were more and more differentiated into nerve, and nerve differentiated and integrated into brain.

Touch, as distinct from the special senses, is hardly differentiated at all. Very early in the scale of being, any portion of the surface contracts when touched. Some portions are more sensitive than other portions. Gradually from the surface with its one sense of touch, were differentiated, from the more sensitive portions, organs of special sense: response to contact with material objects being gradually refined into response to objects so nearly immaterial as odors, as air in vibration appealing to a gradually developed sense of hearing, and as (we assume) ether in vibration appealing to a gradually developed sense of sight.

Light produces all sorts of changes in inorganic matter, and organic matter is less stable than even inorganic. Light has been impinging upon organic matter a long time: it is inconceivable that no changes should result, and that sus-

ceptibility to the touch of rays of light should not appear stronger in some spots than in others. (For the reasons, read a hundred or two pages of Spencer's *First Principles*.) In the course of generations, perhaps as the result of chemical changes, such spots have become discolored by some sort of pigment, and the dark color increases the amount of light absorbed. Farther differentiations take place until we find features that we deliberate about calling eyes; and a few thousand generations farther on, we unhesitatingly call them eyes.

The conception of the evolution of the senses thus becomes easy, and the placing of its evidences in sequence in the laboratory, has been but a matter of detail. It has been easy to find the points where primitive eyes, or pigment patches, which would respond to white light, grow responsive to blue light—or to red or orange or yellow or green or indigo or violet; and similar points regarding response by other senses. If receptacles of different colors are offered to mosquitoes, they avoid the yellow ones. This has led some recent investigators in mosquito regions to dress themselves and cover their shelters with yellow.

When pigment first appears, it is generally flat behind the light-receiving tissues, and so can receive light from but one direction; but later it and the receiving cells curve, and so become capable of receiving light from more directions, and finally the curvature becomes, as in most seeing animals, the lining of a globe.

The stained skin gradually develops into a crystal-clear lens on the outer surface of a ball filled with clear jelly, and on the back of its interior, the nerve, which first reported only the difference between light and dark, becomes spread out into the sensitive plate of a camera, and reports the images thrown upon it through the lens, with all the colors we know.

The evolution goes from a fixed rudimentary lens to a developed lens—up to fixed eyes of many lenses, as in the fly, or perhaps by a different route to the moving eye with a single lens.

Eyes appear early in various parts of the body,—on the back, belly, sides, legs, even the tail; and in special prolonga-

tions that can be moved in various directions, as if we had eyes in our hands.

In the human embryo, the first trace of the eye is a line in the skin, which develops into a fold, and thence by slow stages up to the eye as we know it; and in contemporary animals we find eyes all the way from mere localized sensibility to light, up to the optical instrument in the head of man.

Before leaving the eye, it may be worth while to quote, with a comment or two, a remarkable account of its varieties, by Dr. Edward A. Ayers (*Harper's Magazine*, September, 1908):

"The snake has no use for tears, nor the goose for parallel vision. The spider can spin the warp and woof of his destiny without gazing at the stars, and the sand-burrowing eel would soon starve with sensitive corneæ. Nature holds to her exceptionless law that the talent unused by the sire shall be withheld from the son. But simplicity has its compensations. If the spider cannot bend his neckless head nor move his socket-fixed eyes, he gets one for each point of the compass, whereby he can keep one eye on his struggling menu fly, and as many as needed upon the straining halyards and guys of his gum thread web. And each eye is set high, like a lantern on a hill, so its wide range of vision makes eye-rolling useless. But he can only focus four or five inches, and can be easily fooled with an imitation fly. Why are his eyes so beautiful—for many are like rubies set in gold—if the only creatures that can see them well have no sense of beauty?.....

"The rock-clinging starfish with his penta rays jeweled with eyes; and the wood-louse—called a millepede—with twenty-eight eyes, set in rows of sevens, as if his ancestors had gathered maternal impressions of navy-yard cannon-ball decorations; and the blood specialist leech, with ten little eyes surrounding his mouth to guard against tainted food; and the dozen-eyed silkworm with eyes single to spinneret output and market quotation each; and the caterpillar sticking his nose into an octagon crowned yoke of eye-gems, whence no salad leaf may escape his view.

"A goose's eyes are larger than his brain. Man's eyes are the best all around yet evolved, though they can see less than the owl's in the dark; less keenly than the eagle's afar; change focus less quickly than the hawk's; cannot sweep clear the cornea without briefly hiding the view; cannot focus as near as the fish; nor glow back like the cat's in the dark; they

cannot see opposite points at one time like the chicken's, nor stare all day long like the snake's; they cannot self-gaze like the snail's, nor behold as small creatures as can the fly."

Yet they can do vastly more things than can the eyes of any creature who surpasses them in some one capacity.

The matured eye is in itself a thing of beauty and moral expression, and yet its functions have been evolved from reporting mere mechanical contact, up to reporting everything from the sun-studded night to the dotted plate under the microscope—from the menace of the storm-cloud to the love in eyes that answer.

While senses responding to light and sound have been developing, so of course has susceptibility to contact with hard bodies been developing into susceptibility to contact with soft bodies. Very primitive organisms, without definite sense-organs beyond those for mere contact, have been seen to contract and expand at contact with fluid as well as with air, light, sound.

As the eye has grown from mere reflex action from mechanical contact, to reporting Nature and art, so has the ear from a mere sense of vibration, up to that of the songs of the birds and loved voices and the other forms of what we call music.

Organs of hearing have generally been differentiated from the skin, but not always. In some animals far from the surface, even inside a chitin shell, are strings which are supposed to be organs of hearing, and which are evolved from muscles. In such positions these chorodental organs could of course only be affected by vibrations heavy enough through water to affect the solid body imbedding the organs, but such organs have been found in a later stage associated with tympanous membranes which could transmit vibrations through the air.

The Greenland whale hears well through the water, but does not appear to be affected by sounds through the air.*

Insects often can hear only sounds of a certain pitch and quality—generally those made by the opposite sex, as by the

*K. Sajo, *Scientific American Supplement*, April 13, 1909. (Apparently quoted from "Prometheus"?)

female mosquito. So sounds, as well as sights and smells, are emissaries of love.

But for that matter, so can *we* hear only "sounds of a certain pitch," but about ten octaves in all, and probably only of a certain "quality," i.e., there are probably sounds of a pitch we can hear, whose quality prevents our hearing them.

In insects, the ears, or what appear to be such, are pretty much anywhere, but generally in the antennæ, feet, and abdomen.

Mark Twain's famous biological statement that clams will lie perfectly still if you play slow music to them, is probably not strictly accurate: for many organisms not so high have visibly responded to sounds.

The same that is true of the organs responding to touch, temperature, light, and vibrating air, is, *mutatis mutandis*, true of the organs of taste and smell.

The antennæ serve also as organs of smell. They, like organs of taste, are naturally near the orifice receiving the food.

But the reports of the senses are not restricted to the organs specially differentiated for each. Lombroso (*After Death—What?*, pp. 2, 3) gives the following case from his own experience, and there are many others well attested.

"A certain C. S., daughter of one of the most active and intelligent men of all Italy...had lost the power of vision with her eyes, as a compensation she saw with the same degree of acuteness (7 in the scale of Jaeger) at the point of the nose and the left lobe of the ear. In this way she read a letter which had just come to me from the post-office, although I had blindfolded her eyes, and was able to distinguish the figures on a dynamometer. Curious, also, was the new mimicry with which she reacted to the stimuli brought to bear on what we will call improvised and transposed eyes. For instance, when I approached a finger to her ear or to her nose, or made as if I were going to touch it, or, better still, when I caused a ray of light to flash upon it from a distance with a lens, were it only for the merest fraction of a second, she was keenly sensitive to this and irritated by it. 'You want to blind me!' she cried, her face making a sudden movement like one who is menaced. Then with an instinctive simulation entirely new, as the phenomenon itself was new, she lifted her forearm to protect the lobe of the ear and the point of the nose, and remained thus for ten or twelve minutes.

"Her sense of smell was also transposed; for ammonia or asafetida, when thrust under her nose, did not excite the slightest reaction, while, on the other hand, a substance possessing the merest trace of odor, if held under the chin, made a vivid impression on it and excited a quite special simulation (*mimica*). Thus, if the odor was pleasing, she smiled, winked her eyes, and breathed more rapidly; if it was distasteful, she quickly put her hands up to that part of the chin that had become the seat of the sensation and rapidly shook her head.

"Later the sense of smell became transferred to the back of the foot; and then, when any odor displeased her, she would thrust her legs to right and to left, at the same time writhing her whole body; when an odor pleased her, she would remain motionless, smiling and breathing quickly."

He farther says (*op. cit.*, 5-7) :

"As early as 1808 Petetin cited the cases of eight cataleptic women in whom the external senses had been transferred to the epigastric region and into the fingers of the hand and the toes of the feet (*Electricité Animale*, Lyons, 1808).

"In 1840 Carmagnola, in the *Giornale dell' Accademia di Medicina*, describes a case quite analogous to ours. It concerned a girl fourteen years old"...who had "true fits of somnambulism during which she saw distinctly with the hand, selected ribbons, identified colors, and read even in the dark."

"Despine tells us of a certain Estella of Neuchâtel, eleven years old, who...was found to have suffered transposition of the sense of hearing to various parts of the body,—the hand, the elbow, the shoulder, and (during her lethargic crisis) the epigastrium....."

"Frank (*Præcos Medicæ, Univ. Torino*, 1821) publishes an account of a person named Baerkmann in whom the sense of hearing was transposed to the epigastrium, the frontal bone, or the occiput."

The literature abounds in such cases, but I cited the first I happened upon, and there are hosts of illustrations, as we shall see later, of cosmic relations independent of any senses yet known.

The implications of these facts we will touch upon later.

The evolution of the different sense organs received another interesting suggestion and perhaps confirmation, from the experience, reported in the *Revue Philosophique* in 1887 (and by me got from the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research), of a French sailor who came home from Madagascar with hysteria, sense-paralysis of the left side, but part of his right side so sensitive as to throw him into attacks

of hysteria. These abnormal conditions could be temporarily relieved by hypnotism, and, despite some skepticism at the time, appear to have been ultimately cured by the magnet. The point in his case which is of interest here, however, is that under hypnotization, the nerves of ordinary feeling appeared to act as nerves of special sense. When his ears were closed, he would repeat words spoken close to his fingers, and with his eyes bandaged, he would sort various colored wools. All this might be accounted for by telepathy instead of by interchange of nerve function, but how account for his picking out all the blue wools in the dark?

It was once the fashion in dealing with somnambular patients to address the pit of the stomach instead of the ears, apparently with reference to the sympathetic nervous system. I don't know whether the fashion prevails yet.

CHAPTER III

SKETCH OF HUMAN EVOLUTION (*Continued*)

The Soul

(a) *Sources*

IN proceeding to consider soul, I use the term in the popular sense, without any reference to the technical sense over which the psychologists are constantly quarreling. I take the word rather than *mind*, in order to cover the emotions and the will, as well as the mere intelligence. Yet it will often be natural to use the term mind interchangeably.

In considering the evolution of soul, we are met at the outset by the question: Is there a primary something—a mind-potential, from which thought and emotion are evolved, just as body is evolved from force and matter?

At first sight it seems easy to find the raw material of soul in consciousness, and to assume a starting-point for what we now know as mind, when the matter in an amoeba contracts at a touch: for then there must be some sort of consciousness; but consciousness is not dynamic: so how can it be the raw material of thought, not to speak of emotion and will? It is merely aware of them, as it is of sensation.

Telesio "argued . . . from the human consciousness to the feeling of [in?] inorganic matter." Somewhere I have seen Weismann credited with the question: "Why should we not return to the idea of matter endowed with soul?" It is probably as old as the other great guesses. The present aspect of it, however, could not have antedated the verification of the old guess of evolution, and that verification cannot be set before Darwin. Bergson says (*Creative Evolution*, p. 199): "An incidental process must have cut out matter and the intellect, at the same time, from a stuff that contained both." For myself, long before I knew the opinion as anybody's else,

I could not imagine mind existing in Shakespere without its germs existing in the star dust. And long after I first realized my incapacity to separate consciousness from the star dust, I found (*italics mine*) in James's *Psychology* (I, 149):

"If evolution is to work smoothly, consciousness in some shape must have been present at the very origin of things. Accordingly we find that the more clear-sighted evolutionary philosophers are beginning to posit it there. Each atom of the nebula, they suppose, must have had an aboriginal atom of consciousness linked with it; and, just as the material atoms have formed bodies and brains by massing themselves together, so the mental atoms, by an analogous process of aggregation, have fused into those larger consciousnesses which we know in ourselves and suppose to exist in our fellow-animals. Some such doctrine of atomistic hylozoism as this is an indispensable part of a thorough-going philosophy of evolution. According to it there must be an infinite number of degrees of consciousness, following the degrees of complication and aggregation of the primordial mind-dust. To prove the separate existence of these degrees of consciousness by indirect evidence, since direct intuition of them is not to be had, becomes therefore the first duty of psychological evolutionism."

Mind, then, would appear to be as much a general element of the universe as Motion is, and not only to enter the body, as already said, with each unit of matter, but also in more complex forms—through our perceptive organs as raw sensation, and in predigested shape from the memory of each mind and other minds. All this psychic material from any source, after it enters the organism is modified into a specific stream of thoughts and feelings, which we call the mind or soul, just as Motion (or Matter, if that is the more convenient phrase) is modified into a specific stream of molecular changes which we call the body. But however mind may enter the system, in passing through it is modified into a more complex form, as thread is modified into fabric as it passes through the loom; but thought is no more made of brain-matter than cloth is made of loom matter.

But if mind-potential is inextricably associated with matter, how can mind exist independently of matter—what becomes of the idea of a soul surviving the body in which it was de-

veloped? Mind is not limited in place or quantity, as apparently matter is. With our present knowledge we cannot imagine matter greater or less in amount than earlier or later forms of the same matter. But we can imagine one little flash of thought pervading the psychic universe.

If *all* mind inhered in the star dust from which our world was evolved, no more mind was in the brain of Newton than in any other brain of the same weight, yet from Newton's brain, mind spread over the world and over all succeeding time, while from the other brain it spread no farther than the owner's interlocutors, and no longer than his life.

The fact seems to be that mind outgrows matter as soon as perceptive organs are evolved—that it comes to be not merely the presumed primitive mind-potential associated with matter, but more in amount and complexity, and in some degree independent. Soon the star dust mind-potential becomes a relatively insignificant portion of the developed soul, and if the soul is to survive the body, apparently it can well afford to let the congeries of atoms, or whatever you call them, that have constituted the body, go their way to dissolution from each other, and carry with them their negligible portion of the original mind-potential.

It is a world-old speculation regarding immortality, that after-existence cannot be conceived without pre-existence. I never saw any sense in the speculation, except as I have indicated regarding mind-potential in the star dust. But won't that, up through the life of protoplasm to that of the immediate parent germ, do well enough for pre-existence? In light of this very simple knowledge, we cannot conceive of the soul at all without attributing to it a pre-existence, and I confess that I cannot conceive it then, without going back not only to the star dust, but to the hypothetical (if we are not hypothetical enough already) system where the hypothetical smash-up furnished the hypothetical star dust; and so back through evolution and dissolution "time without end."

These ideas of course are somewhat vague and paradoxical. But they are definiteness itself compared with some that we will be led into. How often may I be indulged in repeating the truism that our ideas of the universe beyond the little we

know must always be vague and paradoxical? But it is only by starting with such ideas and reshaping them as we go along, that we come to know more.

The idea that there is cosmic mind-potential just as there is cosmic matter and cosmic force, and that, like them, it flows into us, helping to evolve us, is fraught with some very important implications, and may help us to some interesting conjectures regarding some mysteries which we shall meet later. Meanwhile we will consider a few facts which go to support the idea, and will later consider in its light some of the salient phenomena of the evolution of soul, and see if the idea is consistent with them.

The only alternative to the theory that the mind comes from outside, is that it is evolved inside—that, in Cabanis' celebrated phrase, the brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile.

This famous analogy, however, is but a very partial one: for bile is limited and sensizable (I don't know whether that word is in the dictionaries, but it's time it were), while thought is neither. And at least the most valuable portion of thought enters the brain *as* thought,—thought already evolved from sensation, and supplied by memory or other minds, while bile does not enter the liver as bile. True, while thought generally enters the brain as thought, it sometimes, perhaps always, undergoes modification there; but it is not modified into something other than thought, as in the liver blood is modified into something other than blood. Cabanis' analogy is not even good as an analogy: to make it so, the brain would have to secrete thought from blood. What it does with the blood is not to secrete or transform thought, but merely to build itself up, and send away its waste.

Those who hold the view that man is "one and indivisible"—that the stream of thought is not from outside, but is secreted by the brain, only put the question a stage back, not asking themselves what runs the brain—not considering that the fact that man eats potatoes and exudes heat, belongs in this connection. In holding their view, they are believers in perpetual motion.

The entire being, body as well as mind, is but a fleeting

mass of physical vibrations and psychical experiences, and often has been well likened to a fountain: though it has a definite shape, it consists but of particles changing constantly and with varying degrees of rapidity—those concerned in respiration, for instance, probably changing fastest; those in arterial and venous circulation, next; and so on, in lessening degree, until we get to those constituting bone or tooth-enamel, which probably abide in the body from five to ten years. At death so much of its energy as is in the form of heat, rapidly rushes back into the cosmic reservoir, and so much as is in the forms which we generalize as matter, begins to return immediately but more slowly. Most manifestations of the psychic stream also cease to appear, but by no means all. It persists not only in memories and influences, but we shall see indications of it difficult to attribute to either.

While force and matter seem to be limited—constant in amount throughout the universe, and before and after their service in an individuality are in service elsewhere, we have a good deal of evidence, the best being very recent, that, at worst, revolutionizes all our previous experience of the reach of mind; and, at best, would indicate that even the individual mind, not to speak of mind in general, has no permanent limits in time or space.

One school of philosophers reason that as force and matter, through all their variations, are both persistent and constant in amount, so mind must be. Perhaps none of them ever stated it exactly in this form: the proposition may be too evidently ludicrous. But hosts of them have stated it in hosts of other forms, regardless of the plain fact that mind is increasing every day: not only are there new thoughts, but what thoughts there are, are being disseminated indefinitely.

An orator's mind pervades an audience, and next morning through the papers pervades his city and country, and in a few hours more, through the cables, pervades the civilized world. So far as the orator said new things, or old things in a new way, there is that much more mind in the world. It is not, as would be the case with matter or force, a mere substitution of a new form: for no mind to speak of has

disappeared: virtually all that there was before is still stored up in men's memories and in libraries; and perhaps elsewhere, as we shall see later.

Moreover, when matter takes any one of its transitory and limited forms, it arouses new ideas which are not transitory. This is of itself no argument against Cabanis' assertion that the brain secretes thought, but the men who produce the mind-things that last, say they don't come that way. Probably Cabanis himself, and each man who independently reaches Cabanis' conclusion, would call his apparently immortal and equally incorrect phrase, an inspiration—something breathed in from outside. This is, however, a denial of his own proposition.

The theory that psychic phenomena are simply a result of nervous function, beginning with it, running parallel with it, and ending with it, is generally called parallelism, but parallelism does not prove beginning or ending together: for the soul could be entirely independent of the body, and yet act in exact correspondence with nervous function, the two being like instruments in the same orchestra. Nay, the body could even condition the soul without the soul being evolved from it, as a pipe conditions water running through it; or a channel conditions a river.

Total parallelism is at best an assumption. M. Bergson is credited with being the last St. George effectually to dispose of it. Even on the assumption that *all* mind does run parallel with brain changes during all the brain's life, as parts of mind certainly do during parts of carnate life, it is no more proved that they start together and end together, than the same is proved of a railroad and river that somewhere keep each other company. The question soon ends in paradox, as questions on the borderland of knowledge always do: for the germ of the mind was in parent and parent's parent, back at least to protoplasm, and probably to star dust and beyond.

Huxley suggested the name epiphenomenalism. But either name might apply to the opposite theory, of animism,—that the soul is independent of the body: for if that is true, it is still true that during the limited period of the brain's activity, there is some approach, though apparently an irreg-

ular approach, to parallelism or epiphenomenalism between its actions and those of the soul.

But we shall meet later, serious, though not necessarily fatal, objections to believing that this approach is constant—that *all* operations of what we call the individual mind are even accompanied by transmutation of brain tissue.

Moreover, we shall meet reasons—very strong recent reasons—for believing that soul and body, though very closely identified during mortal life, may be so fundamentally independent of each other, that when the body stops work and enters upon dissolution, the soul may “leave the body” and continue to exist independently, and instead of suffering by the disconnection, be merely relieved of certain trammels and limitations, notably those of time and space and matter.

It looks a good deal as if the degree of parallelism may vary inversely as the grade of the psychic process, because (a) Low psychic processes like fear and anger use up force and tissue at a tremendous rate. On the other hand high processes—courage, joy, sympathy, even artistic production, are stimulating and invigorating. It is true, however, that even the advent of a poem is sometimes attended by birththroes. Lowell wrote the “Commemoration Ode” almost at a one-night sitting, and he said that it “took the virtue out of” him fearfully. But undue deprivation of sleep did that, and if he had had a night of fear or sorrow, probably “the virtue” would have gone vastly worse.

(b) Take another case which long puzzled me, until I found a provisional key. At a dinner well constituted socially and gastronomically, the brain and the stomach each can be doing its very best without at all interfering with the other. We are taught that either, to do its best, needs all the blood it can get, yet here both do their best at once! This makes it look more and more as if the higher sort of psychical function (and is it too much to call that normal psychical function?) involved very little transmutation of brain matter—as if it were somehow largely independent of brain function.

(c) But the main consideration is yet to come. A man can dream the most tremendous dreams, provided only they

be happy ones, and awake in better trim than if he had not dreamed at all—not only without the slightest indication of fatigue or hunger, but stimulated and invigorated. This has been noticed after some of the mediumistic phenomena that would have been expected to be most exhausting.

Now doesn't all this suggest strong probabilities that, as said, parallelism or epiphenomenalism and all that sort of thing, vary inversely as what we will call, until we know more, the dignity of the psychosis—in other words, that there's no parallelism at all, but merely propinquity only while the streams that started at identity in the protoplasm have not yet definitely branched into the physical and psychical, and especially that after they branch, the psychical runs parallel with the physical only in so far as the psychical does not throw off branches of higher thought, and, especially, is not concerned with what we must so far regard as somewhat transcendental psychosis, as experienced in dreams and various extraordinary dream states—in short, that the dream states are largely independent of the body—that even when we lose strength in bad dreams and nightmares, it is because of the physical conditions which give rise to the psychoses, and not because of the psychoses themselves? But there are other dreams of a happier and higher order, not traceable to physical conditions, and apparently involving no waste, but rather bringing recuperation.

Now here for a page or two back, I have been asserting and denying both monism and dualism. The possibility—the inevitability—of so doing, seems to prove both true rather than both false. I have the very moderate grace to admit all this to appear very much like nonsense. As just said, we never get very far from everyday experience without reaching the land of paradox: what is generally called philosophy is mostly made up of it; and at best consists of fumbling. This present piece of fumbling, however, seems to suggest a reconciliation in the greater including the less.

Now let us fumble a little more at the relations of soul and body.

Get all the mechanics and chemistry that are behind a

thought, and you haven't got the thought. A violinist's brain, the nerves leading to his arms and fingers, the muscles moving them, his violin and its bow, the vibrations in the air, the vibrations in the ear, the transfer of them to the hearer's brain, the changes in the brain: I've probably named everything mechanical that takes place, and yet I haven't even named the music.

A big pile of rock, over it a lot of fog banks, behind both the setting sun; vibrations eastward from the whole affair; a poet's eyes receiving them and reporting them to his brain, and changes in his brain resulting: that's all of the mechanical: the poem is no part of them. The chasm between the instrument and the music, or the sunset and the poem, is absolutely impassable—a chasm whose bottom never can be reached for crossing.

Even if, as seems growing more and more reasonable to fancy, the sunset is merely a vehicle for the expressions of the cosmic mind, as a blush or a smile are expressions of the individual mind, the sunset is not the poem; or the violin, the tune; any more than the blood in the maiden's cheek, or the smile of her mouth, are the joy in the lover's heart.

But here we are again on the edge of a swamp of paradox, as we were when we followed the track of monism and dualism to the limits of our circumscribed knowledge. But for variety, let us start from the same center on still a third track.

A lot of little lines and dots representing a poem, ether waves from them into an eye, transfers and changes in a brain. The same poem has reached its goal through an entirely different set of mechanical vehicles—another illustration of the absolute separateness of thoughts and things.

As does the poet, so the composer of the music puts down a lot of little prosy dots and lines, the violinist gets impressions from them into his mechanical eye and brain that you wouldn't finger for something pretty, and passes them along through his mechanical nerves and muscles to prosy catgut and horsehair; and behold! the heavenly music, and into many minds joy and inspiration! And yet some philosophers would have us believe that the tune and the poem are so nearly of the nature of the signs on paper, and the

horsehair, and the catgut, and the brain, that when all these are gone, the tune and poem are gone. We know better, not as a speculation but as a fact. Mind, then, I for one cannot help regarding as distinct from Matter and Force—a third fundamental element in the constitution of man.

This apparently disproportionate attention to the nature of mind—especially its source in mind-potential, may be justified in our later study of some mysterious psychical phenomena. Meanwhile let us see if the hypothesis that mind comes from outside is supported by a brief survey of its evolution.

(b) *The Perceptions and the Intellect*

Of course in sketching a few indications of the evolution of the senses, I incidentally touched some of the germs in the evolution of mind.

The first reaction of organic life to anything in the environment, would appear to be the first reaction between soul and universe.

A primitive cell's experiences consist in expanding to heat and contracting to cold or touch, and, most of the time, in freedom from perceptible touch or change of temperature. It has probably some consciousness of at least the active conditions—the changes, and possibly "late in life" some recognition of them as having been experienced before. Without *some* sort of recognition of difference of condition, there could not be the reflex action to touch, which we generally regard as the most primitive response of organism to environment, or, as I have chosen to phrase it, of soul to universe. Whether the response be what *we* would call conscious or not, there is *some* recognition of changed conditions, or there could be no response to them. There is Force, in the contraction; there is Matter transmuted, as in every physical change. These have come from outside to become part of the organism. We have seen that probably there also came with them something else that brought about the reaction, and the gradations are gradual and coherent from it to Newton's reactions to the fall of the apple, or Darwin's to biological phenomena, or Spencer's to the phenomena of mind and

society, or Rembrandt's to lights and shadows, or Beethoven's to the bird's song and the thunder.

Professor Whitman in *Animal Behavior* said: "The primary roots of instincts reach back to the constitutional properties of protoplasm."

Professor Holmes says (*op. cit.*, 180f.):

"Along whatever line organization reaches a certain degree of development intelligence appears on the scene. . . . Intelligence is not an entirely new power unrelated to the other activities of organic life, but a process growing out of" [The present writer would say accompanying] "other organic functions and having the same end as these other functions; it is, as Spencer has so well emphasized, but a higher phase of those processes of adjustment and regulation which make up the life of the animal."

The simplest knowledge is of a single fact, yet the first consciousness, whether it appears in protoplasm or higher in the scale of life, it seems necessary to think, is not absolutely simple, but must contain in itself some sense of difference from an immediately preceding state, and as soon as this sense of *difference* appears, an *idea* is evolved. When, for instance, a change of temperature passes, it is succeeded by a condition similar to that which preceded it, and when the experience takes place in a consciousness sufficiently evolved to associate the two conditions, a second grade of knowledge arises—consciousness of *likeness*.

The experience, say of heat, takes place in an organism high enough to recognize the antecedent and subsequent conditions as similar. A general idea is evolved. Countless generations later it gets a name—cold; or *vice versa*, if the experience is of a fall of temperature, the earlier and later experiences correspond to what we give the name of heat; but the first conception of either cold or heat must be so foggy that it would probably not be noticed at all among the vastly clearer ideas of the vastly higher organism that gives it a name.

The sun's heat is accompanied by light, and when a creature is evolved with some notion of heat, that is inevitably soon followed by an association with light; and a new idea is born. This too must be such a vague conception that it would

not be thought of in our own more mature experience, unless special attention were directed to it; but there it is in the primitive creature—a general idea, faint and rudimentary as you please, but a general idea, as distinct from a specific experience. Imagination and the laboratory can both follow these little sensations and ideas.

Suppose a primitive nervous system, with two centers connected, one experiencing the difference which we call rise of temperature, the other experiencing the difference which we call increase of light—some such sense of it as we feel with our eyes shut: these senses of difference are associated by the nerve-fiber connecting the two centers which feel them. This makes possible some psychical change consequent upon the *simultaneous* experience of light and heat,—there arises in that being *something* that would not have arisen but for association of heat and light—something different from the single association of heat with heat or cold with cold, or either with the other—something perhaps unnoticed the first time it appears, but something that in the course of generations is going to lead the creature's evolved descendant, when it wants heat, to seek light, and when it wants coolness, to seek shade. This something, as has been said, is not a mere sensation—it is a coupling of sensations, and that coupling is the germ of a thought—of a concept that heat and light are associated. From that it is but a step to another concept—that heat and light are not always associated; and many, but actual, steps to the concept that the change of condition meaning heat, generally takes place when there is a reddish or yellowish round light thing up above; and—a step farther, that the change meaning heat does not take place when the round light thing up above is whitish. But all this involves the evolution and connection of several nerve centers; and of several more to notice that the two balls seldom appear in the sky at the same time.

Thousands, perhaps millions, of generations later, those primitive concepts have grown into a generalization, and in time words have been found for it, which mean: fire burns. It takes thousands of generations more for fire to imply the combination of atoms of carbon with atoms of oxygen—and indeed it means that to comparatively few people, even yet.

The first word, whatever it was, which meant fire (whatever that then meant) came into existence only by virtue of vastly more nervous centers being evolved, and connected with the first two which had already made possible some change consequent upon the simultaneous experience of light and heat.

Meanwhile, much earlier, and of preliminary necessity, arises a discrimination between good-to-eat and not-good-to-eat, and in time is made a distinction between likely-to-eat-me and not-likely-to-eat-me. The recognition of good-to-eat as distinct from not-good-to-eat, probably waits for the evolution of some sense of soft and hard, or even is preceded by it in the rejection of, say, a grain of sand as contrasted with a thing soft enough to assimilate. But creatures are seen to feed long before any distinction is made. To the earlier forms, all is grist that comes to the mill: they let the water flow into the opening that is the precursor of the smiling mouth, and let it bring what it will—"they eats 'em skins and all"; assimilable matter is assimilated, and the rest passes on.

But despite the complexity of high types, let us keep well in mind that the elements of all thought are sensation, and consciousness of likeness and difference. The combination of these three elements, remembered in relation to various phenomena, make up the mental life of a Newton or a Spencer.

Thought, then, is simply the arrangement of items of knowledge into classes, according to the test of likeness or difference. The most primitive thoughts that we have dealt with put the sensation of heat to-day into the class with the like sensation of yesterday, and the sensation of cold into a different class. So with the sensations of light and dark, and those of resistance, associated with floating bodies and the shore, and comparative non-resistance associated with the water.

Let us farther illustrate the process of mind-building, from thoughts of a higher order.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This is but a perception of *unlikeness*—all other lines between two points are found to be unlike straight. The shortest

one, wherever we find it, we class with others *like* it, and call it straight.

A straight line is one whose direction never varies. All lines whose directions vary we find are *different from* straight. We classify accordingly. Lines which are not straight we classify as zigzag or curved. We now recognize three kinds by the *differences* of each from the others, and the *likenesses* of those in each group to each other.

Now for something more subtle: a line has direction, but no dimensions. This is a recognition of *differences*. As soon as we imagine breadth or thickness of a line, we recognize that we can divide such breadth or thickness, and still preserve the line—that consequently breadth and thickness are *different* from the line; and we can cut these different things in two endlessly, and still retain something which is different from the line: we cannot reach the line until we imagine the something which differs from it all split away.

Let us take a little course of thought less abstract than our recent mathematical one. First recognize that the whole material of mental action consists of thoughts and things. Each of these two sets, the mind groups because of their likeness, and separates the two sets because of their unlikeness. Then follow down "things" (as the simpler group) by new recognitions of likeness and difference into animal, vegetable, and mineral; then follow down animals, still by recognitions of likeness and difference, into mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and articulates; then mammals, still by recognitions of likeness and difference, into any of the well-known classifications, and you will recognize how the whole vast department of thought called Natural History, has grown up by recognition of likeness and difference, from (if you will fix a provisional point) the early recognition by eater and eaten of a difference between them.

Similarly, simply by classifications of likenesses and differences, you can roughly trace the growth of any other department of knowledge, or thought, or even emotion, from mathematics or chemistry up to poetry or the most ethereal charms of sex.

Take a fair approximation to all the material of language, say Roget's *Thesaurus*. You will find but classified lists of

words according to their *likenesses*, which face opposing lists of *differing* words which are also classified according to *their* likenesses. Now all these words represent thoughts and shades of thought that have been evolved by the discovery or evolution of newer and finer shades of likeness or difference.

And in fact, without going to all this trouble, you might, perhaps, seize the gist of the whole matter by reflecting a little on the fact that a definition, if a good one, is very apt to state what a thing or a thought is, and then what it is not.

Now by similarly rejecting one thing as unlike, and accepting another as like, the world has gradually built up all its thinking. Some very good illustrations are in Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*.

Great efforts have been made, even by men among the first to declare that "there are no hard-and-fast lines in Nature," to split off mental evolution by a hard-and-fast line between man and beast.

Thinkers have long found it comfortable to call a consciousness of sensation a percept, and the mental association of two or more percepts, a concept. Some affect to find the hard and fast line in concepts, declaring that there is no concept that is not embodied in a word, and that as beasts have no words, they can have no concepts. Some try to draw the line at instincts.

All the time I care to spend over these discussions is to state their existence, and to state that many beasts have concepts and have words too, and to depend for readers upon people that recognize that they have. The concepts of the creatures below man are rudimentary, and so is their language. But if they do not possess both concepts and language, such as they are, and with them arts and sciences and even philosophies, such as they are, evolution covers less ground and covers it in a more halting way, and is, on the whole, a cheaper conception, than it appears to me. There are minds fond of trying to discover where things start. Apparently wider minds go beyond any conception that they started at all, and hold that any point for beginning their treatment is, like all classifications, merely a question of convenience, and often a very difficult and profound one.

(c) *The Emotions and the Will*

The evolution of the emotions is inextricably contemporaneous with that of the perceptions and the intelligence, and necessarily has been somewhat anticipated in what has already been said.

For purposes of discussion, the best point to assume for their start is probably, as with the thoughts, the first reaction. As all mind is built up of simple recognitions of likeness and difference, so all emotion is built up of likes and dislikes. The complexities of both are merely the complexities of their objects.

Probably amœbæ hate being poked or chilled, as wiser people do, only in greater degree. A time comes when the sensation of contact with a smooth surface turns into the very different sense of contact with a needle's point—where mere sense of contact expands into sense of pain; and a time comes where sense of contact also expands into sense of pleasure.

With the earliest sensations of touch or density or temperature or light, must come feelings of like or dislike: for, as easily tested in the laboratory, very early creatures show their preferences between heat and cold, and light and darkness, and even between different-colored lights. Light and heat and good-to-eat have a common quality which is felt many generations before it gets the name agreeable, and the converse is true of dark and cold and inedible. In time, to the good-to-eat class is added the quality sapid and other details constituting *good-to-eat*; and if the creature during this "thinking" had language, he would be capable of a remark quite up to the intellectual small-change of ball-rooms, in: *I float into pleasant bright warm places and find there soft things good to eat.*

These emotions of like and dislike, this sense of agreeable and disagreeable, are the germs of confidence and fear, love and hate, worship and exorcism, praying and cursing—of the emotions of Job, Cleopatra, Paracelsus, and Hildebrand.

Just where, in the ascending scale of being, inclination, disinclination, purpose, come in, cannot be determined. The lowest creatures give evidence of hardly anything more than

such reactions as take place in inorganic matter. The worm and the mosquito, however, seem to have something like a definite idea where they are going, and what they are going for. Professor Holmes makes a very just remark to the effect that though a contact reaction by an amœba's pseudopod differs very materially from one by the heels of a mule, the two have an element in common. That element is self-termination, proverbially prominent in the mule, but only a foreshadowing in the amœba. But even there, it is interesting in many ways. It is the germ of an independent soul. As we have said, the body's production and nutrition are largely independent of any symptom of its volition—are largely dependent on "God," meaning by that venerable term at least all the power we know which is not subject to animal volition—even to the extent Kipling goes in "McAndrews's Hymn." But the contraction and restoration of the protoplasm, while we call it involuntary, nevertheless has an element out of proportion to any outside force, and with a germ of independence which later evolves into self-control or voluntary action. It is individual—betokens an individuality, and lies away back of Descartes' "Cogito, ergo sum."

With like and dislike, comes in preference; and with preference, will, purpose, and behavior. Distinct purpose seems to come in later than the amœbæ and protozoa generally. The restless wandering about of the earliest forms capable of real activity serves to throw them in the way of whatever food is within reach, but it is apparently unconscious.

Professor Holmes says, however (*op. cit.*, pp. 64-65):

"Instinct, memory, fear, and a certain degree of intelligence are among the psychic endowments with which Binet credits the protozoa. A good sample of his interpretation of protozoan behavior is the following: 'The *Bodo caudatus* is a voracious Flagellate possessed of extraordinary audacity; it combines in troops to attack animalculæ one hundred times as large as itself, as the *Colpods*, for instance, which are veritable giants when placed alongside of the *Bodo*. Like a horse attacked by a pack of wolves, the *Colpod* is soon rendered powerless; twenty, thirty, forty *Bodos* throw themselves upon him, eviscerate and devour him completely (Stein).

"All these facts are of primary importance and interest, but it is plain that their interpretation presents difficulties.

It may be asked whether the Bodos combine designedly in groups of ten or twenty, understanding that they are more powerful when united than when divided. But it is more probable that voluntary combinations for purposes of attack do not take place among these organisms; that would be to grant them a high mental capacity. We may more readily admit that the meeting of a number of Bodos happens by chance; when one of them begins an attack upon a Colpod, the other animalculæ lurking in the vicinity dash into the combat to profit by a favorable opportunity.'

"More recent investigations have shown that the behavior of protozoa gives no evidence of the high psychic development assumed by Binet. There has been a strong tendency on the part of certain investigators to explain the behavior of these low forms as due in large measure to comparatively simple physical and chemical factors. Others contend that the phenomena are much more complex and at present defy analysis into physical and chemical processes, while a few go further and maintain that we must assume some super-physical agency, a vital principle, or entelechy of some sort, to explain the results."

Let us now look at some of the indications of the dawn of other qualities, and I will venture on some suggestions more serious than at first they may seem, of the lines of evolution they point to.

As we search the examples which Professor Holmes has collected, we seem to get within sight of the first prodigal, the first conservative, the first radical, the first coquette, and the first of many other types.

The first prodigal perhaps we find in Nereis, who loves narrow places, and to whom sunlight is death. Yet give him some nice little glass tubes in sunlight, and he will crawl into them and stay there and die for it. Earwigs are very similarly constituted: they don't thrive in light, and do like crevices—so much that they will leave an open space in shadow, and crawl under a glass plate, though it exposes them to full light.

And where does fear begin? In creatures who similarly early avoid everything new? Are these the first conservatives? Or are they the first of the skeptics? Probably both: it's not inconceivable that long ago some amœba split into parts, one of which was the ancestor of lions and the other of lambs. That is: it would not be inconceivable if the cross

pairing on the way down did not make so many remote beings, ancestors of each present being.

Where does the monkey's (and our) imitativeness begin? Soon after creatures show any reaction to light, some are apt to follow, so far as they can, objects or shadows which cross their range of vision.

Euglena viridis has a red eye spot, but not at the end that goes first. It seeks soft light and follows it, but avoids strong light. Many protozoa show the same reaction, and others its reverse. Perhaps coquettishness starts in some of those which (or who?) love the light but swim toward it backwards. Higher organisms—larval lobsters for instance, do the same thing. Fiddler crabs take it perhaps more coquettishly still—sideways.

Among the amœbæ we find a suggestion of the first drama. Holmes says (*op. cit.*, p. 69):

“Amœba, like higher animals, may follow its food. Jennings describes an Amœba attempting to engulf a spherical cyst of *Euglena*. As the Amœba came in contact with it the cyst rolled away; the Amœba followed; the cyst continued to be pushed ahead, now one way and now another, and the Amœba changed its course accordingly. After the cyst had been rolled against an obstacle and the Amœba was about to succeed in capturing it, a large infusorian appeared on the scene and swept it away.”

When we come to the question of the origin of Ethics, we find the biologists constantly speaking of the “behavior” of primitive organisms. The word implies standards of conduct, and where there's a standard of conduct, there's ethics, though the standard may be no higher than “what is usual”; and in that sense, the physicists and chemists and geologists apply the word “behavior” to inanimate matter. But is not “the usual thing” also a standard—too much of a standard, in high society?

The right search for happiness, and avoidance of unhappiness, are the fundamental causes of development; and the wrong searches, of destruction. Ethics begin in self-preservation: that's a duty: and many steps up in insects, we see the start of altruism, in helping the preservation of others—

helping each other out of scrapes, and co-operation in various enterprises.

Nobody can draw a line between the self-conserving reflexes of the most primitive creatures, and the poet's fine frenzy or the policies of popes and emperors. The genealogy of Napoleon has not been traced back to the myriad drops of protoplasm which marked one stage of his evolution, and still less has it to the transition from inorganic matter to organic matter which probably was a stage in the evolution of the protoplasm. But beginning with the drops of mercury and chloroform that we considered in Chapter II, a set of specimens from them to Napoleon could be arranged with much more gradual differences than those in Marsh's line, in the Yale Museum, of horses, from the little five-toe up to *Dexter*, or in his famous "infant class" from monkey to man. Of course with our present knowledge, there would not be a strict hereditary line along the series, but the series could be made to look as if there were; and as knowledge advances, an actual line can be more and more approximated.

It may be interesting to dwell a moment on the evolution most involving emotions and ethics—that of sex. It began, as it persists, in division of the personality. The cell of amœba gradually divides itself into two; and the latest great romancer makes his hero, the morning after his union with his beloved, ask himself: "Am I two?" Through all evolution, the mere physical reproduction has consisted of the parent organism giving up part of itself; and when the emotional stage becomes pronounced, the male and the female begin to give up, not only their tissue, but their rest and comfort, for each other and for the child. The evolution of monogamy seems, in a rough way, to accompany the evolution of beauty, intelligence, and character: among the leaders in these respects, in the lower creatures, as well as in mankind, monogamy is most frequently found; the most noticeable instances being the birds generally, in their pairing season, and the swans for life; and the lions till the cubs are reared, and in some instances, it is believed, longer.

With the ants and the bees, the overgrown intelligence

seems to have shut love out of the general experience, and evolved polyandry with a vengeance.

With mankind, the prevalence of monogamy is the most distinct test of progress, not only as a characteristic of nations, but even of social sets. At the two extremes of life, among those debased by low nutrition and impoverished sensation, and among those at the other extreme, debased by excess of nutrition and sensation, monogamy languishes. Where bodies are healthiest, sensations and habits nearest normal, intelligence broadest, morals highest, and sensibilities keenest and most catholic, love in its whole blessed range, from parents to each other and to offspring, is deepest and most enduring; there monogamy has been the chief cause of the peculiar evolution, and is itself most thoroughly evolved; and the family, as the foundation for the development of the individual and the state, is nearest intact. This development simply means the enlargement of the Cosmic Relations.

Thus we have marked a few of the steps from the lowest manifestations to the highest, of the soul which reacts with the universe. Now let us turn our taper light upon a few fragmentary aspects nearest related to our purpose, of the universe.

CHAPTER IV

EVOLUTION OF THE UNIVERSE

As comprehensive a word as universe is sure to be used in many senses. When I write here of the evolution of the universe, I do not mean the cosmogony—the process that we generally assume to have begun when our bunch of the star dust began gravitating toward centers, and which has prepared the apparatus through which the Cause now manifests the objective half of the phenomena appreciable to-day. I mean the evolution of the soul's knowledge of these phenomena. Here again classification is arbitrary. The senses, intellect, and emotions all three respond to, and work upon, vibrations flowing in from an outside something. In this relation, it is really not the outside something, but the vibrations flowing from it, that the soul works upon; and in this sense, the sensations are the Universe; and it is this mass of sensations (and the memory of them), that, for the purposes of this treatise, I mean by the universe.

As a plain matter of fact, what have we in mind as universe, when we speak of the interactions between the soul and the universe? Obviously that portion of the totality of things with which the soul interacts. Each soul then has its own universe, which is plainly that soul's portion of a greater universe; but souls of the same general development have much in common, and, roughly speaking, the knowledge of phenomena, and deductions from them, which are held in common by civilized people, is what is generally meant by the term "*The Universe*."

But probably the soul reacts with more of the universe than it is aware of. This, however, need not affect our reasonings: they will, except by acknowledged inference, relate only to what we know, though it is obvious that if they do that with fair success, they will probably be correct regarding the uncertain fringe on the outer edge of what we know.

I don't propose to go into the evolution or the working laws of the objective universe. For those, read Spencer. The "universal" phenomena that have been discovered since he wrote—the wider range of wave motion and radiation, follow the "universal" laws that he indicated, and no genius has shown us any new ones since.

And I shall speculate very little regarding the universe in the sense of the *totality* of things. What I have read of such speculations has been mainly nonsense made up of words which are mere confessions of ignorance, and much of this nonsense has come from misdirected efforts of abler minds than mine. I only want to call attention to some of the Cosmic Relations between universe as we know it, whatever its laws, and soul as we know it.

Plainly, as already hinted, the objective universe is not the same to any two people—or any two organisms. Each organism has its own. The amœba has its, and Humboldt has his, and we have every reason to believe that outside of the one that anybody has, or those that everybody has, is still left more universe than our imaginations can in any way compass. Its spaces range beyond our telescopes, and even the qualities of the little space we thoughtlessly claim to know, range far beyond our microscopes and our speculations.

The dimensions and other characteristics of each creature's universe, are of course determined primarily by the sense organs, and secondarily by the nervous structures which register, accumulate, and compare the impressions received by the organs. At one end of our living world is a universe of only a few elements, or rather the difference between degrees of one element,—of resistance and non-resistance, or of penetrability and impenetrability—of water that the creature can float through, or of earth or log that it cannot: or possibly the difference is one of heat and cold—water that is warm, or water that is cold; or of light and dark—places that have a glow, or places that have not. At the other end are the universes of Newton, Humboldt, Helmholtz, Michelangelo, and Shakspeare.

Each individual's universe is evolved with his mind, but

don't let that make us, with some philosophers, "believe" that the mind and the universe are the same. More than one philosopher is deemed to have won a claim to undying fame by demonstrating that there is a universe external to the mind. Anybody can find a simpler demonstration than theirs, by going toward an open door in the dark, with his arms stretched out parallel to guard against it, and so moving that his arms will pass on the respective sides of the door, and leave him to strike it with his face.

Yet, despite such demonstrations, this external universe seems to be losing its old contracted character of "matter," and becoming simply another mind; but there is not much question now, even among those given to that questioning of obvious facts which they call philosophy, that it has an existence outside of *our* minds.

We know it only by its phenomena, and they are constantly in *both* our minds and the something external. A phenomenon results only from an interaction between an object and a perceiving subject. We will find reason as we go on, for getting as clear an idea of this as we can. I will attempt a simple demonstration.

A boy goes into the pantry after a pie. There something gives him a sight-sensation of a round flat object, and an odor-sensation of an agreeable something proceeding from the object. If he pursues his investigation farther, he gets sensations of touch, of sound, as he cuts or breaks the pie, and then happily of taste. All he knows of the pie is these sensations. They constitute the complex phenomenon—pie. They *are*, so far as concerns him (or us), the pie, and without them, there would be, at least for him and us, no pie. Some philosophers go so far as to say that there would be no pie at all—that the pie exists only when, and as, somebody experiences these sensations. If they are right, the conclusion is a saddening one for the boy: for if he went away leaving half of the pie, there could be no half for him to come back to. The truth is that while he is away, there do not remain in the pantry any of the sensations which we call pie, but something remains which, when he comes back, can again arouse the sensations we agreed to call pie; and the happy

fact that that something remains, proves that there is a universe outside of the mind.

On the other hand, if a log of wood be shoved into the room, but no boy, there are still in the room none of the sensations which we agree to call pie. To arouse those sensations, the bit of the objective universe still there must be visited by a bit of the subjective universe. The boy comes in with that bit of the subjective universe eagerly acting in his brain and on his salivary glands, and again are created the sensations we call pie.

The bearing of this disquisition on pie (a subject for which I have an Emersonian fondness) upon the wider questions of our Cosmic Relations, will be more obvious as your patience holds out.

I shall never forget my feeling when the extreme idealistic theory was first presented to me. As a boy I had just returned from my first trip to the Adirondacks. Probably not three hundred people a year went into those mountains then, and probably not three hundred lived in them. The impressions left in my mind were nearly all of glorious solitudes where I had been alone watching the runways of the deer. The memory of those solitudes, and the hope of being again amid them, were very precious to me. When I first was indoctrinated with the theory that the external universe has no existence except as seen by an intelligent mind, I said to myself: As, then, no one sees those lakes and mountains now, they no longer exist—they are not there. The feeling was horrible. Even under the happy inspirations the lakes and mountains had brought, there always had been a heavy oppressive undertone of loneliness, which the recollection of them revived; and it had not been free from some of the sense of terror of the supernatural fostered in those superstitious days. But this suggestion that those beautiful yet awful solitudes had disappeared when we disappeared, had in it something more eerie and terrible than could come to a boy from the cry of loon or owl or panther, or even from the silence and the loneliness that, in occasional moments of perverse imaginings, became more dreadful still.

Against the unholy magic suggested by the doctrine, the

boy's reason made little headway, and the philosophic difficulty did not take its place among clearly settled things until, to the old man musing on the boy's perplexities, came the suggestion of the pie, which, very wrongly, seems not to have occupied as large a space in the boy's horizon as the Adirondacks did.

CHAPTER V

THE KNOWN UNIVERSE AND THE UNKNOWN UNIVERSE

THE Adirondacks existed after I left them, and before I saw them: so the whole universe visible to us must have existed essentially the same as now, though different in some details, before there was an eye to see it; and it has been slowly, slowly revealing itself to us as eyes have been evolved, and seems to have been evolving eyes for that express purpose.

Let us imagine ourselves living in darkness relieved at times by just enough suggestion of light to make the darkness more visible, with no more sense of sound than an occasional vibration somewhere in our interior economy; about the same satisfaction from food and drink as has the patient who is nourished by anointing his surface with an odorless oil, and with no sensations beyond these, except a faint consciousness of contact with objects, and support from earth or water. Such experiences constituted the universe of most of our ancestors, and still constitute that of most of our contemporaries.

Next assume a distinct sense of shadow between the rudimentary eye and the source of light. What an immense resource this is—in seeking food and avoiding danger, not to speak of variety of life and of pleasure, as compared with the creature who has only the sense of touch! How immensely larger and more interesting is the universe of the later creature! To get some realization of this, recall even your own feeling at some time over the mere simple experience of light after darkness, and yet you have so many more complex feelings, that this one appears by contrast insignificant.

Very early comes in a sense of different kinds of light—of color. Think of the contrast between engravings and oil-paintings. Imagine the landscape of the moon-lit night shifting to that of noon. But even in the senses of sight

alone, not to speak of other senses, this is but the beginning. With each sense evolved, a new universe is known.

And now, for contrast (for which, through all my tedious exposition I have had a motive that will appear later), let us jump to the universe of to-day as I see it at this moment.

As I look North, between the beautiful pillars of a Doric summer-house, two immense pines, light green with dark shadows, are in the panel at the left, sighing in the summer breeze. A mass of lower foliage is this side of them, conspicuously a great round laburnum, above and beyond which a narrow sharp arbor-vitæ shoots up, in lighter green against the darker pines. Above all, blue sky with white clouds. I would like to have it all painted. At the right are two more panels, of lawn and distant wood, with my distant neighbor's beautiful buildings with their peaked turrets, brownstone against the green, and then in another panel, where I could toss my pencil, rises a pretty little spruce, on whose spire a pretty little bird has been chattering at me a pretty little song nearly all the time I have been writing, and the pines have sighed their accompaniment. Then at the left of all I have described, as I now look West, comes the massive square corner pillar of the summer-house, and next it a fluted Doric column. They shut out the left edge of the left pine; and on their other side opens a picture of absolutely different character, whose limit is, instead of a hundred feet, some sixty miles. The lower quarter of the panel is foreground—my hill sloping rapidly in light green to where the men with horses, bay against the green, are turning the pretty cow-pond among the trees into a swimming-hole for my young people—and their mother and me; then, above in the perspective, a field of buckwheat still green, then one of yellow stubble from the oats just cut. In the perspective, these fields appear almost wooded with small locusts along some roads, and a few great maples and pines; then my woods—so beautiful, the rolling light green deciduous trees making the jagged pines shooting up here and there in front and above, look almost black. Beyond, over the woods, stretches the pearly surface of Lake Champlain, with long faint blue lines of current. At the right, just above the trees, a low dark green island,

with a white lighthouse and keeper's home, reaches across about a quarter of the picture. A little higher in the perspective, touching the left edge, is a smaller island. Beyond, far off, comes the other side of the lake in what the foreshortening makes a virtually straight line across the picture; and above it rise in faint misty blue, fold upon fold, miles upon miles until we come to rounded and peaked summits, the Adirondacks. Above them, white clouds with bluish gray shadows, the upper edges broken with the dark blue of a clear sky. One more panel between the pillars, to the left, is a beautiful variant of the one I have just described.

Where I turn South, there rise from the plain two of those picturesque mountains of tilted strata that slope on one side and are precipitous on the other; and as I turn farther to the East I come to the Green Mountains—first, the beautiful reposeful gently-three-peaked Lincoln; next, the unsurpassed gracefulness of the Couching Lion, not the biggest mountain I know, but the one with the most uplift; then after a few lower summits to (though fast becoming shut-out by growing trees) Mansfield, with an outline that seems really ingeniously bulky, sometimes looks bigger than the Jungfrau, and yet in winter, in that strange green twilight that now and then comes over the snow, makes one think of fairies.

Now contrast these lovely things open to my eyes and ears, with our ancestor's universe of darkness and silence. Then suppose that he had varied the monotony of his existence by splitting himself into a family, and contrast his experience of it with mine if my little daughter should happen to get off her pony and be chased down here by my six-foot boys.

To emphasize once more the emotional contrast (for all of the contrasts, a reason will appear presently): this beautiful universe, of which I have tried to give you some faint notion, is mine—mine—mine, even the miles and miles of mountains are as much mine to all significant intents, as if I owned them in fee simple. Compare this joy with the protozoön's right, title, and interest in his puddle. And then with all he can do, compare my privilege of making roads to all this loveliness, which was not accessible before, and leaving my gate open to all who care to come.

Then think of the joy of doing, however badly, what amid all this, I am trying to do with my pencil (among my joys I prize that of not writing with a pen), which has nothing in the primitive universe even to contrast with it.

Then reflect that the scene before me is but a small part of the universe open to-day—Niagara and the Grand Canyon and the Yosemite and the wonderful Pacific coast, and the Canadian Rockies, and the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Himalayas—the whole wonderful world, and the ocean and the night. Then the great architecture and sculpture and pictures; beautiful men and women; the drama—spoken and danced and sung; and Liszt's Preludes and the *Pilgerchor* and Beethoven's last quartets. Then, on the more intellectual side, the great books, long talks with great people, and with others who, like not a few of the great ones, are better than great.

Reflect that beyond the joy of contemplating our universe, men have had the higher joy of creating no little of it—all the art and thought and love. Nature supplied the material and gave the hints, but the production was our own.

So I might go on for many pages more, describing the universe of the modern man, and contrasting it with the universe of the primitive animal; but perhaps I have taxed your patience even more than my purpose requires.

And now for my purpose in trying to awaken some feeling of the contrast. It is to impress that, as our universe has been a gradual revelation, up step by step from the protozoön's, ours is presumably only a part of one as much beyond ours, as ours is beyond the protozoön's. The amphioxus must have vague feelings of something beyond what it can sense; and far more certainly do we. As the early creatures must have in their sight, faint presages of what we call color, or in their hearing faint presages of what we call timbre, we certainly have presages far wider. Are we not constantly feeling foretastes of—we know not what, except that it seems high and good?

There was certainly something prophetic, though not necessarily prophetic of my personal experience, in the exaltation brought me before sunrise this morning in the pearl-gray

sky holding one throbbing planet over dark Mount Mansfield—there was something beyond my eyes, as surely as there was beyond those of the tadpole in my pond.

After I saw this, I found "something beyond" in another sense, but still in the same sense. I could not sleep, and so I wrote what happened. The dawn, which is seldom reported in words or pictures, is, other things even, more interesting than the sunset—certainly more cheering, as coming light is more cheering than coming darkness. But there is a difference in the other direction too, as the night is poetry, and the daylight prose.

As I watch, above the mountains the gray turns to yellow; the yellow to pink, the blue higher up growing more intense, and the mountains growing blue with it; and then the blue far up in the sky gradually comes down and absorbs the lighter colors.

Across the wide valley below the deep blue mountains, the black trees rise here and there above the mists. The mists spread over the swamps and the lines of streams.

The cattle in the pastures begin lowing, and the dog barks, as he herds them for their milking.

Now the mists have grown so that, beyond the low foothills, they make, over the Winooski River, a gray line against the great blue mountains. This side of the foothills, in the fields, the light greens and yellows of different crops begin to show—all offset by gray in the pastures, and by the nearer mists with the black trees jutting from them.

The sky over the mountains is very light now, but shades fast into the dark blue of the zenith. The planet has climbed far up into that, and is still bright there.

The scene began to take on its everyday look before the sun came. I did not wait for him, but went to bed.

But how richly I had been compensated for a restless night, and even for the mischief it is going to raise in an exacting day! And I must illustrate one of the truths for the sake of which I am writing this book, by saying that much as the slight infirmity which causes me restless nights and early wakings, has eaten into working power—much even as it may eat into the fag-end of old age, I have, in ways similar to last night's, and in many widely different ways,

been richly paid. He is a wise man who knows unerringly what to call a misfortune.

But to return to our demonstration. In the first place, the difference between the tadpole's sight and mine having come by a slow evolution, is there any reason whatever to believe that the evolution is finished at just the colors my sight responds to now? There are plenty of existing eyes otherwise normal that do not respond to all the colors to which most eyes already do: even to-day some people see only brown where others see red or green, and a daylight landscape appears to them only much as an extra-bright moonlight one. Still such defective eyes do respond better than, probably within historic times, eyes in general did.

This point has had a very interesting but, as we shall see, somewhat questionable treatment by Dr. Bucke (*Cosmic Consciousness*: Philadelphia, 1901 and 1905). He first quotes on p. 28, Max Müller (*Science of Thought*, I, 229):

“It is well known that the distinction of color is of late date; that Xenophanes knew of three colors of the rainbow only—purple, red, and yellow; that even Aristotle spoke of the tri-colored rainbow; and that Democritus knew of no more than four colors—black, white, red, and yellow.”

Then Dr. Bucke goes on to say:

“Geiger (*Contributions to the History of the Development of the Human Race*. Translated by David Asher, London, 1880, p. 48) points out that it can be proved by examination of language that as late in the life of the race as the time of the primitive Aryans, perhaps not more than fifteen or twenty thousand years ago, man was only conscious of, only perceived, one color. That is to say, he did not distinguish any difference in tint between the blue sky, the green trees and grass, the brown or gray earth, and the golden and purple clouds of sunrise and sunset. So Pictet (*Les Origines Indo-Européennes*, Paris, 1877, II) finds no names of colors in primitive Indo-European speech. And Max Müller (*op. cit.*, II, 616) finds no Sanskrit root whose meaning has any reference to color.”

Then Dr. Bucke continues, without specific references:

“At a later period, but still before the time of the oldest literary compositions now extant, the color sense was so far developed beyond this primitive condition that red and black were

recognized as distinct. Still later, at the time when the bulk of the Rig Veda was composed, red, yellow, and black were recognized as three separate shades, but these three included all color that man at that age was capable of appreciating. Still later white was added to the list and then green; but throughout the Rig Veda, the Zend Avesta, the Homeric poems, and the Bible the color of the sky is not once mentioned, therefore, apparently, was not recognized. For the omission can hardly be attributed to accident; the ten thousand lines of the Rig Veda are largely occupied with descriptions of the sky; and all its features—sun, moon, stars, clouds, lightning, sunrise, and sunset—are mentioned hundreds of times. So also the Zend Avesta, to the writers of which light and fire, both terrestrial and heavenly, are sacred objects, could hardly have omitted by chance all mention of the blue sky. In the Bible the sky and heaven are mentioned more than four hundred and thirty times, and still no mention is made of the color of the former. In no part of the world is the blue of the sky more intense than in Greece and Asia Minor, where the Homeric poems were composed. Is it possible to conceive that a poet (or the poets) who saw this as we see it now could write the forty-eight long books of the Iliad and Odyssey and never once either mention or refer to it? But were it possible to believe that all the poets of the Rig Veda, Zend Avesta, Iliad, Odyssey, and Bible could have omitted the mention of the blue color of the sky by mere accident, etymology would step in and assure us that four thousand years ago, or, perhaps, three, blue was unknown, for at that time the subsequent names for blue were all merged in the names for black.

“The English word *blue* and the German *blau* descend from a word that meant black. The Chinese *hi-u-an*, which now means sky-blue, formerly meant black. The word *nil*, which now in Persian and Arabic means blue, is derived from the name *Nile*, that is, the *black river*, of which same word the Latin *Niger* is a form.”

Homer certainly had a word for blue, though he may not have applied it to the sky.

This last statement—that *l* ever got transformed into *g*—makes me prick up my ears, but perhaps it would not if I knew more; and we need not let it fatally affect the whole paragraph, or the statements (*op. cit.*, 30, 31):

“As the sensations red and black came into existence by the division of an original unital color sensation, so in process of time these divided. First red divided into red-yellow, then that red into red-white. Black divided into black-green, then black again into black-blue, and during the last twenty-five hundred years these six (or rather these four—red, yellow, green, blue)

have split up into the enormous number of shades of color which are now recognized and named.....

“The power of exciting vision of the red rays is several thousand times as great as the energy of the violet, and there is a regular and rapid decrease of energy as we pass down the spectrum from red to violet. It is plain that if there has been such a thing as a growing perfection in the sense of vision in virtue of which, from being insensible to color the eye became gradually sensible of it, red would necessarily be the first color perceived, then yellow, then green, and so on to violet; and this is exactly what both ancient literature and etymology tell us took place.”

But in the face of all this pretty demonstration and these great authorities, stand the facts that the Egyptians used color very well four or five thousand years before Christ, and that the people in the Dordogne caves used it as much, probably, as twenty thousand years before. Moreover, recent savages in a state presumably far behind that of the peoples whose writings are quoted by Dr. Bucke and his authorities, use many colors, and often with skill that puts civilized man to his trumps. Among them, however, we should be slow to put our wampum-making Indians: for they used the colored beads which we gave them. But we found them with their senses far enough evolved to appreciate those beads, as good William Penn knew to his profit.

Yet although Dr. Bucke may claim too much, what he gives us is interesting and suggestive and in the general line of evolution; and as we go on, we shall meet growing reason to look for truth on both sides in most conflicts between theories, and even between theories and facts.

It is an interesting question whether the eye as we know it, is to be farther differentiated to report more colors, or whether we must depend for farther knowledge of the invisible ends of the spectrum, upon instruments of our own devising. Somehow phenomena for which we have to depend on instruments, do not seem as really parts of our very own universe, as phenomena reported directly by our senses. It seems more in accord with the beneficence so prominent throughout previous evolution, that our senses shall be expanded. Yet on the other hand, while that would be more joy, it would not exercise our new and ineffably

valuable power of inventing instruments and hypotheses, and finding laws for ourselves.

As with the eye, so with the ear. Is it going to stop at ten octaves, when even some insects appear to hear higher tones than we can, and the whale lower?

So with the other senses. All are of course, like sight and hearing, the products of an evolution in response to the environment. Almost equally of course, then, they are yet but small parts of a possible—even probable development.

In dreams, when separated from the activities of the body, consciousness approaches such experience of new faculties—the surmounting of time and space and gravitation; and we cannot declare it impossible that consciousness separated altogether from the body should have such experiences, even to a degree compared with which the difference between a creature with one sense and a creature with six senses, is trifling.

Men now living have seen striking evidence that such development is going on. Some very competent observers think they are now watching the most tremendous of all evolutions yet known in the faculties themselves, of which more later.

As with the faculties, so, as already intimated, with the universe. As nearly all the universe we know is outside the protozoön's, are not the indications virtually conclusive that, outside of the one we know, there is more, bearing to ours a ratio greater than ours bears to the protozoön's? What reason have we to believe that all the universe revealable to a possible sense of sight, is revealed to ours? We have excellent reason to believe that it is not. By photography and the Roentgen apparatus, we can now find at the ends of the spectrum, rays from which our eyes as yet get no direct sensation whatever. Instruments show us longer and shorter, and slower and quicker vibrations than those of which our senses take direct cognizance. And even between the two extremes that we do cognize, there seem to be gaps that we do not. This amounts to an almost mathematical reinforcement of the demonstration already given—that the sensizable universe, with its bounteous gifts to the intellect and the emo-

tions, with the numberless avenues for exploration that it offers the adventurous soul, and with the numberless new gifts it undoubtedly holds at the ends of those avenues, is, after all, but a mere foretaste of a universe waiting for the enjoyment of eyes evolved beyond ours, and containing intellectual and emotional exaltations that our blind gropings even now touch without understanding.

Truths similar to those illustrated regarding the visible universe, must hold even more strongly regarding the audible universe, because music is far the youngest of the arts: it has no masterpiece two hundred years old, while all the other arts have masterpieces over two thousand.

And yet are degrees between fragments so small in comparison with the probable wholes, worth considering? The phraseology, however, assumes that the wholes are open to human conception—a weakness haunting the phraseology of philosophic speculation.

The evidence, then, seems conclusive from the evolution of the recognized faculties, not to speak of the vague new ones now the objects of so much research, that in proportion to our senses, we know virtually as little of the universe around us, as, in proportion to his senses, does the jelly-fish floating in the dancing sunlit water among the yachts and the bathers, and touching the loveliest of them with the same sensation as if she were a floating log.

And yet the myriad particulars, objective and subjective, which make our universe so different from the jelly-fish's, would probably, when compared with the whole universe (so far as our minds can grasp the idea of a "whole" universe) show a ratio smaller than does the jelly-fish's universe when compared with ours.

In a word, evolution has demonstrated the existence of a Heaven, and instead of being up above us (which meant something before Copernicus and Newton) it is all around us and in us, only waiting for faculty to recognize it. Nay, we have been living in it all the time. If to the Heaven I tried to describe from my summer-house and my east window, could be added reunion with those I have lost, and gratification of divine curiosities just fast enough to prevent dulling them, I, for one, don't want any better Heaven.

Or from another point of view, did human imagination ever devise an entrance into Heaven, to be compared with the experience of a person born blind, suddenly restored to sight in presence of a beautiful landscape, or better still, of a beautiful and beloved person? Yet experiences of the same nature, but immeasurably greater, cannot be held impossible to a creature without a sense, or with only one, or two, or five, or any number. Whatever the number, we cannot conceive the impossibility of another sense being added to the organism, or another field of response existing in the objective universe.

But while the universe of the higher organism is a heaven compared with the universe of the lower organism, it is not generally appreciated as such: for in only exceptional cases has it had the benefit of the immediate contrast between blindness and sight, or deafness and hearing.

However, each appearance has been only an appearance—a quality: the “thing in itself” is unknown to us, and apparently must remain unknown to us, except so far as its phenomena are revealed. Put yourself on Lake Champlain or one of the few lakes to compare with it, or in the Yosemite, or by the Grand Canyon, or at Zermatt, realize that the immeasurable source of strong, beautiful, beneficent (is it too much to say benevolent?) Power, is revealing itself to you in the vibrations entering your eyes; regard the scene as simply a lovely aspect of an infinite source of loveliness partially revealing itself to you, and probably to reveal to our descendants immeasurably more of itself in ways that beggar our imagination; or go and listen to great music, and realize it as a revelation, through the composer, of the same Power; saturate your soul with such revelations, and then, that you may appreciate them all the better, contrast them with the gross and fantastic and often hideous pictures with which, under the name of revelations, barbarous priests have imposed the awful power of mystery on barbarous peoples.

But the powers of mystery are lovely as well as awful. The mists and mountains and dark shadows opposite me as I write, are both. I do not read their meaning, as I read the meaning of $a^2 + 2ab + b^2$, but they lift and expand

and deepen the soul as do no meanings that I *can* read; and while they raise the most terrible questions, they answer them with: "Peace! Wait! Work! Earn the rest that you feel is in Us! All will be well!"

CHAPTER VI

SOME ETHICAL ASPECTS OF EVOLUTION

WITH suggestion of the Beneficence which has been breeding from our deaf and blind ancestors a progeny that enjoys the universe open to us, comes the question: What need of the ancestors' being deaf and blind? Perhaps an answer whose consistency with the fact would not be its sole merit would be: "None of your business."

But really it is no detraction from the Beneficence (or any other name that you may see fit to spell with a capital) doing the evolution, that the evolution did not begin higher up. We cannot conceive its doing so, any more than we can really conceive a creation. Just at what point would our wisdom have the evolution begin, and what reason have we to believe that it *could* begin in any other way than it did, or that the inflow of the Cosmic Soul into us can be attained in any other way than through just that evolution? The Power does not seem to have been able to make the universe perfect, and yet we assume the power to be unlimited—whatever that may mean, in spite of all the evidence indicating that it is not. Here comes in the inconsistency that we allege between an all-wise, all-good, and all-powerful God, and the existence of suffering. What do we know about "all," except all of some limited thing? The very phrase is part of that nonsense-jabbering that we always fall into when we use words greater than our actual conceptions. We merely assume such a God, despite the facts that we cannot conceive one, and we never saw any evidence of the existence of one.

We simply see the greatest power we know, but a power we know to be imperfect, evolving the greatest universe we know, but a universe we know to be imperfect. We have much reason to believe that we are to see more; but to juggle with words that imply having seen all, or having seen what we have not, is to babble idiocy.

All this suggested to Mill a deputy god of inferior powers—a queer suggestion for a man of his ability to entertain: for the need of a deputy arises only from the principal's limitations: so why not admit them at once, without lugging in the deputy, or bothering ourselves to reconcile them with the gratuitous pseud-ideas of an almighty and all-benevolent cause and regulator of the universe? For our purposes, the Cause is just powerful enough and just benevolent enough to produce, so far, the universe as we know it, no more and no less; and if we are not satisfied with that amount of power and benevolence, after we have watched life long enough to realize the good evolved from its evils, and to catch glimpses of the possibilities of vastly greater future good, we are pretty hard to please.

The real indications are of the obvious fact that our powers of apprehension are not unlimited. We are even so stupid that we are in the habit of saying that the universe is full of imperfections and suffering and death, when it is no such thing: it does contain imperfections, suffering, and death, but anybody who says it is "full of" them, simply has diseased perceptions. The sad facts play a very minor part. As I write this in my summer-house, the sheep are bleating as they feed in the sunlight down the hill, sleek and happy. All summer I've enjoyed watching them enjoy themselves. During that time half a dozen have been killed by dogs. There are scores of them left. Shall I say that their universe is "full of" dogs and death? More of them have been killed for my table. Am I proved capable of nothing but ruthless murder?

Despite the misery in the universe, the joy is there, and immensely preponderant; and we constantly see the misery working out good.

This is a fact apt to be denied by the inexperienced and unreflecting, and realized only as life grows longer and richer. Yet assertions of it abound in the utterances of those whose thought is wisest and deepest. For proofs of it, however, one is generally thrown back on his own experience: because such proofs are most frequent and convincing in the things locked in each one's own breast. They

are seldom known to the biographers, and still more seldom given by the autobiographers—and when the fundamental facts are known, their relations are seldom realized. Pious souls—and many souls have been made pious by such experience—often delight in pouring out their convictions of the beneficence of God in bringing good from evil, but where their convictions rest on their actual experiences of real life, and not on mere religious ecstasy, they are naturally slow to expose the experiences to the world, especially as the secrets of others are so often interwoven with them.

Many must have wondered if it was not a duty to do violence to their own feelings, and give the world the benefit of such experience; but if, as an extreme instance, the premature death of someone useful and admirable and loved, has been demonstrated in the course of many years to have made possible for the survivors, shifts in the kaleidoscope of life so good that the lost one would gladly have died to effect them, to proclaim the particulars might not only expose to the cold world the tenderest feelings of many survivors, but might appear an underestimate of the life that is lost, and a lack of affection for the memory. And yet there is probably nobody of much experience and reflection, who does not know of just such instances.

Moreover, in many such cases, the preponderance of good rests on the assumption that the life is continued beyond: I do not mean the easy general assumption that the lost one has entered into a state of bliss beside which the agonies of illness and death, and the sufferings of survivors, are as nothing; but I mean a set of very obvious consequences which would be rational in the extreme if there is a future existence very much like this one to round them out, while without the possibility of such consequences in an after life, the present life often seems like chaos.

And yet even that chaos can often be resolved by bravely and candidly offsetting life's joys against its sorrows, finding it as good as it generally is, and assuming the peace of oblivion at the end.

That, however, is not the whole matter: for the educating influence of suffering in life here, as we know it, is highly

valued by the best souls, and its recognition is so general as to be almost a commonplace.

Yet when one realizes that the universe is governed by law, it is hard to realize a law comprehensive enough to reach down into the details of each life, and make its reverses what the character needs—to pick out among all the apparent jumble of microbes and snakes and tigers and bad machines and explosions, just the one and at just the time, that each human being needs it to do him or his survivors good.

Equally hard is it to imagine a law which much oftener sends the apparent "accidents" of happiness in the same way. And yet some of the wisest of earth very strongly and deliberately suspect—not a few of them hold as a belief founded on frequent verification, that the Law and the Power great enough to swing the stars, is also delicate enough to do just those little things. It has often been found worth while to search life and conscience closely for the evidences.

Among the things hard to realize a generation ago—and much harder the generations ago when the litanies were composed, would have been the attitude now growing more general toward one more hard subject. We know now that among the greatest humbugs ever imposed upon humanity by humanity, or inhumanity, has been the horror of death. As the views inculcated by the priest for his revenue's sake are gradually disappearing, we are gradually realizing that death is a much-maligned institution, and that, except in its apparent incongruities with the useful and hopeful, it has, everything considered, much to commend it. As evolution is making life more normal, death becomes more normal—nearer a mere long-awaited and welcome release from weariness and ennui. Weariness and ennui are inevitable under limited conditions: the wider the conditions, however, the longer it takes to get tired of them; but the time must come. The question therefore is really: Why are our conditions limited? and our answer is: Whatever impressions like the worm's impressions of scenery and music, we may get outside of time, space, matter, motion, and force, while we are subject to them, no mortal mind can really conceive of unlimited conditions. It seems to follow, absurd as it may at first

appear, that no mortal mind can conceive of conditions under which death must not *in time* be a blessing. That now it so often comes prematurely as to seem, and probably to be, a curse, is a corollary of imperfect evolution. But if, in our erring judgments, we must regard it as worse or better than it is, what have we to gain by regarding it as worse? There is a rapidly reviving impression that we don't know much about it anyhow, and that the little we do know is the worst there is to know.

Part of the bad is the apparent fact that the universe beyond our senses must remain unenjoyed by us if death ends all. This tends to make the faith in such a universe more tantalizing than inspiring; but as we proceed, we may find some reasons why it should not be tantalizing.

We have now been through such a summary as conditions permit of the reactions between soul and universe covered by our present knowledge—by our recognized faculties on one side, and such phenomena as we have been able to correlate, on the other.

But it is a plain corollary of evolution that there should at times appear germs of faculty but faintly and rarely apprehended, giving rise to phenomena new, strange, doubtful. In this vague field lie many, perhaps most, of our future possibilities, and it would be a very chary review of our cosmic relations that should leave it out, or that even should refrain from any inferences regarding the unknown that our faint glimpses of it may legitimately suggest. It is even true that as the old forms of belief regarding the cause and fate of the universe and the soul, are nearly all gone, the old fervors and the old despairs are nearly all gone too; and with them seem gone nearly all great productive powers of the spirit; and the world, with its great new mechanical inventions, is absorbed as never before since Rome fell, in the luxuries of material things.

The making of inferences regarding the unsensed universe, notwithstanding their inevitable uncertainty and unverifiability, has been, the vast majority think, of great benefit to mankind: for the universe we do not know is presumably far more important—possibly even to us in ways dimly sensed

—than the universe we do know, and the vague borderland between the known and the unknown is the field of much of poetry and the other arts.

Every good strong emotion—and possibly every bad strong emotion (which must be a misapplication or an excess of a good one) brings the soul to the borders of the unknown—to the frame of mind where one is very apt to cry out: “God!” and sometimes as apt to cry it out in oath as in prayer. De Quincey speaks of literature as giving “exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards, a step ascending as upon a Jacob’s ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth.” This is at least equally the effect of great music, painting, sculpture, even architecture—of beauty in all its forms, most perhaps of the great aspects of Nature, including humanity.

Certain it is that without an abiding consciousness that the known mass of phenomena is not all, and that behind them is a cause transcending our imaginations, life loses some of its best emotions, the imagination grows arid, and the moral impulses shrink. While what we know, and the increasing of it, can more than occupy all our working powers, they work all the better for an occasional dream of greater and less troubled things.

When imaginations of the unknown world have most filled the consciousness, mankind has done its greatest creative work. For three thousand years, under both classical mythology and Christianity, the great outpourings of genius sprang from a consciousness saturated with relationships assumed, whether truly or falsely, to personal gods and immortal life. That consciousness built the Greek temples and the Gothic cathedrals; it carved the Apollo Belvedere and painted the Sistine Madonna; it wrote the Iliad and the Inferno and the Paradise Lost; it composed the masses of Haydn and Beethoven and the Stabat Mater; and it has done more to shape the conduct of mankind than all the science, all the codes, and all the armies: for though it has not shaped the sciences, it has inspired the codes, and impelled most of the armies.

These relations to the unknown have often been lost sight

of and ignored, but yet so generally and persistently have they been *felt* that until lately they constituted most of the atmosphere in which even the skeptic led his moral and emotional life; their fervors and their terrors made virtually all of man's existence vibrant: whatever may have been his speculations, ambitions, lusts, there was no escaping the consciousness of the mysteries of the universe and the obligations of the moral law, with all their power to terrify or inspire. The robber baron built a church, the Sicilian brigand prayed for the success of his expeditions, and even yet the "criminal rich," as well as the rich not criminal, give freely for religious uses. These emotions have probably been the greatest of world-influences since men began to take the universe seriously. When, in the rhythmic course of Nature, great waves of them have rolled up, they have generally come nearly at the same time with great epochs of literature and art. The struggles of the early church were followed by the literary inspirations of St. Augustine. Raphael and Luther were born the same year, and Michelangelo only eight years before. The harrowing of the English Church by Henry VIII was the precursor of Shakespere and his companions; the Huguenot persecutions brought the age of the great French dramatists and pulpit orators; the wars of the Cavaliers and Puritans bred Milton, and presaged the literature of Queen Anne; the great school of American writers was born of the struggle of the free spirit against Puritanism; the Victorian age in Literature was the age of conflict between Moses on the one hand, and Lyell, Darwin, and Spencer on the other.

Be it noted in passing that, very often, these outbursts of literary and artistic genius did not take place in the times of greatest agitation, but a generation later. This, as I have suggested before (*Outlook* for Nov. 24, 1906), may go a long way to account for genius: it seems to be born—not made by its own experiences, but by fervors experienced by its progenitors.

During all these birth-throes of the spirit, whatever differences of opinion there were regarding the nature of God and of immortality, both were believed in, and enough things believed regarding both, to keep most of the world's active

minds busy; and to accompany the good results of such beliefs with a terrible amount of bad ones, including some of the worst tragedies in history. Conflicting assertions regarding the supra-phenomenal unsheathed the sword of Islam, and gave western Europe the most terrible wars and persecutions in history; for hundreds of years such assertions turned friend against friend, brother against brother, parent against child. As a typical instance so recently as John Fiske's youth in the late fifties, in a small Connecticut city, his denial of orthodox Christianity ostracized him from social intercourse.

But the reaction from all these extremes has been only less deplorable than the extremes themselves. After so many bad experiences from speculations regarding the unknown, it was not a strange reaction to deny such speculations any legitimacy at all.

As knowledge widens, men depend more upon knowledge, and tend to believe that absorption in the Beyond, where we have no knowledge, is the deepest folly, because it is founding our greatest interests in our ignorance. The systems of belief reared regarding the Beyond have taxed so many of the best powers of the race, and have so generally come to nothing, that at last many of their most ardent admirers, while insisting that their building has the highest value, have come to admit that the value is not in what is built, but in the act of building—just as it was generally held, a couple of generations ago, that the highest value of education is not in what is learned, but in the act of learning. To say that there is not a grain of truth in these positions would be fatuous—as fatuous perhaps as the claim that the preponderance of truth is in them.

The best known expression of this attitude is of course Lessing's preference of "search for truth" to truth itself. No sane man really accepts this, yet it has been made famous by the unquestionable poetry of its expression, and notorious by the passion of mankind for the intellectual titillation given by epigrams with a spice of truth and a sharper spice of contradiction of what is known to be true. The acceptance of such an epigram makes the vulgar feel wiser than the acceptance of a plain truth that everybody can see. Yet the

innate stupidity of the epigram in question is entirely in keeping with the *dénouement* of the masterwork in which it occurs. Despite all the poets have done for us, and no men have done more, many of them have a terrible amount to answer for.

But it is almost superfluous to reiterate that, wasted and worse-than-wasted poetry and philosophy have been but a small part of the negative effects of absorption in the Beyond. Dogmatic statements regarding it have clashed; and quarrels when neither side can be proved wrong are interminable, and their passions illimitable.

In reaction against all this, a little after the middle of the last century, arose a school led by perhaps the most powerful mechanical intellect yet known—one the immensity of whose processes touched poetry. This school declared: "This universe, so far as we know it, can all be expressed in mechanical terms, and we have found the terms—or at least enough of them to show that in time the rest may be found; we are plainly on the track of principles that cover all we know, or can know with our tools for knowing. Those tools will never carry us beyond phenomena. Most of the wasted strength of historic ages has been in speculating beyond phenomena, and most of their miseries have come from conflict of opinions on alleged questions beyond phenomena. Now as truth there is not attainable, agreement is impossible. Let us stop all this waste and worry, and busy ourselves with the correlation of phenomena by the mighty new engine of truth we have just discovered after guessing at it for three thousand years—in Evolution."

This reaction differed from those led by Copernicus and Luther. That of Copernicus related primarily to the question of the earth's place and man's place, at the center of the universe. That led by Luther related mainly to the abuses in the church. Neither revolution materially disturbed philosophic opinions regarding man's origin, daily duties, or destiny, or the universe beyond phenomena, and neither offered an engine like evolution for the revision of opinions.

Since Luther's day the course of thought had vastly widened, and yet it had been so dammed back in the churches, in the schools, and even in social relations, that when the

dams were finally thrown down by Lyell, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and their friends, the flood of associations on which the old faiths depended, swept the faiths along with them, and the absurdities, abuses, persecutions, and horrors which, in the Christian and Moslem worlds, had attended speculation regarding God and Immortality, were so intensely reacted from, that for half a century some of the strongest minds have regarded such speculation as subversive of Philosophy, Morals, and general well-being.

Nevertheless, the intellectual habits which had bred those speculations were so deep-seated that most of our contemporary philosophers have inherited more of them than they realize, and affect to ignore Spencer even while they habitually use his terms, and test all things by principles which, though faintly appearing as guesses from the beginning of philosophy, were first demonstrated as facts in mind, morals and society by him: indeed so much of his work has got into the very air that everybody, according to capacity, breathes in his principles, often without realizing whence they came.

This ignorant, not to say ungrateful, attitude of many contemporaries regarding Spencer, is partly due to the brain evolved on the old philosophy being in many ways impermeable to the new. But it is also due, and perhaps in a greater degree, to Spencer having poured out the child with the bath; while insisting on the *consciousness* of the Beyond, and not denying, though not asserting, the Hereafter, he rigidly refrains from any speculation regarding the details of either; and what little light he flashes toward both, is brief and cold and dry. Though his daily walk and conversation were very much informed by the esthetic side of Nature, his philosophy was very little; and as it offers none of the beautiful assumptions in which men have so long delighted, and deals very little in poetry, except as its immensities are poetic, people who cannot supply its poetical implications for themselves, are apt to reject it as bare and arid. But now comes along M. Bergson and covers the colossal structure with flowers—a task for which the giant who reared it was not fitted. When I said this to M. Bergson, he supplemented it with one of his

inimitable touches—"I try to show how flowers inevitably grow out of it."

It is the proverbial fate of genius to have to make its own constituency; and while, in our day, that fate is not as heavy as it was in the days of Socrates and Christ, the work against habit and heredity is still hard and slow. It must be rhythmic too, as Spencer was the first clearly to demonstrate. All these things make it easy to understand how, in spite of the revolution wrought in philosophy by him, in spite of the contemporary spread of his doctrines over Europe, America, India, and Japan, there has been a reaction since his death—a reaction even among men who have for their main stock in trade, however unconsciously accumulated and assorted, the principles that Spencer first clearly established, and even the terminology that he mainly created.

While the principal cause of this superficial and ignorant unconsciousness of Spencer's influence has undoubtedly been his refusal to pander to the appetite for transcendental speculation, he yet provided the word Unknowable with a capital U, which lifted it from a negation into an assertion, and gave us a new word for something beyond the little contents of our consciousness, to believe in and lift our emotions toward.

But why doesn't the word Unknown answer the same purpose? As a negation, Unknowable is nothing but a truism: it cannot mean more than unknowable *in the present state of our knowledge*, and that is a matter of course: for when any item of the unknown becomes known, the state of our knowledge is changed. And to assert that no matter how many items become known, there will still remain an unknown residuum, and therefore that there must ever be an Unknowable, is to make one of those assertions involving the pseud-idea of "infinity," in which the pre-Spencerian philosophy did its reasonings in circles, and which it is one of the first principles of scientific philosophy to avoid. If, again, the word means that the number of things not now known is greater than can be learned while our race lasts, it rises from a truism or a pseud-idea, into a guess, but only a guess, even if one with which most men would agree.

But to assert that beyond our experience and knowledge there is presumably an immensity of truth and beauty and happiness, beside which our knowledge is as nothing, is only to assert what we have almost as much reason to believe from our experience, as we have to believe the experience itself. And we have nearly the same reason to believe also that we, or at least our descendants, will have an increasing share in that transcendent beatitude. Regarding our own chances, some guesses will be ventured in later pages. I say guesses: for when, as was the fashion with our ancestors, such speculations assume the certainty that we now seldom attribute to anything but hypothesis checked by verification, they have their dangers.

To the universe which transcends phenomena, the name transcendent naturally has been applied. Of course more nonsense has been talked about it than any other subject; and in spite of the best intentions, I probably have talked my share, and shall probably talk some more.

The term connotes two ideas (*a*) the unknown residuum of cause, etc., behind phenomena; (*b*) the portion of the universe whence we have as yet received no phenomena. Despite Transcendentalism being a jaw-breaking term, it cut a great figure on Boston Sundays a couple of generations ago; but for everyday use in our time, The Unknown might serve better.

The Spiritual World is of course another term for the same thing, at least for its psychic side, if you wish to draw a distinction which to me grows more and more shadowy every day. When savages have had anything come to them from their Unknown, even if it were but a bullet from a musket, they have called it the work of spirits, and a large portion of civilized mankind does not materially differ from them to-day. That world, being Unknown, however, does not quite justify Spencer in calling it Unknowable, though we may be justified in spelling both with capitals. And our limited intellects are apt to get on high horses and say that, in any event, it must be Unknowable in its totality, just as if the word totality in the connection were an idea, instead of a pseud-idea.

As to the universe which transcends our knowledge, the

world's records abound in confident expectations of finding "keys" and "passwords" that shall at a flash make all the unknown, known; and no end of "systems" of "knowledge" of it have been built, which were, of course, nothing but card-houses with words on the cards. The only stable knowledge has been built of classified phenomena; and the only progress into the transcendent universe has been step by step. Thus only has some of the universe which was at first all transcendent to our ancestors, become known to us, and thus only, so far as we can see, will some of the universe which is transcendent to us, become known to our descendants.

But speculation concerning the transcendent universe, when honestly regarded as speculation, is justified by several considerations:

I. We never know when a speculation on the transcendent universe is going to bring a valuable slice of it into our Universe—into the Known (capitals have their uses). The speculation of to-day points the way to the demonstration of to-morrow—sometimes.

II. Characteristics pervade phenomena which may be held to justify, though they may not strictly verify, some classes of conclusions regarding their *cause*. For instance, the general prevalence of beauty and happiness obvious to a healthy mind, prove the cause beneficent, and therefore give much reason to believe that it is benevolent. Such beliefs, however, must be held and enforced only in proportion to their verifiability.

III. Some speculations beyond phenomena have verifiable advantages—they unquestionably enlarge and intensify our interests; and beyond possible waste of time, which they share with all speculation and even all experiment, their only disadvantages arise when they impose rules of conduct whose advantages are unverifiable.

IV. What is more, we *must* speculate, at least on the relations of the uncorrelated phenomena that are constantly coming from the transcendental universe toward the universe of knowledge—that constitute the borderland of knowledge.

But while science has been in the very act of demonstrating the legitimacy of guarded speculation, many have said that

science was killing the imagination. Others, however, insist that science has been the healthiest stimulus of the imagination, not only in hypothesis, but even in poetry: certainly it gave a new and very deep note to the poetry of Tennyson. But equally certainly, it has diverted the imagination into new channels, and these have not yet become so familiar—so much a part of the general consciousness which responds to poetry, as to inspire it habitually and powerfully. Poetry does not come from, or appeal to, deep learning or high ingenuity, but to the common emotions of mankind. True there is poetry in the spectroscope showing us the composition of the farthest visible star, there is poetry in the fact that what we call that star may be only light that has reached us from the star since it was burnt out and dead; but such facts, although science is pouring them upon the poet in profusion, are as yet so unfamiliar that he responds not so much by feeling their emotional implications and turning them into poetry, as by efforts to comprehend them.

Poetry does not go hand in hand with knowledge, but skips all along the way, sometimes following in the paths which knowledge has opened and smoothed, sometimes going ahead, and throwing its vague lights into mysteries yet to be explored.

BOOK II

UNCORRELATED KNOWLEDGE

CHAPTER VII

INTRODUCTION

WHAT do we mean when we say we know a thing? That we recollect enough of its qualities to be sure that when we find an object possessing those we recollect, and no others inconsistent with them, it will be the thing we know, or one like it—one in the class of things with which our recollections correlate it. Far off at the edge of the woods I see a moving object. I cannot make out another quality. I simply correlate it with the class moving objects. Otherwise I don't know what it is. It emerges from the shadow, and I see that I can correlate it with the smaller class of *dark* moving objects. A little nearer, and I am able to correlate it with the still smaller class of brown moving objects, but I don't know how high the grass around it is, and don't know whether to correlate it with cattle or deer or dogs. It begins to run toward me, and its motion correlates it with dogs. Its coming toward the house tends to correlate it with *my* dogs. That, taken in connection with its color, narrows the correlation down to collies: the color excludes it from the class Scottish terriers to which my third dog belongs. But among collies, I can't tell before it draws nearer whether it is Laddie or his son Shep; but as he runs up to me, his very long hair and comparative lack of white, and large head, and affection for me, correlate him with my recollections of Laddie, and I "know" him. Now here are successively the qualities visibility, motion, color, brown color, the additional mass of visible qualities that go to make up dog, the invisible one of tendency to come to my home, which

marks it as my dog, the specific colors which mark it as my collie dog, and the long hair and preponderance of brown and big head, which mark it as Laddie.

Dear old fellow! He was literally old, and within a month of my writing that passage, he fell miserably and incurably ill, and we had to chloroform him, which is more than we would do for each other under similar circumstances. Let the passage stand as a monument, however perishable, to as loving and constant a friend as I ever had.

Now when I say I "knew" this dear dog, it is because the whole mass of qualities enumerated were correlated with my recollections of a corresponding mass of qualities which constituted Laddie. Had they not been, I should have had to say, if asked: "I don't know the dog." All the knowledge up to that point would have been uncorrelated with the knowledge essential to my knowing him.

Now when certain people are present, there are crackings and tappings going on around the room. There is nothing visible or discoverable to account for them; so we can't safely correlate them with mechanically caused noises. They are too frequent to be correlated with the shrinkage of wood-work. Jones, who has heard similar noises before, correlates them with certain qualities he has experienced before, and says he "knows" them—that they are noises caused by spirits. I on the other hand having never heard anything of the kind, and having nothing to correlate the noises with, don't "know" what they are: to me it is uncorrelated knowledge. And as, so far, Jones and the rest of us know precious little, if anything, about "spirits," I suspect that in some important respects it is really uncorrelated knowledge with him. Similarly I see tables move in presence of certain people who touch them very lightly or not at all: so I cannot correlate the moving power with muscular force. Nor can I correlate it with electricity: for electricity doesn't act on wood; or with anything else I know. So for me, the little knowledge I have of it is correlated with so little of what I know about modes of force, that I can't say that I "know" it. We say we know things, when what we know about them is correlated with what else we know, and the

wider and closer the correlation, the better we know the things.

Now as Jones thinks he knows all about spirits, and that what he knows about this force correlates itself with what he knows about spirits, and that therefore the force comes from spirits, there is no use in my telling him that it comes from the medium because the medium is as tired as if he had done the work with his muscles.

Because the noise takes place only when the medium is present, I can only correlate it with human forces, though with none I had known before. Jones prefers spirits.

Well, we have a good deal of such uncorrelated or half-correlated or miscorrelated knowledge—it makes the borderland between knowledge and conjecture, and consists largely of both.

As to knowledge and possible knowledge, we are each in the midst of two concentric spheres—not perfect ones, but with irregular surfaces. Of course the spheres of no two men are alike. Each lives in one consisting of what he knows, or thinks he knows—of his sensed and correlated knowledge. This shades into an including sphere made up of scraps of uncorrelated knowledge but partly sensed, of intuitions and impressions—some of them little more than emotions—many of them, however, undoubtedly the germs of knowledge yet to mature. Then, we have every reason to believe, beyond this sphere must be a measureless infinity outside of not only our sensed and partly-sensed knowledge, but of our intuitions and emotions.

Most of the rest of our book will relate to the including sphere, and will consist largely of suggestions for correlating its vague knowledge with that of the sphere of things we know.

The borders of the sphere of knowledge and the sphere surrounding knowledge, overlap in both experience and feeling, or intuition, or whatever you see fit to call it. When some of our ancestors attained a general sense of light, they must have had some vague impressions which have developed into our sense of color; so when they got as far as a clear general impression of sound, they must have had vague impressions of what are to us pitch and timbre and even har-

mony and discord. Now we, in experiences that exercise our present faculties to the full—before great aspects of Nature, or great pictures, statuary, or music, are filled with exaltations of “we know not what” beyond our distinct sensations. Similarly in the laboratory, the workshop, the study, the forum, even the market-place, something just beyond always invites us, and in overtaking it, we become vaguely and tantalizingly conscious of yet more beyond.

This “beyond” presents itself partly in open questions solvable by our present clearly-evolved faculties, and partly through faculties but little evolved and little understood. The groups of course merge into each other, as we have so often had occasion to notice that subdivisions do. In the first group are the phenomena whose genuineness nobody doubts, but that are not yet correlated, like the Aurora Borealis; or phenomena not yet actually witnessed, but clearly ascertained, like the Pole before Peary, or Neptune when Adams and Leverrier had told where it was, but no man had seen it. At these questions explorers and scientific men in general are working, with faculties like those of other men, though often superior in degree.

In addition to this physical group of uncorrelated knowledge, there is a similarly uncorrelated psychical group of phenomena considerably known and accepted, which includes visions—sleeping and waking—somnambulism, and both the foregoing under hypnotism and suggestion.

But beyond that group of phenomena well known but poorly correlated, is a mass of phenomena newly and rarely observed which are as yet so strange that they are generally attributed to illusion or deceit. These phenomena are in the borderland of faculty, as well as in the borderland of knowledge. They depend upon human powers whose existence is but lately suspected, and still generally doubted, and which, if they exist, are the very latest and rarest fruits of evolution.

The fact that people vary enormously in their powers, is obvious to all but the immense majority having inferior powers. That great ability of any kind is rare, is probably a corollary of evolution (though I have not yet happened

on any demonstration of such a connection): so it is to be expected that new powers should be manifested by but few people. That such is the case regarding certain powers to be described later, has been used as an argument against their genuineness. There may be other arguments against it that are good, but this one, as far as it goes, is certainly *for* it.

Intellectually and emotionally men differ among themselves more widely than any other genus of animals. I don't mean merely the difference between ordinary men and Beethovens and Shaksperes, who have faculties in high degree which almost everybody has in perceptible degree, but I mean that some men seem to possess faculties which most men seem not to possess at all. One of these most marked differences is in the premonitions of the unsensed universe. Even on the emotional side, some men have virtually no such premonitions, while they illumine the faces of others so that you can often pick out such men on the street. Such premonitions are of course vague, and tend to become fantastic—"such stuff as dreams are made of," and in the efforts to give them precision, many systems have been built; and too often those not built in the laboratories, have fallen to pieces with great destruction to the reasonable faiths that were built in with unreasonable ones, and to the accompanying systems of morality. In truth, so far, the laboratory, the observatory, and their kindred have been the only places of permanently successful effort to increase our knowledge of the Beyond.

But in the laboratory and the study, *feeling* the Beyond is greatly "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Yet not only is the recognition of its existence a commonplace of healthy mental function, but emotional relations with it often seem essential to a worthy and symmetrical personality. It may well be questioned whether, even in the most commonplace and humble people who command our respect, this feeling is not always very definite. Certainly the vast majority of them, even many of them who scoff at the ordinary manifestations of religion, are religious in their way, having a fidelity to such ideals as they have, that rises to the mystical.

There are indeed few human beings who are not some-

where, somehow, sometime, exalted by this mystical communion. It may be in a Gothic cathedral or a Methodist meeting-house, or in the chapel where the brigand prays for success in his expedition; it may be before the Matterhorn or the Sistine Madonna; before McAndrews's engine or "a weed's plain heart." The person experiencing it may be a Saint Francis or an Uncle Tom; the occasions may be few in a life-time, or they may include almost every conscious moment; they may drive out of life almost every duty and responsibility, or they may overcrowd it with them, and intensify and sanctify them all, the humblest as truly as the greatest. But where, when, how, to whom, the feeling comes, it comes some time to nearly all; and whatever its name, it is a recognition of something beyond what we know, and greater than we know.

And yet, while he who has not intensely felt his oneness with all conscious being, has not felt the Best, the attempt to live entirely in this feeling has on the whole been counter to the best uses of life—narrowing, enervating, and even bestializing. While mysticism includes the roses of Saint Elizabeth, it also includes the filth of Stylites, and the unnatural ecstasies of the celestial marriage.

But by no means all the persons who have had this mystic sense have been vagabonds and parasites. Some of them have left work of inestimable value, though of the value of much of it there have been enormous differences of opinion.

James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, quotes with approval from Dr. Bucke's book which I have already cited. It contains some interesting theories, and quite interesting accounts of a couple of dozen people, from the prophet Moses to Walt Whitman, who have attained the Cosmic Consciousness, which Dr. Bucke places as the third plane in terrestrial experience, the first being mere consciousness of the environment, which beasts share with us; the second, the ordinary human subjective consciousness, the name of which in our translation from German philosophy is very unfortunate—"self consciousness" being well established as signifying awkward feelings in society.

Dr. Bucke seems to think that Cosmic Consciousness—the feeling of oneness with Nature—our forces, its forces; our

thoughts, its thoughts; our life, its life, universal and eternal; our consciousness, all consciousness—is the endowment of but a few favored beings, and that they generally get it at the culminating time of life, between thirty-five and forty-five, by some such knock-down experience as St. Paul's, and generally accompanied with an apparent blaze of glory, subjective at least. I suspect that more people are blest with it than he supposes. He says himself that it is not necessarily accompanied with any extraordinary general capacities. I (anybody writing of these things, ought to contribute what he can to the sum of experience)—I cannot remember when I did not have the rudiments of it before great scenery and great music, and it culminated in me ten years before the usual period he assigns. It came with the blaze of light, but the light was from the natural sunset which, however, seemed that evening not confined to the far-off clouds, but to pervade the whole atmosphere and all other things, including me, and to be pervaded by energy and mind and sympathy. Dr. Bucke says, rightly, I think, that the influence lasts in its fullness but minutes, seldom hours, but is never lost, and is sometimes renewed and reinforced. But I wouldn't advise anybody wishing to retain it vividly, to plunge into the competition of American business; and even into studies of practical affairs—economics, politics, and the like: I suspect one has to keep his eyes pretty wide open to be fairly conscious of any Cosmic Relations that may inhere in such interests.

It is not during the comparatively brief period covered by human records, that most of the impressions that have been in advance of knowledge during all evolution, have been overtaken by the understanding. With the exception of some indication that the color sense has developed somewhat since Homer, our recognized senses and physical powers generally seem about the same in number and quality that they were at the earliest period we know of. Yet the progress of mankind as we generally know it, has been somewhat in the development of them. Everybody who sees much of ordinary laborers, knows that the best class of mankind has gone past the vast majority even in the ordinary senses of sight and hearing.

But in the nineteenth century, especially late in it, began to appear indications that, in a few exceptional individuals, evolution had brought the human organism to a point where it exercises modes of force before little known, if at all; manifests a complexity of personality and relations to other personalities, before unsuspected; and receives knowledge not only through new channels, but of a new kind. Yet these new faculties seem to belong in an old range beginning in knowing good people from bad "by instinct," or knowing when there's an unseen cat in the room, and now extending up to seeing things without using eyes, hearing things without using ears, and getting, in other ways we don't know, impressions of the unsensed universe, including what appear to be innumerable personalities. These impressions may come from the recollections (often unexpressed and even unconscious, so far as we know) of other people, or from discarnate intelligences, or in some other way that we cannot conjecture much more than a worm with only color pigments can conjecture the visions of Turner.

In the presence of the latest of these phenomena, a man is like such a worm exposing his pigment-spot to the reflected lights which make our visible universe; or like an insect with a rudimentary sense of hearing, fluttering in a hall where an orchestra is playing. They must have some stirrings which hold about the same place in their interests and sensations, that our wonderings do before these matters of which our senses give us such faint inklings, and among which our curiosities do such clumsy fumbings.

In proceeding to the study of the borderland of knowledge, and to some conjectures of what may lie beyond the borderland, I shall attempt nothing but the study of phenomena, and a few cautious inferences from them. I lack the inclination and, I suspect, the capacity, to take a lot of words like "infinite," "eternal," "absolute," which are simply denials of knowledge, or "omniscience," "omnipresence," "omnipotence," which are assertions of something the human mind cannot grasp, and by keeping such words a long time in the air, as jugglers do their balls, construct a system of Philosophy. Previous to Spencer, and to some extent since, thinkers

have done so much of this that, despite suggestions like Kant's of the cosmogony, most of their work simply doubled on itself in circles, its predicates being merely its subjects in different phraseology; and its conclusions, like its premises, pseud-ideas with no possibilities of forecast in them.

And yet for three thousand years the imagination has been the main instrument of philosophy, and curiosity beyond phenomena its main motive—both to such an extent that minds devoted to the subject have, both by habit and survival, been so shaped for such vaporings, that it is still rare to find a mind inclined to philosophy which does not habitually seek those mists. And it is equally rare to find a mind so open to the implications of evolution as to be guided by them in all its speculations, and thus saved from clueless wandering in the fog.

The more I read of philosophy and histories of philosophy, the harder I find it to understand why men now trouble themselves with the guesses that were made on the material thinkers had before the recent knowledge of the physiology of the senses, and the persistence of force, and its relations to nerve function. Until those discoveries, men certainly knew nothing worth considering regarding the fundamental question of the relations of mind and matter: so there could be no enduring basis for psychological speculation, nor the elements of a substantial organic body of doctrine to bear the name Philosophy. There was nothing but a chaotic fluttering mass of contradictions, without a single established *principle* on which to base a rule of conduct, much less any coherent body of ethics founded on what is, for us, universal law. Fragmentary rules of conduct had been derived from experience, and embodied by men of genius in immortal phrases; and those rules had been in various degrees wrought into sporadic and usually fleeting systems; but the foundation for any universal and universally acknowledged systems of psychology, philosophy, or ethics, was unknown.

I shall therefore not follow fashions still too current, by encumbering what I have to say with many citations of guesses that were made before our recent knowledge. Among the good reasons why I don't cite them, is that I know, and care to know, very little about them. Even many guesses

that were made so recently as just before the accumulation and verification of facts by the Society for Psychical Research, are often too antiquated for our present purpose.

I shall try, therefore, to make my examination of the subjects which tempt to the old-fashioned philosophy as free from it as I can. But that is no easy task: for everything we know—each science into which we have classified it, shades off somewhere into the unknown, and much that we have to deal with has hardly emerged from it. The new questions are tangled up with questions older than our records, but which have had little scientific consideration until some thirty years ago, and have not had as much since as their importance may be found to justify. They have, however, to some extent, been named and classified, which is the beginning of science, and are, some of them at least, being slowly correlated with our present knowledge.

Certainties have a tendency to grow commonplace. Even mountains and oceans satisfy for but a time: so the flights of great and venturesome souls tend to the shifting skies of unverified beliefs. These are sometimes misleading, but often inspiring, and it is one of the highest of intellectual delights to watch them through history, gradually becoming brighter and more definite; and helping make them so is perhaps the highest of intellectual functions.

BOOK II — PART I

TELEKINESIS

CHAPTER VIII

MOLAR TELEKINESIS

WHILE the past half-century seems to have shown us more of our Cosmic Relations, and to have widened them more, than all preceding time since man was far enough evolved to write his history, most attention has been attracted by the revolutionary discoveries affecting transportation of matter, and the communication of ordinary intelligence by molecular forces of which we had long had some sort of conception. Of late, however, much attention has been devoted to new faculties and new means of communication.

Included with the phenomena out of which knowledge is built, is the evolution of the senses which take cognizance of those phenomena; and during the last half-century much attention has been drawn to indications of an evolution of senses, or sensibilities, that take cognizance of phenomena before unknown, and that may perhaps surpass in importance (if comparisons can reasonably be made) any of the avenues of knowledge previously known.

But in passing to the consideration of these matters, let it be distinctly understood that we are to consider only phenomena, and not mere speculations on assumptions regarding the transcendent world, which have made the bulk of what has been called philosophy. I shall deal freely in provisional assumptions, but only regarding phenomena, and I shall not use such words as infinite and eternal and unconditioned, in any other sense than as indicating directions, regarding whose goals I shall not even knowingly make assumptions. To cut it short: beyond this point, this book, so

far as it is not record of fact, is mainly candid guesswork regarding fact.

Yet in being so, it admits no affiliation with the famous masses of guesswork which announce themselves as established truth.

On the borderland of our knowledge, we shall meet many strange and startling statements, among which there is undoubtedly a substantial mass of fact, but just what that mass is, we shall find hard to determine, and after we have done our best to separate it, we shall find it equally hard to correlate it with our established knowledge. To the statements, the winnowing, and the correlation, we will now apply ourselves. And let us do so with the hope that we may find some new inspirations to lift us, if not back to our outworn creeds, at least to all in them which promoted our higher interests, and perhaps to more enlightened creeds promoting interests higher still.

Early writings and traditions abound in accounts of magical control of nature, mysterious visions, and spiritual communications and possessions, which may have been partly the results of some rudimentary senses or susceptibilities akin to those which, about the middle of the last century, were manifested in America, and since have appeared sporadically through Europe.

At first persons occupying the two extremes of mental habit—theologians and scientists, alike generally scouted these alleged phenomena as fraudulent, and refused even to investigate them. But the genuineness of some of them may now be considered established in the scientific world, and that of several others held fairly open to consideration.

The phenomena are both physical and psychical, though with some mysterious connection between them: for most persons, though not all, manifesting one group, have manifested the other.

The physical group is in the powers (I) to move material objects by some extra-muscular force, and often without contact; (II) to pass matter through matter without disintegrating either mass; (III) to cause motion in the air without any obvious agency. The aforesaid changes effected by the mysterious force or forces are molar. It is claimed that there are

powers to produce also the following which are molecular: (IV) when near to certain objects—notably running water and gold, and probably some others yet to be ascertained—to establish involuntarily between the operator and the object, some sort of current not yet named, but apparently akin to magnetism, which not only makes the operator aware of the nearness of the object, but causes in him nervous and muscular reactions; (V) to produce sounds from tangible objects and from the air, by some agency as yet unknown; (VI) similarly to produce lights; (VII) also changes of the air's temperature; (VIII) also evanescent unmaterial semblances of material objects.

To the first of these powers is now generally applied the name telekinesis. The *tele*, however, is not to be regarded in the frequent sense of *distant from*, but merely as *not in contact with*. And as the objects concerned in all of the eight categories are not in contact with the operator's body, we may tentatively consider all these modes of force as telekinetic, though as more is known about them, such of them as survive scrutiny may receive separate names.

The first of these alleged modes of force I have seen in action, and know to be genuine. There is plenty of honest testimony to the rest; the only questions arise over the possibilities of illusion. The testimony to the fourth ("dowsing") and fifth (sound) is strong enough to have convinced me. That to the sixth (light) I consider in some cases very good, but in most not yet convincing. For the rest, the testimony does not seem to me convincing, perhaps because the allegations are so improbable, but the testimony is too strong to be ignored.

The telekinetic forces *ex vi termini* act outside the body. The following forces are alleged to have acted through the will upon the body itself. I venture to suggest the name autokinetic. They are said (I) to lift the body independently of any known agency; (II) to resist the effects of heat; (III) to produce stigmata and blisters. The testimony to the third seems convincing, also that to one class of incidents of the second; to the first, as to some sorts of telekinesis, it is not as strong as the great improbability requires, and yet too strong to be ignored.

There is another new force of which we see evidences in the activities of the alleged spiritual mediums. I call it psychokinesis. It will be described in due course.

The uncorrelated psychical phenomena we will consider in Part III of this Book II.

I am fortunate in being able to begin an account of telekinesis from my own experience—one which, in boyhood, inaugurated an interest in these subjects that has endured through a long life.

In the winter of 1856-7 or the spring of 1857, on a Sunday afternoon, I was one of a dozen or so of the pupils of General Russell's school in New Haven who were loafing in one of the recitation rooms, when one of them said to P—:

“Ghost, show us the spirits!”

The boy addressed was a delicate-looking chap of medium height, some sixteen or seventeen years old, whose gentle and truthful nature had made him a favorite with us all—to a greater degree perhaps than any other boy in the school. The subject once opened, there was a quite general talk about raps being heard about his bed, and similar stories. It was news to me. I had previously supposed that his nickname of “Ghost” was the result of his comparatively shadowy appearance, but I was to learn better.

He objected to giving the exhibition because, he said, it tired him so; but at last he was persuaded.

There were some music-stands in the room, probably two or three, over which we did our fluting and fiddling.—Certainly they contained no hidden batteries and connections. Each consisted of a wooden slab some two inches thick, and some fifteen by eighteen in width and length, resting on the floor; then from this a stick some two by three, rising to the height required by the average player; and on top of the stick, an inclined piece about the size of the base, but much thinner, serving as a desk for the music. The whole thing was made, probably, of white pine, and unpainted.

P— stood before one of these stands, placing his fingers and thumbs lightly on the desk, which sloped with the top *away* from him. Soon, he said: “If there are any spirits present, will they please tip the stand?” No response. After

several repetitions of the question, the stand tipped gently toward him. Now, as the desk sloped away from him, its tipping toward him by his muscular force was absolutely impossible.

After a time the stand would tip in response to all sorts of questions, and spell words in response to letters as the alphabet was repeated. Later knowledge leads me to believe that these tipplings were in response to P——'s unconscious volition.

Soon P——'s arms began to jerk convulsively, so that his hands ceased their permanent contact with the stand, and began to tap it with increasing frequency and strength. Soon the stand ceased to fall back into its natural position of standing on the floor, but even in the intervals between the tapplings, while his hands did not touch it, remained tipping toward him, not rising and falling as his hands rose and fell, but tipped permanently. The force produced this suspension without contact—literally was *telekinesis*.

The jerkings increased in frequency and violence to a rapid tattoo of his fingers on the stand, the distances away from it between the beats increasing to nearly or quite a foot, and the stand steadily tipping more and more toward him until, probably, the top had passed the center of gravity, and yet it did not fall toward him or back toward its natural position, but was virtually held in what all previous knowledge would have declared an impossible position.

Then he said: "Try to pull it down," and the strongest boy among us on one side of the base, and I, who was perhaps the heaviest, on the other, tried to turn the base back to the floor. We could not. We spread ourselves on the floor, throwing our hands and the weight of our bodies over the raised bottom of the stand, but we could only sway it a little, while his hands continued playing their tattoo—*both hands irregularly, not systematically relieving each other so as to exercise a continuous pressure, but leaving the stand, at intervals of perhaps a quarter of a second each, alternately with and without contact with him*. The contest between the muscular force of the strong boys at the base, and P——'s mysterious force at the desk, continued for a minute or two, until the base of the structure was broken off or the nails drawn out, and P—— sank into a chair exhausted. The frail fellow had

put forth more force of some kind than the muscular force of two boys, each of much more than his weight and many times his muscular strength. We were out of breath and tired too. I don't remember whether P—— held the upper part suspended in the air, or whether a mysterious circuit with the earth was broken when we broke off the base.

Fatigue like P——'s is generally mentioned as following experiences like his, and the other manifestations of telekinesis. There are a few instances, however, where apparently no fatigue is experienced.

I remember realizing at the time that his force could not be electrical, as it acted through wood.

There was no cabinet, no subdued light, no machinery but a commonplace piece of furniture familiar to all of us, no money paid for the show, nothing but an honest and kindly boy sacrificing himself for the entertainment of his mates.

The broken stand remained there as evidence that we had not been hypnotized, and I seem to remember some inconvenience from being unable to use it before it was mended.

Now if I have not told those things exactly as they occurred, I never told any other concatenation of as many things exactly as they occurred. The fact of his putting forth more of his mysterious force than we did of our muscular force, is as indubitable as any fact in my experience. The manifestation was so simple and coherent that not only was room for error conspicuously lacking at the time, but room for failure or distortion of memory has been conspicuously lacking since.

A decade ago, Podmore would probably have urged against this testimony that it has no confirmation; that the parties were all boys; that the only witness was convicted during his youth of writing verses, and has since written fiction; that the testimony is nearly sixty years after the event, and that it was given when the witness was presumably in his dotage. Regarding the last objection I am not entitled to an opinion, and the others are all facts. The other witnesses of P——'s phenomena I have entirely lost sight of, and indeed forgotten who they were, except the boy who helped me break the stand. He was a Spanish-American, and went back to his own people.

For anybody, however, who, in spite of all that, is rash enough to accept the testimony, telekinesis is proved.

If I doubt that occurrence, I must doubt every other experience I ever had. My certainty regarding those phenomena cannot be increased. But if it could be, it of course would be by the vast accumulation since then, of evidence of similar phenomena.

There have been many ludicrous efforts to account for such things by mechanical means, and regarding my experience with P—, I have been asked in many polite ways if I am a fool. But all this was long ago: of late the evidence for telekinesis is so strong as to have put an end to skepticism in a large part of the educated world.

Manifestations of telekinesis have been known to come from many persons, and whatever the supplementary tricks of Eusapia Palladino—the “medium” most noted at present—there seems no extravagance in assuming that this mode of force is sometimes manifested by her, and is the foundation of anything genuine in her performances.

Here is an account furnished by one of my sisters of an occurrence somewhat similar to mine, witnessed by her:

“The remarkable ‘table tipping’ of which I have told you occurred many years ago in the home of one of my school friends. She had an older, invalid sister, a charming, magnetic woman, whose room was the center of all the life and gaiety of the family. One day a number of us girls were seated, as was our wont, around her bed—an old-fashioned ‘four-poster’ (for it was an old-fashioned home), when the conversation drifted to ‘spiritual rappings,’ ghosts, etc. One of our number (Miss A.), who had recently displayed remarkable powers in moving and tipping furniture, was challenged to make a small but very heavy oval marble-topped table, probably three or three-and-a-half feet in its long diameter, move over to the bed and mount it. She accepted the challenge, while we all watched with laughing incredulity. She simply rested the tips of the fingers of both hands on the table, and in a short time it began to move, she following. When it reached the foot of the bed it began at once slowly to wriggle up the side—I can describe its motion in no better way—until it lay on its side at the feet of the startled invalid.

“On inquiring of Miss A. what her sensations were while the table was moving, we were told that she felt as if a stream of cold water were running from her finger tips up her arms, and she now felt quite exhausted.

“Not one of us could have lifted the table onto the bed, using all the strength we possessed. She was soon after forbidden to make such experiments on account of the exhaustion which followed.”

The other witnesses of Miss A.'s phenomena are all dead. But since that day so much well-authenticated evidence of similar phenomena has accumulated, that one witness is worth more now than a dozen were then.

I have been somewhat surprised at the number of private persons free from all suspicion of deceit, and not working for money, who have manifested such phenomena. While I have been busy at this book, the conversation around the supper-table at the Authors' Club has more than once turned on experiences which have not yet been correlated with established knowledge, and probably half the men present have related some.

The next case will be taken from the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, but before giving it, it will be well to give some idea of that society and its publications, citations from which will constitute a large part of the remainder of this work.

Of course, like all other phenomena, these we are considering have their recurrent waves (Professor Newbold says at intervals of about six centuries) of frequency and scarcity, as required by the law of vibration, or “rhythm of motion” as Spencer calls it; and probably the only new thing about them is that the latest wave happened, as already stated, to start up in the middle of the last century, and roll into the ken of modern science. Under the present faith in facts, there has been accumulated a vast array of those connected with these subjects. But apparently unlike most other matters of wide curiosity, until comparatively lately few systematic attempts were made to “explain” them—to correlate them with established knowledge.

About 1880, a group of friends connected with the Universities of Cambridge and Dublin, met for the investigation

of obscure phenomena. It will not be surprising if the future regards the gathering of these friends as epoch-making. In 1882 they founded the Society for Psychological Research. The name Psychological was too narrow: for physical phenomena have also been examined and reported upon. Up to that time, so far as I know, neither class of phenomena uncorrelated with existing science had received the attention of any organized body of workers. In October, 1882, the society issued the first "Part" of its "Proceedings," to be hereafter alluded to in these pages so frequently as to require the abbreviation "Pr. S. P. R.," and later merely Pr. The first volume was completed in December, 1883. The twenty-sixth volume was completed in 1913.* The Society has also issued a "Journal" exclusively for its members, of which the fifteenth volume was completed in 1912.

The general intellectual culture concentrated in the Society has seldom been equalled in any learned organization. The reports almost without exception are models of reasoning and diction. For their cultural effect alone most of them are well worth reading. The idea of vulgar and ignorant credulity in connection with the authors is ludicrous. Nor is it possible to feel regarding the reports as a mass, the misgivings germane to the conclusions of purely literary persons regarding practical affairs: for though Frederic Myers, for instance, held a high position in literature; Henry Sidgwick held one equally

* The S. P. R. was singularly fortunate in its founders. They were all remarkable persons. Among them, in addition to Professor (now Sir William) Barrett of the University of Dublin, who called them together, were Professor Henry Sidgwick of the University of Cambridge, and Messrs. F. W. H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, ex-fellows of Cambridge.

Soon after the start, the Cambridge group was increased by Mrs. Sidgwick and Professor and Mrs. Verrall, all of whom, especially the ladies, contributed important matter to the Proceedings. Mrs. Verrall's are quite voluminous, and their scientific value is illuminated by rare literary charm.

Closely associated with those already named soon became America's greatest psychologist, Professor William James, and Dr. Richard Hodgson, who in many respects surpassed any of those named earlier, yet he did not, like some of them, leave an important book as a monument, or, like others, attain fame in sciences outside of "Psychical Research." But in devotion to the cause, in acuteness of the intelligence which he brought to it, especially in the detection of fraud; and in grasp of the indications of general principle scattered among its bewildering phenomena, he was perhaps first of all. James said that he

high in the sciences of mind and society; Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir William Barrett have all received knighthood for their eminence in the physical sciences, and the position in psychology of Professors James, Royce, and Morton Prince I almost feel like asking the reader's pardon for naming in an American book. That such a society should have spent its time over trifling or unverified stories would be ridiculous to presume.

The twenty-six volumes of the society's Proceedings, and its Journal, contain also pretty much everything of great consequence on the subject that has been reported elsewhere. There is also a similar single volume of reports of a very eminent American society that existed from 1885 to 1889, and several volumes of reports of a later American society. So much of these later American reports is duplicated or summarized in the English reports, that I have not made a thorough study of them. In addition to these various reports, the literature of the subject in English is already considerable, though until the last fifth of the last century, with the exception of a few books on Mesmerism (or Hypnotism) and Somnambulism, and the usual quack mystical works, it was mainly restricted to the general treatises on Psychology. The continental reports and literature are worth attention, though until lately most continental investigators reported through the S. P. R.

knew no handling of a large mass of elusive matter to surpass Hodgson's report in Pr. XIII. Hodgson began as the hardest-headed of the skeptics, exposed more frauds than any other man, and eventually became an enthusiastic spiritist. The last dozen years or so of his life were spent in America as Secretary of the American Branch of the S. P. R.

Other officers and members have been Lord Rayleigh; Professors Bowditch, Cope, Crookes, Fullerton, L. P. Jacks, Langley, Lodge, Gilbert Murray, Newbold, Newcomb, Pumpelly, Royce; Drs. W. T. Harris, L. Emmett Holt, and Morton Prince; and Messrs. Thomas Davidson, W. E. Gladstone, J. G. Piddington, Frank Podmore, and A. R. Wallace.

Of the active members: Sidgwick, Podmore, Gurney, Myers, Hodgson, and James have gone from earth—perhaps into the deepest of the mysteries which absorbed so much of their interest.

Professors Lodge, Crookes, and Barrett, who were all of the early group, and have contributed much to the Proceedings, still survive with years and honors thick upon them. Sir Oliver Lodge, approaching the subject with the usual scientific skepticism, became a convinced spiritist, and has written a volume on *The Survival of Man*.

That large portion of the scientific world which has refused to study the phenomena, of course scouts the questions altogether.

Professor Sidgwick, in his inaugural address as first President of the Society, said (Pr. I, 8):

“It is a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should still be going on, that so many competent witnesses should have declared their belief in them, that so many others should be profoundly interested in having the question determined, and yet that the educated world, as a body, should still be simply in the attitude of incredulity.”

Probably no equal authority would find it worth while to express himself to that effect now.

Throughout the early volumes of the Pr. S. P. R. a great deal of attention was given to questions of intentional fraud, and an enormous deal of it was unearthed. But gradually enough unquestionable phenomena and reliable “mediums” were found to leave the society little time or temptation to bother with others.

The day for extreme skepticism regarding the actuality of most of the phenomena is now past. To doubt it is now, as in the oft-quoted phrase of Schopenhauer regarding telopsis, not skepticism, but ignorance. I shall not waste much space in attempts to authenticate them. Men have been very properly and profitably hung on the unsupported evidence of children, the only additional requirement being confirmative circumstances. Such circumstances, the existence of parallel verified cases, the character of the witness, and consistency of the general conditions, I shall try to regard in giving unsupported evidence. Yet the principle illustrated is the essential thing, and if it is so well supported as to deserve illustrating at all, it might sometimes be better illustrated for the general reader by even an impressive fictitious narrative, than by a squalid or malodorous fact.

It is often impossible within the limits to give a fair exposition of evidence on both sides. Persons caring for that must go to originals. I will give only what appear to me the points worth considering, with as fair an exhibition of the tendency of evidence as the space and my capacities permit.

We now proceed to some other cases of telekinesis taken from the Proceedings. I shall occasionally obtrude a query or suggestion or explanation in square brackets with my initials [thus: H. H.].

The first account is virtually identical with my experience with P—— and the music-stand. It is by Mr. George Allman Armstrong, of 8, Leesonplace, Dublin, and Ardnacarrig, Bandon... June 1, 1887. (Pr. VII, 158-9):

“This manifestation... required a great amount of concentrated will power, and when successful the results were startling, and the apparent physical force developed really wonderful... The table slowly swayed from side to side like a pendulum, stopped completely, and then, as if imbued with life, and quite *suddenly*, rose completely off the floor to a height of a foot or fourteen inches at least, and nearly always came down with immense force, which... on several occasions proved destructive to itself, as the broken limbs of the table we used... could testify. This table, I may add, was a round, rather heavy, walnut one, with a central column, standing on three claw legs, and it would have been impossible for us unaided to have developed the force (by muscular energy) required to produce this manifestation... On several occasions I have succeeded in raising the table without contact, the latter rising to our fingers held over it at a height of several inches, like the keeper to a strong electro-magnet; in these instances the table swayed slowly in mid-air for many seconds before coming down with a crash... Frequently... the table would rise on *one* leg, in which position *I willed it to remain, the united efforts of the rest to press it down to its normal position being utterly fruitless*, and often resulting in a fracture.”

In Pr. S. P. R. and elsewhere are given scores, probably hundreds, of authenticated accounts of phenomena similar to those just described, and due to both non-professional and professional mediums. There are two specially good ones in Pr. IV, 29, and IX, 259.

The presumption for the genuineness of such phenomena is of course greater where the mediums are persons least likely to deceive, such as children, and my young friend P——. There are many such cases. The two following accounts are furnished by Professor Alexander of the University of Rio Janeiro (Pr. VII, 175f.):

“At tea the dining-room table, round which were seated Mr. Davis, Mrs. Davis, their five little daughters, Mrs. Z., and I, swayed backward and forward, or rose at one end in sudden emphatic movements.”

A very homogeneous party! It will often be seen later that these phenomena are generally better as the sitters are more homogeneous. Professor Alexander's account continues:

“I requested C., who was seated two places from me, her little sister D. being between us, to place her hand on the back of my chair, which she did, touching it with apparent lightness. The chair began at once to sway from side to side, and continued to do so after I had taken my feet from the ground. There was an application of great power... All this while C. sat immovable; and it was very manifest that she made not the slightest effort. The next evening Mr. X., who is very muscular, took C.'s seat, while I retained my own; and he then tried” [By muscular force. H. H.] “to produce the same effect under exactly the same conditions, with the result that his chair slid back, while mine remained immovable. My weight, which I suppose has not changed to any considerable degree since then, I find to be 13st.” [182 lbs. H. H.] “The high chair in which Amy, a child then thirteen months old, was seated was moved backwards and forwards about 10 or 12 inches, between the table and the wall, this being done so abruptly that the chair was sometimes forced partly under the table and threatened to fall backwards. The child, instead of being alarmed, chuckled and laughed, though we older people were sometimes rather anxious lest she should be hurt... On the right hand of the child was seated Mrs. Z., on the left A. The chair, while moving, ... was not twisted round as would be the case if it were drawn forward on one side only by the foot of either of the neighbors... I have tried moving the same chair myself, when seated beside Amy, and find that, although I have rather more than the average strength in my lower limbs, the push can be given only with considerable difficulty, and has the effect of turning the chair half round.”

In the following case (Pr. VII, 160f.) this force *apparently* acted in the absence of a medium; but the last three paragraphs seem to indicate a medium after all.

The word medium is a handy one if it is not taken to mean too much. Here of course it means only the medium—probably the generator—of an unknown force. Later it will mean other things.

“Our informant is a gentleman occupying a responsible position; his name may be given to inquirers.

“On Friday, September 23d, I took my four pupils to a circus, . . . leaving my two servants at home. . . . All but myself returned at about 5:30, and found the two servants on the doorstep, telling the boys not to go in by the area door . . . and explaining that all the bells were ringing violently, no one touching them, and they had been doing so almost ever since we left. I left home, I think, at about 7 o'clock. At about 9:30 . . . the cook came over . . . to say that we must come back, as there were such dreadful knockings going on in the house. . . . It sounded like a mallet on a wooden floor, speaking loosely. The laundryman came in soon after it began and was, I believe, quite scared. . . . A teacher in the board school was so scared by the knocking that he would not stay in the house, but went on the doorstep. . . . When I came back I found the same state of things; the servants almost in hysterics, and the bells ringing. The bells hang all in one row, just inside the area door and opposite the kitchen door, nine of them. . . . As to the possibility of cats or rats doing it: this is a new house. . . . We have never seen or heard the slightest trace of a rat, nor have we ever to our knowledge had a strange cat in; nor, indeed, could one, as far as I know, get into the floor anywhere. . . . The bell hanger entirely agreed with me that it would be an impossibility for any animal, or even animals, to ring them all as they were rung. . . . I ought to say that the *wires* of the bells distinctly pulled—it was not only the bells or clappers moving; indeed, in one or two cases they could be heard grating under the floor. The bell-handles were not moved.

“Next day Mrs. K. took the boys to service, and when they came back . . . the cook told her (and I believe she is perfectly trustworthy, as far as truthfulness goes) that soon after they left the bells had begun to ring; two of them, at least, and so violently that at last she got the steps and got two of the bells off. . . . After that they heard the wires pulled in the floor, &c.

“Then they went upstairs to do the bedrooms, Mary (the housemaid) clinging to her, as she did all the time, being too scared to go about by herself. When they had got half-way up the ‘knocking’ began, just as on the previous occasion, and as I had heard it, in sets of two and three quickly repeated raps, or, rather, blows. They ran downstairs directly, in a fright. At last they summoned courage enough to go up, and going into the bedroom where two of the boys sleep they found the hairbrush belonging to one of them on the floor by the fireplace, smashed in half.

“I cannot help now connecting the occurrences with the housemaid. . . . I am, as I have said, perfectly certain that she had nothing to do voluntarily with the bell ringing; indeed, . . . it would be literally impossible for her to ring the bells as they were rung, even apart from any necessity to conceal the method of doing so.

“If any further proof of her freedom from complicity were needed, her state on the Saturday night would be enough. . . . She was delirious all night . . . till 4 in the morning; . . . clearly asleep, though most of the time her eyes were wide open, I suppose in the ordinary ‘somnambulist’ state. She talked incessantly all night, very much about the bells, &c., and in such a way as to show she was completely alarmed and terrified at it. . . . The occurrences have taken place almost always, if not always, when she has been in a state of nervous excitement; . . . she had been upset in her nerves for some days previously.”

The phenomena so far cited have had nothing to do with professional mediums or persons who could have had any possible motive to deceive. There are on record hundreds of cases from similar agents, but to quote more would tend toward monotony: so let us proceed to allegations of even more remarkable manifestations, from persons so unusually endowed as to make them notorious, and not only objects of legitimate curiosity, but important in the relation their personal qualities bear to the qualities of the phenomena. Therefore I will give some account of the principal ones as we meet them.

Perhaps the most numerous and remarkable exhibitions of queer things during the present cycle of them in America and Europe, were given by Daniel Dunglas Home.

He was born in Scotland in 1833, brought to America when nine years old, lived for some time in Norwich, Conn., and is alleged to have exhibited in many places in America and Europe pretty much everything of the marvelous that has been exhibited by anybody. In addition to such phenomena as those already described, he is credited, or charged, with telepathy, telopsis (clairvoyance), prophecy, seeing and conversing with spirits, spirit possession, healing, and a habit of getting himself married and adopted by rich women. He also had a remarkable power of ingratiating himself with important people, even being a favorite at the courts of France and Russia.

Many of the claims made for and by him seem so extravagant, and one side of his life, as hinted toward the end of the last paragraph, is so open to suspicion, that persons who directly know nothing of superusual phenomena, are tempted to dismiss all connected with him as humbug.

Before I read his autobiography (*Incidents in My Life*) I thought of him as a modern Cagliostro, but even Cagliostro, like pretty much everybody else, has lately been whitewashed; and after carefully reading Home's book, which quotes from competent sitters many accounts ranging from skepticism to enthusiasm, I am inclined to think that he was about as honest as a half-educated, anæmic, neurotic, woman-hunted sentimentalist is able to be, and this opinion is concurred in by nearly all the most able investigators, although Robert Browning, for instance, who certainly was not one of them, based "Sludge the Medium" on Home. As my own observation forces me to accept some of these wonders, I do not find it easy to determine where to draw the line at the others. Some accounts of Home's are so full of gush as to seem on their face worthless; but they are supported by others from calm lawyers and men of science, which testify to things just as marvelous as those recounted by the gushers.

Here is a description of Home's personality from Stainton Moses (Pr. IX, 295) of whom an account will be given a few pages further on.

"Mr. D. D. Home is a striking-looking man. His head is a good one. He shaves his face with the exception of a moustache, and his hair is bushy and curly. He gives me the impression of an honest, good person, whose intellect is not of a high order....He resolutely refuses to believe in anything that he has not seen for himself. For instance, he refuses to believe in the passage of matter through matter, and when pressed concludes the argument by saying, 'I have never seen it.'...He accepts the theory of the return in rare instances of the departed, but believes with me that most of the manifestations proceed from a low order of spirits who hover near the earth sphere. He does not believe in Mrs. Guppy's passage through matter, nor in her honesty. He thinks that *regular* manifestations are not possible. Consequently, he disbelieves public mediums generally....He said he was thankful to know that his mantle had fallen on me, and urged me to prosecute the inquiry and defend the faith. Altogether he made quite an Elijah and Elisha business of my reception. He plays and sings very nicely, and recites well. He wore several handsome diamonds, gifts from royal and distinguished persons. He is a thoroughly good, honest, weak, and very vain man, with but little intellect, and no ability to argue or defend his faith."

There is a very interesting account of Home's personal character in Jour. S. P. R., VI, 107.

Sir William Crookes says (*Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, p. 99):

"Mr. Home has frequently been searched before and after the *séances*, and he *always* offers to allow it. During the most remarkable occurrences I have occasionally held both his hands, and placed my feet on his feet. On no single occasion have I proposed a modification of arrangements for the purpose of rendering trickery less possible, which he has not at once assented to, and frequently he has himself drawn attention to tests which might be tried.

"I speak chiefly of Mr. Home, as he is so much more powerful than most of the other mediums I have experimented with. But with all I have taken such precautions as to place trickery out of the list of possible explanations."

The best evidential accounts of Home's phenomena, though there have been many others, are those by Sir William Crookes. On page 85 he gives the following instances of telekinetic molar effects produced by Home. But before I quote them, let me say that Sir William does not attribute them to "spirits." His "researches" were into what others called "spiritualism," not what he did. He says:

P. 85: "Tables, chairs, sofas, etc., have been moved when the medium has not been touching them.... I have had several repetitions of the experiment considered by the Committee of the Dialectical Society to be conclusive, viz., the movement of a heavy table in full light, the chairs turned with their backs on the table, about a foot off, and each person kneeling on his chair, with hands resting over the backs of the chair, but not touching the table. On one occasion this took place when I was moving about so as to see how every one was placed....."

P. 88: "On five separate occasions, a heavy dining-table rose between a few inches and one and a half feet off the floor, under special circumstances, which rendered trickery impossible. On another occasion, a heavy table rose from the floor in full light, while I was holding the medium's hands and feet. On another occasion, the table rose from the floor, not only when no person was touching it, but under conditions which I had prearranged so as to assure unquestionable proof of the fact."

P. 90: "A medium, walking into my dining-room, cannot, while seated in one part of the room with a number of persons

keenly watching him, by trickery make an accordion play in *my own* hand when I hold it key downwards, or cause the same accordion to float about the room playing all the time." [The character of the playing will be described later. H. H.] "He cannot introduce machinery which will wave window-curtains or pull up Venetian blinds eight feet off, tie a knot in a handkerchief and place it in a far corner of the room, sound notes on a distant piano, cause a card-plate to float about the room, raise a water-bottle and tumbler from the table, make a coral necklace rise on end, cause a fan to move about and fan the company, or set in motion a pendulum when enclosed in a glass case firmly cemented to the wall."

Here are the particulars about the necklace, etc. (Pr. VI, 113.) Miss Bird writes:—

"I remember the circumstances stated in this séance. I had noticed that the necklace worn by Mrs. William Crookes looked green. I asked her why her beads were green. She assured me they were her corals, and to convince me the necklace was passed into my hands. Instead of passing the necklace back I simply put it opposite me in the middle of the table. Almost as soon as I had placed the necklace it rose in a spiral shape. I called out eagerly to my brother, Dr. Bird, to look at the extraordinary conduct of the threaded corals, and whilst I was endeavoring to get his attention the erect necklace quietly subsided in a coil on the table. I have often recalled the incident, and although a skeptic by instinct, this one strange experience has made it impossible for me to doubt the assertions of others whose judgment is clear and whose uprightness is above suspicion.

"ALICE L. BIRD."

To this Dr. Bird adds:—

"I recollect my sister calling out to me: 'Look, look, at the necklace,' but at that moment my attention was directed elsewhere, and I did not actually see the phenomenon in question.

"GEORGE BIRD."

(C.) [I preface this paragraph with Sir William Crookes's initial, and shall frequently preface other paragraphs similarly, to indicate where the principal narrator takes up an interrupted theme. H. H.] "At the moment this occurred I was writing my notes and only caught sight of the necklace as it was settling down from its first movement. It made one or two slight movements afterwards, and, as I state, it seemed to me as if it had been moved from below. I mentioned this at the time and was then told by Miss Bird and others that the necklace had behaved as is now described by her. Not having seen it myself, I did not alter the statement in my note-book."

Sir William published in the *Quarterly Journal for Science* for July 1, 1871, an account of some experiments carefully and frequently repeated in his laboratory, which demonstrated that Home could greatly increase or decrease the weight of a body by touching it. He later describes an experiment in which Home conveyed pressure not by touching the object moved, but merely by touching water that was in contact with the object, and later still without any contact whatever with anything related to the object moved, unless with the air and the ether. A description of the apparatus is given, but is not easy for the non-technical reader to understand. It can be found by the few who would study it, in the *Journal for Science* or in Mr. (as he was then) Crookes's book, the *Researches*, already cited.

His dealings with his opponents, especially on pp. 46-8, are almost as interesting—perhaps to the average reader more interesting, than his accounts of his experiments.

He offered no explanation of the phenomena, simply attributed them to a mode of force previously unknown, which he suggested should be termed Psychic, and called upon his scientific brethren and all persons interested to assist in its investigation.

The accounts, though they were subsequently confirmed by Mr. Huggins, the astronomer royal, and Mr. E. W. Cox, an eminent sergeant at law, were received with much derision. The author was called a spiritualist; explanations more improbable than the facts were offered by various persons, scientific and non-scientific; the author's farther papers on the subject were rejected by the Royal Society; sundry proceedings were taken by members of the Society for which the Society later passed a formal resolution of regret; and the whole affair was one of the most discreditable in the annals of science, except where science has been identified with theology.

Sir William gave very full details of all the experiments and their reception. He said (*Researches*, p. 40):

“In the case of Mr. Home, the development of this force varies enormously, not only from week to week, but from hour to hour; on some occasions the force is unappreciable by my tests for an hour or more, and then suddenly reappears in

great strength. It is capable of acting at a distance from Mr. Home (not infrequently as far as two or three feet), but is always strongest close to him."

(*Op. cit.*, 10): "It has but seldom happened that a result obtained on one occasion could be subsequently confirmed and tested with apparatus especially contrived for the purpose.

(*Op. cit.*, 16-17): "A committee of scientific men met Mr. Home some months ago at St. Petersburg. They had one meeting only, which was attended with negative results; and on the strength of this they published a report highly unfavorable to Mr. Home. The explanation of this failure, *which is all they have accused him of*, appears to me quite simple. Whatever the nature of Mr. Home's power, it is very variable, and at times entirely absent. It is obvious that the Russian experiment was tried when the force was at a minimum. The same thing has frequently happened within my own experience. A party of scientific men met Mr. Home at my house, and the results were as negative as those at St. Petersburg. Instead, however, of throwing up the inquiry, we patiently repeated the trial a second and a third time, when we met with results which were positive.

"To witness exhibitions of this force it is not necessary to have access to known psychics. The force itself is probably possessed by all human beings, although the individuals endowed with an extraordinary amount of it are doubtless few. Within the last twelve months I have met in private families five or six persons possessing a sufficiently vigorous development to make me feel confident that similar results might be produced through their means to those here recorded, provided the experimentalist worked with more delicate apparatus, capable of indicating a fraction of a grain instead of recording pounds and ounces only.

"Being firmly convinced that there could be no manifestation of one form of force without the corresponding expenditure of some other form of force, I for a long time searched in vain for evidence of any force or power being used up in the production of these results.

"Now, however, ... after witnessing the painful state of nervous and bodily prostration in which some of these experiments have left Mr. Home—after seeing him lying in an almost fainting condition on the floor, pale and speechless—I could scarcely doubt that the evolution of psychic force is accompanied by a corresponding drain on vital force." [The reader will remember the similar cases already given. H.H.] "I have ventured to give this new force the name of *Psychic Force*, because of its manifest relationship to certain psychological conditions."

He farther quoted several eminent men of science as

having reached by experiment conclusions similar to his own, of whom one, M. Thury, Professor at the Academy of Geneva, had, as early as 1855, proposed for the newly manifested force the name *ectenic*, because it acted *in externo*—at a distance, without contact.

Since then, however, the name telekinetic seems to have been settled upon by common use, though it is far from a fortunate name: for several forces already correlated are telekinetic.

At the dispersal of the library of my late friend Dr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, there came into my possession a little book now out of print, called "The Salem Seer. Reminiscences of Charles H. Foster, by George C. Bartlett." The subject of this book was very well known from about 1865 to 1880. He traveled freely in America, England, and Australia, received all comers, and had a business agent—the author of the little book referred to.

Thirty years ago I should have hesitated to quote from this book, because few of its accounts have the standard of authenticity then considered essential. Of most of the events Mr. Bartlett, the author, who was generally present, is the only known witness, the other witnesses generally being newspaper reporters whose names are not given; but of course the presumption is that they saw what they reported, so that the testimony approaches very close to the standard two mutually confirmatory witnesses, and some of it is highly intelligent. Few of the witnesses were professed spiritualists, and nearly all of them began by doubting. Mr. Bartlett also quotes not a few who continued to doubt, and gives other evidence of his own sincerity. His book was probably not composed in awe of literary criticism, but is ingenuous to a degree that encourages confidence—not the most "scientific" of evidence; but the skepticism regarding the phenomena to-day is rather regarding their alleged spiritistic source than their genuineness.

In regard to Mr. Bartlett's testimony, moreover, it is to be said that he is still living—at Tolland, Connecticut, where he enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors, and

where, though he has about reached his threescore years and ten, he is much given to playing tennis. We have exchanged several letters, and he called upon me during a recent visit to New York. I do not often meet a man who inspires me with as much confidence in his sincerity. It does not detract from the weight of his evidence that, notwithstanding the marvels it contains, he does not accept the spiritistic solution.

But even assuming the accounts given and quoted by him to be unreliable, they describe occurrences so much like many later ones which have been abundantly verified, that they are almost as safe to reason or guess from.

It is further to be said that the evidence now necessary to make one of these stories worth attention, is small beside what was necessary before the S. P. R. had accumulated such overwhelming evidence of similar occurrences. Now the burden of proof is rather on those who deny than on those who assert. I find that those who deny are almost invariably those who never saw the phenomena at all. So true is this, that now when I find anybody vociferously denying the possibility of such things, and ask him if he ever saw any manifestation of them from accredited agents, I expect a negative answer, and am seldom disappointed. I have met people who say: "Oh, Foster is entirely discredited," and so far, not one of them had ever seen a manifestation of the strange powers from him or anybody else.

Mr. Bartlett says that Foster spent a long time with Bulwer, and was the original of "*Margrane*" in *A Strange Story*.

Bartlett says (*op. cit.*, 24, 38, 49):

"Mediums who can easily become entranced, or be controlled successfully by this mysterious influence, can as easily be controlled by their associates in this life. . . . If their associations are in the higher and better walks of life, their lives will average well. On the contrary, if they are associated with the immoral, they are easily led down the stream. It has been my observation that when a man or woman has been controlled by these peculiar influences, they are inclined to be weak, dissipated, and immoral. They are almost invariably kind-hearted, generous, and childlike."

Those of sufficient importance to be investigated by the S. P. R. have been very decent people,—perhaps partly from

being in such good company, and some of the heteromatic writers of the very highest character and attainments. Bartlett goes on:

"It has been said, 'Money flowed into his coffers like water, and as freely flowed out, leaving nothing behind.' I wish to state most emphatically that not a dollar did Mr. Foster squander in gambling.... While he had many faults, gambling was not one of them. He did not even know the Ace of Spades from the Queen of Hearts" [which is much more than can be said of the researchers into Thought Transference—or of the present writer on these profundities. H.H.].

Bartlett continues:

"Foster stood apart from all men.... While he was like others he was also peculiarly unlike *all* others. He was extravagantly dual. He was not only Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but he represented half-a-dozen different Jekylls and Hydes.... He was an unbalanced genius, and at times, I should say, insane. He had a heart so large indeed that it took in the world: tears for the afflicted; money for the poor; the chords of his heart were touched by every sigh. At other times, his heart shrunk up until it disappeared. He would... with the petulance of a child... abuse his best friends. He wore out many of his friends.... He was not vicious, but absolutely uncontrollable. He would go his own way, which way was often the wrong way. Like a child he seemed to have no forethought. He seemed to live for to-day, caring nothing for to-morrow.... He seemed impervious to the opinions of others, and apparently yielded to every desire; but after all he did not abuse himself much, as he continued in perfect health until the final breaking up."

The sort of stock he came of is interestingly indicated by Bartlett (*op. cit.*, 44-5):

"The next day we left for Salem. Mr. Foster's father was a particularly kind and pleasing man, without guile, and in his younger days followed the sea. We were sitting together one morning... [when] he remarked that he had passed a bad night.... I inquired what was the matter? He replied that Aunt Bessie had annoyed him and mother (his wife) all night. I replied that I had heard Charles speak frequently of Aunt Bessie, but I had supposed she had died some years ago. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'but she keeps coming back at night; goes in and out of our room, pulls open the bureau drawers, and fusses over her old things.' He continued, 'We have asked her repeatedly to keep away, and not disturb us while we were sleeping, but every little while she comes back and makes a night of it.' Very innocently he said to me, 'Do you

not see spirits?' 'Why no,' I said, 'certainly not.' He replied that *he* did, and that he supposed every one did. That his family had ever since he could remember, and that he did not suppose his family differed in that respect from other families. I certainly think he was perfectly sincere, and that he saw visions. His wife, Mrs. Foster, mother of Charles, told me she had talked with spirits all her life, and that her mother and father also conversed with them. She said when Charles was a baby that she was too poor to hire a girl, and having to do her own work her spirit friends often came to her assistance, and that they had often *rocked Charlie's cradle by the hour*. To hear them speak of the other life, and of their communications with those who had passed to the other shore, made the intercourse between the two worlds seem as real as between Europe and America."

This is telekinesis with a vengeance. I incline to assume that Mrs. Foster supplied the force. That assumption may not appear so strange later, as it does now.

I had a séance with Foster in the early seventies, which will be described later under Telepathy. At that séance there were no phenomena of the mysterious force that had been exhibited before me by P——, but there were other phenomena even more remarkable, and I was impressed that Foster was honest, and had powers beyond the recognized normal.

Of virtually all the strange kinds of phenomena that we shall meet, there are many well authenticated instances on record. In selecting typical ones, I shall sometimes venture to select Foster's, so far as they cover the ground, despite his being a "paid medium" (as, for that matter, is Mrs. Piper), and despite his manifestations having transpired too early to be passed upon by the S. P. R., or any other authoritative body. At the same time, I don't ask anybody to believe everything in them: even regarding some of the very passages I quote, my own judgment is certainly very much in reserve.

I shall take more illustrations from Foster than I otherwise would, for the additional reason that the testimony regarding other leading "mediums" is easily accessible elsewhere, while that regarding Foster is not; also because I know from personal observation, if I know anything, that he showed to me *some* of the powers as yet called supernormal; I wish anybody disposed to scout my quoting a book perhaps purposely neglected by more competent writers, might read it.

This is quoted by Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 112) from Ashburner's *Notes and Studies in the Philosophy of Animal Magnetism and Spiritualism*, in which are many references to Foster. The phenomena took place without Foster being in contact with the objects.

"The table was lifted into the air, and remained there for some seconds. Then, it gently descended into the place it had before occupied, with the difference that the top was turned downwards, and rested on the carpet. . . . Some busts, as large as life, resting upon book-cupboards seven feet high, were taken from their places. One was suddenly put upon Mrs. W. C.'s lap; others, on my obtaining a light, were found on the table."

The very simple molar phenomena already described are among the first of a series which merge, as do all things in nature, by insensible degrees into something very different—in this case into psychical phenomena. The course of this merging which I shall try to follow in the treatment (though the topics are so mixed with each other that so doing is not always possible) is molar-physical; molecular-physical—including materialization and levitation; molar-psychical, including alleged communications by moving heavy objects; molecular-psychical, including alleged communications through raps, lights, and sounds.

This will eventually bring us into the psychic universe, where we will unroll a fresh chart.

First a few more cases of molar telekinesis:

From Bartlett (*op. cit.*, 112):

"About 12 o'clock one summer night we met Oregon Wilson and one or two friends on Broadway. Mr. Wilson, as usual, was in a lively frame of mind, and insisted upon our going to his studio to look at some new curios. . . . This, however, was only a pretext, as his real object was to induce Mr. Foster to give some physical manifestations. . . . He had often tried to persuade Mr. Foster to give him and his friends a dark séance; but Mr. Foster had always refused. We had been in the studio a few moments only when Mr. Wilson turned off the gas without giving any warning, and we were in utter darkness. What occurred that night will not be forgotten by any of us, for it seemed for a few moments as though the world had come to an end; that the building had been blown up by dynamite, or that an earthquake was upon us! It seemed as though everything in the studio would be broken and ruined. Even I was frightened, for it seemed as

though there was danger of being hurt. We simultaneously said, 'Wilson, light the gas,' and when the gas was lighted, we found only a few things disarranged; and it is a mystery to this day how to account for the *hurlubrelu*. Poor Foster was faint. He could hardly stand, was pale as death, and there was a cold perspiration on his forehead." [Compare this with P——'s and Miss A.'s exhaustion after their manifestation. We shall meet many similar experiences. H. H.] ... "I know positively that no amount of money would induce Mr. Foster to sit in the dark for the purpose of producing physical manifestations. He did not wish to stand the pressure, and while we might say his reason was not afraid, his heart was."

This matter of the light may be of much importance. *I do not recall another case where darkness has caused the medium suffering*, but on the other hand, all through the literature of the subject there seems some incompatibility between light and the phenomena. The incompatibility is obvious where fraud is attempted, but many experiences besides Foster's look as if there were some reason better than fraud. Light is by no means always inimical: it was not in my experience or my sister's, or in many, perhaps most, of those connected with the supposedly honest "mediums."

Sir William Crookes says (*op. cit.*, p. 85) :

"It is a well-ascertained fact that when the force is weak, a bright light exerts an interfering action on some of the phenomena. The power possessed by Mr. Home is sufficiently strong to withstand this antagonistic influence; consequently, he always objects to darkness at his *séances*. Indeed, except on two occasions, when, for some particular experiments of my own, light was excluded, everything which I have witnessed with him has taken place in the light. I have had many opportunities of testing the action of light of different sources and colors, such as sunlight, diffused daylight, moonlight, gas, lamp, and candle light, electric light from a vacuum tube, homogeneous yellow light, etc. The interfering rays appear to be those at the extreme end of the spectrum."

Bartlett gives another astounding account of telekinesis (*op. cit.*, 44) :

"The day before Mr. Foster left for his summer home in Salem, Mass., he purchased two empty champagne baskets for the purpose of packing therein his extra luggage. We were both awakened that night... there was a terrible commotion.

The champagne baskets commenced running around the room. They flew up in the air, crashing against each other, . . . and in shorter time than it takes to relate it, all the chairs were piled upon our bed. No harm was done, however."

The bell-ringing on page 104 and Foster's champagne baskets and the racket in Wilson's studio remind one of the alleged performances of the *poltergeists* (riotous ghosts) of which the literature of the subject is full. An interesting collection, with criticisms, is given by Mr. Podmore in Pr. XII, 45ff.*

Poltergeists have been regarded with much skepticism, but as the phenomena attributed to them are more and more noticed to happen only when certain individuals (mediums?) are present, the doings are likely to find a place under recognized telekinetic phenomena. It may even be granted that my friend P—— was a "polterer" when he (or we?) broke the music-stand, and Foster certainly was when he had the rackets just recounted. In fact, telekinetic manifestations shade off from simple table-tippings to those alleged wild riots of flying objects of all sorts. There is, however, a pretty definite class of these latter occurring generally in the

* And here let me introduce Mr. Podmore. He was among the most active of the S. P. R., and from the first till his death in 1911 the skeptical critic. His principal works are *Modern Spiritualism* (1902) and *The Newer Spiritualism* (1911), largely a repetition of the former. But, despite their titles, the author was no spiritualist.

Like Myers' great book, to be described later, these digest the Pr. S. P. R., but not nearly so completely, and they go farther into the early phenomena kindred to those there recounted. He also published *Studies in Psychological Research, Apparitions and Thought Transference*, and *Naturalization of the Supernatural*, and contributed very voluminously to the Pr. S. P. R. In the consistories where attempts have been made to give the sanctity of spiritualism to our phenomena, he steadily bore the part of devil's advocate, and he performed it with rare laboriousness, conscientiousness, and skill. Being human, he did not entirely rise superior to bias. Up to his death, however, his skepticism was gradually giving way, his last noteworthy expression, near the end of *The Newer Spiritualism*, being: "If we reject, for the present, at any rate, the explanation . . . of communication from the dead . . . there remains only the agency which has been provisionally named telepathy." He puts telekinesis and telepsychosis in the same boat, as the work of alleged spirits, while in my opinion the indications that telekinesis has anything to do with spirits, except as all consciousness and all force may be one, are not worth considering, while the indications that some telepsychoses have to do with postcarnate intelligence, are well worth considering.

presence of the uneducated, starting with the pranks of children or servants, and upsetting the judgment and exciting the imagination of superstitious and excitable people who tell wondrous stories, and whose excitement reacts upon and stimulates the original perpetrators.

The next medium from whom I shall draw some illustrations possessed, of all yet known, the greatest combination of high gifts with high privileges of education, social opportunity, and social endorsement. I refer to William Stainton Moses. I go into considerable detail regarding him, as he will appear in our investigations more frequently and, on the whole, with perhaps more importance, than either Foster or Home. And yet by an irony of fate, the testimony to his manifestations is perhaps less satisfactory than in the case of the others. He led a very retired life and had few sitters, though they were of high character. The accounts of his experiences are mainly in his own note-books, and are so marvelous, but at the same time so apparently honest, and so well vouched for, that one is sometimes tempted to think: Perhaps he dreamt it. And yet his part in the Pr. S. P. R., whether for or against spiritism, is too important to ignore. The following particulars are condensed from an account by F. W. H. Myers*:

*Myers was perhaps, up to his death in 1901, the most active contributor to the Pr. S. P. R., and his alleged spirit has been very active since. He left a work which many regard as monumental, called *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. This work digested the fourteen volumes of Proceedings which had then accumulated. Its interpretations are frankly spiritistic, and it is constructive rather than critical: in fact, the author is often charged with having, in matters of evidence, entirely subordinated the critical sense to his spiritistic convictions. He must at least have felt a temptation that I have felt in the present work, and sometimes yielded to, to admit questionable evidence pretty freely when it accords with established evidence, but keeping the reader fairly apprised of its nature, and letting him judge it for himself. Myers was no mean scholar and poet, and the beautiful style of his *magnum opus* often breeds a concurrence that its unassisted arguments might not always sustain.

This book is much the most thorough and elaborate of all the text writings from the S. P. R. evidence. It so arranges all the matter as to build up a systematic argument for the survival of the personality. Podmore's works constitute a running commentary upon the Pr. S. P. R., with extracts from the beginning through Vol. XXIV, which was the last published before his death. Myers' book goes only through Vol. XIV.

Moses was born in England in 1839, of an old Lincolnshire family (not, as the name suggests, a Jewish one). His father had been headmaster of a grammar school. The boy was given to sleep-walking and writing essays—good ones for a boy—in his sleep. Though fairly robust, he broke down in health at Oxford, and left without graduating. During some time of wandering he spent six months in a monastery on Mount Athos. He regained his health, returned to Oxford, took his degree, was ordained, and at twenty-four became a curate on the Isle of Man. From '63 to '70 he was a good and self-sacrificing clergyman, beloved by his people, when an attack of whooping cough interfered with his preaching, which he relinquished permanently. He took a mastership in University College School and held it for nearly twenty years till his health broke down finally about 1889. He died in 1892.

Myers says (Pr. IX, 250 *et seq.*):

“The physical phenomena about to be described began in 1872, and continued with gradually lessening frequency until 1881. The automatic script began in 1873, and finally died out, so far as we know, in 1883. During these later years Mr. Moses was active in contributing to, and afterwards in editing, the weekly newspaper *Light*; and he took a leading part in several spiritistic organizations. Of one of these—the London Spiritualist Alliance—he was president at the time of his death. In 1882 he aided in the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research; but he left that body in 1886, on account of its attitude towards Spiritualism, which he regarded as unduly critical. It is worth remarking that although, as the fact of his withdrawal shows, many members of the Society held an intellectual position widely differing from that of Mr. Moses, and although his own published records were of a kind not easily credible, no suspicion as to his personal probity and veracity was ever, so far as I know, either expressed or entertained.

“Mr. Moses never married, and went very little into general society. His personal appearance offered no indication of his peculiar gift. He was of middle stature, strongly made, with somewhat heavy features, and thick dark hair and beard.... His expression of countenance was honest, manly, and resolute.....”

“Dr. Johnson, of Bedford, writes to me:

“68, High-street, Bedford.

“March 24th, 1893.

“*Dear Sir*,—As the intimate friend and medical adviser of the late Stainton Moses I have had ample opportunities of thoroughly knowing his character and his mental state.

“He was a man even in temper, painstaking and methodical, of exceptional ability, and utterly free from any hallucination or anything to indicate other than a well-ordered brain.....

“I have attended him in several very severe illnesses, but never, in sickness or at other times, has his brain shown the slightest cloudiness or suffered from any delusion.

“W. M. G. JOHNSON.”

“University College School, Gower-street, London, W. C.

“May 16th, 1893.

“*Dear Sir*,—... He always impressed me with the idea that he was thoroughly earnest and conscientious, and I believe that perfect reliance can be placed on all his statements.—Yours faithfully,

“F. W. LEVANDER.”

Myers says elsewhere (Pr. IX, 253) :

“I have heard him described as lacking in the grace of humility, and in that spirituality of tastes and character which should seem appropriate to one living much in the commerce of the Unseen. But I have never heard anyone who had even the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Moses impugn his sanity or his sincerity, his veracity or his honor.....

“With the even tenor of this straightforward and reputable life was inwoven a chain of mysteries which, as I have before said, in what way soever they be explained, make that life one of the most extraordinary which our century has seen.....

“For almost all the sittings which he describes, and for some which he does not describe, there is... a second detailed, independent, contemporary record, by Mrs. Stanhope Speer, and for many of the sittings a third record, also independent and contemporaneous, although very brief, by Dr. Speer. For some few of them there is also a similar record by Mr. Percival, whose memory also confirms the other accounts. Parts of Mr. Moses' own record, indeed, are avowedly derived from the other sitters, since he depended upon them for information as to what went on when he was in trance. But he has always, I think, made this distinction clear in his notes.

“The evidence for all the incidents is practically the same;—the whole group of witnesses are as fully pledged, say to the falling of pearls from the air as to the automatic script or the trance-phenomena. I at least can see no *via media* which can

be plausibly taken. The permanent fraud of the whole group, or the substantial accuracy of all the records, are the only hypotheses which seem to me capable of covering the facts.

"Some dozen other persons, who cannot plausibly be held to be all in the fraud, witnessed the phenomena. It is true that some of these witnesses are now dead or inaccessible. But Serjeant Cox left a printed statement; Dr. Thomson, of Clifton, proved his belief by continued collaboration; Mr. Percival, Mrs. Garratt, Miss Collins, and Mrs. Honeywood are still living, and cannot with any plausibility be treated as accomplices. Mr. Percival's evidence, in particular, is that of an outside and occasional member of the group, who is honorably known in academic and official life, and who would have had everything to lose and nothing to gain by complicity in such a fraud.

"..... [Moses] was very reticent about exhibiting his powers, and consequently almost the only records are his own and those of his physician, Dr. Stanhope Speer, Mrs. Speer, and their son, Mr. Charlton T. Speer, Associate of the Royal Academy of Music—all persons of undoubted capacity and probity.....

"Dr. Speer's cast of mind was thoroughly materialistic, and it is remarkable that his interest in Mr. Moses' phenomena was from first to last of a purely scientific, as contrasted with an emotional or religious nature."

In another place, however, Myers says of Moses (Pr. VIII, 599):

"He lacked—and he readily and repeatedly admitted to me that he lacked—all vestige of scientific, or even of legal, instinct. The very words 'first-hand evidence,' 'contemporary record,' 'corroborative testimony,' were to him as a weariness to the flesh. His attitude was that of the preacher who is already so thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that he treats any alleged fact which falls in with his views as the uncriticised text for fresh exhortation.... Having watched his conduct at critical moments, I see much ground for impugning his judgment, but no ground whatever for doubting that he has narrated with absolute good faith the story of his experience."

(Pr. IX, 258): "The phenomena here to be described, strange ... as they often seem, cannot be called *meaningless*. The alleged operators are at pains throughout to describe what they regarded as the *end*, and what merely as the means to that end. Their constantly avowed object was the promulgation through Mr. Moses of certain religious and philosophical views; and the physical manifestations are throughout described as designed merely as a proof of power, and a basis for the authority claimed for the serious teachings."

In some of the molecular phenomena, especially those of light, as will be seen later, the claims made for and by Moses, surpass those made for or by Foster and Home. But the molar telekinetic phenomena were not as prominent with Moses as with the others, or as his molecular phenomena; in fact he records his dislike "to violent physical manifestations." More on this subject will appear later.

Detailed accounts of all classes are given by Myers in Pr. IX and XI. I will give but a line to the molar in the following scraps from Moses' note-books (quoted in Pr. XI, 34 and 266):

"As soon as the gas was put out, a book from a closed cupboard at the corner farthest from me, and immediately behind Dr. Speer, was brought out and struck him on the shoulder, and fell near Mrs. S. This is the first attempt to bring an object from behind a sitter opposite to me. Usually the power seems to be behind me... The objects come over my head when brought into the room, and movements of articles occur behind and near me. [Sounds occur] behind and near me usually, though at times... far away.

"My records of séances during the latter half of the month of August show over fifty instances in which objects from different parts of the house were placed upon the table round which we were sitting. They were invariably small, and were generally thrown on the table."

The records of Stainton Moses in Pr. IX, 269-72 contain accounts of his having, without any muscular action, brought from unknown sources into his séance rooms, and there scattered, bits of coral, seed pearls, powdered musk, and some aerial perfumes. This was done in dim light and sometimes with the "cabinet" of the fake mediums. But the character of Moses and of his witnesses makes it difficult to believe the phenomena fraudulent, and that they were not illusory is proved, I understand, by some of the articles being kept by persons present.

Moses quotes Judge Edmunds in his book on Spiritualism, as bearing witness to odors being brought into "spiritual" séances, without any visible mechanical agency.

Breezes are very frequently alleged to accompany other telekinetic phenomena.

CHAPTER IX

MOLAR TELEKINESIS (*Continued*)

Dowsing

UNDER Molar Telekinesis I venture tentatively to include another strange mode of force that has long been known, but manifested, so far as I know, by none of the "mediums" of other modes so far treated, and indeed by so few people as to be little credited. It appears to have some telekinetic qualities.

To the modern mind, it may seem to find one pole in the system of an occasional human being, and the other in one of sundry inorganic substances, including especially running water. The passing of the current between the two poles is not always dependent on any intermediate conductor, any more than when ordinary magnetism passes between two separated pieces of iron, or telekinesis between a medium (using the word merely as medium of a force, not of any alleged spiritual communication) and an untouched object. But these alleged manifestations are said to be sometimes facilitated by a rod of wood or metal between the poles; and indeed to be with some "mediums" sometimes possible with that intermediary, and impossible without it.

Note here the fact that the recognized telekinetic force seems sometimes to have its non-human pole in wood, as in P——'s case, and wooden-table-tipping generally; or in mineral, as in Miss A.'s marble-topped table and others. We shall later apparently find one in metal.

Where rods of wood have served as conductors, the force has deflected them sometimes strongly enough to crack or break them. To the person participating, the flow of the current has generally, but not always, been accompanied by fatigue, as in other exercises of the telekinetic power, and frequently by nausea and other physical discomforts, apparently more than in the other manifestations of the power.

Most readers have anticipated that the foregoing paragraphs are an attempt to put into "scientific" shape the

performances of the "dowsers" who for centuries have been alleged to discover springs and metals underground.

My guess at the kinship of the phenomena with those of telekinesis is, however, as will be explained later, at variance with the guesses of some of the theorists, but not with the impressions of nearly, if not quite all, of the actors and most of the observers; and I suspect that the discoveries reported in the Pr. S. P. R. have materially affected the later guesses of the theorists.

Now the above allegations, like nearly all allegations of things unknown to general experience, have very properly been flouted by the vast majority of laymen who have not witnessed the occurrences, and accounted for by some scientists who have, on various hypotheses less probable than that the phenomena really indicate something new. But that fashion of accounting for things has been losing popularity since Edison, Bell, and Marconi. Dowsing, however, happens to have been certified to by, among others, so eminent a physicist as Professor (now Sir William) Barrett, after a very thorough investigation, which he reported in Pr. XIII and XV, and by other eminent men of science, among them Dr. Rossiter Raymond, Secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and several Fellows of the Royal and Geographical Societies of England.

Professor Barrett says (Pr. XIII, 2f.):

"At first sight few subjects appear to be so unworthy of serious notice and so utterly beneath scientific investigation. . . . Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the voluminous evidence, . . . without coming to the conclusion . . . that the evidence for the success of 'dowsing' as a practical art is very strong—and there seems to be an unexplained residuum when all possible deductions have been made.

"In 1814, Dr. C. Hutton, F. R. S., after examining the then accessible evidence . . . and witnessing Lady Milbanke's success with the rod, published a statement of his own belief in the practical value of the divining rod, though unable to explain its behavior. And recently, in 1883, Dr. R. Raymond read a paper before the American Institute of Mining Engineers in which, after considerable investigation, the conclusion is arrived at: 'That there is a residuum of scientific value, after making all necessary deductions for exaggeration, self-deception, and fraud.'

"In like manner, it is impossible to study this subject *historically* without being impressed by the number of those who have accepted as indisputable the practical value of the rod, during the four centuries it has been in use.... Among them were some of the most learned writers and the most painstaking investigators of their day, together with an array of practical miners and well-sinkers, men who ought to have known what they were talking about.....

"At the present day, as in the past, those who have had the opportunity of examining most closely the practical use of the 'dowser's art' are not to be found among the scoffers. The opinion expressed to me by many well-informed and critical observers who live in that region of the southwest of England where the 'rod' has been longest in use... is by no means contemptuous or even unfavorable.... With some, like the late John Mullins, the number of failures seems to have been very few; with others, ... far more frequent. This is what might be expected if there be a peculiar instinct or faculty in certain persons which is not common to all. Moreover, as an easy way of earning a living without the trouble of any education, the class of professional dowsers is sure to be recruited by a number of rogues and charlatans.... It will also be noticed that a 'dowsing faculty,' if such there be, is not confined to any particular age, sex, or class of society. Thus in case No. 1," [as numbered in Prof. Barrett's article. H.H.] "the dowser was a clergyman; in No. 2, a judge; in No. 3, a local manufacturer; in Nos. 4, 13, 14, 18, and 19, a lady; in Nos. 5 and 9, a gardener; in No. 6, a deputy-lieutenant; in No. 8, a respected member of the Society of Friends; in No. 12, a miller; in No. 10, a little girl; in Nos. 11 and 15, a boy; in No. 20, a French count, etc.... In the lengthy list of those who have employed him [Mullins] to find water, and have been led by actual experience to have faith in the dowsing rod, will be found nearly a score of distinguished noblemen, more than a dozen owners of breweries and distilleries, or of paper and cloth mills and print works; town commissioners, and clergymen; and landlords and their agents by the dozen."

Professor Barrett's second paper says (Pr. XV, 136) :

"Upwards of 200 cases of water-finding by dowsers in recent years have been investigated; in each case the independent evidence of disinterested persons... was sought. Generally speaking, such evidence was obtained, the witnesses allowing their names and addresses to be given.... Omitting a remarkably successful series of cases by an American dowser, which Dr. Hodgson kindly investigated, 105 cases of British professional dowsers were given in my former paper; of these 95 were successful and 10 were failures....."

Pr. II also contains confirmatory papers on the same subject by Professor W. J. Sollas and Messrs. Edward R. Pease and E. Vaughan Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins collected in eighteen months twenty-two well authenticated cases of successful dowsing.

"In an article published in *Light* for August 4th, 1883, p. 349, it is stated that Professor Lochman, of the University of Christiania, who is described as a distinguished physiologist, recently read a paper on the divining rod before a scientific society in Christiania, in which he stated that his skepticism on this subject had lately been overcome by the discovery that he himself could use the rod successfully....."

From a letter to Professor Barrett by Mr. H. W. Whitaker, a well-known geologist, whom Professor Barrett calls "an utter disbeliever in the dowsing-rod, or in any practical good resulting from its use" (Pr. XIII, 75) :

"John Mullins,...if allowed to follow the indication of his rod, agreed, I understood, to receive no payment for sinking a well if a good supply of water were not obtained. When one remembers the heavy outlay involved in making a well, often through solid rock to a depth of 70 to 100 feet, or more, this agreement is a forcible illustration of the faith Mullins had in his divining rod....."

I will now give some typical cases. The Hon. M. E. G. Finch Hatton, M.P., writes thus of an experience with Mullins (Pr. II, 101) :

"23 Ennismore Gardens, S. W., February 29th, 1884.

"First he cut a forked twig from a living tree, and held it between his hands, the center point downwards and the two ends protruding between the fingers of each hand: He then stooped forward and walked over the ground to be tried. Suddenly he would stop and the central point would revolve in a half-circle until it pointed the reverse way. This he stated to be owing to the presence of a subterranean spring, and further that by the strength of the movement he could gage the approximate depth.

"My brother, Hon. Harold Finch Hatton, and I each took hold of one of the ends, protruding as stated above, and held them fast while the phenomenon took place, to make sure that it was not caused by a movement, voluntary or otherwise, of the man's own hand or fingers. The tendency to twist itself, on the twig's part, was so great that, on our holding firmly

on to the ends, the twig split and finally broke off. The same thing occurred when standing on a bridge over a running stream.

"Stagnant water, he states, has no effect on the twig.....

"On our way to the kitchen garden Mullins discovered a spring on the open lawn, whose existence was unknown to me, it had been closed in so long, but was subsequently attested by an old laborer on the place who remembered it as a well, and had seen it bricked in many years before. On reaching the kitchen garden I knew that a lead pipe, leading water to a tap outside the wall, crossed the gravel path at a certain spot. On crossing it the twig made no sign. I was astonished at first, till I remembered what Mullins had said about stagnant water, and that the tap was *not running*. I sent to have it turned on, reconducted Mullins over the ground, when the twig immediately indicated the spot.

"When Mullins had passed on, I carefully marked the exact spot indicated by the twig. When he had left the garden, I said, 'Now, Mullins, may we blindfold you and let you try?' He said, 'Oh yes, if you don't lead me into a pond or anything of that sort.' We promised. Several skeptical persons were present who took care the blindfolding was thoroughly done.

"I then reconducted him, blindfold, to the marked spot by a different route, leaving the tap running, with the result that the stick indicated with mathematic exactness the same spot. At first he slightly overran it a foot or so, and then felt round, as it were, and seemed to be led back into the exact center of influence by the twig. All present considered the trial entirely conclusive of two things: First, of the man's perfect good faith. Secondly, that the effect produced on the twig emanated from an agency outside of himself, and appeared due to the presence of running water.

"My brother, Mr. Harold Finch Hatton, is present as I write, and confirms what I say....one of the Misses Wordsworth tried the twig, and was surprised to find that an influence of a similar nature, though not so strong, was imparted to it.....

(Pr. XIII, 89): "*The Lincolnshire Chronicle* of June 8th, 1895, contains a long report of a visit of Mr. H. W. Mullins, the son of John Mullins, to Catley Abbey. The newspaper report, which I have abridged, is as follows:—

"It was told to Mullins that his father asserted the seltzer spring flowed under a hedge on the other side of the field, in which we were then standing, and he was asked to indicate the place....He had gone about 100 yards when the twig began to play, and digging his heel in the ground, he thus marked the spot. Mr. Allen, who was present when Mullins, Sr., also located the spring, sent a man for a spade, and a stake

was dug up, which eight years ago was driven in by Mr. Allen to mark the place. Mullins, Jr., had touched the spot exactly.'"

From Mr. E. Vaughan Jenkins (Pr. II, 106) :

"October 7th, 1882.

"About thirty years ago I purchased a plot of land on a hill slope two acres in extent whereon to erect a residence of considerable value.....

"The 'knowing ones'... did not consider there was the least possible chance of water being obtained on the plot of land anywhere. In this dilemma, the foreman of the masons, a native of Devon or Cornwall—I forget which—exclaimed, 'Why don't you try the divining rod?'... He said his little boy, eleven years old, possessed the power in a remarkable degree.... The lad, an honest, innocent, and nice-looking little fellow,... placing the ends of the rod between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, bending it slightly and holding it before him at a short distance from the ground, started on his expedition, I and others following him and watching every movement closely. After going up and down, crossing and re-crossing the ground several times, but never on the same lines, the lad stopped, and, to our great surprise, we saw the rod exhibit signs of motion, the fingers and thumbs being perfectly motionless. The motion or trembling of the rod increasing, it slowly began to revolve, then at an accelerated pace, fairly twisting itself to such an extent that the lad, although he tried his best to retain it, was obliged to let it go, and it fled to some distance.... The next day... the well-sinkers... had the gratification of striking on a strong spring of pure and beautiful water coming in so fast as to cause them to make a hurried exit.... The father stated that when he was a boy he possessed the same power, but entirely lost it at sixteen years of age.... I was then, and I am now, fully convinced... of the full integrity of the whole transaction, no fee or reward being asked for or expected, and I therefore cannot avoid entertaining the opinion that there must be 'something in it,' that something being dependent upon some peculiar magnetic or other condition of the human agent employed....."

Mr. John Wood thus wrote to Mr. Vaughan Jenkins (Pr. XIII, 34) :

"Whitfield Estate Office, February 4th, 1890.

".....The next thing was for each of the company to try with the rod, but not one of us had the 'faculty,' excepting my little daughter May. Subsequently the rod indicated water in several places, both in the hands of May and Mullins—May finding it first sometimes and at other times Mullins. ... May is now thirteen years of age. She has proved successful

in numerous cases; four wells have been sunk where she said there was water, and each one was a success.”

Here is the testimony of Dr. Hutton alluded to on page 124 regarding his experience with the divining-rod as used by Lady Milbanke (Pr. XIII, 42):

“ Lady Milbanke showed the experiment several times in different places. . . . In the places where I had good reason to know that no water was to be found the rod was always quiescent, but in other places, where I knew there was water below the surface, the rods turned slowly and regularly . . . till the twigs twisted themselves off below the fingers, which were considerably indented by so forcibly holding the rod between them.

“ All the company stood close to Lady M., with all eyes intensely fixed on her hands and the rods to watch if any particular motion might be made by the fingers, but in vain; nothing of the kind was perceived, and all the company could observe no cause or reason why the rods should move in the manner they were seen to do.”

The capacity of Bleton, the celebrated French dowser of the eighteenth century, was discovered when he was a child, by his having “*la fièvre*” when seated by a certain rock under which later a spring was found, and there are many similar cases (Pr. XIII, 272 *et seq.*).

(Pr. XV, 265): “ The Chevalier de M. describes in detail one of several tests he made; he brought Bleton to his own house, arriving after dark; in passing through the village, which Bleton had not visited before, Bleton suddenly stopped and said water was there; he followed it in the darkness and arrived at a spot where he declared the spring existed; he was right; it was, in fact, the source of the fountain of the castle. Other tests are also given: altogether a remarkable and weighty testimony.”

Dr. Thouvenal (Pr. XV, 263) says of Bleton:

“ Sometimes, in order to try and deceive him, if his senses were concerned, I placed false marks as if to indicate a spring; sometimes after he had followed a spring across several fields I moved the pegs some feet away without his knowledge. Nevertheless, he was never led astray and always rectified such errors. In fine, I tried all sorts of ways to deceive him, and I can testify that *in more than six hundred trials* I did not succeed in doing so one single time.”

Here are a few of the many cases of dowsing for metals.

W. J. Brown, of Middlehill House, Box, Wilts, a member of the councils of several public bodies, says (Pr. XIII, 94) :

“Some friends and myself arranged to test Mullins’s capacity for discovering metal. In his absence we took ten stones off the top of a wall, and, having placed them on the road, we deposited a sovereign under three of them. Mullins passed his rod over the top of each stone, and without the slightest hesitation told us at once under which stones the sovereigns were. When he came to a stone under which there was no sovereign, he at once said, ‘Nothing here, master,’ but when he got to the others, he remarked, ‘All right, master, thankee,’ turned the stone over and put the sovereign in his pocket.”

Mr. H. B. Napier, agent for Sir Gabriel Goldney, thus wrote Professor Barrett (Pr. XIII, 148) :

“Chippenham, Wilts, May 11th, 1896.

“At Gloucester some years ago a sovereign was lost under the board floor in the Finance Office. The members of the Council did not themselves know exactly where to find it, and sent for Mr. Tompkins, who indicated a particular spot on the floor, and on a carpenter being sent for the sovereign was found to be immediately beneath the spot.”

Mr. W. G. Hellier, of Wick St. Lawrence, near Weston-super-Mare, Bailiff of the Merchant Venturers of Bristol, states (Pr. XIII, 51) :

“Whilst the dowser was tracing this spring, walking backwards and forwards across the line of its course, I hid my pocket compass in the long grass in his track, and, when he came to it, the rod turned over, and he said, ‘There is summat here.’ I am certain that he did not see the compass until afterwards, when I showed it to him hidden.”

Now for various opinions on the causes of these phenomena.

Thus Mr. Sollas, Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge, Professor of Geology in the University of Dublin, says (Pr. II, 73) :

“I am confident, from what I observed, that the sole immediate cause for the turning of the rod is to be found in the muscular contraction of the hand of the operator.”

Professor Barrett declared in his first paper (Pr. XIII, 253) :

“Doubtless a *subconscious suggestion*, of some kind, evoked

in the dowser's mind, excites the reflex action to which the actual movement of the rod is due.

".....The recent discovery of a new type of obscure radiation from certain bodies, such as uranium salts, and also from numerous common bodies with which we are surrounded, renders it conceivable that a radiation, to which opaque bodies are permeable, may be emitted by water and metals, which unconsciously impresses some persons....."

Could not such a "radiation" affect the rod as well as the person?

Dr. Lauder Brunton says (Pr. XIII, 8) :

"When we hear that a man is able to discover water at a considerable distance below the ground on which he stands, we are at first apt to scout the idea as ridiculous, while if we were told that a caravan was crossing a desert, and that all at once the thirsty camels started off quickly, and at a distance of a mile or more water was found, we look upon the occurrence as natural. In the same way we regard as very remarkable the story of a man tracing criminals with a divining rod, but it becomes quite ordinary if we put a bloodhound in the man's place."

Probably it was also Dr. Brunton who said (*Ibid.*, 276) :

"I believe that the almost incredible acuteness of sight, scent, and hearing, which are found universally in certain classes of the lower animals, and are not uncommon in savage races, are *occasionally* possessed by certain individuals amongst civilized races. For instance: the presence of water-vapor in the air over certain spots makes itself evident to everyone as a visible fog in early morning. Now *I am acquainted with a rheumatic patient who, on passing over such a spot during the day, when no vapor is visible, feels pains in her joints.* Of course, such a condition of hyperesthesia is very rare indeed."

This doesn't account for the movement of the rod. Then the writer takes a different tack:

".....The moving of the rod in a diviner's fingers depends simply upon the bodily condition of the diviner himself, just as the rigidity of a pointer's tail when scenting game depends entirely upon the excitement of the dog."

The dog's tail is directly in contact with his nervous system—contains a part of it, in fact. The rod is not. Moreover, the tail stands still, whereas the rod moves violently.

And here speaks that acute observer, great naturalist, and saintly soul, Dr. Wallace, who wrote to Professor Barrett as follows (Pr. XV, 217):

"If the rod *does* move wholly by muscular action, it does not at all affect the power of the dowser in finding water,—but the *fact* should be proved. To *me*, the evidence you adduce shows that it is *not* muscular action, and if *this* can be proved it, of course, places the dowser in the ranks of a physical 'medium,' which I have always held him to be. If the two facts you state *are facts*: (1) That the motion of the rod cannot be intentionally produced (by any novice) without *visible* muscular action of an energetic kind; and (2) that in an outsider's hands, holding the rod for the first time, it will often move *if the dowser holds his wrists*, and with no conscious, and little visible, muscular action on the experimenter's part,—then it follows that the motion is *not* produced by *muscular action* at all, but is a physical phenomenon analogous to hundreds of others occurring in the presence of 'mediums.'

"I think you should have said: 'The *obvious* explanation, of course, is that the rod is moved by the hands of the operator, acting consciously or unconsciously. There are, however, many difficulties in the way of this view, and many facts which seem directly opposed to it.' After which your various statements would follow naturally. Now, they seem to me to be in the nature of a *non sequitur!*.....

"Of course, *I* am a confirmed lunatic in these matters, so excuse the ravings of a lunatic, but sincere, friend.

"ALFRED R. WALLACE."

Professor Barrett says (Pr. XV, 311):

"The probability that an explanation is to be found in some extension of our knowledge of human personality, something new to science, and something akin to what has been termed clairvoyance, gains considerable weight from a critical study of cognate phenomena."

But how about the rod?

The first step regarding the correlation of these phenomena with familiar ones is to determine whether the rod is really moved independently of the conscious or unconscious volition of the dowser. On this subject early testimony is conflicting, but that recently accumulated seems to be overwhelming in favor of the independence of the force.

True to the conditions of their craft, and very properly so, most of the scientific men who have been very familiar

with the processes by which things become not what they seem, or rather seem what they are not, have voted the dowser's force to be involuntary muscular contraction, response to clairvoyant vision, and several other things, some of which are harder to accept than a new and as yet uncorrelated mode of force.

Professor Barrett says (Pr. XIII, 24) that the movement of the rod is "an automatic action that occurs under certain conditions in certain individuals." Perhaps his meaning would have been expressed more precisely if he had said *in connection with* "certain individuals": for he goes on to produce a mass of evidence that the action is independent of the will and of muscular control—is the influence upon the rod of a current between the organism and the object sought.

Here are two bits of evidence that, so far as they go, seem to dispose of the case.

Testimony of Sir E. Welby Gregory (Pr. II, 99):

"The lines of water indicated by Mullins had been marked by pegs 60 yards or 70 yards apart, and just visible above the grass. These lines Towers and his twig emphatically confirmed, and I proceeded to test him. I had the projecting extremities of the prongs of the twig held tight by pincers, so that there could be no voluntary action on Towers' part when crossing the marked lines. Despite of this, the point of the twig twisted itself upwards, till the bark was wrinkled and almost split, while the strain and pressure upon the muscles of the man's hands were most apparent."

The following from Mr. F. Bastable, 14, Foskelt Road, Fulham, appeared in the *Carpenter and Builder* of September 30th, 1892:

(Pr. XIII, 86): "We procured two pairs of smith's tongs to see if the twigs did actually twist, and held them in a tight grip, with one pair securing the tips and the other the fork, but the contortions still went on between the points held."

The following seems a pretty strong piece of evidence, especially considering its source.

From Mr. H. W. Whitaker, the well-known geologist, an utter disbeliever in the dowsing-rod, or in any practical good resulting from its use (Pr. XIII, 69):

"The diviner, named Lawrence, an old white-haired, benevolent-faced man...took...a strong forked hazel twig, holding an end of each fork in each hand, and keeping his elbows tightly down to his side. I can only describe the antics of that twig as a pitched battle between itself and him! It twisted, it knocked about, it contracted and contorted the muscles of his hands and arms, it wriggled, and fought, and kicked, until it snapped in two—and then—what made it painful to watch until you got used to it, the old man reeled, and clutched hold of anyone nearest to him for a few moments. It evidently exhausts him very much, though afterwards I asked him what effect it had on him, and he said it only made his heart beat *most* violently for a short time...He was asked if he could mesmerize and he said, no. He held the wire over Lady D.'s watch, and it wriggled just as it had done over the water."

If it is worth while to administer a farther quietus to a subject already disposed of, Professor Barrett does it, with his increased light in his second paper (Pr. XV, 277) :

"Other correspondents have also urged that muscular action, whether conscious or unconscious, is an insufficient explanation of the phenomena actually observed. In the *Journal* of the S. P. R. for December, 1897, Mr. E. T. Bennett cites some of the evidence I gave in the previous Report in support of this view. Mr. Bennett urges, with much cogency, that as Faraday's explanation of table-turning being due to involuntary muscular action is now recognized as inadequate to cover all the phenomena of this kind, so in like manner this explanation fails to cover all the cases of the twisting of the divining rod, and hence some other cause, external to the dowser, is probably at work."

This is followed by statements of various witnesses bearing on the point, with fuller particulars and references than I have space for. In fact the evidence is so overwhelming that the only explanation of Professor Sollas and others having stated a different opinion is that they did so before the evidence accumulated.

In view of what has preceded, does not the dowser's force look much like merely one more form of magnetism? It is like the known forms, in being :

I. A current between two poles.

II. Evolved from a preceding mode of force—that absorbed by the human system from its usual sources of supply.

This is shown by the almost universal experience of fatigue and similar results after the experience. The best statement out of a vast number is that of Mr. Stears (Pr. XIII, 164) :

“My powers vary with health. If tired I lose the power; provide the animal system with a fresh supply of food, and back the power comes.”

III. In producing sensations like those from the electromagnetic current. The following accounts are but few out of many.

Mullins stated to Mr. Plowman (Pr. XIII, 95) :

“Whenever he is dowsing and gets over a stream of water he feels a tingling sensation in his arms like a slight electric shock, and the strength of this sensation enables him to guess the approximate volume or depth of a spring.”

Mr. Stone (Pr. XIII, 124) adds:

“The sensation I experience when over an underground spring is very like what is felt when grasping the handles of an electric machine, often seen at railway stations.”

Mr. Tompkins (Pr. XIII, 161) :

“I feel a tingling sensation...when I get on to a running stratum of water...The moment I cross a stratum of water I feel a sort of bracing sensation, which passes up my legs, back, and shoulders, and down the arms to the twig; when I get off the water course I feel the loss of this power, till I cross the water again.”

IV. In being transmissible from one person to another, by holding the wrists.

V. In reversibility of the poles: sometimes the twig turns up, sometimes down. Sometimes it oscillates or twists.

VI. Apparently in that the need of good conduction appears to vary inversely as the strength of the current. I say: “apparently” because the phenomena suggesting this are confusing. The electric spark jumps unconnected intervals varying from a half inch between a child’s finger and a metal bracket, to those between the poles of a Ruhmkorff coil, and those between a cloud and the earth. Some dowsers are able to work without any twig or steel spring, going entirely by sensations similar to those felt by others only when

holding a twig or spring. This looks very much as if the twig or spring helped close the circuit for a weak current, and were superfluous for those who can generate a strong current.

The dowsing magnetism seems to *differ* from the earlier known magnetisms in the following particulars:

I. Having its only known origin in the human system.

II. Instead of being restricted, like the well-known forms, to metal and nerve tissue as conductors: it seems to act on water and possibly all known inorganic substances, and also on some, perhaps all, of the tissues of the human body, and presumably animal tissue in general, though all this may be practically through the nerve tissue.

III. In apparently being directed by will, so far as will may be an element in setting the current in motion, and in determining the pole external to the human system. The dowers are generally not affected when they are not deliberately "at work," and perhaps are able to fix one pole of the current in any one of several substances they choose, perhaps in any substance whatever; certainly in water and metals, and are alleged to have traced a criminal in France.

IV. In being apparently less reliable in the matter of isolation. At least the evidence is perplexing—even contradictory. For particulars see Pr. XIII, 27, 31, 43, 58, 78, 186.

V. In being, in a new and more intimate way, an extension of the control of mind over matter; and in giving one more hint that perhaps the two are but different manifestations of the same thing.

A connection with electricity is suggested by a statement from Mr. A. B. Durfee, of Grand Rapids, Michigan (Pr. XIII, 217) that Mr. Cyrus Fuller, a noted dowser of that neighborhood a generation ago, told Mr. Durfee that whenever he found a tree in a forest "stricken by lightning, he was sure to find a stream" [underground] "leading very near to it."

The exercise of the power is virtually always accompanied by physiological experiences, not only, as already stated,

fatigue and the sensations produced by grasping the handles of an electrical machine, but also, in some cases, nausea, palpitation, and "fearful perspiration."

Oddly, but suggestively, the electric (?) thrill frequently goes to the solar plexus, in the near neighborhood of which it produces nausea. This is stated in several instances. The solar plexus seems to have some connection with telopsis as will be substantiated later. Some telopsists even seem to have a perception akin to sight through that region, and (as already stated), some dowzers have clairvoyant experiences in connection with the zoömagnetic (?) manifestations.

Mr. J. F. Young, of Llanelly, a member of the S. P. R., and a successful amateur dowser, thus wrote to Professor Barrett (Pr. XV, 360):

".....I found that after 'setting' myself to use the rod, i.e., getting into an abstracted mental condition, lost to all around, when, or just before, the rod turned, I could,—as it were clairvoyantly,—see the underground springs and actually appeared able to trace them out as I walked along. My friend, Mr. Robertson, who, as you are aware, also uses the rod with success as an amateur water-finder, tells me he also had a similar experience, and we have since read that a 'diviner' named Adams, a Somerset man, frequently asserted the same thing."

On this Professor Barrett expatiates (Pr. XV, 366):

"Now it is worthy of note that this inquiry has led us to the conclusion that some dowzers exhibit symptoms of induced catalepsy and experience singular sensations in the epigastrium when the object sought for is transcendently 'perceived' by them. I have already pointed out in Part XII that the visceral sensations of the dowser are probably emotional disturbances, arising from a psychical state, and it is likely enough that a similar explanation accounts for the cataleptic subject believing he sees with his stomach, the sensation being there. But this explanation merely accounts for the secondary effects observed; the induction of the psychical state still remains a mystery."

All very well, but what accounts for the rod acting utterly independently of the operator, as already abundantly indicated?

After all this wading through the slough, I incline to do

deliberately what Professor Barrett was led toward doing by force of circumstances, and frankly accept ("provisionally" of course) both interpretations—a new molecular force, and telepsychosis too, and a dozen others, if you please. I am by no means sure they are not fundamentally one, whatever the differences in their manifestations.

Mr. Barrett's conclusions so far as they are unfavorable to a quasi-magnetic force, were probably reached before the days of the trolley-car and the telephone; and certainly before the days of the wireless telegraph. Probably in these days of new modes of force, he would find a much more rational explanation of the dowser's spasm and the rod's action in a hypothetical mode of force which is, like electricity and magnetism, highly telekinetic, independent of any conductor (as is indeed the electric spark, in the laboratory or in the clouds) and for which I have, as already intimated, ventured to provisionally suggest the name zoömagnetism.

And here I am again reminded of the difficulty of drawing distinctions in Nature. Perhaps all these mysterious powers are but different aspects of the same thing; and as I grope on I seem to get more definite and unified notions of what that thing is. I will give them later.

The more I have read about these various modes of force, the more surprised I am at the scant evidence of efforts made to correlate them in the laboratory. I have not even seen any indication of a test whether table-tippers have the dowsing power or *vice versa*. Lines of investigation opened in this way might be very fruitful.

The accounts of Foster, Home, Moses, and not a few others seem to indicate a probability that the organism possessing any one of the as-yet-mysterious powers we have been describing is apt, though by no means sure, to possess some of the others. Of course to the ignorant all this spells fraud, and to even the credulous, so many accomplishments in one man, none of which are possessed by average men, are a tax on faith. But it should be carefully realized that the nearer these alleged powers may be found to be various manifestations of a single power, the more the tax on faith will decrease. As electricity, whether manifested as light, heat, or kinetic force, has its own range of vibrations, so these half-dozen

new powers may be found to be associated in some other single range of vibrations in the outer world, which interplay with a corresponding capacity for nervous vibration that is as yet developed in a few, and but few, human beings.

After I had written the foregoing passages, Professor Barrett's admirable little book on *Psychical Research* appeared, and I found to my astonishment that in it he had returned to, or perhaps merely more clearly expressed, his belief that involuntary muscular action moves the rod. Moreover, I found the same conviction expressed in Mrs. Sidgwick's presidential address in Pr. XXII. *But what moves the muscles?* Well! "*Hier steh ich, ich kann nicht anders.*" If it were only a question of physics, of course I would not dare to hold my opinion in face of Professor Barrett's. But it is a question of physiology and psychology, and not only of them, but of the interpretation of evidence and of "common sense"—whatever that may mean. I'm not quite sure that I know, but I think it relates to a pretty wide field wherein an ordinarily successful man of affairs may legitimately be accorded as much weight as a specialist in some particular department of knowledge.

Professor Barrett jumps to the dowsing-rod from the *pendule exploreur*. This is a weight at the end of a cord or chain held in the hand, and is generally believed to be swung by unconscious and imperceptible muscular contractions in the directions unconsciously willed by the person holding it. This swinging in intelligent directions—such as toward letters of the alphabet on a ring surrounding the pendulum—is attributed to muscular action, because it will not take place when the pendulum is suspended from any rigid inanimate support. Then it cannot be *willed* into definite directions even by persons in whose hands it will swing in definite directions.

But in these hands it cannot be *willed* into definite directions either. From this it is argued that the muscular action is involuntary. But I have not yet seen the demonstration that the agency is muscular at all, though I find no insuperable difficulty in the hypothesis.

But it is certainly a long jump from the possible muscular contractions of the pendulum-holder which are so minute

that he and the spectators only infer them, to the marked gyrations of the dowser's hands and arms. The queer thing is that the dowsers themselves, professional and amateur, unanimously declare (so far as I recall) that their gyrations are *not* involuntary efforts to move the rod, but voluntary efforts to keep it quiet, while Professor Barrett, and some other scientific onlookers, declare that the actors themselves don't know their own minds and bodies, and that what they deny regarding them is true; and what they assert, false.

I don't know, though, that Professor Barrett's hypothesis necessarily traverses the one virtually held by the dowsers, and seeming probable to me. He says the rod is moved by involuntary muscular contraction. I guess that it is moved by zoömagnetism. The truth may be (though the men holding the rod deny it) that it is moved by involuntary muscular contraction, and that the involuntary muscular contraction is caused by zoömagnetism.

Whatever may be the originality of my opinion regarding the force that moves the rod, I can at least contribute, vicariously, to the history of the subject one item which seems to have escaped attention. My young daughter says that Moses at the rock of Horeb was evidently the original dowser.

Since this chapter was written, *Journal S. P. R. CCXCIV* has appeared with a letter from Germany announcing, in consequence of some remarkable successes with the dowsing rod, the formation of a very eminent society to investigate it.

Breaks in the municipal water-pipes in Munich, and one in a dyke at Tambach near Gotha, are alleged to have been located by it.

So far, the Germans "do not believe that the fundamental principle of a solution to the problem lies in a supernormal psychical gift of the dowser, but in the physical influence of the soil acting on him."

The same number of the *Journal* contains a paper by Sir William Barrett, in which he says that he has received a letter from Professor Hyslop which

"illustrates the need of further investigation on the question of the involuntary and unconscious muscular action which, I have assumed in my papers, gives rise to the sudden twisting of

the dowsing rod. It is true,—as will be seen from my Report in *Proceedings*, Vol. XV, pp. 276, *et seq.*, and in subsequent papers in the *Journal*,—that the hypothesis of unconscious muscular action needs to be stretched to almost incredible limits in some cases, and amongst dowzers themselves it is universally discredited. But what other hypothesis can take its place?"

It had already been my lot to suggest one in the foregoing pages. As I am not a physicist, I don't know how many laws supposed to be established, it may run counter to. Even if it is correct, it is sure to run counter to some.

CHAPTER X

MOLECULAR TELEKINESIS

Sounds

As already noted, the molar manifestations of telekinesis are generally accompanied by molecular ones, especially of "raps" more or less akin to crackings in seasoned furniture. The source of these raps seems plainly molecular. There is no apparent mechanical cause of them, and the objects, generally made of wood, from which they seem to proceed, give no indication, like cracks from change of temperature, of any change of structure caused by the source of the sound. Moreover, we shall see later that similar phenomena take place in the air itself.

We are reminded constantly of the absence of definite lines of division in Nature. Allied with motions of the air started by causes not aerial, which, so far as our present knowledge goes, are essential to the transmission of sound, are alleged motions *in* the air, of whose origin we as yet know nothing. They accompany many sounds that seem to originate through obvious manifestations of the telekinetic force, and so, it is to be presumed, are a modification of it.

I observed no raps when P—— raised the music-stand, though some of the other boys had heard raps around his bed. I slept in a remote room.

The descriptions generally liken the raps, as said, to the cracking of unseasoned wood, but there are varieties of sounds, including one of a ticking in a letter. An account of this last is given by Myers from the narrative of Mrs. Anna Davies of Islington (Pr. VIII, 218):

"One evening I paid a visit to Mrs. Brown, and she gave me an Indian letter.... I placed it on the chimney-piece in our sitting-room, and sat down alone. I expected my brother home in an hour or two. The letter, of course, in no way

interested me. In a minute or two I heard a ticking on the chimney-piece, and it struck me that an old-fashioned watch which my mother always had standing in her bedroom must have been brought downstairs. I went to the chimney-piece, but there was no watch or clock there or elsewhere in the room. The ticking, which was loud and sharp, seemed to proceed from the letter itself. Greatly surprised, I removed the letter and put it on a sideboard, and then in one or two other places; but the ticking continued, proceeding undoubtedly from where the letter was each time. After an hour or so of this I could bear the thing no longer, and went out and sat in the hall to await my brother. When he came in I simply took him into the sitting-room and asked him if he heard anything. He said at once, 'I hear a watch or clock ticking.' There was no watch or clock, as I have said, in the room. He went to where the letter was and exclaimed, 'Why, the letter is ticking.'... My brother took the letter to Mrs. J. W. either that night (it was very late) or next morning. On opening it, she found that her husband had suddenly died of sunstroke, and the letter was written by some servant or companion to inform her of his death."

In Home's case and many others, the presence of the "spirits" was generally announced by "raps" at the beginning of the séance; or, in common language, both those sets of manifestations—tappings and raps, like steam from a safety valve, showed that the telekinetic force was ready for action.

Sir William Crookes (*Researches*, 86-7) thus describes the varieties of raps. His account is supported by hosts of witnesses to one or more:

"The popular name of 'raps' conveys a very erroneous impression of this class of phenomena. At different times, during my experiments, I have heard delicate ticks, as with the point of a pin; a cascade of sharp sounds, as from an induction-coil in full work; detonations in the air; sharp metallic taps; a cracking like that heard when a frictional machine is at work; sounds like scratching; the twittering as of a bird, etc.

"These sounds are noticed with almost every medium, each having a special peculiarity; they are more varied with Mr. Home, but for power and certainty I have met with no one who at all approached Miss Kate Fox.... In the case of Miss Fox it seems only necessary for her to place her hand on any substance for loud thuds to be heard in it, like a triple pulsation, sometimes loud enough to be heard several rooms

off. In this manner I have heard them in a living tree—on a sheet of glass—on a stretched iron wire—on a stretched membrane—a tambourine—on the roof of a cab—and on the floor of a theater. Moreover, actual contact is not always necessary; I have had these sounds proceeding from the floor, walls, etc., when the medium's hands and feet were held—when she was standing on a chair—when she was suspended in a swing from the ceiling—when she was enclosed in a wire cage—and when she had fallen fainting on a sofa. I have heard them on a glass harmonicon—I have felt them on my own shoulder and under my own hands. I have heard them on a sheet of paper, held between the fingers by a piece of thread passed through one corner. With a full knowledge of the numerous theories which have been started, chiefly in America, to explain these sounds, I have tested them in every way that I could devise, until there has been no escape from the conviction that they were true objective occurrences not produced by trickery or mechanical means."

When Sir William Crookes gives his testimony regarding physical phenomena, there is not much more to be said. But this foregoing statement regarding Miss Kate Fox needs reconciliation with the fact that Mrs. Maggie Fox Kane made "exposures" of the frauds which she claimed all three sisters had been guilty of. The reconciliation may partly consist in the fact that a great deal of money was made by public exhibitions of these exposures. But while they were going on, Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken wrote a letter printed in *Light*, expressing great distress over her sister's conduct, and saying of her and an associate who had long been a professional "exposer" of "spiritualism": "They are hard at work to expose the whole thing if they can, but they certainly cannot."

She also says that she had seen her sister but once since her return from England, and yet the issue of *Light* for November 3, 1888, two weeks earlier than the date of Mrs. Jencken's letter, said:

"We learn from America that Mrs. Jencken and Mrs. Kane, two of the Fox Sisters, have started on an exposure tour."

More particulars are given in the *Jour. (not Pr.) S. P. R.* for January, 1889, pp. 15f., and the S. P. R. seems to have considered the case settled by Mrs. Jencken's letter, as no more has been said about it.

From Professor Barrett (Pr. IV, 34):

"Presently loud raps were given at this table beneath the hands of the sitters, so loud, in fact, they quite startled me. In character the sounds in general resembled the snapping noises occasionally made by furniture when the joints open under the heat of a room. But the sharpest and loudest cracks can be well imitated in strength and character by smartly striking a table with the edge of an ivory paper-knife....."

The following occurred in the presence of Moses. The initials are Dr. Speer's (Pr. IX, 319, Note):

"Sunday, July 20th...Knocks of the sharpest kind came on the table and then on the floor. It was as if large glass marbles had been thrown on the table, had bounded off on the floor, and then rolled away. Till a light was struck it was almost impossible not to believe that such had been the case...S. T. S."

Sir William Crookes prepared an apparatus with a parchment diaphragm connected by a lever with a tracing registering apparatus. On the diaphragm he placed a few bits of black lead. He got the medium (a non-professional lady whose name he does not give) to place her hands over the diaphragm, without contact. What followed he thus describes (*Researches*, p. 39):

"Presently percussive noises were heard on the parchment resembling the dropping of grains of sand on its surface. At each percussion a fragment of graphite which I had placed on the membrane was seen to be projected upwards about 1-50th of an inch, and the end C of the lever moved slightly up and down. Sometimes the sounds were as rapid as those from an induction-coil, whilst at others they were more than a second apart. Five or six tracings were taken, and in all cases a movement of the end C of the lever was seen to have occurred with each vibration of the membrane."

This is from Bartlett (*op. cit.*, 36):

"Thomas R. Hazard writes:

"One day as I was passing down Fifth Avenue I... saw Foster and a stranger standing quietly by an iron railing... Shortly after the stranger left, and Foster joined me [and]...told me that the gentleman who had just left him was an occasional visitant of his circles, who had a short time before joined him on the avenue and said to him: "Mr.

Foster, I wish you could make raps somewhere else than in your own room," to which Foster replied that he could have them come anywhere! The gentleman said, "I will give you a dollar for each one you will make just here." Whereupon Foster asked the skeptic to stand with him beside the iron railing and count aloud all the raps as they were made. Soon the raps came on the iron railing, and the gentleman counted them until the number ten was reached, when a pause ensued, and Foster asked if the raps should yet go on. "No," said the gentleman; "I am satisfied," suiting his action to his word by handing Foster a ten dollar bill, which he then showed to me."

Of course the skeptic will account for this on the obvious hypothesis that Foster lied. I knew him, and I don't think he did.

In Mr. Armstrong's case he said of the raps on a table (Pr. VII, 158):

"They resembled the sound of the sparks given off by the prime conductor of a large Holtz electrical machine, ... and the table always seemed supercharged with the 'force producing fluid,' if I may be permitted to use the term, on every portion of the table's surface, the chairs we sat on, and even on various articles of furniture at considerable distance from us."

From Stainton Moses (Pr. IX, 280):

"They have been heard ... in strange rooms ... in the country ... and even in the open air, under very curious circumstances. ... At Southend ... a pier more than a mile in length, my friend and I ... were sitting at the extreme end ... when raps came ... on the rail in front of us ... They followed us all along the pier, and were audible at a great distance, as indeed any sound is if made on a long wooden rail. This was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At 8 p. m. we went on to the pier again ... The clear metallic rap was plainly audible ... fifty yards from me [and] ... to both of us when we were seventy yards apart, and were apparently made in the space between us."

The sounds so far described, notwithstanding their variety, have the common quality of proceeding from definite sources appreciable by the senses. We now go on to a category of sounds from no sensible sources.

Professor Alexander gives the following in connection with the Davis children (Pr. VII, 180):

"A peculiar whistling sound was heard by some—on one occasion coming from behind the curtains drawn before the

verandah door, and on another, by Mrs. Z. in the garden path leading down to the gate, where she had been seeing some friends out....."

Little girls, and big ones too, do sometimes make "a peculiar whistling sound." But what comes from other mediums may suggest that this one was not of the usual kind.

Prof. A. continues:

"The sound which has since developed to such an extent was first heard by us on March 23d, 1873. At that time it resembled the plucking of a string in mid-air.... We called it the Lyre sound, for want of a better name.... A certain imitation of it could be made by slightly touching the wires of a piano at the upper notes.... I succeeded also in making some resemblance to it by drawing my finger over the wires of a musical clock which hangs on the wall of the room adjoining.... I supposed that the piano or clock must be used in some way to make a sound which seemed to be in mid-air. This theory was soon upset, for the sound came in rooms where there was no musical instrument; even in my own bedroom, where sometimes the sound has been so loud as to be distinctly audible through the wall in an adjoining room.... The sound would traverse the room and seem to die away in the distance, and suddenly burst forth into great power over the table, which appeared in some inexplicable way to be used as a sounding-board. The wood of the table vibrated under our hands exactly as it would have done had a violoncello been twanged while resting upon it. It was no question of fancy or delusion. The sounds were at times deafening, and alternated between those made by the very small strings of a harp and such as would be caused by the violent thrumming of a violoncello resting on the top of a drum.... We never sat without them, and they formed almost the staple phenomenon of the séance. With them, as with other phenomena, great variety was caused by good or bad conditions."

We are constantly reminded of the absence of definite lines of division in Nature: even if the sounds above described, and to be described hereafter, were carried by the air, their source seems to have been some molecular action in the atoms, as appears to be that of the "raps" already described.

Stainton Moses suggests (Pr. XI, 49, 50) that some sounds are independent of the ear:

"May 30th.... The peculiarity of the séance was that when I could hear the sound no one else could, and *vice versa*.

I heard by clairaudience and not by natural hearing, being very deaf with my cold... I described it long before it was heard by the others, and heard it frequently when they did not. At the same time I was unconscious of sounds apparently made on the table under my nose."

The sound referred to in the foregoing is the first among those indicated in the following from Pr. IX:

(IX,268): "...The most perfect musical sounds are made when I cannot hear them; and, as a general rule, to which the exceptions are so rare as only to serve to establish the principle, the best and most successful manifestations occur when the medium is deeply entranced."

(IX,279-80): "...Of late they [the sounds] have changed, and are usually audible to me before they strike the ear of any other person. How far this may be attributable to clairaudience, a faculty lately developed in me, I cannot say positively."

(IX,342-3): "At one séance as many as seven different sounds were going on at the same time in different parts of the room. It would have been quite impossible for any one person to have made them.
"MARIA SPEER."

Moses' note-book says of certain sounds (Pr. IX, 281):

".....They represented two instruments, the one of three, the other of seven strings, and they were used in playing thus:—Certain notes were sounded upon the three strings, and these were followed by a run made as if by running a finger-nail rapidly over the strings of the other instrument. The result was like what musical *cognoscenti* call 'a free prelude'; what I should describe as a series of notes, highly pitched, clear, and liquid in their melody, followed by a rapid run on an instrument of lower pitch. I speak of instruments, but... there was in the room—an ordinary dining-room—no musical instrument of any kind whatever."

Dr. Speer says (Pr. IX, 281):

"The sound...during the space of fifteen months, almost invariably presented itself at each sitting... A sound like that of a stringed instrument, played, or rather plucked, in mid-air, while there was no stringed instrument in the room. Every attempt was subsequently made to ascertain through what substance the sound could be evolved... The sounds were formed independently of any material substance... In process of time, the manifestation became most extraordinary. It was almost impossible (to an outsider it would have been *absolutely* impossible) not to believe that a large stringed instrument, e.g., a violoncello, a guitar, a double bass, or a harp, was struck by

powerful human fingers. . . . On these occasions the sitters could distinctly feel a strong vibration transmitted from the points of the fingers in contact with the table up to the shoulder-joint.

"I confess myself entirely unable to give any idea of the way in which these remarkable sounds are produced."

We have already, by almost insensible degrees, found ourselves in what I provisionally assume to be molecular action of the telekinetic force, though the force has so far generally been associated with the molar action. We will now leave that, and concern ourselves with some farther phenomena that are purely molecular, until we meet the molar again in discussing telekinetic phenomena associated with intelligence, into which, by the way, we have already drifted some distance, so inextricable from each other are the phenomena.

Lights

The molecular manifestations also include lights which suggest not only the electric spark and the alleged magnetic aura, but also often have characteristics peculiar to themselves. Unfortunately their case, like all manifestations of telekinesis, is needlessly prejudiced by their being generally called "spirit lights." The name of course tends to awaken in some credulity, and in others skepticism, both of which tend to obstruct proper investigation. But probably every light from an unknown source that has appeared since mankind had a word meaning "spirit" has been attributed to spirits. Whatever such a word may mean etymologically, in actual use it is no more or less than an *x* to express a mode of force as yet uncorrelated with the modes already familiar. So it was with the lights of electricity, whether seen in the clouds or in the "artificial" spark.

Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, a frequent contributor to the *Pr. S. P. R.*, thus describes a "spirit light" (*Pr. XIX, 54*):

"..... This light seemed to me not to illuminate things as much as a common light of equal brilliancy would do, but perhaps a very feeble light, when looked at after the eye has been some time in total darkness, may give an exaggerated impression of brightness. I felt no heat when the light was in my hand, nor did I feel the touch of anything."

The following manifestation by Foster (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 78) suggests the lights and electric crackling from a Ruhmkorff coil.

"The lights were turned out without consulting Mr. Foster. Had he been consulted, he would probably not have given his consent, being as timid and apparently as afraid of darkness as a child. Two leaves of the dining-table were taken out, intending to shove the table together, to make it somewhat smaller. But the table would not shove. Who has not experienced this difficulty with their dining-table! In this instance, however, I consider it fortunate that the leaves were left out. Many surprising physical manifestations occurred, so startling in their nature that I can hardly believe that they occurred myself! In these accounts of Foster, I have" [here-tofore? H. H.] "intentionally avoided mentioning the physical manifestations, and have thought it better to confine myself entirely to mental phenomena. The raps, I think, might be regarded as both mental and physical. Numerous questions were asked and answered by Mr. Foster, when suddenly, looking through the aperture which the vacant leaves left in the table, I perceived numerous small lights, like little balls of fire, in size from a large pinhead to that of a pigeon egg. The entire space of the lower part of the table was filled with these electric sparks, and this to me was a wonderful phenomenon. ... [At each rap. H.H.] "one of these sparks, or balls of fire, darted against the side of the table or on the floor, producing the rapping, and disappeared. When" [There were three raps. H. H.] "we could see three little balls of fire separate themselves from the others, run one after another, strike, and disappear... If the rap was low, a little ball of fire; just in proportion to the loudness of the rap was the size of the ball used. A loud rap evidently required a large ball of fire to explode. Having discovered this first, I called the attention of the others to the fact. This lasted for nearly one hour."

You will remember Foster's champagne baskets flying around the room (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 24). In that account it is stated that "what appeared to be electric sparks appeared in many places in the room."

Here is an account by Moses (Pr. IX, 273-4):

"..... A number of cones of soft light similar to moonlight appeared in succession, until a dozen or more had been made. They presented the appearance of a nucleus of soft, yellow light, surrounded by a soft haze. They sailed up from a corner of the room and gradually died out. The most con-

spicuous was shaped like a mitre and was 8 or 9 inches in height.... We determined to extemporise a cabinet for the purpose of developing them."

Why "a cabinet"? One does not seem to have been generally essential to the production of lights by Moses, and does seem to have been generally essential to the production of anything by mediums more open to suspicion.

"This was simply done by throwing open the door between two rooms, and hanging in the doorway a curtain with a square aperture in the middle of it. On one side of the curtain a table was put for the sitters; on the other side I was placed in an easy-chair, and was soon in a state of deep trance, from which I never woke until the séance was concluded. What then took place is described in the records of friends who were present. Large globes of light... sailed out of the aperture and went into the room where the sitters were placed. They are described as of the same soft, pale hue, like moonlight. They were sufficiently bright to illumine the lintel and door-posts, and to cast a strong reflection into the room. Within the gauzy envelope was a bright point of concentrated light, and the size varied considerably. The cone shape predominated, but some were like a dumbbell, and others like a mass of luminous vapor revolving round and falling over a central nucleus of soft, yellow light. They seem to have been carried in a materialized hand, a finger of which was shown at request by placing it in front of the nucleus of light. Round each was soft drapery, the outline of which was usually perfectly distinct."

Dr. Thomson of Clifton added the following (Pr. IX, 274) :

"The appearance of the light reminded me strongly of what I have seen when an electric discharge is passed through an exhausted tube, with the exception, of course, of the latter being momentary, whereas in the present case the light continued more or less for nearly an hour....."

Later Moses says (Pr. IX, 331) :

"I had been very anxious to try the duration of the light, because an imitation of such lights is made by phosphorized oil; but lights so made are of very brief duration. I believe that a favorable trial would show that Mentor's" [another "spirit" whom we shall know better later. H. H.] "light would last seven or eight minutes."

Sir William Crookes says (*Researches*, 91) :

"These, being rather faint, generally require the room to be darkened. I need scarcely remind my readers again that,

under these circumstances, I have taken proper precautions to avoid being imposed upon by phosphorized oil, or other means. Moreover, many of these lights are such as I have tried to imitate artificially, but cannot.

"Under the strictest test conditions, I have seen a solid self-luminous body, the size and nearly the shape of a turkey's egg, float noiselessly about the room, at one time higher than anyone present could reach standing on tiptoe, and then gently descend to the floor. It was visible for more than ten minutes, and before it faded away it struck the table three times with a sound like that of a hard, solid body. During this time the medium was lying back, apparently insensible, in an easy-chair.

"I have seen luminous points of light darting about and settling on the heads of different persons.... I have seen sparks of light rising from the table to the ceiling, and again falling upon the table, striking it with an audible sound."

Compare Foster's audible lights, a couple of pages back. There are many similar cases.

Professor Alexander says (Pr. VII, 183):

"A beautiful, transparent, bluish light... was one evening seen by all, except Mr. Davis himself, playing on his left shoulder. At my desire it moved to the right shoulder, but seemed to have some difficulty in staying there.... The room at the time was partially darkened, but not enough to hinder us from plainly distinguishing the features of the persons present."

Dr. Speer says (Pr. IX, 275-6):

"..... He told me to rub my hands so as to generate more power, and very soon another large light... appeared....."

"The way of renewing the light when it grew dim was by making passes over it with the hand... They... seemed to be more easily and fully developed when I rubbed my hands together or on my coat."

This seems to correlate the lights definitely enough with the other modes of force manifested by the medium. I assume that the force came from Moses through Speer, though that may be superfluous: all people are supposed to have some power to gather and transmit electricity, and Moses's initiative may have been enough for the as yet mysterious force. These lights, however, were unlike any electric lights we know, except those in vacuum tubes.

Lights, like sounds, have been in evidence so much more

frequently in connection with ostensible intelligence, that I leave farther consideration of them to that branch of the subject, though we have already found the two inevitably somewhat tangled together.

Temperatures

Shall we class as molar or molecular, the motion of air? It is inseparably connected with phenomena of both heat and cold, and therefore is both. As the reader will frequently meet cases hereafter, I will not take the trouble to group them.

As a specimen, however, take the following from Sir William Crookes's *Researches*, 86:

"These movements, and indeed I may say the same of every kind of phenomenon," [telekinetic and telepsychic? H. H.] "are generally preceded by a peculiar cold air, sometimes amounting to a decided wind. I have had sheets of paper blown about by it, and a thermometer lowered several degrees. On some occasions... I have not detected any actual movement of the air, but the cold has been so intense that I could only compare it to that felt when the hand has been within a few inches of frozen mercury."

Similar allegations are made in connection with the manifestations of most, if not all, of the mediums.

Passing Matter Through Matter

Here are the alleged cases from Sir William Crookes (*Researches*, pp. 96-7):

"..... I then went to the dining-room door, and telling the two boys to go into the library and proceed with their lessons, I closed the door behind them, locked it, and (according to my usual custom at séances) put the key in my pocket.

"We sat down, Miss Fox being on my right hand and the other lady on my left, ... in total darkness, I holding Miss Fox's two hands in one of mine the whole time. ... We all heard the tinkling of a bell, not stationary, but moving about in all parts of the room, ... now touching me on the head, and now tapping against the floor. After ringing about the room in this manner for fully five minutes, it fell upon the table close to my hands.

"I remarked that it could not be my little hand-bell which was ringing, for I left that in the library. (Shortly before Miss Fox came I had occasion to refer to a book, which

was lying on a corner of a book-shelf. The bell was on the book, and I put it on one side to get the book. That little incident had impressed on my mind the fact of the bell being in the library.) The gas was burning brightly in the hall outside the dining-room door, so that this could not be opened without letting light into the room, even had there been an accomplice in the house with a duplicate key, which there certainly was not.

"I struck a light. There, sure enough, was my own bell lying on the table before me. I went straight into the library. A glance showed that the bell was not where it ought to have been. I said to my eldest boy, 'Do you know where my little bell is?' 'Yes, papa,' he replied, 'there it is,' pointing to where I had left it. He looked up as he said this, and then continued, 'No—it's not there, but it was there a little time ago.' 'How do you mean?—has anyone come in and taken it?' 'No,' said he, 'no one has been in; but I am sure it was there, because when you sent us in here out of the dining-room J.' (the youngest boy) 'began ringing it so that I could not go on with my lessons, and I told him to stop.' J. corroborated this, and said that, after ringing it, he put the bell down where he had found it."

Sir William gives another where Home was the agent, in Pr. VI.

This is from Stainton Moses (Pr. IX, 306, note) :

"April 2d. The medium was greatly convulsed, and suddenly a large stone was rolled violently across the table and fell on Mr. Percival's knee. The stone had been brought from the hall through a locked door, every hand at the table being held during the process. Mr. Percival had been anxious to have a proof of 'matter passing through matter,' and this indeed was a solid one, as the stone was very large and heavy.—M. S." (Dr. [Mrs.?] Speer.)

Podmore gives another instance (*Modern Spiritualism*, II, 69) :

"Communicated to the Dialectical Society by Mr. Fusedale: ... The children and my wife would see the things they [the "spirits." H.H.] ... took (in particular a brooch of my wife's) appear to pass through solid substances, such as the wall or the doors."

If matter can pass through matter, the fundamental established axiom regarding it—that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, is mistaken, and our notions

regarding matter must be revised—we must face the question if the molecules of one body can pass through the intermolecular spaces of another without either body losing its shape. The X-rays suggest some sort of an answer. The same is true with a vengeance, if there is a substantial foundation for the reports of materialization, and perhaps our later consideration of them may give us a clue towards an explanation of the new aspects of the subject.

Materialization

Home, Foster, Stainton Moses, and perhaps one or two other agents in good standing, are alleged to have caused momentary phenomena (no lasting ones are yet alleged to have been produced) possessing one or more of the attributes heretofore associated with matter—such as visibility, audibility, odor, taste, temperature, texture, and resistance to pressure; and there are several well-known agents of questionable standing who claim to have done the same, among whom Eusapia Palladino is most prominent.

Probably the majority of investigators now accept what we will provisionally call the other forms of telekinesis as fact, and are trying to correlate them with our previous knowledge. Materialization, on the other hand, they are still trying to account for by trickery and illusion. And yet what little character Home had, seems to have been so sincere! And Stainton Moses, had he been a fraud (which nothing told about him seems to encourage), would hardly have been contented to defraud so small a circle; and as to poor Eusapia Palladino, she is her own worst enemy, and that New York report for many reasons cannot quite overbalance the earlier reports.

One of the men who joined in it told me that he did so with a mental reservation, and I am credibly informed that another confessed the same. The first one told me that he passed his hands between the floor and the legs of a table raised by Eusapia, and found the space absolutely free; also that the table could not have been lifted from above by any known agency, unless telekinesis may be accounted a known agency. From the evidence, I believe that whatever

Eusapia's frauds, some of her manifestations of telekinesis were genuine. This raises some presumption that some of her materializations may have been too. I don't see, however, that it makes much difference whether they were or not: the evidence of her fraud does not fatally detract from the credibility of the witnesses in the other cases.

I am not at all prepared to deprecate the efforts to hunt up tricks; at the same time, after the impossibilities that have become the whole world's actualities during the last forty years, there does seem about as much justification for working provisionally on the hypothesis that a respectably vouched-for marvel is true, as upon the old one that it is false.

It may eventually seem that the claims of materialization may gain a little strength from the possibility that it may be a corollary of telekinesis. The case for materialization, however, is different from that for the simpler forms of telekinesis. That is enough to convince anybody but the class of skeptics who take nothing on testimony unless they have experienced the like themselves, and are much more energetic in denying the experience of others than in enlarging their own. There are scores, probably hundreds, of mediums who have given well attested cases of molar and molecular telekinesis, but there are hardly half a dozen whose cases of materialization are worthy of any consideration. To begin a few well supported instances with a very mild example:

From Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 64):

"A gentleman, accompanied by two ladies dressed in deep mourning, visited Mr. Foster.... The séance had only continued a short time when the elder lady said, 'Sarah Jane, behave yourself, and stop hunching me.' 'Why, mother, I am not hunching you, I am hunched myself.' Hundreds have testified that while attending the séances they have been touched by a hand, on the forehead, on the shoulder, or knee. Was it imagination or a fact?"

If this phenomenon was genuine, Foster produced the distinguishing effect of matter—resistance—of which more later. But this is the only case from Foster I recall, and Bartlett overlooked it when he told me that all the materialization he had seen (obviously from others) was fraudulent.

As we shall see later, materialized hands are quite generally alleged to accompany the lights in the Moses phenomena.

In the notes already quoted from Sir William Crookes, some indications of "materialization" have incidentally appeared. Here are some more (Pr. VI, 106, *et seq.*):

"Mr. A. R. Wallace then asked for 'Home, Sweet Home.' A few bars of this air were immediately sounded. He looked under the table and said he saw a hand distinctly moving the instrument" [An accordion. H. H.] "up and down, and playing on the keys. Mr. Home had one hand on the table and was holding the top end of the accordion, whilst Mr. A. R. Wallace saw this hand at the bottom end where the keys were.

"We then heard a rustling noise on a heliotrope which was growing in a flower-pot standing on the table between Mr. Home and Mrs. Wm. Crookes. On looking round, Mrs. Wm. Crookes saw what appeared to be a luminous cloud on the plant. (Mr. Home said it was a hand.) We then heard the crackling as of a sprig being broken off, and then a message came:—

"'Four Ellen.'

"Immediately the white luminous cloud was seen to travel from the heliotrope to Mrs. Wm. C.'s hand, and a small sprig of the plant was put into it. She had her hand then patted by a delicate female hand. She could not see the hand itself, but only a halo of luminous vapor over her hand."

"A hand was seen by some, and a luminous cloud by others," [Did anybody see Polonius's whale? Clouds look very different to different people, especially to believers and disbelievers. H. H.] "pulling the flowers about which were in a stand on the table. A flower was then seen to be carried deliberately and given to Mrs. Wm. Crookes."

The following is from Sir William Crookes' *Researches*, pp. 92-3:

"The hands and fingers do not always appear to me to be solid and life-like. Sometimes, indeed, they present more the appearance of a nebulous cloud partly condensed into the form of a hand. This is not equally visible to all present. For instance, a flower or other small object is seen to move; one person present will see a luminous cloud hovering over it, another will detect a nebulous-looking hand, whilst others will see nothing at all but the moving flower. I have more than once seen, first an object move, then a luminous cloud appear to form about it, and, lastly, the cloud condense into shape and become a perfectly-formed hand. At this stage, the hand is visible to all present. It is not always a mere form, but sometimes appears perfectly life-like and graceful, the

fingers moving and the flesh apparently as human as that of any in the room. At the wrist, or arm, it becomes hazy, and fades off into a luminous cloud.

"To the touch, the hand sometimes appears icy cold and dead; at other times, warm and life-like, grasping my own with the firm pressure of an old friend.

"I have retained one of these hands in my own, firmly resolved not to let it escape. There was no struggle or effort made to get loose, but it gradually seemed to resolve itself into vapor, and faded in that manner from my grasp."

Dr. Speer says regarding Moses (Pr. IX, 275):

"..... The medium was entranced, and the controlling spirit informed me that he would endeavor to place the light in the medium's hand. Failing in this, he said he would knock on the table in front of me. Almost immediately a light came and stood on the table close to me. 'You see; now listen, I will knock.' Very slowly the light rose up, and struck three distinct blows on the table. 'Now I will show you my hand.' A large, very bright light then came up, and inside of it appeared the materialized hand of the spirit... The power having become exhausted, he exhorted me to wake the medium."

From Moses. (Pr. IX, 311-12):

"*Sunday Evening, May 18th, 1873.*... Scent was brought, not as before, but by a cool wind laden with the odor. It was like otto [*Sic* for attar. H.H.] of roses, very powerful. As it passed round the circle Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I saw a figure carrying it apparently. I also saw a figure in the middle of the table when the lyre sound was heard there."

It seems to me that all these odors we are about smell more of imagination than of anything else. We shall meet them again.

(Pp. 309-10): "*Wednesday, May 7th, 1873.*... We all saw a hand descend from the top of the curtain and play the accordion. It was a large hand, and its reflection on the window-blind was strong. After this a head showed in similar way. When Mrs. Crookes was told to go into the room and occupy the chair... a form was materialized as far as the middle. It floated near the folding doors, and advanced towards Mrs. Crookes, who screamed, and it vanished.

"Mrs. Crookes, to whom I (F. W. H. Myers) have shown this account, makes the following comments (Pr. IX, 310-11):

"..... Mr. Home then left me and stood between the two rooms. The accordion was immediately taken from his hand

by a cloudy appearance, which soon seemed to condense into a distinct human form, clothed in a filmy drapery, standing near Mr. Home between the two rooms. The accordion began to play (I do not remember whether on this occasion there was any recognized melody), and the figure gradually advanced towards me till it almost touched me, playing continuously. It was semi-transparent, and I could see the sitters through it all the time. Mr. Home remained near the sliding doors. As the figure approached I felt an intense cold, getting stronger as it got nearer," [We shall meet much of this change of temperature later. H. H.] "and as it was giving me the accordion I could not help screaming. The figure immediately seemed to sink into the floor to the waist, leaving only the head and shoulders visible, still playing the accordion, which was then about a foot off the floor. Mr. Home and my husband came to me at once, and I have no clear recollection of what then occurred, except that the accordion did not cease playing immediately.

"Mr. Serjeant Cox was rather angry at my want of nerve, and exclaimed: 'Mrs. Crookes, you have spoilt the finest manifestation we have ever had.' I have always regretted that my want of presence of mind brought the phenomena to so abrupt a termination."

"*Thursday, December 12th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and I (M.)—The séance was short. I questioned Imperator" [A "spirit" of whom we shall learn more hereafter. H. H.] "as to a vision I had had on the previous night. He said that he had appeared to me. He was somewhat different in appearance to what had been described. I asked whether I should see him again. He knocked out: 'Watch.' The clouds of light, which had gathered as usual round me, lifted and went to my right hand. They condensed gradually into a pillar, and finally into a form, majestic, stately, and noble in mien. The body was draped as with a toga, though that might simply have been the spirit drapery. The right arm was extended and pointed towards me. The face was the face of my vision, though not so distinct. I asked that I might be touched, and the figure slowly stepped towards me, but did not touch me. Finally it faded away very gradually until it was dissipated in luminous mist. Dr. and Mrs. S. saw misty light; but nothing more. I asked who it was, and 'Myself' was rapped, but in Imperator's knocks."

Vastly more impressive than the child's "It's me," but not a whit more intelligent.

Imperator knew a language not evolved till a couple of thousand years after his death. So they are learning in the other world!

In the many cases of which a few are here given, Home and Stainton Moses are, so far as I know, the only persons (except Foster in the foregoing very mild case) who are said to have produced materializations without the conjunction of cabinets, curtains, partial darkness, and other accessories favorable to illusion. Eusapia Palladino's manifestations have all been open to these objections, as well as to the one from her frequent trickery. On the assumption, however, that any materializations have been genuine, there is room for some plausible guessing as to their relations to known modes of force.

As has been seen, hands, limbs, faces, and entire human figures seem to appear. Sometimes objects are moved by apparently material hands. These hands are grasped by the company. Sometimes they feel natural, sometimes cold and clammy. All these phenomena are classed as "materializations." Now what do we so far know of "materialization"—of "matter"? It has been followed down through atoms, molecules, ions, until the latest view is that each portion of it is an aggregate of units of force. All the phenomena of matter that we know of, save resistance, we have long known as manifestations of force in vibration—heat waves, light waves, sound waves, and the rest; and now resistance seems to have been reduced, with the rest, to a mode of force. Our conceptions are gradually changing from those of two universes of, respectively, "matter" and "mind," to a single universe of vibrations, all of it, of course, objective to consciousness, as of old. Of the greater harmony of the later conception with our latest knowledge, there seems little question, but it is as revolutionary as was the conception of evolution from inferior ancestors; and, while it is not as repugnant to our habitual feelings as, at first, was the Darwinian conception, it will take some time to make the unified universe of vibrations a permanent and consistent factor in our thinking. But that it will in time become not only that, but a welcome and fruitful one, seems highly possible.

Till lately we have supposed we knew two worlds—one of mind, and one—which includes our own bodies—external to mind. Each of these worlds has always been at bottom

a mystery, and the relation between them a mystery. Each produces phenomena in the other, and yet to imagine mind and matter turning into each other, is very difficult, and until lately has been impossible. But now it really does seem as if the division between them might be but superficial and often merely one of those provisional lines with which our minds are constantly dividing, in the effort to conquer, the essential unity of Nature.

In the chase that analysis and hypothesis have made after the smallest particle of matter, they now seem to have chased all the particles away, and found nothing really there but psychical influences that awaken in us the psychical effects which we call resistance, roughness, smoothness, form, color, etc., etc., just as in our visions, sleeping or waking, we experience those same sensations, without the intervention of any particle of "matter." If there is, then, after all, but one source of sensation—mind acting on mind, "materialization" is not impossible, and there is no longer any necessity for reading libraries to find out that we don't know how mind can act on body, or body on mind.

Now as, in our experience, mechanical energy, muscular energy, nervous energy, heat, light, electrical power, and the rest, are constantly transmuted into each other, is it not easily conceivable that any one of them may be transmutable into resistance to pressure? Nay, a step farther, is it improbable that the telekinetic force may belong with the rest in a mutually interchangeable group, which can produce on our waking perceptions as well as in our dreams, all the effects which, in certain combinations, we recognize as "matter"? On this hypothesis, the force manifested by or through the materializers can (not inconsistently) be assumed to manifest itself as "matter," including such aggregates of force as we are familiar with in the forms which usually perform certain functions—as hands which move things.

Another guess. The supply of force connected with any one materializer is, of course, limited. Even the alleged "messages" through the mediums assert that, and the accompanying phenomena illustrate it. When, on hypothesis, the telekinetic mode is transmuted into the modes which, in certain combinations and proportions, impress us as "matter," that

impression can last no longer than the amount of force available for the effect, holds out. Hence the force which manifests itself as a hand grasped by the sitter, gradually becomes exhausted—that is, gradually changes, as all modes of force do, into other modes—and the hand “fades” away.

Still another guess. The aggregate of modes of force—waves of light, heat, resistance, etc., which produce the impression of, say, a hand or a complete human form, with its drapery if you please—of all those modes, only enough may be present, at any moment, to produce a portion of the phenomena usually impressing us as matter. The heat-mode may be absent, and the “hand” feels cold. The sight-mode alone may be present, the resistance-mode lacking, and the sitter’s hand passes through the only partially “materialized” hand, or the partially materialized human figure; or the spectator, trying to grasp the human figure that he sees, passes through it.

Somewhere about the middle sixties, I saw a play or two at Wallack’s, in which the visible elements, without the audible and incompressible ones, were successfully introduced by optical machinery. Moving figures apparently as “real” as the actual actors, were placed on the stage, and the actual actors walked right through them.

The apparent hands or more complete figures which oppose no resistance, nevertheless are said to move objects. Even if they do, it is consistent with the hypothesis that, at such moments, the resistance-mode of force is temporarily added to the sight-mode.

We even appear to have the resistance-mode separated from all the others—e.g., from visibility, etc. (Cf. Foster’s case *ante*.) I doubt if anybody can believe the account of the attempt at independent writing by the pencil and the lath on pages 176-7, and similar cases, without assuming an invisible and an inaudible but resisting agent, or even personality, handling the two objects. This conception is something more than mere unthinking anthropomorphism.

Now a question, in regard to which perhaps the reader will prefer to do his own guessing. If the alleged partial and temporary manifestations of human figures do really come through the thinking and feeling entities called Home,

Moses, and many others, whence come the complete and life-long manifestations of human beings that we know and are? Was Carlyle stretching language very far in calling us all spirits? "Ghosts," I believe, was his word. Do not our latest knowledge and best thinking result in the idea—old in many forms—that we are but expressions of a measureless force which is ourselves and also behind ourselves? Would any person given to the old phraseology be very fantastic in calling us thoughts of the divine mind?

Please notice that hitherto this exposition, so far as I have been able to keep the threads distinct in spite of the inevitable tangle with "spiritualism," has referred simply to a mode, or modes, of force, manifested, or alleged to be manifested, like electricity and magnetism, in mechanical action, and in the production of lights and sounds; and, unlike any modes of force previously known, in the production, without the use of matter, of objects sometimes resisting pressure and sometimes showing other attributes of matter. The word "spirit" and its derivatives have been used a few times, generally in passages quoted, as, at the present stage of human intelligence, it is inevitable it should be in the discussion of any phenomena not yet correlated with familiar ones. So far, however, we have really simply encountered nothing more than new modes of force. As far as concerns the merely kinetic side, the production of motion in masses or molecules, it seems already as well correlated with the other modes of force we know, as, say, the electromagnetic mode was a century ago: for:

(I) We know its source, which is the human organism: for it is manifested only in the presence of specially endowed human beings, and never, so far as we know, in their absence, though Sir William Crookes thinks that probably *all* human beings have it, some, however, in inappreciable amounts, and I have already suggested the possibility of its existence in other animals. Much testimony indicates the possibility of one person—possibly only a specially endowed one, collecting the power from others. So with electricity.

(II) We know that it is a mode of chemical energy stored up in food and air, and is extracted from them by human

beings, just as muscular and some kinds of intellectual force are.

(III) We know approximately, that it is quantitatively transmuted from those possessing it: for their other modes of force are depleted in apparent, though not yet closely-tested, proportion to the manifestations of this one.

So far as we have got, then, there is nothing more supernatural or "spiritual" about the mode of force known as telekinetic, than about any other; and we can expect to keep on correlating it with the other modes, as we have correlated each of them with their fellows, and also to get practical advantages from it as we have from them.

Magnetism is unquestionably telekinetic, and it might not be a strain of language to call electricity so, and even heat and light. So the mere capacity to act without contact does not necessarily entitle the new force more than any of the others, to the name.

As magnetic auræ seem at last to be established, and as the new mode of force has also been associated with auræ and other lights without heat, its association with magnetism seems very close; and as it is, so far as we know, manifested only by human beings, anthro-po-magnetism might be a good name for it; but as there is a strong probability that it may also exist, as electricity does, in some, if not all, of the lower animals, a more general name would perhaps be safer, and I have already used zoömagnetism. I had written this word several times before I knew that Dr. Liébeault had used it in a widely different connection, now virtually obsolete. I prefer to stick to it until mine too becomes obsolete, especially as, whatever may be the defects of such a name, it is a step toward embracing this new mode of force in the "natural," and correlating it with the modes we know better.

But have we not merely got back to our old discarded acquaintance Animal Magnetism, seeking to be restored to credit under a new Greek first-name? No: this is an entirely different character, and the different name may perhaps be found to have uses that more than counterbalance the objections to its old associations.

The suspicion that the so-called telekinetic force may be magnetic, not only suggests its correlation with the modes

of force generally recognized under that name, but with some other modes which are yet but faintly recognized, or regarded as illusions or frauds.

These other modes would be partly explained if it should be found that heat in contact with a living human body possessing marked telekinetic power, can be converted into telekinetic power and stored in the system. But to complete the explanation, Home's non-combustion of the handkerchief, recited some pages farther on, would also have to be accounted for: so a more probable hypothesis would be that zoömagnetism is repellent of heat, and can be conveyed to vegetable fiber generally, as we have abundant evidence that it can to wood.

These questions will probably soon be settled in the laboratory. I am surprised that they do not appear to have already received more attention from such men as Sir William Crookes and Sir William Barrett. They may have had it, however, without the investigators being yet ready to report, although the former has lately said, in effect, that for many years he has been kept so busy with the old modes of force that he has had little time for the new ones.

Possible Uses of Telekinesis

If an electric eel were to make himself disagreeable to a tadpole, the tadpole would probably not gain from the experience a very definite idea of the mode of force which moves the Morse recording instrument, the telephone, the trolley-car, the electric autos on land and water and in air, and the "wireless." The boys of whom I was one, who saw the playing with the same force in the Yale laboratory in the early sixties, had practically little more idea of its later uses than the tadpole would have; and indeed Galvani, Volta, and Ampère could not have had much more realization than we boys had, of the possibilities lurking in the novel phenomena which attracted their attention.

The new modes of force we have been considering may have possibilities even more revolutionary than those of galvanism and electricity. It seems not unreasonable to presume that so far as the occurrences grouped, perhaps unwarrantably, under the name of telekinesis, surpass in interest the picking

up of paper by glass or amber rubbed with silk, or even the modest laboratory performances which were all that was known of electricity fifty years ago, that far at least will zoömagnetism eventually expand our reactions with the universe beyond the expansion given to them by electricity.

We may, even at the risk of "the dignity of letters," amuse ourselves with a few of the possibilities: young couples could place the furniture in their new flats independently of the servant problem; the mountains might not be made to come to Mahomet, instead of Mahomet's being obliged to go to them, but many smaller things could be brought, even perhaps through obstacles that are now as impermeable by matter as we once supposed them to be by light and electricity; non-swimmers could (as we shall learn(?) in the next chapter) levitate themselves above water, though perhaps it would be too bold a flight to imagine those going down to the sea in ships lifting themselves and their ships over the shoals or off from the rocks, though persons threatened by runaway horses, automobiles, or trolleys, or railroad trains could simply levitate themselves over the dangerous objects, if indeed there should be need of encountering such objects: for levitation might make most human transits, if they were no longer than the limits imposed by food supply and digestive power, aerial instead of terrestrial, though it is not yet time to sell out aeroplane stock at a loss; we might not, for lack of matches, have to go smokeless with tobacco in our pockets, or fireless with fuel on hand, though the indications of the new force being mutable into heat are as yet scant: the evidence regarding its power, or some kindred power, to *resist* heat is, however, more positive, as we shall soon see. If that power becomes developed at the outset of conflagrations, a man could render himself to some extent immune against injury by fire, often long enough to escape danger, and perhaps could even be his own fire extinguisher. As to light, in an unanticipated and often dangerous darkness, the human system could supply its own.

These suggestions are of course as much jokes as prophecies, but what would have seemed forty years ago, suggestions of the electric light, the trolley-car, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy?

CHAPTER XI

MOLAR TELEPSYCHIC TELEKINESIS

THOUGH I have tried to restrict myself to physical matters, we have already found them inevitably tangled up with psychic ones. In fact I doubt if we know of one independently of the other—if their separation is anything more than one of the provisional mental processes which we have so often found classification to be. And yet until the recent strong indications that the incompressibility of matter is, like its visibility and other sense impressions, but vibration, the gulf between mind and matter was largely regarded as impassable; but now it is very doubtful if the mind can really make a coherent conception of any such impassable gulf. Nevertheless from some points of view it seems impassable, and I have already spoken of it as such, and flatly guessed the other way.

Here on the vague borderland of knowledge we get as badly mixed up as if we were philosophers; but then we acknowledge it. And though the borderland moves outward, those who enter it at any stage, always must get mixed up. Some of them have made all the discoveries, nevertheless.

An impassable gulf between the physical and the psychical had long been regarded as necessary to the possibility of an immortal soul in a mortal body. It was held that without that impassable gulf, the body must drag down the soul with the body's death. It does not seem to have entered into anybody's mind that the vibrations constituting body might in time even take on the qualities of soul, unless indeed there was some such guess symbolized in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. On re-reading the foregoing sentence after some months, I find it, like many sentences more nearly famous, rather deficient in clear meaning. Yet in these gropings we must constantly encounter vague impressions, and it may be well to let some of them stand in the

hope that here and there may be one which in time will turn out a clue to something.

The telekinetic force we have been considering has a peculiarity that, so far as I know, was never until about the middle of the last century, generally associated with the manifestation of any recognized mode of force. We have been accustomed to intelligent reactions from human beings, sometimes *through* inanimate things obviously regulated by them; but through telekinesis we are getting intelligent reactions *from* inanimate things without the intelligence behind them being clearly understood.

At first, the common inference was of course that the things were moved by "spirits," but many of the best investigators incline to the opinion that the intelligence regulating the movements was the intelligence initiating them—that the medium, perhaps involuntarily, makes the intelligent reactions.

That may be true, but anybody who knows anything about it (which but few people have taken the trouble to) knows at least that if the only intelligence concerned is that of the medium, the intelligence does not always act through the muscles, or even the will.

Perhaps it is well to say before beginning on these things, that I have no settled opinion regarding the source of this ostensible intelligence. So far, my opinion has inclined much more strongly to a "rationalistic" than toward a "spiritistic" interpretation. I don't think much of that pair of words, however: for I don't see why "spiritualism" is inevitably not rational, though it has not yet been proved so, to my satisfaction at least. Yet fairness compels me to admit that I begin with a bias. For reasons that I cannot tell in evidential detail, though I will later give an idea of their general nature, I believe, as far as I believe anything imperfectly verified, that the soul survives the body; and therefore I must of course consider telekinetic phenomena indicating intelligence, under the bias of that belief. I can say, however, that so far, I do not regard them as demonstrating the belief, or even strongly supporting it.

Amid the tangled phenomena of telekinetics, we have already met some hints of intelligent manifestations. We will

now proceed directly to them. We shall have occasion to go over much of the ground we have been over before, though with new crops on it.

Intelligent "Table-tipping," etc.

First as to some molar phenomena: P——'s music-stand, it will be remembered, tilted in answer to questions, and I attributed it to P——'s unconsciously releasing the telekinetic force to answer his own questions.

Let us now return to the Davis children. From Professor Alexander's account of those interesting young persons, part of which was given on pages 103 and 147, I purposely withheld some passages, in order that I might present them here to illustrate the manifestation of ostensible answering consciousness. He says that the table's

"sudden emphatic movements... often meant, according to the usual 'yes' or 'no' signals [Usually one rap for No and three for Yes. H.H.] approval or disapproval of assertions made in the conversation."

It would have been interesting to note whether the table represented the views of the mediums. Elsewhere he says (Pr. VII, 176):

"On one occasion, a light three-footed table was inverted; and my hands, with those of Mr. Davis, Mrs. Davis, and the two girls, were lightly placed on each of the feet. Care was taken to see that no one did more than just touch the feet of the table; and, under these conditions, it sprang rapidly from the floor into the lap of one of the sitters, and thence to the floor again, repeating this manœuvre for each of us in turn. In the Thursday evening séances it was common for the table to place itself in the necessary position on our sitting down to it, either immediately before or after our hands had been placed on its surface."

Here the table followed the natural inclinations of the sitters.

Again the same apparent effect (Ibid., p. 177):

"A favorite dog... was seated on a chair... I jokingly challenged the invisible influence so to move the chair that the dog might be obliged to jump down. Nothing happened for a minute or so, when the dog left the chair—apparently of its

own accord. Two or three seconds elapsed after it had sprung to the ground; and then the chair tilted before us all. In the same way a child's swing, hanging in a nook of the room, was at my desire subjected to a slight but very visible oscillation."

This, too, was all in Professor Alexander's mind.

From Moses's *Researches in Spiritualism*. Quoted in Pr. IX, 260-2:

"Motion without contact, directed by evident intelligence, is seen markedly in the following instance:—I was calling on a friend, and the conversation fell on the phenomena of Spiritualism. A sitting was proposed, and nothing, or almost nothing, occurred. We were quite alone in the room, which was well lighted. We drew back from the table, intending to give up the attempt. My friend asked why nothing occurred. The table, untouched by us, rose and gently touched my throat and chest three times. I was suffering from severe bronchial symptoms, and was altogether below par. After this no rap or movement could be elicited, and we were fain to accept the explanation of our want of success."

Moses was not up to the work, and himself knew that the source of his incapacity was in his bronchial tubes. The table presumably echoed him.

In Chapter VIII it is stated that small objects from different parts of the house were "generally thrown on the table" when Moses and some friends sat. The original farther states that

"such of them, however, as would easily break, were placed quietly, and our attention was drawn to them by a request for light."

This apparently means that the séance was, as very usual, in a partly darkened room, that the objects thrown on the table themselves made noise enough to attract attention, but that when the more breakable objects were brought, the raps made the signal calling for the alphabet, and on its being given spelt out: "Light." Thus far there is nothing not easily accounted for by the agency (presumably involuntary) of the mediums. The Davis children, granted the force under their control, could have unconsciously made the table express their approval or disapproval. As one unconsciously nods or shakes one's head, so a very simple de-

sire, with hardly an intellectual element, could have brought their light table into the laps of the sitters or in a position for the circle. Similarly there need not have been more than a very simple reflex of their desire to have Professor Alexander's wishes carried out in the table tilting after the dog left it, or the swaying of the swing which he asked for.

So too with sundry tables reported as keeping time to music, or with almost any response made by the table to a question or desire naturally entertained by the medium. But as we pursue our way, it seems gradually to go outside of these possible reflexes from the medium.

In the account of Sir William Crookes' bell on page 153 the original says that before the bell was heard, the table spelt out: "We are going to bring something to show our power." Apparently there was no consciousness in the medium of what was coming.

The same is true of Stainton Moses's big stone. The original account states that its appearance was preceded by a table message: "We have brought stone. Wait."

On the face of it, these communications have much less than the preceding ones, the appearance of being reflexes from the medium.

Tables have ascribed their motions to all sorts of angels and devils apparently expressing the conceptions in the mind of the medium of the force.

Dr. Salveton's table (as reported in the *Annals of Psychological Science*, January-March, 1910) said that it was moved by "a devil named Dormon," who agreed to show himself. When asked why he did not come, the table said: "Candles." They were put out. Still he did not appear, and the table when asked the reason, said: "Gas," referring to a light in the hall which came in through the transom. This was put out. Regarding the rest of the experience, Salveton says:

"We were all excited in the extreme, but the nervous state of Barthélemy G., C., and particularly that of Gabriel D., seemed to me to be abnormal. . . . I . . . put a further preliminary question to the table. . . . Is there any danger in Dormon coming? Yes. What danger? Insanity. For all? No. For one only? Yes. Which one? D. . . Gabriel D., who had been thus named, was in a highly-strung condition, and cried out: 'I don't care.

No matter. We must go on to the end. I want to see what will happen?

"I learned later that Eugene B. had formerly had a lunatic in his family, who was a great 'table-turner,' and who asserted that these unusual movements were the work of the devil Dormon, and that he had often seen this devil, who had the appearance of a tall, beardless young man of corpse-like pallor and draped in a shroud."

This of course points to the involuntary exercise on the table of human force, either muscular or psycho-kinetic.

"I asked the table to tell Dormon" [the "devil"] "it was ill-mannered of him not to be willing to show himself without doing injury to one of us, that well-bred people did not act thus; that, in these circumstances, he had only to remain where he was, etc. Without allowing me to finish my diatribe, the table said to me, 'M—!' as in the story of Cambonne at Waterloo, and, suddenly, with a noise comparable to that of a hard blow of a mallet on a big drum of extraordinary sonorousness, the window was opened wide, the curtains not being moved at all; the heavy copper candlestick and the box of matches placed on the top of the trunk were thrown to the ground, and the wick of the candle was half-extinguished by touching the floor. . . . The table. . . began to turn, sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, at such a rate that we could not follow it and the top slipped from under our fingers. Then it began to dance a kind of waltz, and by degrees got nearer to the trunk, in front of which, on the floor, there was still the overturned box with the matches scattered about. When it reached the trunk the table raised its feet, one after the other, and let them fall with a rubbing motion, twice in each direction. After a moment I noticed that each time the feet of the table fell the head of a match exploded. I called out to my comrades to press with all their might upon the table so as to stop its movement; despite the combined weight of seven of us leaning on the table, not merely with the tips of our fingers, but with our open palms, we were not able to stop it. Then, calling out to all of them to let go, and not to touch it, I took hold of the center support of the table, turned it over in the air, and put it down with the flat top downwards on the floor and placed both my feet on it so that it was unable to move. . . . Only the heads of the matches trodden on by the table had been rubbed and bruised, without a single exception. . . . None of the matches had been touched by the feet of the table anywhere but on the head."

This is about the only account of "pure devilishness"

that I have met with. One of the sitters was in a highly strung condition, and had just been threatened with insanity.

In support of the hypothesis that the table echoes the medium, Dr. Salveton says:

"I have never observed any instance in which a sensible answer was obtained which was absolutely unknown to all the experimenters without exception. I have, on the contrary, only observed instances of replies known, supposed, or foreseen in advance, before being formulated by the table, by one of the experimenters, most frequently by the director of the experiment, sometimes also by another who appeared to play only a subordinate part.

"It was not long before we observed:—

"1. That the sooner the table began to tremble after the chain of hands had been formed around the top, the more successful was the experiment, and the more easily and accurately the replies were given. In other words, the stronger and clearer the force, whether it was the sitters' force moving the table as an echo to themselves, or was independent of them.

"2. That the replies through the table were always very correct when they were previously known to one or other of those joining hands in the circle.

"3. That the replies were always confused or absurd when the table was asked things unknown to all present.

"We formed the habit of leaving to the table itself the choice of the experimenter who was to put the question, a choice which it signified by leaning towards him.

"Every time that the choice fell upon me I noticed that the reply that the table would make to each question came into my mind before the table gave the answer, and that every time that I did not clearly foresee the reply, the table either did not answer or did not do so in an intelligible manner.

"On several occasions we asked the table the ages of some persons present (unknown to the questioner), the number of coins an experimenter had in his purse, the number of matches remaining in a partly emptied box, . . . and, *for the most part*, [*Italics mine. H.H.*] the table replied correctly."

I suspect that the part where the table did *not* reply correctly was where (as probably in the case of the matches and the coins) nobody knew the fact—that the case was, in one point, like that of the magician with my matchbox given on page 280.

I have yet to meet my first case of a superusual report of a fact not known to any human intelligence. Yet Salveton tells of the table, in answer to an inquiry for an unknown murderer, spelling out the name, occupation, and address. The name, occupation, and address were found in the Paris directory, but more than ten years having elapsed since the crime, it was too late for any proceedings. But in this case, a number of persons knew the name, occupation, and address, and if they really were connected with the murderer, that fact was known to at least the murderer himself.

Yet despite all this, Dr. Salveton says:

“A table has spelt out facts not known to any person present, but known to others. Its replies, however, were reported ‘always very correct when they were previously known to one or other of those joining hands in the circle’ and ‘always confused or absurd when the table was asked things unknown to all present.’

“I hold it to be established, though not fully demonstrated, that the motive force of the table is quite unconnected with any diabolical or supernatural intervention, and that this force is connected with the scientifically studied phenomena of hypnotism and catalepsy; by the formation of a circle of hands by the experimenters, for a longer or shorter period, this force seems to be discharged from their persons, just as electricity is discharged from several cells coupled up to form a battery, and by the application of this force the table can be made to execute movements dictated by the will of all or one unknown to themselves, or vaguely perceived by one of them only, by a sort of collective, but very feeble, hypnotism.”

The first cases I gave showed that no “cells coupled” are necessary.

Here is a more composite case from Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 117). It anticipates what will be told later of Foster's reading from folded slips, and getting visions of the personalities to whom the names belonged.

From a Washington paper, name and date not given. Mr. Bartlett, though plainly sincere, had not a historian's care in his documentation. He tells me that every newspaper account in his book which was cut out by him, is properly attributed and dated, but that he used some clippings which were sent him by others without the desirable memoranda,

and, especially in the confusion of travel, marking those often escaped him.

"When the folded slip was placed on the table, three raps indicated that the spirit corresponding to the name was present. 'Yes,' said Mr. Foster, 'it is little — —. She is your cousin, who loved you very dearly, and is very glad you came here. She points to that rocking-chair in the corner, behind me, and says she will go and sit in it. If she can, she will make it rock.'

"At this point we of course looked at the chair, but so many other 'signs and wonders' crowded upon us that in a moment we had forgotten all about it, when suddenly the lad looked up in amazement, and pointed to the distant rocking-chair, which surely enough was rocking away vigorously. When the fact was noticed and acknowledged, raps came in all parts of the room, and the sofa jumped out of place once more, as if in confirmation of our acknowledgment."

Apparently the following is a strong case for the medium being the source of the intelligence, and not some other mind behind the manifestations. In Pr. IV, 34, Professor Barrett gives an account of a séance with a lady (amateur) in Dublin, which, although interesting for the usual physical manifestations, I quote mainly for the sake of its conclusion. The phenomena began with the usual raps,

"like the ticking of a hard point on the oilcloth which covered the floor of the room.... In obedience to my request, the table raised the two legs nearest to me completely off the ground, some 8 or 10 inches, and thus suspended itself for a few moments. Again a similar act was performed on the other side. Next came a very unexpected occurrence. Whilst absolutely free from the contact of every person the table wriggled itself backward and forward, advancing towards the arm-chair in which I sat, and ultimately completely imprisoning me in my seat.... It was followed by Mr. L. and Miss I., but they were at no time touching it.....

"Addressing the table, I now asked if knocks could be given without the contact of the hand... Three knocks quickly came. The hands of both Mr. L. and Miss I. were now held up, and whilst they partially withdrew from the table, the knocks still came, not so vigorously, but still there they were. This went on for some minutes, till they ceased to be heard. A refresher was then given in the shape of a few moments' contact with the hands. Once more the knocks returned, and continued some time after the hands were

removed." [Various 'refreshers' of the force will be met with as we proceed. H. H.]

"There was always a remarkable intelligence and often a jocosity about the sounds, and when a tune was played on the piano the raps kept time to it. Suddenly, only the tips of our fingers being on the table, the heavy loo table at which we were sitting made a series of very violent prancing movements (which I could not imitate afterwards except by using both hands and all my strength); the blows were so heavy that I hurriedly stopped the performance, fearing for the safety of the gas chandelier in the room below.

"It is true the character of the pious platitudes spelt out by the table were just such as the medium herself (a Methodist) would be likely to concoct."

Sir William Crookes says (*Researches*, p. 95):

"During a *séance* with Mr. Home, a small lath, which I have before mentioned, moved across the table to me, in the light, and delivered a message to me by tapping my hand; I repeating the alphabet, and the lath tapping me at the right letters. The other end of the lath was resting on the table some distance from Mr. Home's hands.

"The taps were so sharp and clear, and the lath was evidently so well under control of the invisible power which was governing its movements, that I said, 'Can the intelligence governing the motion of this lath change the character of the movements, and give me a telegraphic message through the Morse alphabet by taps on my hand?' (I have every reason to believe that the Morse code was quite unknown to any other person present, and it was only imperfectly known to me.) Immediately I said this, the character of the taps changed, and the message was continued in the way I had requested. The letters were given too rapidly for me to do more than catch a word here and there, and consequently I lost the message; but I heard sufficient to convince me that there was a good Morse operator at the other end of the line, wherever that might be."

I don't see the impossibility of "the good Morse operator at the other end of the line" being Sir William himself, as were plainly Professor Barrett's Dublin Methodist lady, and hundreds of others, including the father of the Davis children, in a part of Professor Alexander's report.

From Crookes's *Researches*, p. 94:

"A 'good failure often teaches more than the most successful experiment.' It took place in the light, in my own room, with only a few private friends and Mr. Home present. Sev-

eral circumstances... had shown that the power that evening was strong. I therefore expressed a wish to witness the actual production of a written message such as I had heard described a short time before by a friend. Immediately an alphabetic communication was made as follows:—‘We will try.’ A pencil and some sheets of paper had been lying on the center of the table; presently the pencil rose up on its point, and after advancing by hesitating jerks to the paper fell down. It then rose and again fell. A third time it tried, but with no better result. After three unsuccessful attempts, a small wooden lath, which was lying near upon the table, slid towards the pencil, and rose a few inches from the table; the pencil rose again, and propping itself against the lath, the two together made an effort to mark the paper. It fell, and then a joint effort was again made. After a third trial the lath gave it up and moved back to its place, the pencil lay as it fell across the paper, and an alphabetic message told us:— ‘We have tried to do as you asked, but our power is exhausted.’ ”

M. Edmond Duchatel narrates in *The Annals of Psychical Science*, January-March, 1910, that he and a “psychometrist” seated at a table, got it to rap out a message from a friend three kilometres away whom he had asked to concentrate his attention on the topic at the hour appointed for the sitting, and that he got not only the message, but that he and his companion both got a pain in the shoulder from which, unknown to them, the absent friend was suffering.

While the two persons were at the table, the distant third person went to sleep (an experience almost unknown to him in day-time) and was sleepy for hours after the séance closed. He lost the pain in the shoulder when it was conveyed to the sitters.

It seems as obvious as anything in these foggy regions can be, that the message came to the “psychometrist’s” subliminal consciousness (which will be explained later, see index) and was echoed back to him by the table.

The case anticipates also our consideration of telepathy, but in the vast complexity of these phenomena, clear disentanglement and sequent arrangement are almost impossible.

It may be handy to have a word for telepathic communication with persons not present with the sitter—a wider telepathy. Some of my Grecian friends suggest teloteropathy. But this is anticipating.

Below are some of the occurrences and “messages” re-

ported by Sir William Crookes to have taken place in the presence of Home. They gave to the manifestations of molar telekinesis a "spiritual" background. These are so generally associated that it is not practicable to give a considerable idea of telekinetic phenomena without bringing in the alleged spiritual element. Most of this, perhaps all, exhibited in connection with telekinesis, I am inclined, as in my friend P——'s case, to attribute to the volition, often unconscious, of the operator.

(Pr. VI, 102): "Answers were given by raps and notes on the accordion. The alphabet being called for by five raps, the following message was spelled out: 'It is a glorious truth. It was the solace of my earth-life and the triumph over the change called death. Robert Chambers.'" "

(Ib. 107): "Mr. Home then took the accordion in his right hand in the usual manner, and placing his left on the table it was held both by Miss Douglas and Mrs. Wm. Crookes. The light was then put out, and the following message was spelt:—

"'The Four Seasons. Winter first.' 'Spring—The Birth of the Flowers.' 'Birds in Summer.'" "

"The above messages were given whilst the piece was being played. It would be impossible to give any idea of the beauty of the music, or its expressive character. During the part typifying summer, we had a beautiful accompaniment, the chirping and singing of the birds being heard along with the accordion. During autumn" [Which the spirits seem to have forgotten in the foregoing enumeration.] "we had 'The Last Rose of Summer' played.

"Home said that the spirit playing was a stranger to him. It was a high and very powerful one, and was a female who had died young.

"Mrs. Wm. Crookes said: 'Is it my cousin M——? It has flashed into my mind that it is she.'" "

"Answer by raps: 'Yes.'" "

(Ib. 114): "We soon had the message:—'We find we have no more power.' The meeting then broke up."

On another occasion:

"Mr. Home then took it in his hand, where it played, and delivered the following message by chords" [Presumably at the mention of letters of the alphabet. H. H.] "in the usual way:

"'Our joy and thankfulness to have been allowed to make our presence manifest. We thank you for your patience and we thank God for His love.'" "

(Ib. 119): "We then saw the accordion expand and contract, and heard a tune played. Mrs. Wm. Crookes and Mr. Home saw a light on the lower part of the accordion, where the keys were, and we then heard and saw the keys clicked and depressed one after the other fairly and deliberately, as if to show us that the power doing it, although invisible (or nearly so) to us, had full control over the instrument."

The following is probably the most incredible case of intelligent molar telekinesis on record. In puzzling over it, one may properly ask: If the telekinetic power can move objects without contact, move them with discrimination and force or delicacy, where is the limit to what it can do with them? The case suggests that the field may be at least as broad as human faculty. According to all we have gathered before regarding the power, I, for one, don't know whether to believe in the following alleged manifestation or not. Where is one to draw the line? The account at least indicates a direction in which to keep one's eyes open, but unlike most of what I quote from Moses, it rests on his unsupported testimony.

From Stainton Moses' memorandum book (Pr. XI, 61-2):

"August 27th, 1875. . . . Some time since a cameo was cut during a séance at Douglas House. . . . Last night the experiment was repeated under very satisfactory circumstances. . . . A long message was rapped out by Catharine [A frequent "control" of Moses. A control is an alleged spirit producing phenomena, including communications of any kind, through a medium. H.H.]. She said they had brought a shell, and were going to cut a cameo; that I was in trance 'for the night,' and that I was to be left alone till morning, and not to be told of what was done. A light was struck, and Dr. and Mrs. S. saw a shell in the middle of the table. I was in deep trance. . . . Then Mentor came and Imperator. [Two other controls whom I believe we have met before, and shall often meet later. H.H.] After he left, light was called for, and in the center of the table was a cameo and a quantity of *débris* of shell. Noises had been heard as of picking, and I saw a hand. The shell is more clearly cut than *the first*, and shows a head, laurel-crowned. It is polished inside, and shows plain marks of the graving tool. The séance lasted about an hour.

"From Mr. Moses' letter to Mrs. Speer August 1st, 1875:

"Mentor was the cunning workman who fashioned the cameo. He is not content with his work, which he says was bad, and that he can do much better. He actually carved it,

he says. And I see no reason to doubt it, seeing that I can find no limit to spirit-power. If they are allowed to work in their own way they can do almost anything. It is only when we compel them to work in lines prescribed by us that they find any difficulty."

I have deliberately transposed the chronological order of these passages, because the one now first opens the subject better.

Assuming the authenticity of the story, it is not very easy to fasten the performance on Moses's involuntary self. The power that disintegrated the particles of shell presumably came from him, an agent apparently being always required, and the most remarkable feats being performed while the agent is in trance, as Moses was on this occasion. But that he supplied the *direction* of the power—the artistic capacity—is not an hypothesis so easy to adopt: for I have met no other intimation that he had any capacity in the representative arts. The case leaves less room for the medium and more for the alleged control, than any other alleged telepsychic telekinesis I can recall.

And here at last we are face to face with the spiritistic hypothesis, and with the only choice as yet apparent, between accepting it or leaving the judgment in suspense—an art in which apparently we shall have much practice as we proceed.

This astounding story is very properly "the limit" of our attention to molar telekinetic displays of intelligence.

CHAPTER XII

MOLECULAR TELEPSYCHIC TELEKINESIS

So far as the tangled phenomena have permitted classification, we have now had illustrations of telekinetic phenomena under the heads of the unconscious molar (Chapters VIII, IX), the unconscious molecular (Chapter X), and the conscious molar (Chapter XI). Let us proceed to the conscious molecular, though so intermixed are the phenomena and the accounts of them that I have already partly anticipated that division, and question my wisdom in having attempted any division at all.

Intelligent Sounds

First, the changes in furniture, etc., which produce "raps" expressing intelligence. To begin again with the most probable, or least improbable, manifestations—those through the young and innocent.

Professor Alexander says of the Davis children (Pr. VII, 177):

"From the first outbreak of the phenomena raps were the principal means used for announcing the supposed spirit presence. They came on the floor, on the table, and, more rarely, on the walls, in signals which from the beginning were sharply individualized for each separate influence, the same individuality maintaining its characteristics throughout the sittings. As before stated, they varied in loudness from hardly perceptible ticks up to resounding blows, such as might be struck by a large wooden mallet. In the quality of some of these sounds there were also marked and persistent distinctions. . . . This individuality of the raps was early forced upon our notice; and we learnt to recognize them when heard."

(Ib. 179): "The same blows came, but with even more intensity; and they were finally requested by Mrs. Davis from another room not to make so much noise, as they would wake the children who were sleeping in other parts of the house. The blows seemed to Mr. Davis to shake the whole building.

"..... Mr. Davis tapped out the alphabet from A to Z and

the numbers 1 to 0 in Morse signals. At each letter given the same sound was exactly imitated, the raps coming again near the elder girl on the floor at the other end of the room. The imitation was, indeed, so perfect that Mr. Davis declared it was his own 'sending.'

Mr. Davis was an expert telegrapher, and it seems not improbable that through sympathies which often accompany zoömagnetic power, and which will be dealt with later, it really was, unconsciously, his own "sending," via the children, especially in view of the following paragraph (Cf. Home's lath, in the last chapter) :

"Nevertheless, no *message* was given in Morse signals, the reason affirmed being that, as the medium did not know telegraphy, they could not use her for that purpose. Now, Mr. Davis was the only person present who knew anything at all about Morse signals.... One only mistake was made at the letter Q, which was, however, correctly given the second time. All the other letters were smartly reproduced without the slightest hesitation.... Mr. X. found, when he tried alone, that, although he knew telegraphy well, he could not kick out the signals with his feet.....

"I may say that, in spite of the many little proofs we had obtained of the genuineness of our phenomena, my attitude and that of Mr. Davis towards each repetition of the manifestations was always one of watchful suspicion. Protests were often made by the influences at work; and it was affirmed that we hindered their action by our persistent doubts."

This necessity for faith—for freedom from "doubts" of course suggests necessity of a willingness to be gulled, and was generally so interpreted in the days when we were even more ignorant than we are now. The topic will be discussed more fully later.

Raps very generally come in answer to questions. In the account (see in Chapter X) of Foster's percussive lights, the original said, in place of the words I first put in brackets: "When a question was asked, and the answer was no, which was signified by one rap," and, in the other place "the answer was yes," and the account, as I gave it, was followed by:

"We asked the raps to come as rapidly as possible, which was done, dozens of them racing one after another, with scarcely any intermission. Then we asked the raps to come deliberately, then slow, which was immediately complied with.

That night's experience satisfied me forever that there were raps produced through an agency which has not yet been explained satisfactorily."

The raps produced in Mr. Armstrong's presence (page 146) are said in the original account, to have come on his "expressing a wish," and he farther says:

"I could at will cause these sounds to cease or reappear, one, two, three, or any number I demanded, and, stranger still, I could induce a succession of knocks of various degrees of intensity and so delivered as to 'knock out' with wonderful accuracy any tune I asked for. I can now recall amongst many such the airs of 'Not for Joe,' and 'The Blue-bells of Scotland,' as especially well marked."

Apparently this manifestation of nerve force is sometimes as involuntary as that in St. Vitus's dance, as illustrated in the following from the *Autobiography of a Journalist*, by W. J. Stillman, the well-known artist and author, who was for a long time our Consul in Crete (I, 189-90):

"We heard of a remarkable case in the circle of our own acquaintance which had been kept from public knowledge as far as possible by the aversion to publicity of the father of the subject, my brother's chief foreman. She was a girl of fourteen, of a timid and nervous organization, who had suffered great annoyance by the persistence of the rappings about her wherever she might be; at first in her bedroom, but finally to her great dismay in the class-rooms of the primary public school of New York, in which she held the position of assistant teacher.... The rappings caused such fright amongst the school children that she was menaced with dismissal if they did not cease. She implored the agency which was responsible for the sounds to leave her alone at school and do what seemed best to them at home, and the rappings did actually cease at school."

An apparent instance of the well-known reactive effect of prayer on the organism.

From Sir Wm. Crookes (Pr. VI, 121), after an account of a séance with Home:

"Raps then said:—'We must go.' The raps then commenced loudly all over the room and got fainter and fainter until they became inaudible."

(Ib. 122): "Miss Douglas said:—'Dear spirits, how pleased you would have been had you lived to witness the progress Spiritualism is now making.' Immediately a message was given in reply:—'We are not dead!'."

"I felt touched strongly on the knee by something feeling like fingers. On putting my hand down a sheet of paper was put into it. I said:—'Is anything written on it?' 'Yes.' It being too dark to see what was written, I asked that it might be told me by raps, and on repeating the alphabet I got the following:—'Retojdourdanield.' On striking a light the following was seen neatly written:—'R. C. to J. D. Our Daniel.'" [Alluding to Home.] "Miss Douglas said the R. C. was Robert Chambers, whilst J. D. were the initials of her own name."

In these almost incredible performances there were none of the "cabinets" and other paraphernalia used by Eusapia Palladino and many others, and Sir William Crookes expresses great confidence in Home's sincerity, and in the genuineness of the phenomena manifested through him.

Bartlett says (*op. cit.*, 105) :

"I remember one evening calling with Foster upon Mrs. S., who had recently moved into unfurnished apartments. Mrs. S. said... 'Please give us some physical manifestations. My parlor is just the place, heavy blankets being over the windows, to keep out the glare of the sun. One small wooden table is the only furniture.'... 'No,' replied Mr. Foster, describing at the same time how unpleasant it was for him to sit in the dark. Mrs. S. persisted, 'Do, please, just this once.' Finally Mr. Foster consented under these conditions: the table was to be placed under the chandelier, we three should take hold of hands around the table, matches should be placed on the table, Mrs. S. agreeing to light the gas the moment Mr. Foster so requested. We sat in silence a moment, when Mr. Foster said the spirit of M.," [Ada Isaacs Menken, Mr. Bartlett gives me permission to state. H. H.] "whom we all had known in life, was there. Mr. Foster said that he saw the spirit perfectly, and that she said if we would keep quiet she would dance, and that the noise from the heels of her shoes on the bare floor would give the tone and the character of the dance. She did so. It was a success. Within a few moments Foster said, 'Light the gas.' He was dripping with perspiration, which showed his peculiar nervous condition during physical manifestations.... After a short rest, the medium recuperated, and we turned off the gas the second time.... M. immediately returned and finished the dance. Whenever I think of that night, I can distinctly hear the clitter-clatter of the spirit dancer's shoes."

Of course if Foster had good control over raps and tickings, he could, voluntarily or involuntarily, give them the

rhythm of a dance. His doing so need not be deliberately fraudulent: he may have, as he said, visualized a dancer. Neither is it *proved* (a negative is hard to prove) that there was not one.

Mr. Bartlett continues the same account:

“Mr. Foster then said the spirits told him they would cool the room (it being a hot summer's night). Immediately waves of wind rushed through the room, so cool that it seemed as though they came direct from an iceberg.”

As already intimated, wind rushes and cooling of temperatures are frequently noticed in the accounts of these phenomena. They include some which eminent men of science declare they have felt from a hole in Eusapia Palladino's head. That seems about the simplest of her phenomena, with the least chance for the cheating with which she seems to like to eke out her real powers—if she has any—as I have no doubt she has.

Here is a far different manifestation from Stainton Moses (Pr. IX, 290):

“The room, which had been filled (especially round me) with floating clouds of light, grew suddenly dark, and absolute stillness took the place of the previous loud knockings. It would have been a strange scene for an ear-witness. The table, isolated, with no human hand touching it, giving forth a series of mysterious thuds of varying intensity, some of which might have been made by a muffled sledge-hammer, all indicating intelligence; an intelligence that showed itself by deliberation, or eagerness, or stately solemnity, according to the nature of the communication. Round the table three persons sitting with a hush of expectation, and faces (if they could have been seen) of awe-stricken earnestness; a question put, and a loud response, another, and a series, as though by a counsel cross-examining a dumb witness. The room shrouded in total darkness, except at one end, where shifting masses of luminous vapor now and again gathered into a pillar which dimly outlined a form, and again dispersed and flitted round the head of one of the sitters. No scene could be imagined more calculated to strike a novice with awe, none more solemn and impressive for those who participated in it. The Witch of Endor was not more surprised when her unholy incantation evoked the shade of Samuel than I was when Imperator, in answer to my solemn adjuration, professed himself to be a departed spirit.”

Here is in detail some of the conversation alluded to above:

“Question. Are these communications from spirits?—Answer. Yes. Q. Spirits of the departed?—A. Yes. Q. Are you a spirit once incarnated?—A. Yes. . . . Q. Is the account given of these manifestations by spirits true?—A. I don't know. Q. Is what *you* tell us true?—A. Yes (emphatically). . . . Q. Did you write that message the other night?—A. No. Q. Were you there when it was written?—A. No. Q. You did not come because Dr. Speer offended you?—A. Yes. (Dr. S. again apologized, and the apology was received with a series of stately raps, suggestive of bows.)”

[A pretty strong indication of “the will to believe”! H. H.]

“Q. Then your absence let in an evil or lying spirit?—A. Yes.” [Again the mediæval superstition! It was afterward denied by Moses's “spirit,” see p. 542 (Newbold sitting). H. H.]

“Q. Are we liable to that?—A. Yes. Q. Then you do leave me?—A. No. Q. Not usually, you mean?—A. Yes. Q. Then we must be guarded and careful to sit with solemnity, and follow guidance?—A. Yes. Q. You are good?—A. Yes. Q. I solemnly charge and adjure you in the name of God that you tell the truth. Are you a good spirit, once incarnated in the flesh?—A. Yes. (Three of the loudest knocks I ever heard. We all involuntarily drew in our breath, and a feeling of awe stole over us.)”

We are now getting into very high society. This gentleman Emperor we will return to again. But some other matters had better be treated first, one of them being Sir William Crookes's conclusions regarding the significance of raps (*Researches*, p. 95):

“Whilst I have observed many circumstances which appear to show that the will and intelligence of the medium have much to do with the phenomena, I have observed some circumstances which seem conclusively to point to the agency of an outside intelligence, not belonging to any human being in the room.”

“I have been with Miss Fox when she has been writing a message automatically to one person present, whilst a message to another person on another subject was being given alphabetically by means of ‘raps,’ and the whole time she was conversing freely with a third person on a subject totally different from either.”

As we shall see later, Mrs. Piper wrote as one person, and at the same time talked as another.

Other sounds than raps are alleged to have manifested intelligence. All sounds so manifesting are, like raps, repeated at request, a definite number of times, loud or faint, and in different places; and by a prearranged code of signals, give messages, and answer questions with varying accuracy.

Dr. Speer says of the musical sounds described on p. 148 (Pr. IX, 281):

".....Certain evidences of intelligence having been apparent in the manifestations, we ascertained that the sounds were in truth evidences of the presence of individuals purporting to have long since departed from earth-life. The intelligence was manifested first by answers to questions, which were given in the same manner as the raps on a table, one, two, three, five, etc. The peculiarity of the answers was that the tone of the sounds corresponded in a most singular and convincing manner with the nature of the response. In other words, the passions of individuals, as exemplified on earth by tones of speech, were here illustrated by the peculiar type and tone of the musical sound."

Under Sounds we may as well include the unaccountable "voices" of which accounts began to appear in manuscripts long before there was any printing. The reader will probably not care for more than a single veridical case. Stillman gives a good one (*op. cit.*, I, 200-1):

"I saw one day a hunter who had come into the woods with a motive in some degree like mine—impatience of the restraints and burdens of civilization, and pure love of solitude. He had become, not bestialized, like most of the men I saw, but animalized—he had drifted back into the condition of his dog, with his higher intellect inert. He had built himself a cabin in the depth of the woods, and there he lived in the most complete isolation from human society he could attain.....

"He seemed to have no desire for companionship, but there was nothing morose or misanthropic in his love of seclusion. ... He had heard of spiritism, and his own experience led him to acceptance of its reality. In his solitary life, in the unbroken silence which reigned around him, he heard mysterious voices, and only the year before he had heard one say that he was wanted at home. He paid no attention to it, thinking it only an illusion, but, after an interval, it was repeated so distinctly that he packed his knapsack, took his dog, and went out with the intention of going home. On the way he met a messenger sent after him, who told him that his brother had met with an accident which disabled him from all work, and begged him to come to his assistance. The voice had come

to him at the time of the accident. As a rule, however, the voices seemed vagarious and he attached no importance to them, except as phenomena which interested him slightly."

Stillman also "heard voices" in the silence of the woods, as many imaginative people do, but has not stated that any of them were veridical.

Intelligent Lights

As raps and other sounds have communicated intelligence from somewhere—perhaps merely reflecting it from the medium, so have lights.

Intelligence was manifested by Foster's lights, on pages 150 and 182.

Sir William Crookes says (*Researches*, p. 91) :

"I have had questions answered by the flashing of a bright light a desired number of times in front of my face... I have had an alphabetic communication given by luminous flashes occurring before me in the air, whilst my hand was moving about amongst them. I have seen a luminous cloud floating upwards to a picture. Under the strictest test conditions, I have more than once had a solid, self-luminous, crystalline body placed in my hand by a hand which did not belong to any person in the room. *In the light* I have seen a luminous cloud hover over a heliotrope on a side table, break a sprig off, and carry the sprig to a lady; and on some occasions I have seen a similar luminous cloud visibly condense to the form of a hand and carry small objects about."

Here were intimations of materializations. Such are generally associated with light.

Moses says (Pr. IX, 275-6) :

"Since the commencement of the present year we have had another kind of light altogether... It flashes with great rapidity, and answers questions by the usual code of signals. The light usually hovers over my head, sometimes coming into the circle, but more frequently floating in a distant corner of the room. It is not apparently solid, nor does it seem to be surrounded with drapery."

Dr. Speer says (Pr. IX, 297) :

"December 31st, 1872... A column of light about seven feet high was seen to move round the room, and about two feet to the right of the column was a large glowing mass of light..."

During the time Emperor was entrancing the medium, and conversing with us through him, we saw a large bright cross of light behind the medium's head, rays surrounding it; after this it culminated into a beautiful line of light of great brilliancy, reaching several feet high and moving from side to side. Behind this column of light on the floor was a bright cluster of lights in oblong shape. These remained for more than half-an-hour, and upon asking Emperor the meaning of the lights, he said the pillar of light was himself; the bright light behind him his attendant; and the numerous lights seen in the room belonged to the band. The light around the medium's head showed his great spiritual power. He also said in time we might see him; might do so now were our spiritual vision clearer."

And here we are at last landed in the jumble of sounds, lights, trances, materializations, alleged spiritual communications which, in addition to molar telekinetic phenomena, raps, and Heaven knows what else, for a dozen years or more, seem to have constituted the daily experience of Stainton Moses and those near to him.

So far I have tried to keep the threads distinct, but they have now become too complicated.

Moses' phenomena are so well summed up in a letter from Mr. Charlton Speer that, at the expense of some repetition, I give it virtually entire (Pr. IX, 344-9):

"*My Dear Mr. Myers*,—You have asked for some of my personal recollections of séances with Mr. Stainton Moses, at which I was present. . . . It is important to note that at these séances no less than ten different kinds of manifestations took place with more or less frequency. On occasions when we had fewer varieties we were usually told that the conditions were not good. When they were favorable the manifestations were more numerous, the raps more distinct, the lights brighter, and the musical sounds clearer. The various occurrences may be briefly enumerated as follows:—

"1. Great variety of raps, often given simultaneously, and ranging in force from the rapping of a finger-nail to the tread of a foot sufficiently heavy to shake the room.

"2. Raps which answered questions coherently and with the greatest distinctness; also gave messages, sometimes of considerable length, through the medium of the alphabet. At these times all the raps ceased except the one identified with the communicating spirit, and perfect quiet prevailed until the message was delivered. We could nearly always tell at once with which spirit we were talking, owing to the perfectly distinct individuality of each different rap.

"3. Lights were of two different kinds—objective and subjective. . . . Dr. Speer and myself being of entirely unmediumistic temperaments, we were only able to see the *objective* lights, but Mr. Stainton Moses, Mrs. Speer, and other occasional sitters frequently saw and described those which were merely *subjective*. Another curious point in relation to the objective lights was that, however brightly they might shine, they never—unlike an ordinary lamp—threw any radiance around them or illuminated the smallest portion of the surrounding darkness—when it *was* dark—in the slightest degree.

"4. Scents of various descriptions were always brought to the circle—the most common being musk, verberna, new-mown hay, and one unfamiliar odor which we were told was called spirit-scent. Sometimes breezes heavy with perfume swept round the circle, at other times quantities of liquid musk, &c., would be poured on the hands of the sitters and, by request, on our handkerchiefs. At the close of a séance scent was often found to be oozing out of the medium's head, and the more it was wiped away, the stronger and more plentiful it became.

"5. The musical sounds, which were many and of great variety. . . . Having myself had a thorough musical education, I was able to estimate, at its true value, the importance of these particular manifestations. . . . The musical sounds produced in the room in which there was no instrument, . . . were about four in number. First, there were what we called the 'fairy bells.' These resembled the tones produced by striking musical glasses with a small hammer. . . . It was difficult to judge where the sound of these 'fairy bells' came from, but I often applied my ear to the top of the table, and the music seemed to be somehow *in* the wood—not underneath it; as on listening *under* the table, the music would appear to be above. Next we had quite a different sound—that of a stringed instrument more nearly akin to a violoncello than anything else. . . . It . . . might perhaps be produced by placing a 'cello on the top of a drum. . . . The third sound was an exact imitation of an ordinary hand-bell, which would be rung sharply by way of indicating the presence of the particular spirit with whom it was associated. We naturally took care to ascertain that there was *no* bell of any kind in the room. . . . Lastly, we had a sound that it is exceedingly difficult to offer an adequate description of. The best idea of it I can give is to ask you to imagine the soft tone of a clarinet gradually increasing in intensity until it rivaled the sound of a trumpet, then by degrees diminishing to the original subdued note of the clarinet, until it eventually died away in a long-drawn-out melancholy wail. This sound was ascribed to 'Odorifer.' . . . Like the two previous sounds I have described, it was always associated with one spirit.

"It is a noteworthy fact that in no case did the controlling

agencies produce more than single notes, or at best isolated passages. This they accounted for as owing to the peculiarly unmusical organization of the medium. . . . Over and over again I thoroughly satisfied myself that there were no materials in the room which could in any way assist in making any kind of musical tones, and the clarionet and trumpet sound was one that I should be utterly at a loss to imitate in any way.

"6. Direct writing was often given, sometimes on a sheet of paper placed in the centre of the table and equidistant from all the sitters; at other times one of us would place our hands on a piece of paper previously dated and initialed, and usually a message was found written upon it at the conclusion of the séance. We always placed a pencil upon the paper, but sometimes we only provided a small piece of lead, the results being the same in both cases.

"7. Movements of heavy bodies, such as tables and chairs, were by no means infrequent. . . . The dining-table. . . at which we usually sat was an extremely weighty one, and was made from solid Honduras mahogany, but at times it was moved with much greater ease than the combined efforts of all the sitters could accomplish—and these combined efforts were powerless to prevent its moving in a certain direction, if the unseen force willed it to do so.

"8. The passage of matter through matter was sometimes strikingly demonstrated by the bringing from other rooms of various articles through closed and bolted doors.

"9. The direct spirit voice, as opposed to the voice of a spirit speaking through the medium while in a state of trance, we very seldom heard, and never with any clearness or distinctness. But occasionally it was attempted, and by listening carefully we could distinguish one or two broken sentences which were hissed out in a sort of husky whisper.

"10. The inspirational addresses given by various spirits . . . though the voice proceeded from the medium it was always immediately apparent that the personality addressing us was *not* that of the medium. The voice was different, and the ideas were not always in accordance with those held at the time by the medium. . . . Although many spirits exercised this power of control, the voice which spoke was always different—and in the case of those spirits which controlled regularly, we got to know perfectly well which intelligence was communicating by the tone of voice and the method of enunciation.

"..... Suddenly the medium—Mr. Stainton Moses,—who was sitting exactly opposite me, exclaimed, 'There is a very bright column of light behind you.' Soon afterwards he said that the column of light had developed into a spirit-form. I asked him if the face was familiar to him, and he replied in the negative, at the same time describing the head and features. When the séance was concluded I examined my sheet of paper,

which my hand had never left, and found written on it a message and signature. The name was that of a distinguished musician. . . . I purposely refrain from specifying him, as the use of great names very frequently leads to results quite different from those intended. . . . I asked Mr. Stainton Moses—without, of course, showing him the written message—whether he thought he could recognize the spirit he saw behind my chair if he saw a portrait of him. He said he thought he could, so I gave him several albums containing likenesses of friends, dead and alive, and also portraits of various celebrities. I remained in another part of the room, and did not watch him, nor even knew when he was looking at the right album. On coming to the photograph of the composer in question, he at once said without hesitation, ‘That is the face of the spirit I saw behind you.’ Then for the *first* time I showed him the message and signature.

(Signed)

November 5th, 1893.

“CHARLTON T. SPEER.”

“Ashley Villa, Ventnor,
“October 30th, 1893.

“I wish to state that I am a daughter of Mrs. Stanhope Speer, and was present at many of the séances recorded in *Light* by my mother, and, further, that the facts therein stated are in my recollection, and are true, and that the phenomena actually took place.

“CONSTANCE ROSALIE SPEER.”

I cannot see that it will do any harm at this late day, to state that, somewhere that I cannot trace, I have got the suggestion that the portrait was of Mendelssohn.

There is a circumstance connected with this letter worth noting. Paragraph 5 regarding the musical sounds is entirely at variance with what Moses himself wrote in his note-book over nineteen years before, on September 3 and 4, 1874 (Pr. XI, 54):

“The musical sounds have reached seven.

“1. *Grocyn*. . . . The sounds are very pure, and express feeling most wonderfully. They are most like a thick harp string.

“2. *Chom* makes the sound of an old Egyptian harp with four strings. There is little similarity to a stringed sound.

“3. *Said* makes a noise somewhat similar to Chom’s, but the lyre has only three strings. It is an old Egyptian instrument, and the sound is like dropping water on a steel plate, a sort of liquid sound, very intense. I am told it is very like the sound of a harmonium reed.

“4. *Roophal* makes a sound of a seven-stringed lyre, very pretty rippling sound, but the strings do not seem to me to be arranged in harmonial progression.

"5. *Kabbila* makes a sound like a drum, very deep, a sort of prolonged roll.

"6. ——— makes a sound like the ringing of fine porcelain, only that the ring is very much more pronounced. This is a very intense sound.

"7. The Welsh Harper makes a sound as of the highest strings of a harp, sharp and ringing.

"In addition there is a sound of a tambourine and a sort of flapping sound like large wings. These can scarcely be called musical in any sense, though they are but exaggerations of others in some way. The *modus operandi* is similar."

These names were spelled out to Moses or his companions, the notes answering at significant letters when the alphabet was repeated. And what a lovely lot of names they are! If Roophal had only been accompanied by Dampool, they would have been perfect, and what an orchestra to accompany Imperator and his entourage!

But in face of the claim generally made by "spirits," as will be more particularly indicated later, that they begin receding from the possibilities of earthly communication immediately after death, and are out of its reach altogether in a period somewhere stated at about six years, why should the vast majority of the gentlemen above named proceed from regions so remote in space and time—back to the very infancy of music, when Europe has been supplying any number of potentially musical ghosts during the last century when the art has been at its best?

There is not a single point of resemblance between the accounts, unless Moses' "ringing of fine porcelain" (Why "fine"?) has some resemblance to Speer's bells. Dr. Speer was a musician and Moses was not. Did they sound so amazingly different to the two men? Did Speer never hear, or in the nineteen years did he forget, the sounds Moses reported; or did Moses never hear those Speer reported, or did they come later in Moses' career, or did Moses imagine the whole thing, including his beautiful names? He does not speak of them as a single experience, but they "have reached seven." Yet despite all this mix-up, there seems no room to doubt—there are too many other witnesses—that there were a variety of frequent superusual sounds, with indications of intelligence behind them. Yet I confess myself

more nonplussed about the whole Moses matter than about even Home's fire performances: the testimony is so much better and fuller regarding the latter.

Regarding the Moses phenomena, the Council of the S. P. R. expressed itself as follows (Pr. IX, 353):

"On the question whether the improbability of deception is greater or less than the improbability that the events actually occurred as recorded, the members of the Council individually entertain diverse views, and they do not feel called upon to express any opinion collectively.

"If the human powers we are familiar with can produce such phenomena as those that took place in the presence of Moses, the methods certainly open new and important fields of investigation, even if less new and less important than would be opened by new powers."

As I have said more than once, the time for the fraud hypothesis in any respectably vouched-for phenomena, is past. To my mind the strongest argument in favor of the honesty of the experiences—whether they were objective, or co-operative hypnotic dreams, is in the portraits of Moses (after death) and of the three Speers—Doctor, Mrs., and Mr. Charlton, their son, given in Pr. IX. I was tempted to reproduce them here for that argument's sake, but they by themselves would be out of proportion with the rest of the book. Moses' face, taken after death, gives an impression of strength and dignity which renders such weaknesses as fraud absurd. The eyes being closed, impressions of sincerity do not directly enter into the conditions; but if ever any three portraits meant honesty, those of the Speers do, and, in the portraits of the elders especially, very much intelligence and everything that goes to make up goodness are liberally manifested.

Often, as my mind dwells upon it, I come up to the impression that Moses imagined it all, as I think he imagined the Emperor group and his various musicians (though not the noises), and then I am brought up standing by the testimony of these good people, and so the only hypotheses open to my mind regarding Moses, and Home too, are three:

I. That many wise and good people lied, and lied con-

currently; and that Dr. and Mrs. Speer encouraged their son to lie. This I reject. It is less probable than even

II. That there were numerous illusions—dreams, what you please, possibly under the influence of hypnotism, so far identical with from a couple to half a dozen of these people, and at many times, that wherever several of the people give accounts of any one experience there is no material difference except in the nineteen-year-interval testimony over phenomena so uncertain as the quality of musical tones. This hypothesis, while I consider it more probable than the first, I consider less probable than

III. That the events actually occurred in the normal experience of the witnesses, though possibly the meaning of "normal" needs some sort of widening of which we have not yet any clear inkling.

Now all I have said is that those three hypotheses are all that are open to my mind. Perhaps that is not strictly correct: for in any doubtful case, no matter how many hypotheses in the usual sense are "open," there is always the chance that the correct one still lurks hidden behind.

I have said that I think III the most likely one open. That is not saying that I accept it. Regarding the telekinesis of P— and the psychoses of Foster, and of Mrs. Piper as will be shown later, to a certain extent I *know*, and anything farther not inconsistent with what I know, I am inclined to believe. Regarding Home and Moses and the other mediums, I directly know nothing, and my readiness to believe of course depends upon the concurrence of the testimony with that regarding mediums I do know. Regarding those I have not met, this gives me, so far, basis for little more than a suspended judgment, always qualified, however, by the fact that I *know* so many things not yet correlated with what everybody knows, and I recognize so fully that the field of possible knowledge is so immense beside the field of yet-recognized knowledge, that I am more ready than most people to accept alleged new phenomena as actually from the field of possible knowledge.

The intelligence conveyed by the raps, sounds, and lights which we have so far dealt with—by merely telekinetic means irrespective of impersonation or other utterance, vol-

untary or in trance, through the organism of a medium, does not seem to have amounted to much with anybody but Stainton Moses, and the answer to the question whether it did with him will be largely a matter of personal predilection. He thought it amounted to a great deal.

We shall meet more about it later.

The methodistical inspirations of Professor Barrett's friend, even the pious expressions through Home, and some through Moses, do not seem to tend much to edification, at least my edification; in fact, almost all that has been received through raps and lights relates to the mere business of the manifestations, and despite an occasional bit of apparent independence, like the "We are not dead" on page 183, there is very little difficulty in making it out an echo of the medium—if one is disposed to.

Whatever the messages(?) through telekinetic phenomena, they are so much surpassed by those through telepathy and "possession," that it seems hardly worth while to linger over the telekinetic ones.

But before leaving this region of lights and sounds and phantasmagoric effects, presumably the reader who has so far followed "this strange eventful history" may care to know in a word how, after all, it impresses me. The raps and apparently the electric manifestations attending them and some molar telekinetic phenomena are so closely allied with plain telekinesis and the probable involuntary agency of the medium, that I believe in their genuineness. But the rest impresses me like a dream—as if half a dozen people, more or less, had occasionally dreamed the same things. This impression may hardly seem worth putting down again, with the conspicuousness of a chapter ending, as a final impression; but perhaps as we go on, it may prove to be.

BOOK II—PART II

AUTOKINESIS

CHAPTER XIII

THE manifestations we have already seen of the modes of force grouped, perhaps too freely, under the name Telekinesis, have all been from the human body upon objects external to it. Not only the molar movement, but the mysterious changes of temperature, the sounds, lights, alleged materializations, the alleged passing of matter through matter, have taken place only when a "medium" was present, and apparently in consequence of an energy manifested through him.

We now approach a series of new phenomena even less correlated with established knowledge, which are alleged to take place in the body itself.

As usual, we approach the group through a phenomenon that might almost equally well be included in the group we are leaving. I refer to the alleged levitation of the human body by a force which apparently is generated in the body itself. I at first grouped this phenomenon with those of molar telekinesis, but as the object acted upon is not external to the body, I finally decided to place it with the new group, along with the resistance of the body to heat, and the production of stigmata and blisters under the influence of suggestion. The healing power of suggestion might probably be justly included also.

The evidence for some of the alleged resistance to heat, and for the stigmata and blisters seems conclusive; that for levitation is not as strong, but certainly is too strong to be ignored.

This new group has not yet, so far as I know, been even pro-

vided with a name, in fact I don't know that the phenomena have yet been grouped at all, and do not feel sure that I am warranted in grouping them. Of course I do so tentatively. For that matter all classification is tentative, and with the process of knowledge is pretty sure to be upset, and names to go with it.

As we must have a Greek name to command any respect, perhaps autokinesis will serve for the moment, and last at least as long as the book will. But I sometimes wish we could string out names from our own roots, as do the good Germans, even if we seemed to model them as they appear to, on their dachshunds.

Levitation

When I first read of levitation, in Home's case, I was tempted to give up farther attention to him and all his ways: it was too much like a man lifting himself by his bootstraps. A bird rises as a man walks, by transmuting molecular force into mechanical force moving a mechanical apparatus against a resisting medium. The same is true of perhaps all use made by men of known molecular forces except magnetism, and even the magnet could not lift itself without the aid of a "keeper" placed above it. But there does not seem to be any theoretical impossibility of the generation, perhaps from gravity itself, of a force counter to gravity, somewhat as negative magnetism is counter to positive. And this sentence is hardly written before along comes Mr. Farrows' alleged discovery that (so far as I can understand it, from the only account I have been able to see), he can directly concentrate the Hertzian waves upon a body with the result of counteracting the effect of gravitation. If then, the waves of zoömagnetism are convertible into Hertzian waves, "there you are!"

I want to caution the reader who may be skeptical regarding any one class of these phenomena, against applying here, on the very far borderland of knowledge, the doctrine "*falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*" with the same confidence that he would apply it in familiar fields. People who get in the way of seeing and recording strange things are very apt, without any bad intentions, gradually to get into the way of seeing and recording too many. Their doing so, however,

does not invalidate the genuine ones they gather in with the rest; but it does throw upon the reader the difficult task of discriminating, and in many situations, of keeping his mind shut and at the same time quite ready to open.

But the evidence for levitation is at least worth reading, especially as it does not all relate to but one person. Yet there are probably not over half a dozen of whom it has been alleged in modern times. I can find space for only our old friends.

Stanton Moses says (Pr. IX, 260) :

“My first personal experience of levitation was about five months after my introduction to Spiritualism. Physical phenomena of a very powerful description had been developed with great rapidity.... One day (August 30th, 1872)... I felt my chair drawn back from the table and turned into the corner near which I sat. It was so placed that my face was turned away from the circle to the angle made by the two walls. In this position the chair was raised from the floor to a distance of, I should judge, twelve or fourteen inches. My feet touched the top of the skirting-board, which would be about twelve inches in height. The chair remained suspended for a few moments.”

So far this is only the ordinary levitation of furniture—the chair, which could have been done by ordinary telekinesis, with Moses on top of it; but he continues:

“And I then felt myself going from it, higher and higher, with a very slow and easy movement.... I remember a slight difficulty in breathing, and a sensation of fullness in the chest, with a general feeling of being lighter than the atmosphere. I was lowered down quite gently, and *placed in the chair, which had settled in its old position.....*”

“This experiment was more or less successfully repeated on nine other occasions. On the 2d September, 1872, I see from my records that I was three times raised on to the table, and twice levitated in the corner of the room. The first movement on to the table was very sudden—a sort of instantaneous jerk. I was conscious of nothing until I found myself on the table—*my chair being unmoved....* In the second attempt I was placed on the table in a standing posture. In this case I was conscious of the withdrawal of my chair and of being raised to the level of the table, and then of being impelled forward so as to stand upon it.... In the third case I was thrown on to the table, and from that position on to an adjacent sofa. The move-

ment was instantaneous, as in the first recorded case; and though I was thrown to a considerable distance and with considerable force, I was in no way hurt.

"These phenomena of levitation have presented themselves on a few other occasions. . . . I have discouraged them as much as possible, from a dislike to violent physical manifestations. I have little power to prevent a special kind of manifestation, and none whatever to evoke any that I may desire; but I do, as far as I can, prevent the very uncomfortable phenomena which at this period were so strongly developed."

On December 3rd, Dr. and Mrs. Speer both sign a note (Pr. IX, 289):

"Mr. M. was moved about and floated twice."

We can conceive a force in the body counteracting gravitation, but it is not so easy to see how a force impelling the body—as the rush of heat drives the rocket, should pervade the chair or table too. Assuming the phenomena to be genuine, is it the same force impelling both, or is there one force raising the body and another making the chair or table stick to it? In the fog of our present knowledge, all guesses appear absurd.

Sir William Crookes says (*op. cit.*, p. 89):

"This levitation of human beings has occurred in my presence on four occasions in darkness. The test conditions under which they took place were quite satisfactory, so far as the judgment was concerned; but ocular demonstration of such a fact is so necessary to disturb our pre-formed opinions as to 'the naturally possible and impossible,' that I will here only mention cases in which the deductions of reason were confirmed by the sense of sight.

"On one occasion I witnessed a chair, with a lady sitting on it, rise several inches from the ground. On another occasion, to avoid the suspicion of this being in some way performed by herself, the lady knelt on the chair in such a manner that its four feet were visible to us. It then rose about three inches, remained suspended for about ten seconds, and then slowly descended. At another time two children, on separate occasions, rose from the floor with their chairs, in full daylight, under (to me) most satisfactory conditions: for I was kneeling and keeping close watch upon the feet of the chair, and observing that no one might touch them."

Sir William does not tell us who were the agents in these

cases. If the persons themselves were not, the cases, like the beginning of Moses' case on page 101, were hardly levitations of human beings at all, in the usual sense, but merely of chairs on which human beings were sitting. But there is a staggering number of vastly more improbable cases where persons are alleged to have levitated themselves. Sir William continues :

"The most striking cases of levitation which I have witnessed have been with Mr. Home. On three separate occasions have I seen him raised completely from the floor of the room. Once sitting in an easy-chair, once kneeling on his chair," [These two cases are like the preceding two—levitations of furniture. H. H.] "and once standing up. On each occasion I had full opportunity of watching the occurrence as it was taking place.

"There are at least a hundred recorded instances of Mr. Home's rising from the ground, in the presence of as many separate persons, and I have heard from the lips of the three witnesses to the most striking occurrence of this kind—the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Lindsay, and Captain C. Wynne—their own most minute accounts of what took place. To reject the recorded evidence on this subject is to reject all human testimony whatever; for no fact in sacred or profane history is supported by a stronger array of proofs."

In Pr. VI, 126, Sir William says of Home :

"He asked Mrs. Wm. Crookes to remove the chair from under him, as it was not supporting him. He was then seen to be sitting in the air, supported by nothing visible.

(P. 119) "Mr. Home then walked to the open space in the room between Mrs. I.'s chair and the sideboard and stood there quite upright and quiet. He then said: 'I'm rising, I'm rising,' when we all saw him rise from the ground slowly to a height of about six inches, remain there for about ten seconds, and then slowly descend. From my position I could not see his feet, but I distinctly saw his head, projected against the opposite wall, rise up, and Mr. Wm. Crookes, who was sitting near where Mr. Home was, said that his feet were in the air. There was no stool or other thing near which could have aided him. Moreover, the movement was a smooth, continuous glide upwards."

Sir William Crookes' notes (in Pr. VI) also give other illustrations of levitation, both of the human body and inanimate objects. There is also the oft-quoted account of Home's being floated out-of-doors through one window and

back through another. Various hypotheses, none of them satisfactory, have been proposed to account for these phenomena on the theory of deception.

Here is a case regarding Foster which was reported before the storm of modern criticism. It is from Ashburner, quoted by Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 110):

“In my dunker-Kammer, a room the Baron von Reichenbach had taught me how to darken properly for experiments.... Suddenly a great alarm seized Mr. Foster; he grasped my right hand, and beseeched me not to quit my hold of him, for he said there was no knowledge where the spirits might convey him. I held his hand, and he was floated in the air towards the ceiling. At one time, Mrs. W. C. felt a substance on her head, and, putting up her hands, discovered a pair of boots above her head.”

Resistance to Heat

The following cases seem to illustrate a mode of force counteracting the effects of heat. They would probably not seem worth quoting, to a reader in whose belief telekinesis was not firmly established. But that being granted, this form of autokinesis no longer seems impossible, though don't ask me if I believe in it: for I should answer: I don't know.

Several travelers give mutually confirmatory accounts of the Fire-walk in Japan and Fiji.

Mrs. Joseph Lindon Smith (wife of the well-known Boston artist, and daughter of the well-known New York publisher Mr. George Haven Putnam) gives me permission to state that she successfully went through it in Japan. How to account for what my friend tells me, I don't know. The late Andrew Lang had an interesting paper on the subject in *Pr. XV*, 2-15 from which the following extracts are made:

“Science is acquainted with no substance—alum or diluted sulphuric acid, or the like—which will produce the result of preventing cauterization.” [This is contradicted below by Mr. Lang himself, at least as concerns sensation. H. H.] “Sir William Crookes, at least, is not familiar with any such resources of science. His evidence as to fire-handling by D. D. Home is familiar, and I understand that Mr. Podmore can only explain it away by a hypothesis of a trick played in a bad light, by means of an asbestos glove or some such trans-

parent dodge (*Studies in Psychical Research*, pp. 58-59). Perhaps he adds a little 'hallucination' on the part of the spectators. But asbestos and hallucination are out of the question in the cases which I am about to quote. Home was, or feigned to be, in a state of trance when he performed with fire. The seeress of Lourdes, Bernadette, was also in religious contemplation when she permitted the flame of a candle to play through her clasped fingers (which were unscathed) for a timed quarter of an hour. Some Indian devotees, again, aver that they 'meditate' on some divine being while passing over the glowing embers, and the Nistinares of Bulgaria, who dance in the fire, are described as being in a more or less abnormal mental condition. But even this condition is absent in the well-attested Raiatean and Fijian examples," [Not to speak of Mrs. Smith, as above. H. H.] "in which, also, no kind of chemical preparation is employed. Finally, where savages are concerned, the hardness of the skins of their feet is dwelt upon. But, first, the sole of a boot would be scorched in the circumstances, while their feet are not affected; next, the savages' feet were *not* leathery (so Dr. Hocken avers); thirdly, one of the Europeans who walked through the fire at Rarotonga declares that the soles of his own feet are peculiarly tender. Thus every known physical or conjectured psychical condition of immunity fails to meet the case, and we are left wholly without an ascertained, or a good conjectural, 'reason why' for the phenomena....."

Mr. Lang cites (Pr. XV, 4) :

Te Umu-ti, or Fire-Walking Ceremony

(From the Journal of the Polynesian Society)

"In this Journal, Vol. II, p. 105, Miss Teuira Henry describes this ceremony as practised in Raiatea, of the Society Group. We have lately received from Colonel Gudgeon the following account of his experiences... Since the date of the paper quoted, it has come to light that the Maoris of New Zealand were equally acquainted with this ceremony, which was performed by their ancestors. On reading Colonel Gudgeon's account to some old chiefs of the Urewera tribe, they expressed no surprise, and said that their ancestors could also perform the ceremony, though it has long gone out of practice.—Editors."

Colonel Gudgeon says :

"The *tohunga* (priest) and his *tauira* (pupil) walked each to the oven, and then halting, the prophet spoke a few words, and then struck the edge of the oven with the *ti*" [A native *Dracæna*. H. H.] "branches. This was three times repeated,

and then they walked slowly and deliberately over the two fathoms of hot stones. When this was done, the *tohunga* came to us, and his disciple handed his *ti* branch to Mr. Goodwin, at whose place the ceremony came off, and they went through the ceremony. Then the *tohunga* said to Mr. Goodwin, 'I hand my *mana* (power) over to you; lead your friends across. Now, there were four Europeans—Dr. W. Craig, Dr. George Craig, Mr. Goodwin, and myself—and I can only say that we stepped out boldly. I got across unscathed, and only one of the party was badly burned; and he, it is said, was spoken to, but, like Lot's wife, looked behind him—a thing against all rules.... A man must have *mana* to do it; if he has not, it will be too late when he is on the hot stone.... Quite half-an-hour afterwards someone remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the *ti*. His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. As I have eaten a fair share of the *ti* cooked in the oven, I am in a position to say that it was hot enough to cook it well.....

"I did not walk quickly across the oven, but with deliberation, because I feared that I should tread on a sharp point of the stones and fall.... All I really felt when the task was accomplished was a tingling sensation not unlike slight electric shocks on the soles of my feet, and this continued for seven hours or more. The really funny thing is that, though the stones were hot enough an hour afterwards to burn up green branches of the *ti*, the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire."

Mr. Lang comments (Pr. XV, 5) :

"On this report a few remarks may be offered. (1) No preparation of any chemical, herbal, or other sort was applied to the Europeans, at least. (2) 'The handing over the *mana*' (or power) was practised by Home, sometimes successfully (it is alleged), as when Mr. S. C. Hall's scalp and white locks were unharmed by a red-hot coal; sometimes unsuccessfully. A clergyman of my acquaintance still bears the blister caused when he accepted a red-hot coal from the hand of Home, as he informs me by letter. (3) The 'walk' was shorter than seems common: only twelve feet, four paces. (4) A friend of Colonel Gudgeon's was badly burnt, and the reason assigned was a good folk-lore reason, since the days of Lot's wife, of Theocritus, and of Virgil: he looked behind. (5) The feeling as if of 'slight electric shocks' is worthy of notice. (6) Colonel Gudgeon clearly believes that a man without *mana* had better not try, and by *mana*, here, he probably means 'nerve,' as we can hardly suppose, in spite of Home, that *mana*, in a super-normal sense, can be 'handed over' by one man to another."

From an account of the Fiji Fire Ceremony. By Dr. T. M. Hocken, F.L.S. (Pr. XV, 6):

"A number of almost nude Fijians walk quickly and unharmed across...the pavement of a huge native oven—termed '*lovo*'—in which shortly afterwards are cooked the succulent, sugary roots and pith of the *Cordyline terminalis*, one of the cabbage trees, known to the Maoris as the '*ti*,' and to the Fijians as the '*masawe*.' This wonderful power of fire-walking is now not only very rarely exercised, but, at least as regards Fiji, is confined to a small clan or family.... They steadily descended the oven slope in single file, and walked, as I think, leisurely, but as others of our party think, quickly, across and around the stones, leaving the oven at the point of entrance. The leader, who was longest in the oven, was a second or two under half a minute therein...I gained permission to examine one or two of the fire-walkers prior to their descent into the oven.... The pulse was unaffected, and the skin, legs, and feet were free from any apparent application. I assured myself of this by touch, smell, and taste, not hesitating to apply my tongue as a corroborative. The foot-soles were comparatively soft and flexible—by no means leathery and insensible.... This careful examination was repeated immediately after egress from the oven, and with the same result.... No incantations or other religious ceremonial were observed. Though these were formerly practised, they have gradually fallen into disuse since the introduction of Christianity.....

"I am absolutely certain as to the truth of the facts and the *bona fides* of the actors. A feature is that, wherever this power is found, it is possessed by but a limited few. I was assured, too, that any person holding the hand of one of the fire-walkers could himself pass through the oven unharmed.....

"Dr. Sementini of Naples found that frequent friction with sulphurous acid rendered him insensible to red-hot iron; a solution of alum did the same. A layer of powdered sugar covered with soap made his tongue insensible to heat. In these and similar instances, however, an explanation, though probably not a very sufficient one, has been given, but in that forming the subject of this paper no solution has been offered.....

"My next case occurs among a civilized race, the Japanese, and is vouched for by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn... and by Colonel Andrew Haggard (*The Field*, May 20th, 1899, p. 724). Colonel Haggard saw the fire-walk done in Tokio, on April 9th, 1899.... Ablutions in cold water were made by the performers, and Colonel Haggard was told by one young lady that she had not only done the fire-walk, but had been 'able to sit for a long time, in winter, immersed in ice-cold water, without feeling the cold in the least.'

"In a private letter, Dr. Schischmanof hints at *extase religieuse*, as in the self-mutilations of Dervishes and Fakirs. Their performances are extraordinary enough, but there was no religious ecstasy in the little Japanese boy of six, whom Colonel Haggard saw pass through the fire, none in Colonel Gudgeon, none in the Fijians observed by Dr. Hocken." [And none in Mrs. Smith. H. H.]

Many other instances, ancient and modern, with reflections upon them, are given by Mr. Lang. He also discusses the subject in his book on Modern Mythology.

I quote from Sir William Crookes (Pr. VI, 103f.). Note date, Wednesday, March 9, 1871:

"Mr. Home sank back in his chair with his eyes closed and remained still for a few minutes. He then rose up in a trance and made signs for his eyes to be blindfolded. This was done. He walked about the room in an undecided sort of manner, came up to each of the sitters and made some remark to them. He went to the candle on a side table (close to the large table) and passed his fingers backwards and forwards through the flame several times so slowly that they must have been severely burnt under ordinary circumstances. He then held his fingers up, smiled and nodded as if pleased, took up a fine cambric handkerchief belonging to Miss Douglas, folded it up on his right hand and went to the fire. Here he threw off the bandage from his eyes and by means of the tongs lifted a piece of red hot charcoal from the center and deposited it on the folded cambric; bringing it across the room, he told us to put out the candle which was on the table, knelt down close to Mrs. W. F. and spoke to her about it in a low voice. Occasionally he fanned the coal to a white heat with his breath. Coming a little further round the room, he spoke to Miss Douglas, saying: 'We shall have to burn a very small hole in the handkerchief. We have a reason for this which you do not see.' Presently he took the coal back to the fire and handed the handkerchief to Miss Douglas. A small hole about half an inch in diameter was burnt in the center, and there were two small points near it, but it was not even singed anywhere else. (I took the handkerchief away with me, and on testing it in my laboratory, found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation which could have rendered it fireproof.)

"Mr. Home again went to the fire and, after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red hot piece nearly as big as an orange and, putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand so as to almost completely enclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporized until the lump of charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then

drew my attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal and licking round his fingers; he fell on his knees, looked up in a reverent manner, held up the coal in front and said: 'Is not God good? Are not His laws wonderful?'

"Going again to the fire, he took out another hot coal with his hand and holding it up said to me: 'Is not that a beautiful large bit, William? We' [That is: the alleged spirits possessing him. H. H.] 'want to bring that to you. Pay no attention at present.' The coal, however, was not brought.

"At Mr. Home's request, whilst he was entranced, I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing-room. He said: 'We' [The alleged "spirits." H. H.] 'want you to notice particularly what Dan is doing.' Accordingly, I stood close to the fire and stooped down to it when he put his hands in. He very deliberately pulled the lumps of hot coal off, one at a time, with his right hand and touched one which was bright red. He then said: 'The power is not strong on Dan's hand, as we have been influencing the handkerchief most. It is more difficult to influence an inanimate body like that than living flesh, so, as the circumstances were favorable, we thought we would show you that we could prevent a red-hot coal from burning a handkerchief. We will collect more power on the handkerchief and repeat it before you. Now!'

"Mr. Home then waved the handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it up above his head, and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion: putting his other hand into the fire, took out a large lump of cinder red-hot at the lower part, and placed the red part on the handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying: 'As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer it will burn.' He then put it on his hand and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated."

There can be no reasonable doubt that Sir William Crookes saw what he says he did, though it was doubted for many years, and he suffered in consequence. It is probably not widely doubted now, and was not widely doubted when he received his knighthood. The only open questions in the present state of our knowledge are:—did he see it in his sleep?—was he hypnotized?

If he was, another witness was too; for along comes Stainton Moses, and testifies to even less possible (if that is possible) things of the same kind. Probably his truthful intentions stand as high as Sir William Crookes'.

His account is dated two years later than Sir William's (April 30, 1873), and refers to a different occasion (Pr. IX, 307):

"By degrees Mr. Home's hands and arms began to twitch and move involuntarily. I should say that he has been partly paralyzed, drags one of his legs, moves with difficulty, stoops, and can endure very little physical exertion. As he passed into the trance state he drew power from the circle by extending his arms to them and mesmerizing himself. All these acts were involuntary. He gradually passed into the trance state, and rose from the table, erect, and a different man from what he was. He walked firmly, dashed out his arms and legs with great power, and passed round to Mr. Crookes. He mesmerized him, and appeared to draw power from him. He then went to the fireplace, removed the guard, and sat down on the hearth-rug. There he seemed to hold a conversation by signs with a spirit. He repeatedly bowed, and finally set to work to mesmerize his head again. He ruffled his bushy hair until it stood out like a mop, and then deliberately lay down and put his head in the bright wood fire. The hair was *in* the blaze, and must, under ordinary circumstances, have been singed off. His head was in the grate, and his neck on a level with the top bar. This was repeated several times. He also put his hand into the fire, smoothed away the wood and coal, and picked out a live coal, which he held in his hand for a few seconds, but replaced soon, saying the power was not sufficient. He tried to give a hot coal to Mr. Crookes, but was unable to do it. He then came to all of us to satisfy us that there was no smell of fire on his hair. There was absolutely none. 'The smell of fire had not passed on him.' In the trance state he passed about the room amongst the furniture without touching any. He moved the lamp to the mantelpiece. He spoke in a soft, subdued voice, called himself 'Dan,' and said he had a work to do in London. During the evening we never heard who the spirits were, but I was told that friends of mine were present.

"[Mr. Crookes, to whom I (Myers) have shown this account, comments as follows twenty years later:]

"March 9th, 1893.

"I have a distinct recollection of the séance here described, and can corroborate Mr. Stainton Moses' account. I was not well placed for seeing the first part of the 'fire test' here recorded.... My back was to the fire, and I did not at first turn round to see what he was doing. Being told what was taking place, I looked and saw Home in the act of raising his head from the fire. Probably this was the last occasion of the 'several times' it was repeated, as I have no recollection of seeing it more than once. On my expressing great disap-

pointment at having missed this test, Mr. Home told me to leave my seat and come with him to the fire. He asked me if I should be afraid to take a live coal [ember] from his hand. I said, No, I would take it if he would give it to me. He then put his hand among the hot coals [embers], and deliberately picked out the brightest bit and held it in his hand for a few seconds. He appeared to deliberate for a time, and then returned it to the grate, saying the power was too weak, and he was afraid I might be hurt. During this time I was kneeling on the hearth-rug, and am unable to explain how it was he was not severely burnt.....

"I do not believe in the possibility of the ordinary skin of the hand being so prepared as to enable hot coals to be handled with impunity....It is possible that the skin may be so hardened and thickened by such preparations that superficial charring might take place without the pain becoming great, but the surface of the skin would certainly suffer severely. After Home had recovered from the trance I examined his hand with care to see if there were any signs of burning or of previous preparation. I could detect no trace of injury to the skin, which was soft and delicate like a woman's. Neither were there signs of any preparation having been previously applied.

"I have often seen conjurers and others handle red-hot coals and iron, but there were always palpable signs of burning. A negro was once brought to my laboratory who professed to be able to handle red-hot iron with impunity. I was asked to test his pretensions, and I did so carefully. There was no doubt he could touch and hold for a brief time red-hot iron without feeling much pain, and supposing his feet were as resisting as his hands, he could have triumphantly passed the 'red-hot plowshare' ordeal. But the house was pervaded for hours after with the odor of roast negro."

These two witnesses may have been hypnotized, but testimony from sundry other witnesses to these and other impossible(?) performances of Home are given in Journal S. P. R. IV and IX.

As to collective hypnotism, there are probably no evidentially good cases on record. The celebrated East India one of a generation ago is "good" enough, however, to repeat for the present generation. A fakir threw a rope up twenty or thirty feet into the air, the end still trailing on the ground. Then he climbed it, coiled a little at the top, and sat on the coil, and then, if I remember the yarn correctly, drew the rope up after him. After he had performed the feat sundry

times in several places, it occurred to somebody to photograph him in his exalted position. The plate showed no fakir and no rope. The story was repeated in the press throughout the civilized world, but on investigation, there proved to be no more story than there was rope or fakir on the sensitized plate, or than there was sensitized plate. Before the investigation, however, the story was credited to collective hypnotism.

Elongation

Before closing this department of the subject, perhaps I ought at least to allude to the alleged elongations of the bodies of Home and Morse and Herne. I allude to them because, to my mind, they tend to cast discredit on the other stories of Home, and, by implication, on all the rest of the marvels chronicled by the S. P. R. Therefore, in what professes to be a general sketch of all those alleged phenomena, it would not be fair to suppress the elongations. If I must hold an opinion, it would incline to ascribe them to hallucination on the part of the witnesses, as it does regarding Home's performances with hot coals, though I should not be surprised if the world were yet to come into possession of a mode of zöomagnetism resisting heat, if it has not one already illustrated in the Fire-walk.

With my impression regarding these alleged elongations, I do not feel that my duty calls for more space than a reference to the testimony from several witnesses, which is in Journal S. P. R., IV, 123-6; X, 104f.

Stigmata and Blisters

Now by the way of this resistance to what usually affects the body, we come to another direction of the body's energies. Whether the future will associate either of them with what we now call telekinesis or autokinesis is of course doubtful. But as I get the eels out of the pot, I keep those nearest alike as well together as I can. If you don't see the point of the metaphor, try to write a little on these subjects yourself.

From the bleeding spots on hands and feet symbolizing the wounds made by the nails of the cross, asserted to have been found on St. Francis of Assisi and other religious enthusiasts,

kindred phenomena run all the way down through the miracles of Lourdes, to sundry well attested recent phenomena, and branch off into hypnotic therapeutics, and Faith Cure and Christian Science.

The scientific world paid little attention to these stories before the case of Louise Lateau, of Belgium, who in 1868 began to exude blood from side, hands, feet, and forehead, every Friday. There was an element of religious ecstasy in the case. It is as well vouched for as most other phenomena prominent in medical history. Myers gives the particulars in *Human Personality*, I, 492. There, and also in the *Journal* (not Proceedings) S. P. R., III, 100 (where, as well as in the Proceedings, many of his chapters first appeared) he gives a dozen well authenticated cases somewhat resembling the Lateau case, variously due to ordinary hypnotic suggestion, religious ecstasy, and other forms of self-hypnotism or auto-suggestion.

Before going into them, however, let us anticipate Foster's exhibition in Chapter XVIII. He is there said to have shown some names "in letters formed of the living blood at that moment coursing through the hand."

It looks as if the phenomenon should be classed with Stigmata. But the following staggering statements from Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 23) look as if it was not even voluntary.

"It was in the early days of my acquaintance with Mr. Foster that a friend of mine, by the name of Adams, from Evansville, Ind., called upon me. As he was leaving, Mr. Foster told him that in all his experience he had never known one individual to bring so many spirits; that he should suppose the whole Adams family had appeared to him, the room being literally packed with them, coming and going. About two o'clock the next morning, Mr. Foster called to me (I was sleeping in the same room), saying: 'George, will you please light the gas? I cannot sleep. The room is still filled with the Adams family, and they seem to be writing their names all over me.' And to my astonishment, a list of names of the Adams family were displayed upon his body. I counted eleven distinct names: one was written across his forehead, others on his arms, and several on his back. It seemed to me then, and still seems to me, as being almost miraculous. I can simply term it unexplained, genuine phenomena, where trickery was impossible."

Whether or not it was stigmata—a real phenomenon of the strange involuntary self which also saw his visions, or whether it was a trick to make more interesting the exhibition of his real powers, why should he have played such a trick on Bartlett?

You can produce the effects yourself by writing on your skin with a blunt instrument (I've seen it done with a match) and then rubbing the spot. Whether Foster did it that way, I doubt: for if so, sometimes he must have done it through his coat sleeve, which I cannot; and at times the writing showed gradually while the sitter looked at the apparently undisturbed skin. Mr. Bartlett says:

“As soon as Mr. Foster and I read that explanation, we tried the experiment, but it was a failure... If the number of names which appeared on his arm and hand in one week had been caused by scratching matches on his flesh, I think he would have been badly mutilated. I know of no explanation of this ‘blood-red writing on the arm.’”

Myers considers the general subject in Pr. VII, 336-9, whence I take the following:

“Professor Beaunis and Dr. Krafft-Ebing have slowed the pulse by hypnotic suggestion; and these savants, as well as Professor Bernheim, M. Focachon, and others, have produced redness and blisters by the same means. Drs. Mabile, Ramadier, Bourru, Burot, have produced localized hyperæmia, epistaxis” [nosebleed], “ecchymosis” [a spot produced by extravasated blood under the skin]. “Dr. Forel and others have restored arrested secretions at a precisely fixed hour. Dr. Krafft-Ebing has produced a rise of temperature at moments fixed by himself,—a rise, for instance, from 37 deg. to 38.5 deg. C. Burot has lowered the temperature of a hand as much as 10 deg. C. by suggestion. He supposes that the mechanism employed is the constriction of the brachial artery, beneath the biceps. ‘How can it be,’ he asks, ‘that when one merely says to the subject, “your hand will become cold,” the vasomotor nervous system answers by constricting the artery to the degree necessary to achieve the result desired? *C'est ce qui dépasse notre imagination.*’”

The following is an abstract of Dr. Levillain's account of an experiment performed by Professor Charcot before a large class at the Salpêtrière:

“On April 26th, 1890, a hysterical woman was deeply hypno-

tized, and it was suggested to her that her right hand and wrist would swell and become cyanosed. After she was woken [sic], this suggestion gradually realized itself, and in four days the right hand was in the condition of that of the patients who had had spontaneous attacks. There was a smooth surface, hardly any pitting on pressure, but much dull-blue mottled swelling (which had obliged her to discontinue wearing her rings), and anæsthesia. A bright red patch was produced by touch... M. Charcot re-hypnotized the patient, and assured her that her hand was quite natural again, helping his suggestion with a little massage. After a quarter of an hour the anæsthesia, venous color, and swelling were gone.

"The subliminal consciousness" [We will consider this expression later. H. H.], "it will be seen, was able to turn out to order the most complicated novelty in the way of hysterical freaks of circulation. Let us turn to an equally marked disturbance of the inflammatory type, the production, namely, of suppurating blisters by the word of command. This phenomenon has a peculiar interest, since, from the accident of a strong emotional association with the idea of stigmata on hands and feet, this special organic effect has been anticipated by the introverted broodings of a line of mystics, from S. Francis of Assisi to Louise Lateau. A strange confirmation of ancient legend! A singular testimony to the intensity of the meditations of that great saint who

Nel crudo sasso intra Tevere ed arno
Da Cristo prese l'ultimo sigillo,
Che le sue membra due anni portarno."

.....
"The following experiment was performed by Dr. J. Rybalkin, in presence of his colleagues at the Hôpital Marie, at St. Petersburg. Dr. Rybalkin had previously experimented in the same way with his subject.

"The subject... was hypnotized at 8.30 a. m., and told: 'When you awake, you will be cold; you will go and warm yourself at the stove, and you will burn your forearm on the line which I have traced out. This will hurt you; a redness will appear on your arm; it will swell; there will be blisters.' On being awakened, the patient obeyed the suggestion. He even uttered a cry of pain at the moment when he touched the door of the stove,—which had not been lighted.

"Some minutes later, a redness, without swelling, could be seen at the place indicated, and the patient complained of sharp pain on its being touched. A bandage was put on his arm, and he went to bed, under our eyes.

"At the close of our visit, at 11.30, we observed a considerable swelling, accompanied with redness and with a papulous erythema at the place of the burn. A mere touch anywhere

within four centimeters of the burn caused severe pain. The surgeon, Dr. Pratine, placed a bandage on the forearm, which extended up to the superior third of the arm.

"When the dressing was removed at 10 next morning we saw at the place of the burn two blisters, one of the size of a nut and the other of a pea, and a number of small blisters. Around this tract the skin was red and sensitive. Before the experiment this region had been anæsthetic. At 3 p. m. the blisters met in one large blister. . . . In the evening the blister, which was full of a semi-transparent yellowish fluid, burst, and a scab formed on the raw skin. A week later ordinary sensibility returned to the scar, and after a fortnight there was only a red mark in the place of the burn."

Here is a case more suggestive in many ways than those already given, from Myers (*op. cit.*, I, 493) :

"A girl of about eighteen, who complained to me one day of a pain through her chest. . . . I magnetized. . . as usual, and told. . . in a whisper :

"'You will have a red cross appear on the upper part of your chest, only on every Friday. In the course of some time the words *Sancta* above the cross, and *Crucis* underneath it will appear also; at same time a little blood will come from the cross.' In my vest pocket I had a cross of rock crystal. I opened the top button of her dress and placed this cross on the upper part of the manubrium, a point she could not see unless by aid of a looking-glass, saying to her, 'This is the spot where the cross will appear.' This was on a Tuesday. . . . Next day Mrs. G. told me she had seen the girl now and again put her left wrist over the top part of her chest, over the dress; this was frequently repeated, as if she felt some tickling or slight irritation about the part, but not otherwise noticed; she seemed to carry her hand up now and then unconsciously. When Friday came I said, after breakfast, 'Come, let me magnetize you a little; you have not had a dose for several days.' She was always willing to be magnetized, as she always expressed herself as feeling very much rested and comfortable afterwards. In a few minutes she was in a deep sleep. I unbuttoned the top part of her dress, and there, to my complete and utter astonishment, was a pink cross, exactly over the place where I had put the one of crystal. It appeared every Friday, and was invisible on all other days. This was seen by Mr. and Mrs. G., and my old friend and colleague, Dr. B. . . . About six weeks after the cross first appeared I had occasion to take a trip to the Sandwich Islands. Before going I magnetized the girl, told her that the cross would keep on showing itself every Friday for about four months. . . . I also asked Dr. B. and Mr. G. to write me by every mail to Hono-

lulu, and tell me if the cross kept on appearing every Friday. . . . While I was on the Sandwich Islands I received two letters from Mr. G. and one from Dr. B. by three different mails, each telling that the cross kept on making its appearance as usual; blood had been noticed once, and also part of the letter S above the cross, nothing more. I returned in a little less than three months. The cross still made its appearance every Friday, and did so for about a month more, but getting paler and paler until it became invisible, as nearly as possible four months from the time I left for the Sandwich Islands.

“M. H. BIGGS, M. D.”

To this account Edmund Gurney adds in a note quoted by Myers (*op. cit.*, I, 493) :

“As to the first two of these cases [the one quoted above and another], it is possible to suppose that the hypnotic suggestion took effect indirectly, by causing the girls to rub a patch of the right shape. The suggestion may have been received as a command, and there would be nothing very surprising in a subject's automatically adopting the right means to fulfil a previous hypnotic command. And even the third case might be so accounted for, if the rubbing took place in sleep. At the same time, it would be rash, I think, absolutely to reject the hypothesis of the more direct effect.”

In the sources I have quoted there are hosts of cases as remarkable as those I have given.

Faith Cure, Christian Science

It would be superfluous to say much about these here: for abundant literature is accessible. The votaries have got hold of a truth, though many of them have got it by the tail. The facts have been obscured by the fancies. Yet through religious associations, some phases of truth can be got by many people who otherwise, outside of commonplaces, could not get any phases at all. This is true even of morality. Many a mind incapable of grasping the sanctions of Natural Law, not to speak of subordinating inclinations for the sake of conformity with it, will perform no end of feats,—objective and subjective, and make no end of sacrifices, in conformity with a supposed command from even a mythical law-giver.

My allotment of space for the subject is not small because I consider its importance small, but, as already intimated, because of the abundant discussion within everybody's reach.

BOOK II—PART III

PSYCHOKINESIS

CHAPTER XIV

A RATHER small allotment of space for a "Part" is made here in the interest of classification. Perhaps the future may furnish more material for this division. Now assuming Telekinesis to be established, perhaps we are as nearly ready to consider what I shall call Psychokinesis as people were a generation ago to consider Telekinesis. To introduce it here is to anticipate the phenomena of mediumship, but, as I often have occasion to remark, all these phenomena are so tangled up that, in the present state of our knowledge, cross classification is often inevitable.

We need a name, and I hope the one I suggest will do, for a mode of force of which we shall meet many indications hereafter, and which Hodgson describes as follows. Although it is incidentally implied everywhere in the literature of mediumship, the passage I quote is the only direct allusion to it which I know (Pr. XIII, 400):

"The statements of the 'communicators' as to what occurs on the physical side may be put in brief general terms as follows. We all have bodies composed of 'luminiferous ether' inclosed in our flesh and blood bodies. The relation of Mrs. Piper's ethereal body to the ethereal world, in which the 'communicators' claim to dwell, is such that a special store of peculiar energy is accumulated in connection with her organism, and this appears to them as 'a light.' . . . Several 'communicators' may be in contact with this light at the same time. There are two chief 'masses' of it in her case, one in connection with the head, the other in connection with the right arm and hand. Latterly, that in connection with the hand has been 'brighter' than that in connection with the head. If the 'communicator' gets into contact with the 'light' and thinks his thoughts, they tend to be reproduced by movements in Mrs. Piper's organism. Very few can produce vocal

effects, even when in contact with the 'light' of the head, but practically all can produce writing movements when in contact with the 'light' of the hand. Upon the amount and brightness of this 'light,' *cæteris paribus*, the communications depend. When Mrs. Piper is in ill-health, the 'light' is feebler, and the communications tend to be less coherent. It also gets used up during a sitting, and when it gets dim there is a tendency to incoherence even in otherwise clear communicators. In all cases, coming into contact with this 'light' tends to produce bewilderment, and if the contact is continued too long, or the 'light' becomes very dim, the consciousness of the communicator tends to lapse completely....."

But we have not the testimony of any living observer for the manifestation of this force as a "light," though we have abundant testimony of its manifestation and fluctuation, in the varying degrees of vigor in mediumistic phenomena. Naming it, however, is of course a somewhat tentative step.

Hodgson farther says (Pr. XIII, 410) :

"What it is that gets used up during the trance I do not definitely know, but that there is something that does get used up, that represents directly or indirectly some peculiar form of energy, that when this is abundant the communications are clearer, and that when, *cæteris paribus*, it approaches exhaustion, the communications become obscure and even absolutely incoherent, I have no doubt."

BOOK II—PART IV

TELEPSYCHOSIS

CHAPTER XV

INTRODUCTION

OF course these new manifestations of force that we have just considered were generally attributed to "spirits," as (pardon the frequent repetition) have been all new manifestations of force; but the indications seem to be that the inanimate objects have been moved, sometimes voluntarily, sometimes involuntarily, in response to the more or less definite volitions of the persons exercising the force—that the manifestations were psychical only in so far as they concerned the psyche of the operator.

We now come to a group of phenomena that have nothing to do with material objects external to the communicator, and are physical only as concerns the communicator's organs of expression.

The medium receives impressions apparently from other intelligences than his own, without the intervention of any organs of communication with which we are familiar. These impressions include facts that could have been communicated by word, and also visions, auditions, and other sensations.

They have apparently been derived from the minds of persons present, persons distant, and *ostensibly* persons no longer in the body.

And right here we are met by a strange fact: discrete as are telekinesis and telepsychosis, rare as are the persons manifesting either, yet generally, not always, a person manifesting one, manifests the other. No hint of an explanation of the apparent connection between them has, so far as I know, yet appeared. All we can yet do is to trace the tele-

kinetic power from its molar manifestations up through significant raps, lights, etc., to where these disappear, and direct mental impressions take their places.

Both classes of phenomena, telekinetic and telepsychic, were manifested by Foster, Home, and Moses, but only the telepsychic set through several important mediums whom we shall consider later.

It is hard to account for the skepticism regarding telepathy which prevailed till within a dozen years among investigators who had long been familiar with it between the hypnotist and his subject; and when the whole cultivated world knew it between the conductor and his orchestra. The following extract from the *New York Evening Post* of April 8, 1912, is worth quoting in the connection. An orchestra had been practising under an average conductor for a concert which Nikisch was to conduct. The writer says [*italics mine*]:

“The men were tired, having been rehearsing all the morning and given a concert in the afternoon. Yet at seven o'clock of the same day Nikisch assembled them for another rehearsal. They hoped he would make it short and easy. He started off with the fifth Tchaikovsky symphony. The rest may be related in the player's own words, as chronicled in the *London Musical Times* of February, 1905:

“‘Before we had been playing five minutes we were deeply interested, and, later, when we came to the big fortissimo, we not only played like fiends, but we quite forgot we were tired. For my own part, I simply boiled over with enthusiasm. I could have jumped up and shouted—as a matter of fact, when we reached the end of the first movement, we all did rise from our seats and actually shouted because we could not help it. *The weird part of it all was that we played this symphony through—with scarcely a word of correction from Nikisch—quite differently from our several previous performances of the same work. He simply looked at us, often scarcely moving his bâton, and we played as those possessed. We made terrific crescendos, sudden commas before some great chord, though we had never done this before.*”

In this connection I am tempted to venture a speculation which may be utterly valueless, but which may be found to link in with later knowledge.

In the biography called *Theodore Thomas* (Chicago, 1905), II, 25, the great conductor says that in the *Ride* and the *Fire-Music* of *The Walküre* there are passages which

no violinist alone can play up to time, but which a dozen good violinists playing together can. This I accounted for by reasons which, for the present at least, are vague, but are not without analogues and supports—that as the interchange of ability and diffusion of intelligence appear to have no fixed limits, and as the intelligence of a dozen men cannot be identical, it would be possible for each telepathically to receive a capacity in addition to his own from others attempting exactly identical things with himself. Certainly this is not the only case where each of several working together can do more than each can do separately. In the higher psychoses there are strong indications that twelve times one are not barely twelve, but nearer twelve times twelve. Instance the telepsychic powers of the dream state, as we shall consider them later.

This is all very well, and I don't altogether despair of its being very true. Nevertheless Thomas says:

“The intervals which one man drops another will play, as no two players will drop the same interval, and so the general effect is satisfactory.”

That, too, is all very well, if failure in a rapid passage means to players of that grade only the dropping of notes. But I know that, to at least one amateur, it means the playing of occasional wrong notes, and I have reason to believe that it means the same to all players. If that is so, they would not all play the same wrong notes, but several of them would play different and discordant notes at the same time, of which, to the great leader, “the general effect” could not have been “satisfactory.” Therefore I continue to hold my theory that the dozen played together correctly when no one of them could have done it alone. Musicians generally have had something of the same experience in *ensemble* playing—of doing with others what they could not do by themselves.

This all looks like telepathy, which is in part another name for sympathy.

There was another illustration under the eyes of almost everybody a generation ago:—Planchette often writes what is not in the mind of the person using it, but is very distinctly in the mind of some other person present.

CHAPTER XVI

TELEPATHY BETWEEN FOSTER AND THE AUTHOR

ONE Sunday evening in the early seventies, my wife and I went, unannounced and unknown, to see Foster. We did not give our names, but merely asked at the door of his boarding-house (near Washington Square) if he could see us. That he knew anything about us before would be a ridiculous supposition. He did not know my name, and if he had there were then even fewer persons to whom it meant anything than there are now, and no portrait of me had ever been published.

We were ushered into the second-story front room, an ordinary "sitting-room," and Foster appeared. He was a dark man of about thirty-five, rather coarse and heavy, with a liberal jowl and a fairly genial face, expressive rather of interest in the things of this world than those of any less material one. His eyes were dark and rather dreamy. Neither in temperament nor physique was he of the "spirituality" to be expected, according to our usual standards, in one whose susceptibilities to the hidden world were evolved beyond those of men generally. Recent experiences, however, have tended to modify the old notions regarding the spiritual.

His manner had nothing "professional" about it, but was easy, natural, and sincere. I expressed a desire for a sitting, and he invited us to be seated. He sat by the ordinary parlor table of that day, about two feet by four, on the side away from the windows, and we on the other side, with our backs to them. There was no machinery, no trance, no airs of mystery, none of the "knockings" or "table-tippings" then usually associated with "spiritual communications"—nothing outside of ordinary conversation, except the remarkable substance of the conversation. He merely reported to us impressions that came into his consciousness, and told us that

he thought they were put there by "spirits" (the universal and immemorial way of accounting for the unaccountable), but that he had no objection to our accounting for them in any way we pleased.

After the natural comments on the object of our visit and the state of the weather, he remarked: "Claude is here." Claude was the name of a baby we had lost some seven years before, and was of course the name most prominent in our minds on going to see a "spirit medium." That he should have known that we ever had such a child, or anything else about us, was virtually impossible. Apparently he got it telepathically from our minds. Soon he began to declare the presence of other personalities—friends we had lost, giving us the names of perhaps a dozen in about the order of their prominence in our minds.

We put questions mentally. The "spirits' " answers always were germane to the questions, but were generally noncommittal, and when otherwise, were wrong as often as right. When my father was declared present, I said: "Ask him a question I have in mind." Foster soon answered: "He says it is best *for you*." My mental question was: "Is my way of life satisfactory to you?"

Soon after graduation I had lost a college friend who was perhaps the best endowed person of his age I have known, and who left behind him some unpublished MSS. In time Foster announced: "Sextus is here." I said: "Please get from him an answer to my mental question."

Foster said: "I'll try. Keep your mind on it as closely as you can."

It is well to note here that while some mediums invite concentration, others are confused by the sitter's letting his mind dwell on anything: they want it kept as nearly as possible a *tabula rasa*. We shall meet illustrations later. Foster, on the contrary, said to me several times: "Your mind is wandering. Concentrate it on the question; help me all you can." At last he popped out: "He says, 'Publish every word of them.'" Now that is the very last thing Sextus would have said: he was the most modest of men, and the most apt to settle such a question the other way, or depend on the judgment of his friends.

Foster impressed me as sincere, but I don't think that he was able to draw an exact line between his "impressions" from outside, as described to me, and his own inventions, especially when he felt the impulse, not unnatural or entirely inexcusable, to show by pertinent answers that he had received correct impressions of questions in the mind of a sitter. His spiritistic theory of the origin of his impressions had started when it was the fashion to seek answers to questions through table tippings, and when he found in himself the sensibility to telepathic impressions, it was but a step almost imperceptible to a person of his lack of training, to supply coherent answers to questions, whether he was fully impressed with such answers or not. I don't think he *intended* to misrepresent, but simply did not distinguish. He probably got the impression of the question, and himself supplied the answer. This he did the more readily in the exultation of having caught the difficult question.

As Foster got farther and farther away from our foremost interests, which I assume most easily impressed his mind, he began to write instead of talking, saying that perhaps the "spirits" would guide his hand to write better than they would communicate through speech. I think writing helped him to concentrate. He wrote several scraps of paper which are before me now. These are probably specimens of the now widely known "automatic" writing.

One impression indicated on one of these scraps is in writing not clear, but pretty plainly seeming to be "*Votre grandpère aux Français, Jean de Hass.*" Now I did have a *grandpère Français*, but never knew him, and he was about the last person I would have thought of. Moreover, he was more than two generations back, and his name was De Hass, but it was not *Jean*. At the time, I did not know what it was, and, of course, neither did Foster—there being nothing in my mind to give him an impression. So when he wanted a Christian name, he seems to have taken, voluntarily or involuntarily, the one which is most frequent. This jumping consciously or unconsciously to the most common names is very general among sensitives.

Probably Foster knew no French, and I cannot find any warrant for the locution *grandpère aux Français* instead of

the natural *grandpère Français*. It surprised me at the time, and surprises me still. It is barely possible that at some time I had got hold of some such false locution, and held it subliminally, and that Foster got it from my subliminal consciousness.

To farther explain these unnecessarily long words for those to whom they are new: they are an invention "made in Germany," though in England and America quite usually attributed to Myers, but I never knew him to claim it.

His first mention of it that I can find (in Pr. VII for 1891-2) was five years later than when Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism* showed it to be common stock among "the inevitable Germans." It seems to have started with Fechner. Myers did more, however, than any one else to establish it with English-speaking people as a working hypothesis.

The words are used to distinguish between conscious thought and knowledge, and sub-conscious thought and knowledge. Why folks did not find these shorter and simpler words good enough I have not been able to make out. The preposition and the root *limen*, or more strictly, *limin*, which means "threshold," is applied to a consciousness which seems to exist under or away from the threshold of our daily experience.

There is abundant evidence of there being within reach of our memories more than we ordinarily realize—so much, in fact, that some observers think that every experience—and possibly every ancestral experience—really survives in the subliminal memory, and can be awakened under extraordinary conditions, such as hypnotism and dreams—and perhaps death. Some even go so far as to find reason to believe that each subliminal consciousness is part of an infinite consciousness in which our individual consciousnesses merge and communicate with each other telepathically. As we proceed, we shall find more to suggest such a theory, or rather to turn its name from a mere metaphor of locality into something more significant.

The thing that struck me as most remarkable at Foster's was that as he was telling me that his impressions often came to him in visions, he exclaimed: "I had a strange one then! I saw a large oyster-shell over your head, and

from it a pearl seemed to fall into your head." Now my father, who had been dead fourteen years, having been one of the founders of the Baltimore oyster industry, the pearl coming to me from the oyster-shell was about as correct a symbol for some of my important experiences as could readily have been imagined. Foster knew no more about this than about the revenues of the latest mandarin in China. Foster gave many illustrations—some to me and hosts to others—that his sensitiveness was not restricted to another's passing thoughts, but was apt to respond to anything in character and experience, without any conscious initiative from the other; and it was highly characteristic of the dream-like action of the "sensitive" mind that he should have caught this fact in my history and made a vision of it, just as people in general are constantly taking some trivial circumstance and expanding it into a dream.

Upon my asking him how he got such impressions, he said substantially:

"All I know about it is that they come into my mind, and sometimes, like the oyster-shell, seem to appear to my eyes. I think they are communicated to me by spirits, but of course you'll think what you please."

I asked: "Why, with your power of getting at secret things, don't you learn the secrets of the stock-market, and make yourself rich?" He answered: "I feel that if I were to use my strange powers to get anything but a comfortable livelihood, they would be taken away." His biographer records, however, that he did receive a great deal of money in legitimate fees, and some in more or less legitimate bets as to what he could do, but that he was not avaricious, often declined to take a bet that he had won, and let his money pass through his fingers like water.

For instance, Mr. Bartlett quotes (*op. cit.*, p. 99) from the *New York Graphic*, October 24, 1874:

"One night a total stranger to Foster called at his rooms and said:

"Foster, I don't believe in your humbug. Now, you never saw or heard of me, and I will bet you twenty dollars that you can't tell my name. I do it to test you."

"T-w-e-n-t-y d-o-l-l-a-r-s," repeated Foster; 'twenty dollars that I can't tell your name? Well, sir (putting his hand to his

brow), the spirit of your brother Clement tells me that your name is Alexander B. Corcorane.'

"Mr. Corcorane was astonished, and took out his money to pay the medium, who pushed it back with a laugh."

Of course he could have read both names from the visitor's mind.

Foster did not tell me that he felt that his powers would be taken away if he used them to obtain anything for which he did not give an equivalent; but that was probably what he meant. He was not a person of the high education that seems necessary to enable most people to say very exactly what they mean. In fact my recollection seems to be that he was not very sure to say what he meant even grammatically.

The conclusions established in me by the interview were that it could not be accounted for without the hypothesis of thought-transference, as it was called then—telepathy, as it is called now; and that there was nothing correct in it which could not be accounted for by that hypothesis. He told me nothing important or verifiable which I did not know before, but the things he did tell me, he could not have known without absorbing impressions from my mind or from other incarnate minds or from the "spirits."

His impressions had all the clearness and all the vagueness of dreams—from exact names to the (to him) meaningless vision of the oyster shell and the pearl.

Myers has marked the difference between a mental impression and what might be called a sensory vision, like the pearl oyster, by the two words telepathy and telesthesia. Though perhaps he would confine telesthesia to a vision of an actual thing or circumstance. Of course all such things merge into each other as pretty much everything does into everything else—a fact to which I have called attention probably often enough to tax your patience. The first two or three times I did it merely as a matter of general scientific interest; but as I have progressed, I have been impelled to do it more by fumbling against a vague suggestion of something; and as I have groped along, this something seems to become more definite and pervasive, until now it begins to look like a clue running through the whole subject, and leading by a new route to a better standpoint for looking through its vistas

than (so far as I know) has so far been realized. Perhaps we shall reach it definitely in due course.

Foster's explanation of the "spirits" had been the general explanation for the mysterious during all previous history; and at his time many scouted telepathy as a less probable hypothesis. In fact telepathy was then scouted in favor of fraud by many—probably most—of such people as are now crying it up as against spiritism.

Although in those days Foster was called a "spiritual medium," so was everybody else who did anything unexplainable. Under the discriminations of to-day, Foster as I saw him, would not be regarded as a spiritual medium at all. He was, *so far as I observed him*, merely a telepathic sensitive. He did not profess to me that his body was used as a medium by another spirit. His own spirit was in the possession of it all the while, and simply communicated to us what he thought other spirits told him. What is to-day strictly meant by a spiritual medium is a person whose spirit seems to relinquish the body for the use of another spirit, who uses it to write and articulate, and by so doing generally expresses an alleged personality entirely distinct, perhaps in point of age and even of sex, from the medium's waking self. But we are going to meet evidence that Foster manifested these phenomena too. We shall find reason to regard them as in some respects quite different from what they seem.

Many years after I sat with Foster, I left a sitting with Mrs. Piper more deeply, if possible, under the same impression of telepathy than I was when I left Foster. But there were additional features in her case that have since inclined me toward additional convictions. I will be more specific after we have been over the phenomena.

CHAPTER XVII

SOME EARLY TELEPATHIC SENSITIVES

I HAVE introduced telepsychosis, as I introduced telekinesis, by a personal experience because, as between my readers and me, it is more direct than an experience from a third person. But in the former case I began with the simplest sort of illustration of the subject, while in the present case I have subordinated simplicity to the other consideration.

Yet so many people have read of telepsychic experiences of many kinds; in fact, so many people have known of, and even experienced them, that any illustrations at all sometimes seem almost superfluous. But the experiences are as yet so little correlated with established knowledge that few people, if any, profess to "understand" them to any extent, and therefore more illustrations may be worth while to stimulate your guesses as well as to explain other guesses, including my own.

Moreover, next to the question of survival of death, and strongly bearing upon it, this subject of telepathy, or telesthesia, has turned out to be far the most important with which the S. P. R. has had to deal. It seems to pervade nearly all superusual psychic phenomena, and it is therefore well to trace it from even earlier than the beginning of scientific examination.

There have been many attempts to make the recent manifestations, beginning about the middle of the last century, of a piece with manifestations going as far back as history. There are at least two pretty clear differences. Most of the early manifestations were associated with pathological conditions and religious ecstasy. The recent ones are generally free from the first, and those as late as the contemporary S. P. R. records, are free from the second. Indeed, while the comparatively illiterate spiritualism of the American outbreak had religious associations, it had few religious ecstasies. The

manifestations were generally normal, the earlier ones seem to have been generally abnormal.

There seems then a good deal of warrant for assuming that the recent phenomena come in the natural course of evolution, while the earlier phenomena may have been precocious, and therefore unsubstantial.

The reader who cares for a more complete and detailed account than I have space for of these subjects previous to the foundation of the S. P. R., will find the best I know in Podmore's *Modern Spiritualism* (1902). But admirable as it was at the time, in the light of later knowledge much of it reads like the old disproofs of the possibility of a locomotive moving over twenty miles an hour, or of more than one electric light on a circuit.

The earliest celebrated sensitive in the modern world was Swedenborg. His case of course received little general attention before the movement of which one symptom was the foundation of the S. P. R. Nevertheless, the case had attracted the investigation and confidence of so great a man as Kant, who vouches for it, expressing himself as follows in a letter reprinted as Appendix II in his *Dreams of a Ghost-seer* (Goerwitz's translation, London, 1900) :

"In the year 1759, towards the end of July, on Saturday, at four o'clock P.M., Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England, when Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock Swedenborg went out, and returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, in the Sodermalm (Gottenburg is about three hundred miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God, the fire is extinguished the third door from my house.'... On Monday evening, a messenger arrived at Gottenburg, who was despatched by the Board of Trade during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg."

This may have been pure telepathy from the minds of witnesses in Stockholm, or it may have been telopsis (clairvoyance).

Kant also said on another subject (*op. cit.*, pp. 17-18) :

“Madame Marteville, the widow of the Dutch ambassador in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband, was called upon by Croon, a goldsmith, to pay for a silver service which her husband had purchased from him. The widow was convinced that her late husband had been much too precise and orderly not to have paid this debt, yet she was unable to find the receipt....She requested Mr. Swedenborg...that if, as all people said, he possessed the extraordinary gift of conversing with the souls of the departed, he would perhaps have the kindness to ask her husband how it was about the silver service. Swedenborg did not at all object to complying with her request. Three days afterward the said lady had company at her house for coffee. Swedenborg called, and in his cool way informed her that he had conversed with her husband. The debt had been paid several months before his decease, and the receipt was in a bureau in the room upstairs...that her husband had described to him how, after pulling out the left-hand drawer a board would appear which would be required to be drawn out, when a secret compartment would be disclosed, containing his private Dutch correspondence, as well as the receipt. Upon hearing this description the whole company arose and accompanied the lady into the room upstairs...and, to the great astonishment of all, the papers were discovered there, in accordance with his description.”

This, if telepathy, apparently could have been only from the mind of Marteville surviving bodily death, though there is a faint probability that some living person knew it. The only remaining hypotheses are that it was telopsis, or that we don't know.

As Podmore, and I dare say others, point out (*Modern Spiritualism*, I, 15) :

“The idea of intercourse with distinctively human spirits, if not actually introduced by Swedenborg, at least established itself first in the popular consciousness through his teaching.... For him there was no gulf fixed between this earthly life and that which he believed to lie beyond death. The great principle of continuity is preserved; Nature makes no leap, even over the grave, and heaven and hell are seen in his prosaic pages to be much like Stockholm or London.”

Which latter fact is, with me at least, an argument, *pro tanto*, for the genuineness of his heaven at least.

Among the earlier uninvestigated cases of telepsychosis is that of Hudson Tuttle, an untutored country boy on the Erie shore of Ohio, who, in the early fifties, at the age of sixteen, without books at hand, wrote a fairly correct outline in fairly correct language of what was then known of the evolution of the planet and the life and thought upon it. This he of course supposed to be expressed through him by spirits (Tuttle, Hudson: *The Arcana of Nature*. Latest edition edited by Densmore. New York (date not given): copyrighted in 1909).

About the same time, probably a little earlier, Andrew Jackson Davis, "the Poughkeepsie Seer," also uneducated, wrote a similar work, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, and later *The Great Harmonia*, and half a score of others, in trance, at first brought on by hypnosis and later by auto-suggestion.

In March, 1846, Davis gave a description of an eighth planet as yet unseen, with a "density four-fifths of water"; and in the following September Neptune was discovered, with about that density. Davis said some other things, however, absurd on their faces: so the planet seems a coincidence. But he also declared a communion between incarnate and post-carnate spirits that would soon be abundantly manifested. Anybody who wants to, can of course apply this to the developments in the Pr. S. P. R. For much of this I am indebted to Podmore, *Modern Spiritualism*, I, 163. His account of Davis is very interesting.

Of course both these men thought their writings inspired by spirits.

There were many other writing mediums at the same epoch.

A young ex-blacksmith, named Charles Linton, in 1853 wrote heteromatically a religious rhapsody called *The Healing of the Nations*, which was well up to the standard of the educated pulpit; and there were several other performances of the kind, some of them in verse, or alleged verse, generally, but not invariably, very bad. Thomas L. Harris's were almost endurable. Virtually all the stuff, however, was made of echoes, and a little of it of direct but perhaps involuntary telepathic plagiarism, or (even Podmore, from whom I have taken some of this edifying information, virtually admits) possibly telopsis.

These cases, like others before the overwhelming accumulation of scientifically sifted evidence by the S. P. R., attracted hardly any notice in the educated world, but now one can, without fear of ridicule, mention them as worth attention.

The books of these authors and their fellows contain many quotations from works which the authors profess never to have seen except teloptically; and it is hard to account for the existence of their books on any other hypothesis than teloteropathy and telopsis, unless it be that of fraud, which is now out of date and not countenanced by the circumstances.

Tuttle and Davis, in the frequent enjoyment of what Davis called "the superior state," both lived to be old men, and I believe very good old men, and were alleged to be useful in diagnosing and prescribing for disease, and certainly were useful in raising above the hewing of wood and drawing of water the thoughts of many people who believed the lectures of these seers inspired by superhuman wisdom.

There is little room for doubt that they did telepsychically absorb much that people generally have to attain by effort, and that, without any of what is ordinarily called education, they grew into the possession of a mass of irregular knowledge which, eked out by the vocabulary that came with it, led a large number of disciples to believe themselves "getting somewhere"; and probably they were, as compared with where they would have got without these teachers. I have had a little—very little—correspondence with this order of "spiritualists," and find them exceptionally good and kindly people. No more so, however, than that arch skeptic who has no belief whatever in Foster's "spirits," but implicitly believes in the man, and wrote his life.

A word was said about our American seers diagnosing diseases. Davis at least did. Probably the telopsis which went to the pages of remote books went into the organs of the body. Much matter regarding this, on the part of many people, has been gathered, and I shall have a word to say about it later. It may have big possibilities.

I have taken most of the foregoing data regarding Tuttle and Davis from Densmore's Introduction to Tuttle's *Arcana*. He also gives there an account of Mrs. Richmond, whose works and biography by Barrett I possess, but do not care to quote

from, as all the space I can spare will be better filled by Densmore's account of her in his same introduction to Tuttle (*op. cit.*, p. 65):

"Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (née Scott) was born in 1840, near Cuba, Allegany County, N. Y." [The region from the Hudson to a few hundred miles west was the cradle of the mid-century "spiritualism." H. H.] "Her father, David W. Scott, was a mathematician and inclined to philosophic studies. Her mother, Lodensy Butterfield, had psychic gifts.... When eleven years of age she was asked to prepare a composition and took her slate and pencil into an arbor in the garden, expecting first to write the essay on the slate and then copy it on paper. In a little while she took the slate to her mother, saying she had fallen asleep and somebody had been writing on her slate. The writing began: 'My dear sister,' and was from a sister of Mrs. Scott who had passed away in childhood. A few days later Cora was seated at the feet of her mother, when sleep again overtook her, and the mother, thinking she had fainted, applied restoratives. Noticing a trembling motion of the hand, she placed the slate and pencil in the child's hand, which immediately began to write. In this way several messages, signed by different members of the family who had gone to spirit life, were written, each of them testifying to their existence in another sphere....."

"A few months after the first writing on the slate, Cora was controlled by what purported to be the spirit of a German physician, but who withheld his name. For some four years the German physician, at a given hour every day, controlled Cora to diagnose and give medical advice to those who came to her father's house for that purpose. This occupied two, three, and sometimes six hours a day. Under the direction of this physician she dressed wounds, and sometimes performed minor surgical operations. Cora had no knowledge of any other language than English, but the influence controlling her sometimes spoke through her in German. From the beginning of her mediumship, it was stated through the child that her mission was to be a public speaker, and that her efforts in the art of healing were experiences to fit her for her lifework.

"It was not until she was fifteen that she began to give lectures before large audiences."

This is plainly the dream state as known to all who dream at all, but as highly developed among the mediums.

Mrs. Richmond has spoken to large assemblies of spiritualists in America and England, and is, or was until lately, minister to a large congregation of them in Chicago. I have

read some of her discourses, which seem at about the usual pulpit level, with more than the usual liberality.

In the same connection, Densmore gave some account of Colville, which is doubly worth quoting from because its last episode—the voyage—is not in print elsewhere, even in the books by Colville from which Densmore takes most of his material.

“W. J. Colville was born in England in 1860. The following facts of his life are gleaned from a recently published autobiography:

“My mediumship originally declared itself in early childhood. I was practically an orphan from birth.....

“How I first came to see my mother clairvoyantly I do not know, but I distinctly remember becoming conscious, at frequent intervals, of the gentle, loving presence of a beautiful young woman, who invariably appeared to my vision attired in garments of singular beauty.....

“I was first led to realize the unusual character of my vision when I mentioned the presence of the ‘beautiful lady in white’ to two persons who were with me. I saw her very distinctly, yet they declared that we three were the only occupants of the apartment. The mystery of the fourth inmate was for me greatly intensified, when it appeared to me that the other two persons, besides her and myself, could pass through her and she through them, while they appeared completely unconscious of each other’s presence.... The second evidence of clairvoyance did not refer to sight, as ordinarily understood, but to mental enlightenment, and this not only of a general but of a particular character, going deeply and precisely into manifold details of private family history, and including many revelations which brought consternation to the hearers when I reported my experiences. The people among whom I was being reared were desirous of hiding from me many facts concerning my parents of which my spirit mother evidently wished me to become aware.”

All the preceding matter was in the minds of the family and may have been caught by the child telepathically. An exception should be made of the mother’s dress. This was an elaboration of the original data, such as is generally made in dreams. Even what follows is not necessarily prophecy or even telopsis: the aunt knew her own room and her own bonnet strings. That is the sort of difficulty with telopsis generally.

"The third feature in my clairvoyance was the actual predicting of coming events.... A single example will illustrate: My grandmother's sister in Lincolnshire had decided to visit Sussex, but had not communicated her intention to any one, although her mind was fully made up. I had never seen my great-aunt, and had rarely heard her mentioned, yet I distinctly saw her in the house where I was then living, and accurately described her appearance, even to the strings of the cap which she wore when, a few days later, she paid her sister a visit."

What follows looks like telopsis, but it may have been telepathy from those who had read the novel.

Page 81. "I was in Perth, West Australia, in 1896, when Marie Corelli's novel, *The Treasure of Heaven, A Romance of Riches*, reached Australian shores. The book had been widely advertised before its arrival, and a committee of arrangements had secured my consent to include a review of that book in a course of lectures I was then delivering in the Town Hall.... To my consternation I could not get hold of a copy until the evening on which I was to speak, and as the book contained nearly five hundred pages I gave up hope of reviewing it in my lecture and decided to treat the topic from my own standpoint, merely mentioning the fact that Marie Corelli's novel had just reached the city.... At the close of the lecture I was personally congratulated upon my exhaustive review of the entire story and... told that I had quoted passage after passage, in almost the exact words of the author, and had given a full synopsis of the entire tale.... I have often had experiences similar to the above and am therefore fully assured that it is quite possible to speak intelligently upon matters with which in my ordinary state I have merely the most superficial acquaintance....."

But now we come to something for which, as far as I can see, we must wait for a correlation with anything we know.

"One night in February, 1906... I beheld in the air of the room the vision of a large ocean steamship and, near it, the date March 29th. Not having the least idea that the vision concerned me individually, I took it for granted that some of the other members of the party were about to take an unexpected trip across the Atlantic.... I was impressed to try my hand at automatic writing.... The writing ceased suddenly and I felt no inclination... even to read what had been written until the following morning.... Next day I found written... the substance of what here follows: 'Your friends in Australia have decided to request you to leave San Francisco on the Oceanic steamer *Sierra*, due to sail March 29th. You

must and will go then. There are several grave reasons for your so doing. Among them an event of great importance in California, the details of which you will learn in due season. This is an important crisis in your life, and when you realize all it signifies you will indeed know that unseen watchers guard diligently your pathway.' No name was signed...except the cryptic signature, 'One who knows.'

"..... Within a few weeks I received a letter from the editor of a magazine in Sydney, urging me to comply with the request of a committee of friends...to leave San Francisco, March 29th, on the *Sierra*."

This, then, was telepathy! Colville continues:

"The second portion of the writing I did indeed soon come to understand. Reaching Sydney April 19th, 1906, passengers and crew were shocked by the awful tidings of earthquake and fire in San Francisco.....

"I have often been asked to describe the difference between telepathic and spiritual messages...It is almost impossible to discriminate between a message received from a communicant on earth and from one who has passed to the other side of existence. What, indeed, is that 'other side' but the side to which telepathy is indigenous? And can we afford to be sure that when we are functioning telepathically we are not behaving just as we should continue to behave were we suddenly divested of our material envelopes?.....

"Now that I have rounded out nearly thirty years of public service, I feel it a solemn duty, as well as a high privilege, to bear unequivocal testimony to the always beneficial effect which mediumship has had on me from all standpoints. Mentally and physically I owe much to those very endowments and experiences which mistaken people imagine are weakening to mind and body."

There is a strange incongruity in the psychic material which mediums get. The reader perhaps marveling at the smooth diction, ample vocabulary, and sound sense of what he may be perusing from an unlettered medium, is suddenly dumped into a passage conspicuously lacking in some one of those qualities, or perhaps all. These people for a time show results that ordinarily can be attained only by education, and then show a lack of them. It seems as if, in the first cases, they have teloteropathically received the results of *somebody's* education, and that, in the other cases, they are either teloteropathically representing another order of mind,

or perhaps expressing their own. But whatever the interpretation of it, whatever portion of it is deliberately invented fraud, whatever its neglect hitherto by scholars, in view of much similar matter that has lately passed scientific scrutiny, I am satisfied that much of the humbler "spiritualistic" literature is sincere, results from spontaneous telepsychoses, is outside of and often in advance of general experience, opens up a new and promising range of mind, and is therefore worthy of careful study. Let all this be illustrated by a few passages.

Here is the "Analysis" serving as preface to Tuttle's *Psychic Science* (Chicago, 1895):

"There is a Psychic Ether, related to thought, as the luminiferous ether is to light.

"This may be regarded as the thought atmosphere of the universe. A thinking being in this atmosphere is a pulsating center of thought-waves, as a luminous body is of light.

"There is a state of mind and body known as sensitive, or impressible, in which it receives impressions from other minds. This state may be normal, or induced by fatigue, disease, drugs, or arise in sleep. The facts of clairvoyance, trance, somnambulism, and psychometry prove the existence of this ether, and are correlated to [with? H. H.] it.

"Thought transference is also in evidence, as well as that vast series of facts which give intimation of an intelligence surviving the death of the physical body.

"This sensitiveness may be exceedingly acute, and the individual unconscious of it, and then it is known as genius, which is acute susceptibility to the waves of the psychic atmosphere."

All this might have been written by any leader of the S. P. R. From it we tumble into the middle ages, tautology, and bombast.

"Sensitiveness explains the true philosophy of prayer.

"All the so-called occult phenomena of mesmerism, trance, clairvoyance, mind-reading, dreams, visions, thought transference, etc., are correlated to and explained by means of this psychic ether.

"All these phenomena lead up to the consideration of immortality, which is a natural state, the birthright of every human being."

Next we have what may have been an accidental vague

generality, with possible meanings not at all realized by the person expressing it, or it may have included many of the profound suggestions I have quoted from Professors Cope, Holmes, and others.

“The body and spirit are originated and sustained together, and death is their final separation.”

Then comes in a sentence which *reads* like Spencer, and may be as profound as Boole, but which so far as I can fathom it seems like nonsense.

“The problem of an immortal future, beginning in time, is solved by the resolution of forces at first acting in straight lines, through spirals reaching circles which, returning within themselves, become individualized and self-sustaining.”

Next a profound platitude that nobody fully appreciating most of his preceding matter would have thought of writing:

“Spiritual beings must originate and be sustained by laws as fixed and unchanging as those which govern the physical world.”

Then follows:

“Sensitiveness gives great pleasures and may give pain; the author’s experience as a sensitive, related, shows this.”

Now this jumble of profundities and superficialities, of clear statement of difficult things, and turgid statement of simple things, is typical of the old-fashioned spiritual literature, but, and here’s an additional rub, also of the latest communications through Mrs. Piper, professing to come from some of the best minds that have lately been known to the educated world.

Is it not a pretty clear inference that what comes from them all is a jumble from all the minds going, including their own, and varying from single impressions all the way up to the complexes which portray a soul? This need not mean, though it may, that what professes to come from the emancipated spirits of Sidgwick, Myers, Hodgson, and James, necessarily has any such exalted source: it may come from memories and impressions of them in minds still on earth; but wherever it comes from, it comes in shape so questionable that even the early similar manifestations, so long neglected, ought not to be neglected longer.

But the early reports bring us nothing of the dramatic character so strongly indicative of personality independent of the medium, that abounds in the S. P. R. reports. Indeed previous to Foster I find nothing like the modern "possession." The medium sees and reports, sometimes with much veridicity, but that is all: the medium is not described as impersonating. Moreover I recall no clear case of spontaneous or self-induced trance in normal persons prior to those contemporary with the S. P. R., but my knowledge and my memory may be at fault there. Of course there are plenty of hysterical visions and, apparently, of telopsis.

Among the early records, the name of Benjamin Franklin is given as a control much oftener than that of anybody else, in fact by almost if not quite every medium. This suggests at least the question whether, amid the strange jumble, there may not have been from his powerful personality—as powerful perhaps as any that earth has known—something more than the mere impression which accounts of it had made on the waking medium. Podmore says, undoubtedly correctly (*Modern Spiritualism*, I, 268):

"Of all the august names which figure in the 'inspirational' literature of the period, none, it should be remarked, occurs more frequently, or is made sponsor for more outrageous nonsense."

Bacon's share of the tommyrot was nearly as great.

CHAPTER XVIII

RECENT TELEPATHIC SENSITIVES

IN the foregoing survey of the early sensitives I have made no attempt to classify their manifestations, but in going on I will try, so far as the complexity of the phenomena permits, to group them under (a) simple impressions apparently received from the sitter; (b) visions similarly received (both a and b were illustrated to me by Foster); (c) simple impressions apparently received from distant minds; (d) visions similarly received; (e) impressions apparently received from ostensible intelligences surviving death; (f) visions similarly received; and (g) impressions and visions without any assignable source.

Impressions from Persons Present

The following is from Stillman (*op. cit.*, I, 183f.):

"..... Mrs. H. K. Brown, the wife of our ablest sculptor of that day... was, apart from the peculiar powers she possessed, one of the most remarkable women I have ever known, both morally and intellectually.... No physical 'manifestation' took place in her presence, and we never 'sat' as a 'circle,' but her telepathic and thought-reading powers in ordinary social intercourse were most surprising.... Bryant, the poet, assured me that she had recounted to him events in his past life not known to any living person except himself, and I had, myself, the evidence that in her presence there was nothing in my past life beyond her perception.... I gave her one day a letter of Ruskin without disclosing the authorship, and in the course of a long analysis she said that the writer was not married, to which I replied that in this she was mistaken, and she rejoined, 'Then he ought *not* to be.' At that time Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin were, so far as I knew, living together, and no rumor of their incompatibility had come about.

"Mrs. Brown explained the possession of her occult powers by a voice in the manner of Socrates's demon, which, she said, was always present with her, and which she recognized as entirely foreign to her. She repeated what she heard, word for

word as the words came, hesitating and sometimes leaving a sentence incomplete, not hearing the sequence. When she asked who was speaking to her, she received only the reply, 'We are spirit,' and no indication of personality was ever offered."

From Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 64) :

"Two gentlemen called on Mr. Foster, and inquired if he could answer some questions in a foreign language. He replied that he had usually been able to do so, and if the gentlemen would kindly be seated and write their questions on slips of paper [Writing evidently helped concentration. H. H.], he would see what the results would be. I am quite sure that the mental strain was very severe on Mr. Foster during this séance, for beads of perspiration could be seen on his forehead frequently. . . . He answered numerous questions, but in a language which he said he had never before spoken. . . . He pronounced many of the words with some difficulty. . . . In justice to Mr. Foster, and to show what a wonderful test he had given them, one of the gentlemen made this explanation: Some years ago, he was shipwrecked, and drifted to an unknown island, where he was treated kindly by the natives, and where he was compelled to remain for three years before being rescued. It was there he learned this strange language. A young native, who was his most intimate companion, died a few weeks before he was rescued, and it was the spirit of this young man from whom he was supposed to have had the communication, as there was not another man in New York City, or in any part of Europe, who knew a word of the language."

Bartlett gives a much more complicated case than this, for which I have not space.

It now seems strange that it should not have occurred to Mr. Bartlett that the "spirit" was the sitter, but his experiences were before the world was familiar with telepathy. Apparently, however, he does not state the explanation he does give, as his own: for elsewhere, and in conversation with me, he stubbornly repudiates the spiritistic hypothesis.

The speaking and understanding by mediums, of languages which, in their ordinary state, they do not understand at all, is testified to by a cloud of witnesses, and is one of the very strongest illustrations of the community of mind which will be found more obvious and more suggestive as we proceed. Podmore (*Modern Spiritualism*, I, 258-59) quotes the following incidents from Judge Edmonds:

(P. 258.) “Some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura [Miss Edmonds] . . . and they received answers, sometimes in English and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though they seemed to understand it perfectly.

“This can be verified only by Laura’s statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give their names.”

(P. 259.) “The incident with the Greek gentleman was this: He spoke broken English.

“Occasionally, through Laura, the spirit would speak a word or a sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek. The residue of the conversation, for more than an hour, was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and on hers sometimes in Greek and sometimes in English. At times Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed, either by her or him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

“ My niece, of whom I have spoken, has often sung Italian, improvising both words and tune, yet she is entirely unacquainted with the language. Of this, I suppose, there are a hundred instances.

“One day my daughter and niece . . . began a conversation with me in Spanish, one speaking a part of a sentence and the other the residue. They were influenced, as I found, by the spirit of a person whom I had known when in Central America, and reference was made to many things which had occurred to me there, of which I knew they were as ignorant as they were of Spanish.

“To this only we three can testify.”

Podmore gives many more instances. He is of course very skeptical regarding all. Perhaps he would be less so if the recent much-better-recorded ones had been open to him. Yet despite them, I am not free from similar skepticism.

I enjoyed the acquaintance of Judge Edmonds’ daughter Laura (Mrs. Gilmore)—a woman of rare charm, refinement, and cultivation, whose sincerity I deem beyond question. She told me many marvels of telopsis and precognition from her own experience. I had not then taken up the subject seriously, and was careless about notes and correspondence.

Browning, the poet, tells (the evidence is in Pr. II, 130), of “wearing under his coat-sleeves some gold wrist-studs . . . which he had quite recently taken into wear, in the absence (by mistake of a sempstress) of his ordinary wrist-buttons. He had

never before worn them in Florence or elsewhere, and had found them in some old drawer, where they had lain forgotten for years. One of these studs he took out and handed to the Count [Giunasi], who held it in his hand awhile, looking earnestly in Mr. Browning's face, and then he said, as if much impressed, 'C'è qualche cosa che mi grida nell' orecchio, "Uccisione, uccisione!"' (There is something here which cries out in my ear, 'Murder, murder!')

"'And truly,' says Mr. Browning, 'those very studs were taken from the dead body of a great-uncle of mine, who was violently killed on his estate in St. Kitts, nearly eighty years ago. . . . The occurrence of my great-uncle's murder was *known only to myself*, of all men in Florence, as certainly was also my possession of the studs.'

But Count Giunasi could have got it from Browning's mind.

Account of a séance at the Continental Hotel on the last day of March, 1873, from the *Philadelphia Press*. Please remember what I have said before about Mr. Bartlett being generally a confirmatory witness of what he quotes. Bartlett (*op. cit.*, 9):

"'Well, sir' (with the usual *brusquerie* of the journalist, who has no time to lose in conventionalities, for the paper must go to press at a certain time)—'well, sir, let me grasp the situation at once, and I confess candidly that I have not even a scintilla of doubt as to the falsity of Spiritualism and its varied forms and phases of humbug and jugglery.'

"As the journalist approaches his subject more closely, he feels that his usual impersonality must be sometimes sunk as he recites his experiences for that one-half hour in the medium's room. These experiences are not simply strange, unaccountable, mysterious, or any of the words which denote the idea of things unaccounted for by natural causes; they are simply 'awful.' The writer feels as though he were drifting into sacrilege in his endeavor to give or to conceive of an idea of the power of this man. When the reporter saw this man look back over long years of time and long miles of space, and down deep into the moldering dust of long-forgotten graves, and drag up to the clear light of the present noonday sun of Philadelphia thoughts from the inmost recesses of the heart of a woman who, in life, would hardly have confessed those thoughts to herself—when he saw the name of the woman and that of the man she loved (names which the inquirer had himself almost forgotten, time and circumstance having almost completely blotted them out of memory)—when he saw those names written in plain, distinct characters, in letters formed of the living blood at that moment coursing through the hand of Foster—he could not

refrain from yielding to the impulse to cry out in ideal pain and awe-striking fear, stagger up from the table, and walk about the room till a modified calmness came to his excited feelings. And yet these were but the mere rudiments of the 'art,' if it may so be called; but it may not be so called, even though the loss of a word leaves the sentence unfinished, for it was no 'art.'

"Mr. Foster spoke the truth when he made the remark, 'Mr. —, I will reveal to you things that you would not dare publish; they are too sacred; they touch family, social, and heart relations too nearly even to be mentioned by the faintest allusion.' And the listener paid the penalty for his skepticism and scoffing even to the uttermost farthing, such a penalty the amount of which he dare not publish."

The emotion and "fine writing" in the report tend to detract from its probable accuracy, but on the other hand there is no indication of anything more than telepathy: the sitter apparently knew everything Foster told him. The initials on Foster's hand were a favorite exhibition of his, though he did not show it to me. It has already been treated under "Stigmata."

Visions from Persons Present

The other day one of my sisters went to see one of the Atlantic City gang of palmists, fortune-tellers, etc. He told her how long she had been a widow, and that she had made a mistake in selling a tract of land—both of which facts were of course well known to her; evidently the fellow had some telepathic power. He said he "seemed to see" the tract of land, though my sister never saw it: he had a vision, as Foster had with me.

The very first paper published by the S. P. R. was on "Thought Reading," by a committee consisting of Professor Barrett and Messrs. Gurney and Myers; and a very primitive paper it was, compared with what the same men were able to furnish from fuller experience. It asks the question (Pr. I, 13):

"Is there or is there not any existing or attainable evidence that can stand fair physiological criticism, to support a belief that a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another mind without the intervening help of the recognized organs of sensation? And if such evidence be found, is the impression derived from a rare or partially

developed and hitherto unrecognized sensory organ, or has the mental percept been evoked directly without any antecedent sense-percept?"

And it handles the now antiquated questions of collusion, more or less conscious signaling, etc., etc., and discusses the willing game, the public exhibitions of Bishop, Cumberland, and Corey, etc., etc.

Then are given the results of some experiments with the Creery children tending to prove transfer of words and cards.

There is another report from the same committee in Pr. I, 70-97, with duplicates of drawings made by "agents" and copied without being seen by "recipients." The resemblances are unmistakable. A similar report is in Pr. I, 161-213.

Then comes a report, in Pr. I, 263-81, when Mr. Podmore had been added to the committee, which seems to be chronologically later than a report printed in Pr. II, 24ff., and to be a tabulated summary of it, but apparently from considerations of space or some other convenience, printed out of chronological order.

The report in Pr. II is:

"An Account of some experiments in Thought-Transference, Conducted by Malcolm Guthrie, J.P., and James Birchall, Hon. Sec. of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool."

Mr. Guthrie writes (Pr. II, 24-5):

"A party of young ladies...found that certain of their number, when blindfolded, were able to name very correctly figures selected from an almanac suspended on the wall of the room, when their companions, having hold of their hands, fixed their attention upon some particular day of the month....."

"About this time I read an article by Mr. F. Corder in the February number of *Cassell's Magazine*, which was written with such an air of truthfulness...that...I thereupon determined to try the experiments, as described in Mr. Corder's paper, upon my son, a nervous and susceptible fair-haired boy of ten years of age. Much to my astonishment, and his own, he named quickly and without difficulty objects which I placed behind him when blindfolded... He, however, would not perform more than two or three experiments at a time, saying that it made him 'feel queer'....."

"I, however, at a subsequent period, tested my son's powers under proper scientific conditions with the assistance of Mr.

Birchall; and we were both satisfied as to his possession of the faculty, although we did not consider him a useful subject for study.....

"As to the party of young ladies to whom I referred... I am a partner in one of the large drapery establishments in the city of Liverpool, and... the young ladies are connected with one of the show-rooms of that establishment."

The experiments that these young ladies had begun for amusement were now continued scientifically. The report abounds in instances where some of them described unseen objects upon which the others concentrated attention, e.g. (Pr. II, 27f.):

"The idea or name of the object did not come first to the percipient, but the appearance seemed to dawn gradually upon the mind... First the color impression was received, then the general shape, and afterwards any special characteristic, and finally, the name... As an illustration, take the case of a blue feather. The 'subject' said, 'It is pale? It looks like a leaf; but it can't be a leaf—looks like a feather curled. Is it a feather?' Again a key was described as 'A little tiny thing with a ring at one end and a little flag at the other, like a toy flag.' Urged to name it, she said, 'It is very like a key.'.....

"Proceeding a step further we agreed, in the absence of the subject from the room, to imagine some object, and, under similar conditions, to ask her to describe it. This experiment was also successfully performed.....

"We... found that the movements of objects exhibited could be discerned. The idea was suggested by an experiment tried with a card which, in order that all present should see, I moved about and was informed by the percipient, Miss R., that it was a card, but she could not tell which one because it seemed to be moving about... I bought a toy monkey, which worked up and down on a stick by means of a string drawing the arms and legs together. The answer was: 'I see red and yellow, and it is darker at one end than the other. It is like a flag moving about—it is moving... Now it is opening and shutting like a pair of scissors.'

"..... In the transference of names, short quotations, etc... we met with but little success, but on one occasion, the proverb, 'Time flies,' having been thought of by the company, elicited the answer, 'Is it two words?—is it "Time flies"?'"

After a while outsiders were called in to witness, and the experiments were not so successful because of nervousness and lack of concentration on the part of agent, or recipient, or

both. Sometimes, after visitors had gone, agents and recipients who had failed would make a fresh start with much success.

Ideas of a colored church window, a revolving lamp to which clung a stuffed monkey swinging a cocoanut were conveyed with considerable success. So were names, numbers, tastes, in fact virtually all ordinary sensations except odors, and there are also drawings which the "recipients" reproduced with varying success. Some are given in the paper. The resemblance is unmistakable.

Sir Oliver Lodge has a report on Mr. Guthrie's experiments in Pr. II. He remarks (Pr. II, 190-1):

"How the transfer takes place, or whether there is any transfer at all, or what is the physical reality underlying the terms 'mind,' 'consciousness,' 'impression,' and the like; and whether this thing we call mind is located in the person, or in the space round him, or in both, or neither; whether indeed the term location, as applied to mind, is utter nonsense and simply meaningless—concerning all these things I am absolutely blank, and have no hypothesis whatsoever. I may, however, be permitted to suggest a rough and crude analogy. That the brain is the organ of consciousness is patent, but that consciousness is located in the brain is what no psychologist ought to assert; for just as the energy of an electric charge, though apparently on the conductor, is not on the conductor, but in all the space round it; just as the energy of an electric current, though apparently in the copper wire, is certainly not all in the copper wire, and possibly not any of it; so it may be that the sensory consciousness of a person, though apparently located in his brain, may be conceived of as also existing like a faint echo in space, or in other brains, though these are ordinarily too busy and preoccupied to notice it."

In Pr. II, 239ff., is given an account by Gurney of some experiments by M. Richet, and an application to them of the Calculus of Probabilities by Richet himself and the brothers Lodge. All is too technical for reproduction here, even if there were space. M. Richet's conclusion was that the probabilities that the experiments proved thought-transference were two to one. Gurney thought that Richet's calculation left a wide element for mistake and unconscious fraud, and that leaving that element out, the probabilities were much higher.

In Pr. III, 424, begins a paper by Mr. Guthrie, nearly two years later than his preceding one. The experiments had gone on under the supervision of various eminent men of science, but Mr. Guthrie says (Pr. III, 425-6) :

“I have noticed a falling off...since our first great results....I am not equal to my former self in my power to give off impressions, and if I exert myself to do so, I experience unpleasant effects in the head and nervous system....Then we have lost one of our percipients; and as the novelty and vivacity of our séances has departed, there is not the same geniality and freshness as at the outset. The thing has become monotonous, whereas it was formerly a succession of surprises. We have now nothing new to try.....”

“.....Dr. Lodge tried the remarkable experiment of two independent visual impressions, transferred at the same time by two agents to the mind of one percipient, which resulted in a combined impression, in which the two originals were absolutely united.”

Here is his account of it. (Lodge: *Survival of Man*, p. 52) :

“.....I arranged the double object between Miss R—d and Miss E., who happened to be sitting nearly facing one another....The drawing was a square on one side of the paper, a cross on the other. Miss R—d looked at the side with the square on it. Miss E. looked at the side with the cross. Neither knew what the other was looking at—nor did the percipient know that anything unusual was being tried....Very soon Miss R—d said, ‘I see things moving about....I seem to see two things....I see first one up there and then one down there....I don’t know which to draw....I can’t see either distinctly.’ (Well anyhow, draw what you have seen.) She took off the bandage and drew first a square, and then said, ‘Then there was the other thing as well...afterwards they seemed to go into one,’ and she drew a cross inside the square from corner to corner, adding afterwards, ‘I don’t know what made me put it inside.’.....”

The result was like a drawing of the back of an envelope.

The diagrams in Pr. III were not apparently as successful as those in the earlier papers, but in the earlier papers none but successful ones were given, while this paper contains several unsuccessful ones.

Farther accounts or criticisms of thought-transference are contained in Pr. IV to VIII and XI, but they add little.

There is an interesting fact regarding two sisters as alternately agent and percipient, stated by Sir Oliver Lodge in Pr. VII, 375:

"So far as my own observation went, it was interesting and new to me to see how clearly the effect seemed to depend on contact, and how abruptly it ceased when contact was broken. While guessing through a pack of cards, for instance, rapidly and continuously, I sometimes allowed contact, and sometimes stopped it; and the guesses changed, from frequently correct to quite wild, directly the knuckles or fingertips, or any part of the skin of the two hands ceased to touch. It was almost like breaking an electric circuit. At the same time, partial contact seemed less effective than a thorough hand grasp."

In Pr. VIII, 434, are some remarkable experiments in guessing imagined scenes which had no existence. Mrs. Thaw, percipient; Dr. Thaw and Mr. Wyatt, agents.

1st Scene. Locomotive running away without engineer, and tears up station.—Missed.

2nd Scene. The first real FLYING MACHINE going over Madison Square Tower, and the people watching.—Percipient: *I see lots of people. Crowds are going to war. They are so excited. Are they throwing water?* (Percipient said afterwards she thought it was a fire and that was the reason of the crowd.) *Or sailors pulling at ropes.* Agent said, 'What are they doing?' Percipient: *They are all looking up. It is a balloon or someone in trouble up there.* Agent said, 'Why balloon?' Percipient: *They are all looking up.* Agent said, 'I thought of a possible scene in the future.' Percipient: *Oh, it's the first man flying. That's what he's doing up there.* Agent: 'Where is it?' Percipient: *In the city."*

In Pr. XI, 3, Mr. Rawson says:

"If, as some maintain, thought moves by way of undulations (or vibrations) in some medium more subtle than ether which can permeate to the brain, the interposition of an obstacle *may* interfere with those undulations. The result of my experiments when an obstacle has been interposed shows that it does not arrest them entirely, and at the same time proves, to my satisfaction at any rate, that the success of the experiments cannot be attributed to collusion."

An intervening object would of course distract the attention and lessen the confidence of both agent and percipient. Nevertheless successful experiments have been conducted with the two parties in separate rooms. All the experiments yet alluded

to were conducted, however, before the discovery of the vibrations in wireless telegraphy, which pass through all sorts of obstacles. After this discovery probably the influence of obstacles in thought-transference would not have been considered. At least the later Pr. S. P. R., so far as they go, indicate that it has not been.

By the appearance of Pr. XI in 1895 apparently the evidence for thought-transference had become so conclusive that the society did not care to publish more, at least of the ordinary kind, although there were aspects of it incidental to many phenomena described before and after, and there were some specially interesting experiments between two ladies published in the *Journal* (not the Proceedings) S. P. R. for March, 1906, and in Pr. XXI. The friends were generally separated twenty miles or more, and the ideas transferred were mainly visual, of scenery, persons, etc., one of the ladies being an artist.

In 1895 appeared Podmore's book: *Apparitions and Thought Transference*, which is reviewed by Professor Newbold in Pr. XI, 149.

The following remarks in the review are specially worth considering (Pr. XI, 150-2):

"It appears that tastes, smells, pains, visual images, motor impulses, and inhibitions have been transferred to normal and hypnotized patients, at varying distances and under conditions which preclude any supposition of the intervention of normal means. It is difficult to understand how anyone can follow Mr. Podmore's masterly presentation of these results without experiencing some degree either of conviction or of confusion.

".....'If,' he says on page 144, 'all the [spontaneous] cases...hitherto recorded could be shown one by one to be explicable by more familiar causes...the grounds for the belief in telepathy would not be seriously affected; we should merely have to modify our conception of its nature, and restrict its boundaries.'.....

"This material is interpreted by many in favor of two theories which are at present in the deepest disgrace in the scientific world,—the doctrine of a life after death, and its twin, the belief that the intelligence does occasionally in some sense leave its body during life, and visit distant scenes. Mr. Podmore's object in adducing this evidence is, or seems to be, not merely to prove that there is such a thing as a non-sensory

communication between mind and mind while in the body, but also to show that, admitting such a non-sensory communication as experimentally established, we can explain these spontaneous phenomena without resorting to either of the above obnoxious doctrines.

"..... We can be quite sure that... the phantasm does indeed belong, as Mr. Podmore shows in the chapter on hallucination in general, to the world of dream rather than to that of matter. But until we have fixed more certainly the relations of the dream-world to the material, it is as well not to be too dogmatic in our assumptions....."

"But frequently the circumstances are such as strongly to suggest an extra-human origin for the telepathic impulse. Often the information thus conveyed is known to have been in possession of some friend or relative of the percipient who has recently died, and the information is sometimes such as we should suppose the dead would wish to convey to the living. When in such cases we not only know that the information was in the possession of the dead, but also have good reason for thinking that it is not in the possession of anyone living, or not in the possession of any living person known to the percipient, the presumption that the impulse originated with a dead person becomes very strong. Mr. Podmore's unwillingness to resort to this hypothesis is, I think, not unjustifiable. However repugnant such a doctrine may be to our sensibilities as scientists,—especially since it has been conjoined with the absurdities of 'Modern Spiritualism,'—it is our duty to consider it fairly as one of the conceivable hypotheses. It is certainly not yet proved. But there was a time when telepathy between living minds was also not yet proved, and it is not likely that it would have stood as near proof as it does to-day had Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Podmore, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Myers, Mr. Hodgson, and others, at every step refused to consider the hypothesis at all. Such evidence, as Mr. Podmore himself shows, should be considered in the aggregate."

Here is another vision (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 51) :

Says a writer in the *New York World*, Dec. 27, 1885:

"..... While we were talking one night, Foster and I, there came a knock at the door. Bartlett arose and opened it, disclosing as he did so two young men plainly dressed, of marked provincial aspect.... I saw at once that they were clients, and arose to go. Foster restrained me.

"'Sit down,' he said. 'I'll try and get rid of them, for I'm not in the humor to be disturbed.....'

"Foster hinted that he had no particular inclination to gratify them then and there, but they protested that they had

come some distance, and, with a characteristically good-natured smile, he gave in.....”

Then follows an account of a fairly good séance—taps on the marble table, reading pellets, describing persons, etc., until

“I thought Foster was tired of the interview and was feigning sleep to end it. All of a sudden he sprang to his feet with such an expression of horror and consternation as an actor playing Macbeth would have given a good deal to imitate. His eyes glared, his breast heaved, his hands clenched.....

“‘Why did you come here?’ cried Foster, in a wail that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. ‘Why do you come here to torment me with such a sight? Oh, God! It’s horrible! It’s horrible!...It is your father I see!...He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was in Texas—on a horse—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairies! Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh! his thigh was dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!’

“Foster fairly screamed at this. The younger of the men ...broke into violent sobs. His companion wept, too, and the pair of them clasped hands. Bartlett looked on concerned. As for me, I was astounded.

“‘He was four days dying—four days dying—of starvation and thirst,’ Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphs written on the air. ‘His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He died mad. And my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that’s how your father died!’

“So saying, with a great sob, Foster dropped into his chair, his cheeks purple, and tears running down them in rivers. The younger man...burst into a wild cry of grief and sank upon the neck of his friend. He, too, was sobbing as if his own heart would break. Bartlett stood over Foster wiping his forehead with a handkerchief.....

“‘It’s true,’ said the younger man’s friend; ‘his father was a stock-raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week, they found him dead and swollen with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard till now how he died.’.....”

Now it is hardly to be supposed that the young visitor could ever have had this scene in his mind as vividly as Foster had. In that case where and how did Foster get the

vividness and emotion? How do we get them in dreams? He dreamed while he was awake.

Bartlett quotes the following "from Appendix P of Professor Carpenter's book." What book, he has forgotten, and a reasonable, though moderate, search has not enabled me to discover.

"Some eight or ten years ago in New York City, a gentleman and his wife were seated, one summer afternoon, in their pleasant little parlor, talking of the 'hereafter,' when the husband jokingly remarked, 'Wife, if you die first, will you come to see me again?' She laughingly answered, 'Certainly, I will.' 'In what shape,' said the husband, 'will you come, so that I may be sure of your identity?' The wife replied, as glancing out of the open window she observed a pet white fawn playing in the yard, 'I will come in the shape of that white fawn.'

"Five years later, the wife died. The grief-stricken husband, hearing of the remarkable gifts of Foster, concluded he would seek an interview. He was fortunate in finding Foster alone. Questions were written, folded and placed on the table in broad daylight, in the usual manner, but the result was disappointing. No response came. 'Strange,' said Foster, placing the papers one after the other to his forehead, 'I feel no influence whatever. I fear that I am not in the proper condition to-day to satisfy you.' Again Foster placed the slips to his forehead without result, and then rather abstractedly leaned back in his chair. All at once, greatly to the astonishment of his interviewer, Foster jumped up with unmistakable symptoms of flurry and alarm in his countenance, at the same time brushing violently from his lap *something* nobody saw or felt but himself. At last he said: 'I know I must be out of sorts, unstrung; for although many strange things are constantly happening, I never had an experience that startled me so before. It may seem very foolish to you, but as I had one of your slips pressed to my forehead, suddenly looking up, I saw a beautiful white fawn run across the floor towards me, and it jumped into my lap the moment I started from my chair. I cannot account for it—cannot understand it; I only know I saw just what I have described.'

"His visitor said not a word, gave no clue to an explanation, and did not subsequently visit Foster. As he said, he was 'afraid to do so.'"

There was no actual fawn. Foster did not see any material thing teloptically, but got a suggestion from the husband's store of memories, and expanded it into its vision, as we are

constantly expanding all sorts of notions into dreams. The fawn was really less a construction of Foster's than my shell and pearl were; for the fawn had been in the husband's mind, and the shell and pearl in combination, and especially with the pearl falling into my head, never had been in mine.

My pearl and this fawn seem like catching dream-figments from another mind; why not dream-images of persons in the same way? Here is one more, but in it, as in many cases, the percipient sees *against* the sitter's mind. What did he see?

From the *Troy Press*, March 6, 1875. Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 108):

"He made almost a mental photograph of one of my relatives—an aunt who died fifteen years ago, and whose memory has been especially dear to me. After he had given the shape of her face, her apparent age, the color of her hair, and a sad, thoughtful expression that especially characterized her face, I added: 'She had brown eyes.' Mr. Foster instantly looked up, as if into her face, and said: 'No; hazel eyes.' I afterwards learned that he was right and I wrong about it."

The sitter's subliminal vision could hardly have been more correct than his conscious one, and given Foster a correct image. This of course suggests that Foster saw the aunt's spirit rather than the nephew's recollection of her. And this suggests in turn that in the preceding case the wife actually did appear as the fawn, though the husband had not the faculty to see her. But in that case would not Foster have seen her jump into her husband's lap rather than his own?

Foster's "spirits" were sometimes in the body. Mr. Bartlett writes (*op. cit.*, p. 21):

"I have a vivid recollection of a certain séance where... the spirit was described as having bright red hair, freckled face, short chin-whiskers, etc. The gentleman said, 'You have given the name correctly, and you have perfectly described my brother, but he is alive and lives in Albany.' Mr. Foster replied, 'In these visions, I perceive the persons plainly, but I cannot always tell whether the spirit be in the body, or out of the body.'"

Telepathy from the sitter.

Here is a very significant circumstance, if it really is a circumstance, but I may be mistaken in my impression. Foster,

Mrs. Piper, and others frequently talked or wrote about living persons, but although many of the dead persons they mentioned, themselves took the floor and talked or were reported *in propria persona*, there is not a case that I can recall where any living person has professed to speak through a medium.

Yet on seeing this Professor Newbold writes me:

“If I am not mistaken Dr. Wiltse once was represented as so speaking through Mrs. Piper.”

Ideas from Persons Distant

The following was probably more apt to be teloteropathy from the boy's mind than advice from any “spirit.” (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, p. 100):

From the New York *Graphic*, October 24, 1874.

“One day (and everybody knows the story in Philadelphia) Alexander McClure, the old Greeley leader of Pennsylvania, came into the Continental Hotel with Colonel John B. Forney. Mr. McClure was very sad, for he had received news that his son was drowned at sea.

“‘What do you think about it, Foster?’ asked Colonel Forney.

“‘Why, sir, the boy is not drowned at all,’ replied Foster. ‘He’s alive and well, and you’ll have a letter from him in a day or two, and then he will come home.’

“Two days afterwards McClure met Foster, and said, with tears of gratitude: ‘Why, Foster, you were right. My boy is all safe. I had a letter from him to-day.’”

This illustrates a very frequent experience—that the sensitive's susceptibility extends beyond the sitter and picks up impressions from the minds of distant persons; and the cases where sensitives have produced any verifiable thing not possibly existent in such minds, are rare. But if they were not in such minds, they could not be verified. This, therefore, is of course not necessarily fatal to Foster's own conviction that the impressions were given him by “spirits.”

A wife feels a blow received by a distant husband (Pr. II, 128):

“BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, October 27th, 1883.

“I woke up with a start, feeling I had had a hard blow on my mouth, and a distinct sense that I had been cut, and was bleeding under my upper lip, and seized my pocket handkerchief, and held it... to the part, as I sat up in bed, and after

a few seconds, when I removed it, I was astonished not to see any blood, and only then realized it was impossible anything could have struck me there, as I lay fast asleep in bed, and so I thought it was only a dream!—but I looked at my watch, and saw it was 7, and finding Arthur (my husband) was not in the room, I concluded (rightly) that he must have gone out on the lake for an early sail.....

“I then fell asleep. At breakfast (half-past nine), Arthur came in rather late, and I noticed he rather purposely sat farther away from me than usual, and every now and then put his pocket handkerchief furtively up to his lip.... I said, ‘Arthur, why are you doing that?’ and added a little anxiously, ‘I know you’ve hurt yourself; but I’ll tell you why afterwards.’ He said, ‘Well, when I was sailing, a sudden squall came, throwing the tiller suddenly round, and it struck me a bad blow in the mouth, under the upper lip, and it has been bleeding a good deal and won’t stop.’ I then said, ‘Have you any idea what o’clock it was when it happened?’ and he answered, ‘It must have been about seven.’.....

“JOAN R. SEVERN.”

Mr. Severn confirms the experience throughout.

Vague uneasiness leads a husband to his injured wife (Pr. II, 125):

“CATHEDRAL YARD, WINCHESTER, January 31st, 1884.

“.....I am a working foreman of masons at Winchester Cathedral.... More than thirty years ago... in London... I carried my food with me, and therefore had no call to leave the work all day. On a certain day, however, I suddenly felt an intense desire to go home, but as I had no business there I tried to suppress it,—but it was not possible to do so. Every minute the desire to go home increased.... I got fidgety and uneasy, and felt as if I must go, even at the risk of being ridiculed by my wife.....

“.....The door was opened by my wife’s sister... who lived a few streets off. She looked surprised and said, ‘Why, Skirving, how did you know?’ ‘Know what?’ I said. ‘Why, about Mary Ann.’ I said, ‘I don’t know anything about Mary Ann’ (my wife). ‘Then what brought you home at present?’ I said, ‘I can hardly tell you. I seemed to want to come home. But what is wrong?’... She told me that my wife had been run over by a cab... and she had called for me ever since, but was now in fits, and had several in succession. I went upstairs, and though very ill she recognized me, and stretched forth her arms and took me round the neck and pulled my head down into her bosom. The fits passed away directly, and my presence seemed to tranquilize her, so that she got into sleep,

and did well. Her sister told me that she had uttered the most piteous cries for me to come to her.....

“ALEXANDER SKIRVING.”

Visions from Persons Distant

Here is an experience more attractive than the average in these studies. It is from Rev. P. H. Newnham of Maker, Davenport, England, given in a paper by Myers in Pr. III.

At Oxford one night in 1854 Mr. Newnham went to bed with a violent headache, to which he was subject. Mr. Newnham says (Pr. III, 6f.) :

“I dreamed that I was stopping with the family of the lady who subsequently became my wife. All the younger ones had gone to bed, and I stopped chatting to the father and mother, standing up by the fireplace. Presently I bade them good-night, took my candle, and went off to bed. On arriving in the hall, I perceived that my *fiancée* had been detained downstairs, and was only then near the top of the staircase. I rushed upstairs, overtook her on the top step, and passed my two arms around her waist.....

“On this I woke, and a clock in the house struck ten almost immediately afterwards.

“So strong was the impression of the dream that I wrote a detailed account of it next morning to my *fiancée*.

“*Crossing my letter*, not in answer to it, I received a letter from the lady in question: ‘Were you thinking about me, very specially, last night, just about ten o’clock? For, as I was going upstairs to bed, I distinctly heard your footsteps on the stairs, and felt you put your arms round my waist.’”

Mrs. Newnham writes in confirmation.

Stillman says (*op. cit.*, I, 184) :

“On one occasion, when Mr. and Mrs. Brown were on a fishing trip into the wild parts of New York State, and, returning, were on their way to the railway station, the wheel of their wagon broke and they had to go to a blacksmith on the road to have it repaired. She said to her husband that they would lose the train, to which the voice replied that they would be in time; for the train was late and they would arrive with a minute to spare, and in fact as they drew up at the station the train came in sight and they had a minute to spare.... Her husband implicitly and always followed the directions given her through her demon.....”

The S. P. R. Committee reports (Pr. II, 161) :

"The account was sent to us by the Rev. Canon Warburton, The Close, Winchester.

"Somewhere about the year 1848 I went up from Oxford to stay a day or two with my brother.... I found a note on the table apologizing for his absence, and saying that he had gone to a dance.... I dozed in an arm-chair, but started up wide awake exactly at one, ejaculating "By Jove, he's down!" and seeing him coming out of a drawing-room into a brightly illuminated landing, catching his foot in the edge of the top stair, and falling headlong, just saving himself by his elbows and hands. (The house was one which I had never seen, nor did I know where it was.) Thinking very little of the matter I fell a-doze again for half an hour, and was awakened by my brother suddenly coming in and saying, "Oh, there you are. I have just had as narrow an escape of breaking my neck as I ever had in my life. Coming out of the ball-room, I caught my foot and tumbled full length down the stairs."

"W. WARBURTON.

".....The general impression was of a narrow landing brilliantly illuminated, and I remember verifying the correctness of this by questions at the time.

"This is my sole experience of the kind."

Here are three accounts of apparently teloteropathic veridical dreams given me by Professor Pumpelly, though all three may have been teloptic, and the last one telakoustic:

"Between forty and fifty years ago, while visiting my sister in New York City, I came down to breakfast where I found my brother-in-law reading the morning paper. Soon my sister also came down and joined us at table. She said she had had an awful dream; she had dreamed all night that she was standing in a church, where a continuous procession of men was filing by her, carrying on litters something covered with sheets.

"Her husband resumed reading his paper and soon said: 'Why, Netty, here it says that they are removing the bodies from the St. Mark's graves.'

"Now, my sister's first child had been buried several years before in the graveyard of St. Mark's church. My sister had not seen the paper, and neither she nor her husband had heard of any intention to disturb the graves."

"In the late winter of 1864-5, I was on my journey through Siberia. In one of the first nights after leaving Irkutsk I dreamed that I had arrived at my native village of Owego in New York and had walked home from the station. As I came up the driveway to the house I saw my mother and my father standing at the door showing signs of great grief. I noticed that my aunt, who lived with us and whom we all loved dearly,

was not there. As soon as I waked I was so impressed by the dream that I made a memorandum, as I remember, in the form of an inverted torch, with the date.

"When I reached St. Petersburg about three weeks later, I found in my mail the first news I had had, for six months, from home. I learned that the aunt I had missed in my dream had died. I do not remember now the relation in time between the dates of the death and the dream. It was close, and my impression is that I thought, in reading the letter, that there was coincidence."

"In 1906 we were living in Capri. One morning my wife told me of dreaming that she found her sisters and her brother Otis (who had died several years before) in tears. When they saw her, Otis said: 'We must tell Eliza.'

"That same day there came a cablegram saying that my wife's favorite brother Horace was very ill, and within an hour another cable saying he had died."

Here is an unreported case that came to me direct yesterday. The story will have to stand for what it may be worth on my sole attestation. The parties are known to me, but peculiar circumstances prevent confirmation by publishing their names.

On the first of January, 1912, a father was dying in one city and a daughter twelve years old was lying ill with pneumonia in another. Suddenly the child, with a rapt expression, raised herself to a sitting posture; her attendant rushed in alarm to make her lie down, and the child exclaimed: "Father was taking me in his arms!" The father died at about the time. Whether before or after cannot be accurately determined.

There are on record many similar occurrences well attested.

Whether all visions are telepathic, including teloptic, is an open question. Myers inclines to the opinion that they are not—that sometimes the telergic effect includes a modification of space that makes the vision objective. Certainly such modifications of space can be produced by mechanical means, as in the theatrical exhibitions I have already described. Whether they can be produced by telergy is a question. There are on record hundreds of such visions well attested, from those of simple objects deliberately transferred according to

the early S. P. R. reports, to the complex ones spontaneously received by Foster, Colville, and others.

The phenomena thus far given I have been content to group under telepathy from the living, though some of them are hard to account for in that way.

At the present time the great storehouse for these experiences is *Phantasms of the Living*, by Edmund Gurney, Frederic W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore, London, 1886. This book is now out of print. It is criticised in Podmore's *Apparitions and Thought Transference*. There is a very good article, with many cases, in Pr. V (Part XIV) by Gurney, completed by Myers after Gurney's death. There is also an important discussion by Mrs. Sidgwick on *Phantasms of the Dead*, with some cases, in Pr. III (Part VIII), 69f. Others are in Pr. VI (Part XV), by Myers, and in Part XVI by Podmore and Myers, and in Pr. VIII (Part XXII) by Myers.

Space requires that generally the few accounts given here should be much condensed. The increased vividness of details and frequent accompanying discussions and abundant confirmations in the original statements would generally repay the reader for going to the sources cited. It may be worth while to repeat that the volumes of the Pr. S. P. R. generally consist of several parts, which can be had separately from Messrs. W. B. Clarke & Co., of Boston.

Ideas Apparently from the Dead

A weakness in the assumption that any telepathic intelligence or vision really comes from the dead is in the fact that the circumstances are nearly always in the minds of survivors near the scene of death, and may be teloteropathically conveyed to the percipient. It is a question, however, in many cases, whether that hypothesis does not strain probability more than the spiritistic hypothesis. That it does, seems more frequently the conclusion of those who have read many of the cases, than of those who know but few. But compare the extracts from Professor Pumpelly a page or two back.

Stillman (*op. cit.*, I, 186-7) tells the following of a séance where a child of seven, whose name is suppressed, acted as medium. Stillman's questions were mental.

“After several relatives had been named, I asked if our brother Alfred was there, to which she instantly replied, ‘There is a gentleman sitting on the corner of the table by you who says his name is Alfred.’ The opportunity then occurred to me of asking a ‘test question,’ which was, ‘If Alfred is here, will he tell me when he last saw Harvey?’ The relevance of this question will appear from the fact that they were together on the steamer whose boiler burst on the Mississippi, killing my brother and causing injury to the cousin such that he committed suicide a month later. The reply was, ‘He says he does not remember.’ At this I remarked guardedly to the doctor [Another brother of Stillman, who was present. H. H.]: ‘I asked Alfred when he last saw Harvey, and he replies that he doesn’t remember, but he must have seen him on board the boat.’ To this she instantly replied, with an explosive laugh, ‘He says that if he did it was all blown out of him!’... It was quite in accordance with the character of my brother to joke on the most serious subjects—he was an inveterate joker.....”

All the facts were known to at least two persons present. But where did the joke come from?

Here is a second Foster stigmata case, not given for the stigmata, however. From Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 12):

“During the same sitting a word of three letters appeared upon the back of Mr. Foster’s hand—the letters were formed by a red discoloration of the skin. The word was one which was agreed upon by the gentleman and his wife before her death, and it was to be used as a test by the one who should die first. The word had never been mentioned to any person.”

In this test, as in the fawn test, Foster was more successful than, as we shall see, Mrs. Piper has been with some important agreed post-mortem tests.

There are many habitual seers of waking visions, and hearers of voices, and the heteromatists who write while awake are closely allied with them. They are generally religious enthusiasts. St. Theresa, Joan of Arc, and the Seeress of Provost are among the classical examples. A remarkable recent one is Mme. Sophie Radford de Meissner, an American widow of a Russian diplomat. She has just published an account of her experience in a little volume entitled *There are no Dead*. She believes herself in constant communication by audible voices with her husband and son and others who have died. The book

abounds in the orthodox anthropomorphic conceptions, and yet it falls in with what perhaps I may call the very reasonable present-day idea of Heaven as a sublimated earth—scenery, occupations, and all. As the old mixtures from the Apocalypse, Milton, Bunyan, etc., were believed in with religious fervor, the replacing of them strongly suggests outside influence; and that the experience is so general, makes the suggestion stronger still.

But Mme. de Meissner's heaven is by no means entirely secularized. Her controls often see Christ, and have frequent religious services, and the angels and archangels sing with them.

I give a few passages:

(*Op. cit.*, Foreword.) "There is no attempt at anything in the way of 'test' cases, despite the fact that many such have been shown me, though *never* in reply to a demand for the same. *Spontaneously* things have been told me, either for my own guidance, or for that of friends in sorrow and despair; and *spontaneously* have I been informed of things that have afterward come to pass; but any attempt at forcing communications in regard to future happenings has invariably been met by a well deserved rebuke from those who are 'given charge' over all of us."

(*Op. cit.*, 5.) "You all think so wrongly of the life here—it differs so little from that in the world, except in that it is so much more grand and full."

This is directly against her intense orthodoxy.

(*Op. cit.*, 12.) "'There is no night here—what you call the night is the best time of all, for then *you* are with us. As soon as you are asleep your Spirit is here, and we sit and talk either in the house or in beautiful gardens, or on the river's brink.'"

(*Op. cit.*, 23.) "(In reading a book of Professor Hyslop's, I mentioned 'Rector's' name aloud, and he at once responds:)

"Yes; I am here—do you want anything?"

"(I tell him of how K. F. had told me I would be able to help others, and add that I cannot see just *how* that may be.)

"A. 'You will know in a few weeks. You will be much stronger, and will see them soon. It will come by prayer and fasting.'"

The *Titanic* went down April 14th. On the 17th Mme. de Meissner thought she had communications from W. T. Stead. On the morning of the 18th she thought she had communications from Major Butt. It was not till the evening of the

18th that news of the arrival of the Carpathia gave her any other assurance of their deaths that she remembered when writing. But of course during the interval, the papers were full of wireless messages that probably mentioned them. For the particulars of all this, I shall have to refer you to the book.

On reading these accounts, the habitual student is apt to say to himself: "This admirable lady is more gifted with emotional and imaginative power than with dry-as-dust judicial habits. I wonder how many of these details are very natural *post facto* imagination! Certainly her imagination sometimes supplies pretty wide *interpretations* of other incidents."

I give the following as illustrating what will appear to many a point weak enough to raise questions regarding the whole experience—and it is not the only one. Yet if it is all imagination, it is at least a graceful bit, and there are many more graceful things in the book. It will sometimes be a little hard, though, for any but the very orthodox to sympathize with them. Madame even goes so far as to have the mere pronouncing of a sacred name break up very trying situations.

Here is the experience:

(*Op. cit.*, 61-2.) "October 2, 1902. (Reading in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of three workmen who had been run over by an express train in Austria, I hear these unhappy men beg me to help them—they have no idea where they are, but are entirely in the dark. Can see no way at all—they cannot pray, for they never did that in their lives, and do not know how.)

"('Ask God to help you.')

"A. 'Who is God?'

"('Say: "Our Father Who art in Heaven," after me.')

"(This they do; then I hear an exclamation, and the words:)

"('Now it is growing lighter, and we can see a little. Oh, don't leave us, for we don't know at all where to go, or what to do; but—there is a young man coming toward us, and it gets lighter as he comes nearer.....')

"(From my son) 'Pray for these poor men—but I can take them only a little way—yes, they can have work if they want it.'

"(Here they are shown a garden with flowers, and they say:)

"('No, we don't know anything about flowers—we only know how to work on the rails.')

"(From my son) 'I cannot show them that, but there is one here who can.'

"(From the men) 'Ah, here comes someone who we see will give us work. Yes, now we see the work we are to do; and we

will not be alone, for there are some men further down the road, poor workmen like ourselves, and we can talk to them after a while. Yes, now we are at work here, and we understand that we must work as well as we can in order to come to a lighter and brighter place.’ ”

Whatever impressions one may get from the book, there is sure to be among them one that whether or not the experiences are all pure auto-suggestions, they are a source of much happiness to the author and, apparently, many of her friends; and the apparent fact that no harm comes from them suggests a degree of genuineness. All such matter where deliberate deceit is out of the question, is worth studying: for even negative results help fix the boundaries of the positive; and that there is an important positive of some sort, whether a vast addition to our general Cosmic Relations, or only to our traditional psychology, is an opinion that can now be contradicted only by the ignorant.

From Bartlett (*op. cit.*, p. 62):

“While I was connected with Mr. Foster I know of no one séance which created such a sensation, and the reports of which were so widely copied, as that given to Mr. C. E. De Long, of San Francisco, an extended account of which appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of January 23, 1874.

“Mr. De Long was wholly unknown to Foster. They all sat down to the table, and after Foster had smoked awhile at his cigar, he said: ‘I can only get one message to-night, and that is for a person named Ida. Do either of you know who Ida is?’

“Mr. De Long looked at Foster with rather a startled look, and said, ‘Well, yes, I rather think I do. My wife’s name is Ida.’

“‘Well,’ said Foster, ‘then this message is for her, and it is important. But she will have to come here and receive it.’

“The next evening the same two, accompanied by Mrs. De Long, were ushered into Foster’s parlor. . . . After Foster had smoked for several minutes in silence, he suddenly said: ‘The same message comes to me. It is for Ida. This is the lady, is it?’ he asked, as of the spirit. ‘Oh, you will write the message, will you? Well, all right,’ and with this he took up a pen and dashed off the following:

“‘To my daughter Ida—Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden to invest for me in certain lands. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors. The money was invested, and twelve hundred and fifty acres of land were bought, and one-half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden on account of my share

of the purchase \$650. He must be made to make a settlement.

“Your father,

“—— VINEYARD.”

“Both Mr. and Mrs. De Long sat and heard this communication read with astonished faces. Mrs. De Long... was terribly frightened... for she knew that Foster did not know who she was, nor who her father might have been.....

“Mr. De Long... next day called on Mr. Madden... [and] asked Mr. Madden if there was not yet some unsettled business between himself and the estate of the late Mr. Vineyard. Mr. Madden thought for a moment, and then he said there was... When informed that Mrs. De Long had only just learned of this investment of her father's, Mr. Madden expressed much surprise. He said he supposed she and her husband and the executors knew all about it, but were simply letting the matter rest for the property to increase in value. Mr. Madden then said that he was ready to make a settlement at any time. This was readily assented to by Mr. De Long, and accordingly, on Saturday last, Mr. Madden transferred a deed for 625 acres of the land to Mrs. De Long.....

“Meanwhile Foster is overrun with people anxious to interview their deceased parents, for the purpose of finding out if the old folks are quite sure that their estates have been fully and properly settled.”

The dramatic features—the letter, etc., are not unlike the dramatic features of ordinary dreams. All *could* have been teloteropathy from Mr. Madden's mind. But if so, as in many similar instances, it must have been communicated involuntarily.

Visions Apparently from the Dead

The records contain perhaps more *visions* apparently from the dead than mere *communications* of unknown verifiable intelligence. This of course generated the idea that often the personages are present in a “spiritual” body palpable enough to affect the eye, but telesthesia would be enough.

In the general gossip regarding Foster, the feature that decided me to go to him was my being told by Professor Pumpelly that Foster had announced to him the death, too recent to be reported by any means then known, of a friend in China whom, from Foster's description, Professor Pumpelly at once recognized as Sir F. B. He also told me that news of the death was received through ordinary channels in due time after Foster had told him of it.

This would be interpreted by skeptical experts as a case of teloteropathy. They would say that plenty of people in China knew of Sir F.'s death, and Foster unconsciously tapped their minds, being stimulated thereto by a previous tapping of Professor Pumpelly's mind; in other words, Professor Pumpelly's presence put Foster's mind in sympathetic connection with minds holding knowledge of special interest to Professor Pumpelly. The men who have given incomparably more attention to the subject than have any others—Myers and Hodgson—one of whom began his studies as a thorough skeptic, would say that the spirit of Sir F. gave the impression for his friend to Foster. My impression, for which reasons will appear as we proceed, is that some sort of psychic record of all facts pervades the universe, and that Foster caught up this one and others of interest to his sitters.*

(Pr. V, 408f.) From the Rev. G. M. Tandy, Vicar of West-Ward, near Wigton, Cumberland.

"When at Loweswater, I one day called upon a friend, who said, 'You do not see many newspapers; take one of those lying there.' I accordingly took up a newspaper, bound with a wrapper, put it into my pocket, and walked home.

"In the evening I was writing, and, wanting to refer to a book, went into another room where my books were. I placed the candle on a ledge of the bookcase, took down a book, and found the passage I wanted, when, happening to look towards the window, which was opposite to the bookcase, I saw through the window the face of an old friend whom I had known well at Cambridge, but had not seen for ten years or more, Canon Robinson (of the Charity and School Commission). I was so sure I saw him that I went out to look for him, but could find no trace of him.

"I went back into the house and thought I would take a look at my newspaper. I tore off the wrapper, unfolded the paper, and the first piece of news that I saw was the death of Canon Robinson!... I had not heard or read of his illness, or death, and there was nothing in the passage of the book I was reading to lead me to think of him."

Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, gives the following (Harriet Hosmer: *Letters and Memories*. New York, 1912):

* Since this book and its index were made up Professor Pumpelly tells me that in the nearly fifty years since this occurrence, our memories of it have grown apart. So it is best to regard it only as a "hypothetical case."

"When I was living in Rome I had for several years a maid named Rosa, to whom I became much attached. . . . I was greatly distressed when she became ill with consumption and had to leave me. I used to call frequently to see her . . . and on one occasion she expressed a desire for a certain kind of wine. I told her I would bring it to her the next morning. . . . During the rest of the afternoon I was busy in my studio, and do not remember that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to bed in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. I always sleep with my doors locked, and in my bedroom in Rome there were two doors; the key to one my maid kept, and the other was turned on the inside. A tall screen stood around my bed. I awoke early the morning after my visit to Rosa and heard the clock in the library next, distinctly strike five, and just then I was conscious of some presence in the room, back of the screen. I asked if anyone was there, when Rosa appeared in front of the screen and said, 'Adesso sono contento, adesso sono felice' (Now I am content, now I am happy). For the moment it did not seem strange, I felt as though everything was as it had been. . . . In a flash she was gone. I sprang out of bed. There was no Rosa there. . . . In the first moment of surprise and bewilderment I did not reflect that the door was locked.

"At breakfast I mentioned the apparition to my French landlady, and she ridiculed the idea as being anything more than the fantasy of an excited brain. . . . Instead of going to see Rosa after breakfast, I sent to inquire, for I felt a strong premonition that she was dead. The messenger returned, saying Rosa had died at five o'clock. When I told Mr. Gladstone of this . . . he said he firmly believed in a magnetic current, action of one mind upon another, or whatever you choose to call it, but could not believe ghosts had yet the power of speech. However, to me this occurrence is as much of a reality as any experience of my life.

"Then, too, I have had many strange flashes of inner vision in seeing articles that were lost. I have never been able to produce them by reasoning or strong desire. They have come literally in a flash."

If it were possible I should like to know if Miss Hosmer really "awoke" and "sprang out of bed." The vast majority of visions occur in bed and are probably dreams.

Here is one of the most impressive visions on record. As the percipient was not in bed it was probably not an ordinary dream, though I do not see that it is of much consequence whether it was or not. I put it here among visions apparently caused by the dead, but it may be a true telopsis.

Mrs. Sidgwick treats it as such in a valuable article *On the Evidence for Clairvoyance* in Pr. VII. If it was a telopsis, apparently it remained latent from 3 A.M. until somewhere about 9 or 10, meanwhile causing the depression with which the percipient awoke. If it did not remain latent, there are at least two guesses open—that it took time to come telepathically from some witness, or that it was telepathed by a postcarnate soul. (Pr. VII, 33f.):

“Statement of Mr. A. B. Wood.

“On October 24th, 1889, Edmund Dunn, brother of Mrs. Agnes Paquet, was serving as fireman on the tug *Wolf*, a small steamer engaged in towing vessels in Chicago Harbor. At about three o'clock A.M., the tug fastened to a vessel, inside the piers, to tow her up the river. While adjusting the towline Mr. Dunn fell or was thrown overboard by the towline, and drowned.....”

“Mrs. Paquet's Statement.

“I arose about the usual hour on the morning of the accident, probably about six o'clock. I had slept well throughout the night, had no dreams or sudden awakenings. I awoke feeling gloomy and depressed, which feeling I could not shake off. After...[two or three hours. H. H.]...I went into the pantry, took down the tea canister, and as I turned around my brother Edmund—or his exact image—stood before me and only a few feet away. The apparition stood with back toward me, or, rather, partially so, and was in the act of falling forward—away from me—seemingly impelled by two ropes or a loop of rope drawing against his legs. The vision lasted but a moment, disappearing over a low railing or bulwark, but was very distinct. I dropped the tea, clasped my hands to my face, and exclaimed, ‘My God! Ed. is drowned.’

“At about half-past ten A.M. my husband received a telegram from Chicago, announcing the drowning of my brother. When he arrived home he said to me, ‘Ed. is sick in hospital at Chicago; I have just received a telegram,’ to which I replied, ‘Ed. is drowned; I saw him go overboard.’ I then gave him a minute description of what I had seen. I stated that my brother, as I saw him, was bareheaded, had on a heavy blue sailor's shirt, no coat, and that he went over the rail or bulwark. I noticed that his pants' legs were rolled up enough to show the white lining inside.

“I am not nervous, and neither before nor since have I had any experience in the least degree similar to that above related.

“My brother was not subject to fainting or vertigo.....

“AGNES PAQUET.”

"Mr. Paquet's Statement.

".....Wishing to break the force of the sad news I had to convey to my wife, I said to her: 'Ed. is sick in hospital at Chicago; I have just received a telegram.' To which she replied: 'Ed. is drowned; I saw him go overboard.'.....

"I started at once for Chicago, and when I arrived there I found the appearance of that part of the vessel described by my wife to be exactly as she had described it, though she had never seen the vessel; and the crew verified my wife's description of her brother's dress, &c., except that they thought that he had his hat on at the time of the accident. They said that Mr. Dunn had purchased a pair of pants a few days before the accident occurred, and as they were a trifle long before, wrinkling at the knees, he had worn them rolled up, showing the white lining as seen by my wife."

Considerable confirmatory matter is added.

Colonel H., vouched for by Mr. Gurney, tells (Pr. V, 412):

".....how, nearly twenty-three years before, he had formed a friendship with two brother subalterns, J. P. and J. S., and how his intercourse with J. P. had been continued at intervals up to the time of the Transvaal war, when J. P. was ordered out on the staff. J. S. was already on the scene of action. Both had now attained major's rank; the narrator himself had left the service some years previously.

"On the morning that J. P. was leaving London, to embark for the Cape, he invited the narrator to breakfast with him at the club, and they finally parted at the club-door.

"'Good-bye, old fellow,' I said, 'we shall meet again, I hope.'

"'Yes,' he said, 'we shall meet again.'

"I can see him now, as he stood, smart and erect, with his bright black eyes looking intently into mine. A wave of the hand, as the hansom whirled him off, and he was gone.

"The Transvaal war was at its height. One night... I awoke with a start... Standing by my bed, between me and the chest of drawers, I saw a figure, which, in spite of the unwonted dress—unwonted, at least, to me—and of a full black beard, I at once recognized as that of my old brother-officer... I started from sleep, and sat up in bed looking at him. His face was pale, but his bright black eyes shone as keenly as when, a year and a half before, they had looked upon me as he stood with one foot on the hansom, bidding me adieu.

"Fully impressed for the brief moment that we were stationed together at C—in Ireland or somewhere, and thinking I was in my barrack-room, I said, 'Hallo! P., am I late for parade?' P. looked at me steadily, and replied, 'I'm shot.'

"'Shot!' I exclaimed. 'Good God! how and where?'

“‘Through the lungs,’ replied P., and as he spoke his right hand moved slowly up the breast, until the fingers rested over the right lung.

“‘What were you doing?’ I asked.

“‘The General sent me forward,’ he answered, and the right hand left the breast to move slowly to the front, pointing over my head to the window, and at the same moment the figure melted away. I rubbed my eyes, to make sure I was not dreaming, and sprang out of bed. It was then 4.10 A.M. by the clock on my mantelpiece.

“‘.....The [second] morning I...seized with avidity the first paper that came to hand....My eye fell at once on the brief lines that told of the battle of Lang’s Neck, and on the list of killed, foremost among them all being poor J. P. I noted the time the battle was fought, calculated it with the hour at which I had seen the figure, and found that it almost coincided.

“‘.....About six months afterwards...an officer who was at the battle of Lang’s Neck...confirmed every detail....More than a year after the occurrence...on my asking J. S. if he had heard how poor P....was shot, he replied, ‘Just here,’ and his fingers traveled up his breast, exactly as the fingers of the figure had done, until they rested on the very spot over the right lung.”

The following narrative was communicated by Mr. Edward A. Goodall, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, London (Pr. V, 453) :

“At midsummer, 1869, I left London for Naples....Arrived at the hotel [in a village near by. H.H.] and while sitting perfectly still in my saddle talking to the landlady, the donkey went down upon his knees as if he had been shot or struck by lightning, throwing me over his head upon the lava pavement.....

“It must have been on my third or fourth night, and about the middle of it, when I awoke, as it seemed, at the sound of my own voice, saying: ‘I know I have lost my dearest little May.’ Another voice, which I in no way recognized, answered: ‘No, not May, but your *youngest boy*.’

“The distinctness and solemnity of the voice made such a distressing impression upon me that I slept no more. I got up at daybreak, and went out, noticing for the first time telegraph-poles and wires.

“Without delay I communicated with the postmaster at Naples, and by next boat received two letters from home. I opened them according to dates outside. The first told me that my youngest boy was taken suddenly ill; the second, that he was dead.

"Neither on his account nor on that of any of my family had I any cause for uneasiness. All were quite well on my taking leave of them so lately. My impression ever since has been that the time of the death coincided as nearly as we could judge with the time of my accident.

"Mr. Goodall thinks that the mule's sudden fall—otherwise inexplicable—may have been due to terror at some apparition of the dying child. When this paper was read to the Society for Psychical Research, Mr. Pearsall Smith gave the following apparently parallel instance:—

"A prominent barrister at Philadelphia . . . had parted, under painful circumstances of controversy, with a friend who had later gone to Italy for his health. Afterwards, while camping out in the wilds of the Adirondacks, one day his horse became excited and refused to advance when urged. While engaged in the contest with the horse, the barrister saw before him the apparition of his friend with blood pouring from his mouth, and in an interval of the effusion he heard him say, '*I have nothing against you.*' Soon afterwards he heard that his friend had at that time died during a discharge of blood from the lungs."

I might properly include here, under apparent telepathy from the dead, some more remarkable dream visions which I prefer to leave for a special treatment of dreams. They will be found in Chapter LV.

Miscellaneous Telepsychoses Without Assignable Source

Here is a vision pure and simple that is interesting, but suggests nothing and explains nothing, and is one of a dozen that cropped up one night around the table at the Authors' Club, as they will crop up around any table if the conversation stimulates them. This one was given me by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, and is unusual in *not* occurring while the percipient was in bed, in involving the sense of hearing as well as that of sight, and in having two witnesses. I don't trouble to get the affirmation of the second one: the time when confirmation of a respectable witness is needed in these matters is past.

Dr. Johnson writes that in August, 1895, near Amagansett, Long Island, he was driving with his secretary in a neighborhood known as Hardscrabble.

"We traversed a piece of the road that lies between two turns. First it turns at right angles to the north, passes a single farmhouse, and after a course of three or four hundred

yards, turns at right angles to the east. When we were in this part of the road, it was about half-past nine, and the moon had risen. After we had passed the farmhouse (which was completely dark, as if all the inmates had gone to bed), we were skirting a large field on the east side of the road, when, just the other side of the fence, suddenly appeared a spirited team attached to a farm wagon, not at all like the buggy we were in, going in the same direction that we were going, but much faster. It appeared that the field was not cultivated very close to the fence, and there was a belt of bushes, with weeds or grass (wild growth of some sort); and the hoofs of the horses and wheels of the wagon were distinctly heard crashing through this. At the moment when the wagon was abreast of our carriage, the distance between them could not have been much more than a dozen yards. The horses and wagon were perfectly distinct. I could not say that I saw any driver. They went at a very rapid rate till they reached the corner of the field, and then disappeared. Their whole course while they were visible to me was about one hundred yards. When we arrived at the turn of the road, they were nowhere in sight. I said to my secretary: 'Did you see anything?' and in answer she described exactly what I had seen.

"As the apparition was between us and the moon, there could be no possibility of seeing on that side a shadow of the buggy. I could recall nothing in my whole experience that could have suggested such an apparition; neither could my secretary."

Miss Hosmer, the sculptor, tells the following three stories in the biography already cited:

".....Lady A. wears a curious gold ring designed by her husband. When taken from the finger it can be straightened into a key....."

"All of her valuables, from jewel cases to her writing room, where many important papers are kept, are fitted with locks for this key. One morning she came into my room much distressed, saying she could not find her ring key.... I saw the ring key, in my mind's eye, plainly on the table in her daughter's apartment.... The ring was found just where I saw it."

This may have been a stored up memory, but how about this?

"On another occasion Lady A. could not find a despatch box containing valuable papers.... A vision of it flashed across my brain. I said, 'It is useless to search here, the box is at Drummond's bank, in one of your large boxes.'... I went to

the bank. . . . I asked the clerk to bring out his ledger containing the list of boxes. . . . When I ran my hand down the list (there were seven) it stopped at five. Number five was brought from the vault into the private room. . . . After taking out all the carefully packed articles I was rewarded by finding the lost box at the very bottom.

"How and why these visions come is, as yet, an unknown science, but I firmly believe it will be made clear some time, perhaps at no distant day."

And this?

"Shortly after dinner I made the original observation that I would take possession of the sofa and have 'forty winks.' I had just lain down when I was moved to say, 'I have such a feeling of a carriage accident.' I then dozed off for about ten minutes. . . . when a tremendous crash under my windows, in the *Cortile* of the Barberini Palace, startled us both. Up I flew to the nearest window, and there was the Princess Orsini's carriage, upside down, on a pile of bricks, which in true Italian fashion had been left right in the driveway, with no lantern."

Here are some more incidents that our classification is not broad enough to cover. Like the last from Miss Hosmer, they open up the question of prophecy, and that opens up the question of determinism; and that I have always considered too tough to be handled by me—or anybody else.

A few years since, a young woman had a sitting with an obscure medium in Cambridge, who was under investigation by James. She told her sitter: "You will lead thousands." A series of accidents led the young woman to start an entirely new charity, and she has brought it to the point where she is literally "leading thousands." These facts are in my personal knowledge, except as I depend on testimony regarding the sitting.

Many years ago another young woman, with an older friend, went, as a lark, to consult a negro woman who was "telling fortunes" in New York. To the young woman the fortune-teller said: "I see books, books, everywhere—books in piles!" A year or two later the young woman married a young law student, whom she did not know at the time of the "fortune-telling," and who after the marriage became a publisher and the owner of many "piles of books." I can vouch for the story: for I was the young man.

My last extract under this head will be from Foster, and I want to say an additional word about him here. After witnessing what he unquestionably did in my presence, what he is alleged to have done in the presence of others appears no more incredible than what I knew him to do would have appeared before its actuality was experienced.

The teller of the very big Foster stories, after his long observation of Foster, shows himself in the following extracts (*op. cit.*, p. 59):

"I question whether Foster, or any other medium, ever predicted anything of value as regards the future. If in any large degree it were possible, it would seem a violation of law either natural or spiritual.....

"Is it better to know aught of the future? Have we not care enough with the present?"

"Mr. Foster's power was astonishing because unusual, but it was limited.... Although I have received many remarkable tests, and what to the ordinary spiritualist would be proof positive of direct communication between this and the spirit life, I am still skeptical. The communications were never decided enough. It seems to me, if it were true, such a *great* truth would be known and accepted by all mankind. Spirit telephone and telegraphy seem to work unsatisfactorily—a thick veil seems to hang between. I feel that there is a gulf, a barrier, a dense fog, that will not dissipate."

Yet in the face of this Bartlett gives the following (*op. cit.*, p. 60):

"We met an impulsive dashing young man, by the name of Armijo, at Charpiot's Hotel, in Denver, Colo.... He was inclined to be a little abusive, and, although possibly not intending to do so, was almost insulting. He intimated the whole thing was a fraud; and finally said he would bet a large amount that Mr. Foster could not tell anything that was not in his own mind; could not tell anything which the future would verify. Mr. Foster had borne with him very patiently, but showed that he was somewhat vexed. Suddenly he said, rather excitedly, 'I can tell you something that will happen to you which is very painful, if I choose, but I do not care to give you pain.' Armijo immediately defied him and said, 'That is all stuff.' Finally Foster said, 'Well, young man, *you will blow your brains out inside of three months.*' And sure enough, in a few weeks, picking up the *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, we read as follows:

"'Sad suicide. P. C. Armijo, the sheep owner, suicides.

He puts a bullet through his heart. Love the cause of the rash act. The end of a promising life.'”

Bartlett very wisely comments:

“It is my opinion in this instance that Mr. Foster made a mistake. He should have controlled his temper, as I am quite sure no good ever comes from giving vent to such impressions. And, although after the séance the young man laughed and ridiculed the prediction, still is it not possible that it might have preyed upon his excitable mind until he became crazed? Or was his suicide the natural course of events? The account in the paper referred to the ‘Foster prophecy.’”

We have now reached the end of my space for phenomena tentatively accounted for by telepathy, telopsis, and telakousis. Many of the most intelligent spiritists would not confidently lay those we have had to the charge of spirits, but there are other phenomena which a few of the best minds of the age attribute to intelligences that have survived the body. Before going to this latter class, however, it may be well to do what we can to correlate with existing knowledge what we have already been over, especially as our attempts may enable us to grope more intelligently along the still mistier way before us.

CHAPTER XIX

SUGGESTED CORRELATIONS OF TELEPATHY

AMONG the chaos of opinions called forth by the strange phenomena we have been considering, there is at least one on which probably all critics agree—that our old conceptions of the range of mind and the connection between minds must be broadened. Our minds are now demonstrated to flow into each other with a freedom not realized before the latter part of the last century. But as abnormal and exceptional, such things had been fancied, and perhaps exceptionally experienced, from the remotest tradition. It had long been suspected, and by some persons believed, that, under stress of great emotion, some souls could impress some sympathetic souls at a distance; and writers of fiction had occasionally represented such occurrences, but they were regarded as in the regions of romance, possible, if at all, only to almost superhuman powers, and subjects of almost reverential awe. Whatever their bases, until lately the modern mind has generally regarded them as only of the confused limbo of myth and fancy.

For only about thirty years has anything of the kind been accepted as fact, and been placed under scientific observation and classification. It is now established that such communication is frequent between persons of apparently all degrees of intelligence, culture, and character, provided they be endowed, as many are, with a certain sensibility which is as yet somewhat undefined, and does not seem to depend upon the possession of any one of, or group of, the said varieties of intelligence, culture, or character. In other words, as I have already said, and probably will say more than once again, it looks as if mind, from single ideas up to whole personalities—from faint impressions like Foster's of my pearl-oyster—up to clear impressions of individualities, were floating about the universe, from all sorts of places into all sorts of places, just as freely

as motion floats from muscle to electric battery, to heat, to light, to vegetable nutrition, and back into muscle—or as oxygen floats from water to iron rust, to vegetable, to blood, to the expired breath—and back to iron rust.

Moreover, it looks as if each person were the center of a lot of these floating ideas, and that individuals pick them up in all ways and degrees, from the cause of the babe's mysterious smile apparently at nothing at all, up to the sources of our best dreams; and from impressions like those seized by Foster from pretty much everything going, up to those aggregations of thought, sensibility, and will which apparently accrete to themselves bodies, and then leave them, and which it seems the purpose and justification of the universe to evolve.

Some leading students claim that although most people do not show any telesthesia, we all have it subliminally in some degree, but that only the sensitives manifest it appreciably. As it is not "at home" at all times to all comers, they say that when not at home it is beneath the threshold—subliminal—as already explained. And when anybody does anything psychologically queer and smarter (American "smart") than most folks can do, they generally charge it up to his subliminal self. As far as yet used, the phrase seems to me something to look wise over, and use as a scrap-basket for anything you don't understand, and want to have folks (perhaps including yourself) think you do.

But perhaps we can make this subliminal self, or whatever else you see fit to call it, something more than a mere name for the unknown faculties which accomplish the mysterious results.

Granting, as we must, that there is something—call it what you will—that does these queer things, the real question is: what makes it do them—what is the *modus operandi* of it all? Now for a guess: anybody who claims to do more than guess in these regions is a suspicious character.

Telepathy and Hypnosis

The way to correlate the unknown with the known is to seek points of resemblance. Examination sometimes discloses enough between the matter under investigation and familiar

things, to group it with them. In the woods you hear an object stirring in the bushes. It eludes you so that you can't tell at first whether it is reptile, bird, or quadruped. You catch a glimpse of a brown surface as big as your hand, then you know it is either bird or beast; for there is no reptile in that region who could make such a display. Your next glimpse shows that it has feathers, not fur; and so by getting particular by particular, you correlate with it those that constitute partridge, and not chicken or turkey. Or if you are in a new and wild region, the particulars you get may go so far as to show you that you have found a bird, but the later particulars may not correspond to anything you knew before. Then to "know" the bird you will have to become familiar with new particulars by studying them in books or in as many specimens as you can find. On rereading this, I suspect it is an unconscious echo from Spencer. If so, so much the better.

Now let us see how far we can correlate this unfamiliar telepathy with what we knew before. Are there any well known examples of one person thinking another person's thoughts and seeing visions under the influence of another person? There unquestionably are. Many of the comparatively familiar range of phenomena once called mesmeric and now called hypnotic come under that category; and if we can get telepathy into the same category we will be that much nearer to understanding or "knowing" it. So to bring hypnosis into this comparison I will, as with telekinesis and telepathy, give the slight general notion of it contained in my own experience. I hope that an old man's fondness for his boyhood is not leading me to overestimate the fitness of introducing a second batch from the school where, when we were boys, P—— first aroused my interest in telekinesis.

In the early fifties there turned up in New Haven a couple of wandering apostles of culture, who gave exhibitions at "The Temple" (of the Muses?), which then stood on the corner of Court and Temple Streets, and where I remember seeing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played: conformably with its name, "The Temple" admitted only "moral shows." The apostles aforesaid illustrated publicly and taught privately

what they were pleased to term "Electro-psychology." The "electro" was supposed to come in through a tin or zinc disk about as big as a silver dollar and twice as thick, in the concaved center of one side of which was inserted a silver half dime. The subjects, selected more or less pellmell from the audience, went on the stage, and each held one of the disks in the palm of the hand, and gazed at it intently for a few minutes, when the operator told one to close his eyes, made a few passes, and asked if he could open them. In many instances the subject could not.

The "electricity" (galvanism) between the two metals (what little there may have been of it) of course had "nothing to do with the case." The result came from gazing at the bright object, just as the same result was rediscovered a generation later and called for the first time hypnosis.

The operator told one subject: "Now you may open your eyes to look at that steamboat coming." The subject did so, and was at once much interested in the imaginary boat, the operator suggesting: "How fast she comes! What a lot of people on board!" and other things to the same effect, all of which were responded to by the subject; and some of them, if I remember rightly, suggested by him. Between them they got her up to an imaginary dock, and when she was near the operator asked: "Don't you see anybody you know on board?" Whereupon the subject began waving his hand to the passengers and calling them by name, and I think indicating the reception of responses. After the subject had uproariously called to Smith or Jones the operator exclaimed: "Why, he's fallen overboard! Help him out!" Whereupon the subject grabbed somebody near him on the stage, and struggled to get him ashore. There were many performances of the same kind.

I have never myself seen any other case of dramatic vision produced by the hypnotizer, and you may attribute this one to collusion or *post facto* memory on my part, if you please; but innumerable others are on record, including some where hypnotizers have suggested the same vision to a number of subjects at once, and each subject has filled it out and acted it out according to his own waking idiosyncrasies, and differently from the others.

I believed, and still believe, these exhibitions to have been genuine. The overwhelming mass of comparatively recent evidence for similar things would alone go far to justify me, but there were strong considerations in the same direction at the time.

General Russell, our schoolmaster, became greatly interested, and, because he thought the show educational, took his boys several times, and took lessons in the art himself, and exercised it a little, if I remember rightly, upon some of the boys. But he soon gave it up because, I remember distinctly, in spite of its being unmistakably "real," he wasn't sure that it didn't "come of the devil"—a gentleman in whom he and all the other learned people of New Haven at that time had the profoundest confidence.

Moreover, John Tuttle learned it too. John kept a shop a couple of blocks from the school, where it was no uncommon feat for one of us boys (who were kept well exercised) to demolish an entire pie on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, or even at a midday recess. One Saturday afternoon John tried his black art on a boy who is now one of the leading bankers in New York, and closed his eyes effectually. He could not affect me. It has occurred to me since I have read somewhat on the subject, that probably the other boy was acquiescent with the experiment, and I resisted. Possibly, however, he had only got farther along with his pie!

Now in cases where a vision experienced by one mind is plainly due to the influence of another mind, near or remote, may not the influence be in some way akin to the hypnotic influence which produced the vision of the steamboat?

A much simpler experience which I had many years later with Hermann the prestidigitator is instructive. His wife, I believe it was, remained on the stage while he went among the audience and got from them all sorts of questions, to which, without knowing them by any usual means, she gave immediate answers. Wishing to see if there was any telopsis involved, I handed him my match-box, asking how many matches were in it. He asked me, and I said that I did not know. He opened the box and counted them, and the instant

he knew the number, she flashed it back correctly. Plainly he had hypnotized her before he started among the audience, and subsequently telepathically impressed upon her the answers to the questions put to him. This occurrence left me for a long time confident that apparent telopsis is all telepathy, but later facts have diminished that confidence.

It is well to tax a reader's credulity only by degrees, and I now give a much better illustration of hypnotic telepathy and vision building. Several instructive and entertaining instances are given in a paper by Mrs. Sidgwick on Clairvoyance and Telepathy in Pr. VII, especially those from Dr. Wiltse of Skiddy, Kansas. I have space for but one (Pr. VII, 77f.):

"Mr. William Howard and Mr. N. Parker called upon me early one morning (stating that they had called by request of neighbors) to ask me to hypnotize Fannie for the purpose of possibly gaining some knowledge of the whereabouts of the body of Uncle Julian Scott, who had ridden into the Emerald River late the night before and was drowned.....

"I then stated the case to her, asking her to go with us [in her mind. H. H.] to the river, where we would take a skiff and look for the body. 'Is Uncle Julian drowned? Poor old man!' she exclaimed. She expressed her willingness to go with us, only stipulating that Mrs. Wiltse should accompany us. I pretended to get horses, and we started (in her mind).

"It was three miles to the river. On the real road lived a Mrs. Hall, a widow, and Fannie called out suddenly, 'There is Mrs. Hall's place! Let us have her go with us!' 'All right, Fannie, she says she will go with us, and here we are already!' A few moments of that peculiar deep sleep to suggest the passage of time, and I rouse Fannie again by a gentle shake, and say, 'Here we are, and here is the boat; now I will paddle slowly and you look carefully into the water. Now what do you see?' She immediately began to describe rocks, logs, snags, bottom, &c. (Suggestion. I had constantly to repeat the question, 'What do you see? Do you see anything? Can you see the bottom?' &c., or she would shortly be snoring.)

"After a little she said suddenly, as if somewhat excited, 'There is something over yonder ahead of us!' Q.—'Which way, Fannie?' F.—'Right hand, way down yonder. Paddle nearer to it.' Q.—'All right. Here we go! Now, what is it?' F.—'I see now. It is a hat.' Q.—'Where?' F.—'Don't you see there in that drift?' (This is according to Mrs. Wiltse's recollection of the affair. My own is that it was in a bush.) Q.—'Describe the place, Fannie, so we can get it as we come

back.' F.—'Don't you see?' &c. And she described certain peculiarities upon the bank.

"Soon after this she announced an object near the left bank of the stream and asked to be paddled over there. Then asked if we did not see an old tree body under the water near the bank. Q.—'Yes, Fannie, what about it?' F.—'Why, don't you see? There is something under it.' Q.—'What is it, Fannie?' F.—'I can't see. Paddle closer.' Q.—'All right! Here we are!' (Silence on Fannie's part.) Q.—'What is it, Fannie?' F.—'Some big dark thing; I can't see what. There is a saddle there. Don't you see it?' Q.—'Yes, Fannie, what else?' F.—'Something, but I can't see it good; the water is muddy. The saddle is there. I can see it, and one stirrup is gone.' Q.—'All right. Can you see anything on the bank that we may know the spot as we come back?' F.—'Why, of course. Don't you see how the sand is worked up in that low spot around the roots of that tree?'.

"I see that my evidence upon the points in regard to the saddle with its missing stirrup and the hat is not as explicit and at first hand as I could wish. . . . But common rumor had it that Fannie was right upon these points. As to the rest of the points, I was witness myself to the accuracy of her statements, which I will proceed to conclude.

"We passed on down the river, Fannie professing inability to see anything more of interest, and after a few minutes complaining of being tired and cold, and teasing to go back, said there was no use to go any further, that they would not find Uncle Julian now, and repeated her curious assertion about the uselessness of going any farther, by saying with considerable stress, 'It will be no use ever to look below right here!' Q.—'All right, Fannie. We will go back, but first show us some mark by which we shall remember the place, can you?' 'Why, don't you see?' she exclaimed in a tone of seeming disgust. Q.—'What is it, Fannie?' F.—'Oh, don't you see that tall bridge?' Q.—'Where, Fannie?' F.—'Why, right there! We just now passed under it, right there it is.' (Note. Bridges in these parts were very scarce. The Emerald River had at that time but one bridge crossing it, an iron railroad bridge, which I feel sure Fannie had never seen, as there was no public road to it, it crossing the river at a wild, isolated, almost inaccessible spot in the mountains, several miles from where we were sitting.) 'What kind of a bridge is it, Fannie?' I asked, purposely for a test of the reality of her vision, for she was now back into the realm of my own knowledge, and I was somewhat surprised at her correctness. F. (hesitating for a space as if taking a careful view, then in a tone of curious surprise)—'Why, it looks as if it must be made of iron!' (Suggestion.)

"Just as I had suggested that we were on the way back, Mr. Howard was called to the door, where a neighbor informed him, in so low a tone that none inside heard it, that the body had been recovered and conveyed to the residence of his (Uncle Julian's) son, who lived on the bank of the river near the ford where we had made our imaginary start with a boat. The message had all the appearance of truth. Mr. Howard came in looking rather chagrined, as I certainly felt, and informed me in a whisper of the news. 'Be quiet,' I replied, 'I will try another experiment.' I didn't believe this could be successful.

"'Fannie,' I said, 'here we are now at the landing. We are all of us cold. Let us go into the Scotts' and warm.' She agreed. I pretended we had entered the house, when Fanny exclaimed in a much excited manner, 'Why, there he is.' Q.—'Who, Fannie?' F.—'Why, don't you see it?' Q.—'See what, Fannie?' F.—'Why, they have found Uncle Julian and got him laid out.' She then went on to speak of different relatives and friends who were there, of their crying, &c., naming such persons as we supposed it would be very certain would be there.

"Here was telepathy, most likely, with a vengeance [and dream-building, too. H. H.], for not a word of the whole thing was true. The body was not recovered until fourteen days after the drowning... by a train hand from a moving train crossing the bridge Fannie had declared we had 'just passed under,' where it had lodged upon an old drift just below the bridge... I have as often thought of the perfectly apparent prophecy of Fannie in her emphatic assertion, 'We have just passed under that tall bridge and it will be useless ever to look for Uncle Julian below here!' I could flip a marble from the top of the bridge into the drift where rested his body fourteen days after her curious trip by water to that identical spot by way of—what? I listen for the answer. Had I possibly demonstrated the soul, as I began experimenting with the dismal hope of perhaps some time accomplishing, fifteen years prior to this, which hope I had never once quite relinquished?"

He certainly had demonstrated telepathy and dream building. Their connection with "the soul" we shall see more of.

The foregoing shows that hypnosis not only starts the visions the hypnotizer suggests, but also frequently develops a teloptic capacity independent of any voluntary suggestion of the hypnotizer. Therefore probably a sensitive under the influence, conscious, or unconscious, of a sitter, or possibly of some remote mind, could pick up a wide range of matter through telesthesia.

Now in this vision the subject was, during a large part of the time, in deeper trance than my steamboat dreamer; and both of them, though in trance, were apparently wide awake, "Fannie" part of the time, and my man all the time. So was Foster when he saw the pearl and the fawn. Does it not appear almost conclusive that he, like the others, was hypnotized—that, whatever else a sensitive may be, he is so sensitive to the hypnotic influence that he is rendered telepathic and perhaps teloptic and telakoustic by anyone who happens along—any postcarnate one, if you please—that he sees and hears, more or less accurately, the things that the sitter or even someone at a distance consciously or unconsciously suggests?

Hypnotic visions hold out also a second hope of correlation with visions in general, in that they cover both the sleeping and apparently waking fields—waking while the influence is slight, sleeping when it has become strong. This all would depend upon the amounts and qualities of the power of the sitter and the sensitive, hence perhaps we can account for the good sittings and the bad ones and the different varieties of them.

The hypothesis seems to correlate the hypnotic phenomena pretty well, but of course there are gaps. How, for instance, does it fit with Foster's wanting me to concentrate my mind, and with other sensitives saying the exact opposite—that they do best when the sitter's mind is a *tabula rasa*? Perhaps the solution may be that generally, where the sitter wants a specific thing, he must do his best to get it; but that he will be apt to get more things if the sensitive is not restricted to specific ones, but simply picks up all that happen along.

The hypnotic hypothesis also tends to correlate with the other facts it covers, the third fact that sympathetic sitters generally get more than skeptical ones, and much more than antagonistic ones. Mr. Bartlett tells me, however, that the skeptics got the best sittings from Foster, apparently putting him on his mettle. This was certainly not true of Mrs. Piper, however, but she was always in deep trance.

Does this hypothesis, then, bring everything from the sitter,

and under it must the spiritistic hypothesis throw up the sponge?

Not by any means. In the first place it does *not* "bring everything from the sitter." How can it bring true things that he never knew, and even true things directly contrary to all he ever knew, which the sensitive (or the control?) insists upon, and which are subsequently found to be correct? The hypothesis, then, must go beyond the sitter, and admit the notion, already intimated, that in some way we cannot yet make much of a guess at, the sensitive gets impressions teloteropathically from any sort of mind anywhere.

James's objection to world-wide telepathy—that it is almost inconceivable that the mind should select the fitting thought among the myriad thoughts of myriads of people—would probably not have been made after he became familiar with the wireless telegraph. Probably each mind receives only the thoughts to which it is keyed.

Why not lump all those minds into the cosmic mind, of which each is a part? We know that any sort of a fact, or rather memory of a fact, may be in any number of minds at the same time, and we know that all facts, or rather all memories of them, are in the aggregate mind at all times. The only open question is the interrelation of its components, and telepathy is giving a new outlook on that.

From that limitless storehouse perhaps the sensitive draws or is flowed in upon. Virtually all the commentators have suggested this, but they have been contented with mere passing suggestions. We shall group some of them later.

All this conveys a tentative idea of how the sensitive gets the hints, and how, just as we constantly dress up all sorts of hints into elaborate dreams, these hypnotic hints are dressed up into symbols, like the pearl, and the fawn, or into personages, such as those Foster and others sometimes describe and sometimes enact, or as we all associate with in dreams. But the hints must be pretty elaborate to make the personages as nearly exact copies of their originals as they so often are! Compare Chapter XXIII on "The Idea."

I know I am repeating, and I intend to—often.

Many people besides subjects known to be hypnotized have visions, waking and sleeping, which are so much more definite

than mere recollections or imaginations, as to constitute a class by themselves. These people "see things" which presumably are not there, as definitely as if they were. These visions seem to be most generally of persons, and have, even when waking, the definiteness of ordinary dreams, with apparently all the ordinary attributes of matter but resistance and permanency. When such visions have anything out of the common, such as relations to important events, those who know most about these matters quite generally believe that there is often a causal relation—mathematically demonstrated to be far beyond any possibilities of mere coincidence. Does some other will, as in hypnosis, facilitate them or generate them? Many of those who know most about them believe that such is the case. "Will," however, is often too strong a word: many cases would be better described by "influence," or even by "unconscious influence."

Hypnosis seems much like dreaming in this other respect: that the wide horizon of dreams is possible only when the mind is freed from its absorption in outer details. Similarly in hypnosis the attention is diverted from things in general and concentrated on one thing, and that a thing not in itself provocative of thought—on the silver coin in the zinc disk, if you please, or on any bright point—on the chalk mark on the floor to which the chicken's head is held for a time with the effect of rendering her unable to raise it. Or the subject may be, as I have been, laid on his back and gently crooned to sleep with assurances that the trouble the physician attacks is going to yield to suggestions of betterment. Whatever the way, the mind is freed of all distractions, and the hypnotizer's suggestion is made to occupy the whole of it. The suggestion may be of an act, and the act is done; of an inhibition, and there is nothing else in the mind to oppose it; of a vision, say the steamboat, and the mind is filled with it.

Sometimes the psychic power may be strong enough to overcome all competing distractions and impress the vision in the midst of ordinary daily interests. Sometimes the recipient may be, like the mediums, so susceptible to some sorts of psychic impression as to receive them when other people could not—in the midst of alien conversation or occupation. Sometimes the recipient may be peculiarly susceptible to them

only in sleep or trance. Here is probably still another illustration of the arbitrariness of classification: at first glance we hold sleeping and waking to be distinct, but there's an indistinct region between them peopled by all sorts of visions, just as sleep is peopled by dreams. Probably all people have visions in the borderland between waking and sleeping; not so many have them on the far side while sleeping; and very few have them on the hither side while awake; and yet a few certainly do.

This seems to imply in these people some power of having the dream state side by side with their ordinary waking life. That power may exist to some degree in all of us: there is no knowing when any one of us may have a vision while he is awake.

Telepathy and the Dream State

As already remarked, the vast majority of these impressions come while the percipient is in bed, and it seems probable that they come more than is supposed in dreams. From my own experience I for one have no doubt of it.

One often dreams of things taking place in the room, and then the tendency is to suppose oneself awake.

I had a very strong demonstration of this last night. When I supposed I had not yet fallen asleep, I suddenly saw that a light in the hall had been switched on, and heard some talk, apparently from one or two of my boys, with their mother in her room next mine. Then one of them came into my room and told me that his younger brother had indigestion, but that a doctor in Montreal (whence the speaker had come a few hours earlier) had that afternoon given him and a friend an awful lot of pills, and that there were enough left over for the brother. Then he went out, switched off the light in the hall, and I turned to go to sleep.

My sleep was intermittent and full of dreams, and in the intervals my conscience reminded me that at dinner I had eaten something apt to be productive of visions, and I began to suspect the reality of my boy's visit to my room. In the morning I found that the boy had not been there at all: the whole thing had been a dream. And of course I am con-

firmed in the belief that I have stated—that, as the vast majority of visions are reported as seen when the seer is in bed, the vast majority are dreams. That, however, does not lessen my faith in the occasional veridicity of dreams: on the contrary, whatever significance waking visions may have held is proportionally transferred to dreams. I have had several which there is such strong reason to believe both telepathic and veridical that, unless they were, my universe is chaos. Though most dreams are matters of ludicrous stupidity, there have been others which in early times, and not always foolishly, made and unmade empires, and in modern times have made and unmade souls.

The absence of any known agent for some visions suggests some active capacity in the sensitive which serves, like sight or hearing, to involuntarily pick up (I sometimes like a split infinitive) any circumstance, past or present, which happens to be in range, perhaps in some sort of memory, individual or cosmic, the range of course often being influenced by the presence of any person in any way connected with the circumstance, and his exerting some influence on the sensitive.

Impressions Lying Dormant

Many visions come when the presumed agents of them are under great stress that may be transmuted into some sort of hypnotic power. Yet on the other hand, as many come when the presumed agent is *in articulo mortis*, with all the powers that we know, apparently exhausted. It is easy to assume that under such circumstances there may be awakened powers that we don't know—powers akin to those already mentioned, which seem to transcend physical conditions.

But many visions even come after the death of the only conceivable agent. In these we seem reduced to the alternatives, on the one hand, of the vision being impressed before the death, and lying dormant, or on the other hand, of the agent's surviving bodily death and impressing the vision after it.

There are many genuine cases of impressions lying dormant, though some very conspicuous cases have lately been discovered to be faked.

Rudimentary Senses as Shown in Visions and Dreams

Another category where we can correlate telepathy with what we know, seems to be that of the rudimentary senses. Why may not the impressibility of the sensitive, or of any hypnotic subject, be due to the action of a rudimentary sense or faculty as yet developed to a noticeable degree in only a few people? We certainly have senses beyond the half dozen usually enumerated. As they were once rudimentary—the eye a pigment spot, and the ear, in one instance, a mere vibrating cord inside a chitin shell—and as these senses must have been subjectively known by faint and often paradoxical sensations, so now, have we not strong reason to believe that human beings have rudimentary connections with the objective world, whose reports are as yet very faint and paradoxical?

Telepathy and Telopsis

Here, however, on the borderland of knowledge, we cannot yet tell whether telesthesia—telopsis and telakousis—are really anything more than telepathy. We cannot be certain that visions of remote scenes or persons come from observation of the actualities: there is no case, so far as I know, where any telesthetic has verifiably reported anything not already in the consciousness of some human being. Houses, rooms, known places of any kind, and what people are doing there are all memories in some minds, and may be telepathically impressed on the mind that seems teloptic.

As an illustration of this and a test of a sensitive's ability to get outside of human knowledge I may refer back to my little experience with Herrmann and the match-box already related. Sir Oliver Lodge tried the same thing with Mrs. Piper (Pr. VI, 194). From a confused mass of lettered cards he picked some without reading them and put them in envelopes. There was no correspondence between the reports of the medium and the contents of the envelope.

On the other hand, Foster read galore from sealed envelopes and from rolled pellets of paper, but the contents must have been already known to the writers. There is a puzzle, however, in the fact that if a name was written on one of half

a dozen slips, and all rolled into pellets without his seeing them, he would pick out the right one. Of this so-called "influence," we shall see more.

There are certainly very few cases of telopsis that cannot be accounted for by telepathy or teloteropathy. But in Pr. XI, 379, Myers quotes one that cannot be.

A sensitive in Boston successfully directed where to search at Natick for the bodies of two boys whom nobody knew to have been drowned, though on the chances considerable ineffective search had been made near the spot. The seeress subsequently went to the place, and although nobody had indicated to her the exact spot where the bodies were found, she stood on the shore and tossed over her back a stone which fell into the exact place. The only apparent solutions open are telopsis or telepathy from the cosmic soul, perhaps the special portions of it that had been associated with the living boys.

Most cases of superusual warning can be accounted for by usual causes, especially if we include telepathy among them, but some cannot—for instance, the voice which warned the dentist away from a vulcanizing apparatus which soon exploded (Pr. XI, 424f.).

There is an elaborate prediction of death in Pr. XI, 432f. which, among hypotheses yet open, can be accounted for only by prophetic telesthesia or spiritism. Generally of course such predictions hasten their own fulfillment, but in this case, the decedent had known nothing of it.

Of prophetic dreams there are many. One of the best is the Rev. Dr. Kinsolving's about the snake (Pr. XI, 495):

"I seemed to be in woods back of the hotel at Capon Springs, W. Va., when I came across a rattlesnake, which when killed had two black-looking rattles and a peculiar projection of bone from the tail, while the skin was unusually light in color. The impression of the snake was very distinct and vivid before my mind's eye when I awoke in the morning, but I did not mention the dream to anyone, though I was in the act of telling my wife while dressing, but refrained from so doing because I was in the habit of taking long walks in the mountains, and I did not wish to make her nervous by the suggestion of snakes.

"After breakfast, I started with my brother along the back of the great north mountain, and when about twelve miles from the hotel we decided to go down out of the mountain into the road and return home. As we started down the side of the

mountain I suddenly became vividly conscious of my dream, to such an extent as to startle me, and to put me on the alert. I was walking rapidly, and had gone about thirty steps, when I came on a snake coiled and ready to strike. My foot was in the air and had I finished my step I would have trodden upon the snake. I threw myself to one side and fell heavily on the ground. I recovered myself at once and killed the snake with the assistance of my brother, and found it to be the same snake in every particular with the one I had had in my mind's eye. The same size, color, and peculiar malformation of the tail.

"It is my belief that my dream prevented me from treading on the snake, but I have no theory on the subject, and get considerably mixed and muddled when I try to think on the line of such abnormal experiences."

Another very striking one about an accident is in Pr. XI, 517.

There are some very remarkable forebodings that could not have been telepathic, in the experience of a railroad engineer, given in Pr. XI, 559f.; and some interesting testimony regarding the percipient and narrator in this case, is given in Pr. V, 333f. There are more good ones later in the same paper.

Possible Uses of Telepathy

The possibilities of telepathy in terrestrial communication are obvious.

We have had hints of the possibility of telepathic communication with postcarnate intelligences, and shall have more as we go on. For the present a word may be worth while regarding communication with intelligences whose existence is not so often questioned.

While it seems entirely impossible that there shall be any physical transit among the heavenly bodies, because of the lack of a supporting medium, telepathy holds out some suggestion of communication with them. But the different experiences which inevitably result from the different relations of planets to their suns and each other, and their different densities, gravities, lights, atmospheres, etc., involve differences in the inhabitants of any two planets so great that even telepathic communication is hardly conceivable. But if telopsis and telakousis are or shall become independent of telepathy,

our seeing and hearing those remote fellow-creatures and their environments becomes rationally conceivable—perhaps even more conceivable than would have been our present astronomical knowledge—say of the weight of the sun, to the Magi that watched the star of Bethlehem.

Here is another possibility perhaps more immediate. Tuttle, Davis, and the general run of their kind candidly confess themselves uneducated and generally in youth rather stupid along conventional lines; and yet the two named, without any effort on their part, produced works up to the humble average of printed matter, which pass among many people for gospels; and they spent their mature lives in the enjoyment of what, to the man in the street, answered the purposes of an education. In this last particular we might couple with them Home, only his “education,” ignorant boy as we know him to have been, passed muster not only with the man in the street but with princes and philosophers.

Now all this “education” was telepsychic. What hopes for the future that fact holds out, can be appreciated only by those who have had young people to care for in this revolutionary age. The education extending from Boccaccio to Doctor Arnold is entirely inadequate to the needs developed in the last half century.

Until the last third of the last century there was one pattern of education for everybody (except Mill and Spencer), and despite the recent variety of patterns, we have got little farther than confused experiment. Meanwhile the small colleges where all sorts of boys were thrown into a salutary struggle for the survival of the fittest, have, in America, grown into colleges so large that the contact of all sorts of boys is no longer possible, but they all fall into strata, mainly according to wealth and social position, where those in one stratum have little chance for association with the best intellects and characters in the other strata. The rich boys, no longer held toward the pace of impecunious friends, take their college course merely as the opportunity of their lives to have a good time, which is generally a very wild one; while the poorer boys go through without the influence of the refinements which, in the old days, their predecessors rubbed off from their more fortunate friends,

and often reciprocated by certain greater refinements which flourish best in soil not over-rich.

The state of affairs in the colleges, however, is not so bad as in the elementary schools. In the colleges there is some chance for a boy to study what he is fitted for, whether or no there is a chance for him to study it in the way he is fitted for. But in the secondary schools there is little chance at either for any boy above the average for whom those schools are designed. The increased college entrance requirements of recent years are hard on all the boys, especially in schools where there is an attempt to round them out into something like symmetrical education. This taxes the teachers so as to make attention to individual needs—especially to those of an occasional recalcitrant genius—out of the question.

Now into this chaos of problems and pains are we to look for light and order some time through the advent of telepathic education—guided of course by experience? Are the rills of our little share of the psychic universe eventually going to pour into all of us as freely as they did into the gifted ignoramuses whom I named a page or two back?

The hope does not seem extravagant. Yet the first person to whom I suggested it answered in substance: "Then we may as well lower the flags of character at once. Character means effort." I replied: "There's not much danger of our not finding work enough. The attempt in my college days to supply it artificially, by giving us such stuff as pages of chemical formulæ to memorize, is laughed at now. Besides, we're not going to get telepathy any faster than we get character to handle it. Nature has been mighty conservative with it so far."

Doubtful as this outlook may be, it is a big one. But this book is fast becoming too big for its purpose.

CHAPTER XX

THE COSMIC SOUL

THE community of minds indicated by telepathy and some allied phenomena which we shall reach later, has revived in apparently all students the vague impression as old as philosophy, which we have already been led to touch upon more than once, that in some mysterious way all mind is one, just as all force is one and all matter is one—that mind, instead of being a disconnected aggregation of individual parts, like the sand on the beach, is more like the drops in the ocean, where all the individual parts are blended.

The metaphor fails, of course, because in the mass of fluid the drops lose their identity. Perhaps a better metaphor would be that of the body politic, where ideas are interchanged, but the body is made up of individuals; but that metaphor fails in the lack of complete mutual interflow. All metaphors illustrate but that part of the aspects of the subject to which we apply them, and fail regarding the other aspects. The coming of the unknown into the known is like the coming of what we call a “dissolving view”; we get partial and inconsistent bits, and group them into guesses that at first may be very wide of the truth, but that gradually, with more light, become coherent and workably intelligent.

And yet though telepathy frequently forces upon us that old notion that all mind is one, we nevertheless have the knowledge that all the minds we clearly know are individual. The idea is too big, and in its modern aspects too new to be a clear one, yet the conception of the Cosmic Soul has been touched upon by virtually all writers upon the Cosmic Relations; and some have poetized a great deal upon panpsychism; but, so far as I know, nobody has attempted to use the conception persistently and systematically as a clue through the psychic mysteries we are considering: all the recent investigators seem to have rested with (may I say?) a lazy

content and an almost fetichistic reverence, upon the mere phrase "the subliminal self" which Myers imported from the school of Du Prel, or upon the, in some respects, wider notion of sundry divisions of the self. But though the Cosmic Soul is the first choice of hardly anybody, it is an alternate choice of virtually everybody.

Here are some of the various aspects the notion has taken.

We got a trace of it back where Professor Holmes asks whether the behavior of protozoa is due to "physical and chemical factors," or whether we must assume an "entelechy of some sort to explain the results."

Dr. Leaf says (Pr. VI, 565), italics mine:

"If then this under self, of whose workings we are only so irregularly and so imperfectly conscious, has such susceptibility to other minds at all, it is no wild assumption to suppose that it is continually receiving impressions from other minds, indeed *from every other mind in the universe*, with varying clearness and force depending on some conditions which we cannot at present even guess at."

Dr. van Eeden says (Pr. XVII, 86):

"I have heard the source of this supernormal information denominated by an English poet as 'the collective memory of the race,' and this broad and mystical conception, however vague, seems to me in some respects the safest working hypothesis for further investigation."

Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. VI, 464), italics mine:

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

And also (Pr. VI, 648) :

“There is yet another kind of mind-reading, if such it can be called, which, though difficult to formulate and contemplate, yet frequently suggests itself, viz., the gaining of knowledge through some hidden community of mind, through the existence of some central world-mind.....”

Myers says (*Human Personality*, I, 217-19) :

“Bodily death ensues when the soul’s attention is wholly and irrevocably withdrawn from the organism, which has become from physical causes unfit to act as the exponent of an informing spirit. Life means the maintenance of this attention; achieved, in this view, by the soul’s absorption of energy from the spiritual or metetherial environment. For if our individual spirits and organisms live by dint of this spiritual energy, underlying the chemical agency by which organic change is carried on, then we must presumably renew and replenish the spiritual energy as continuously as the chemical.....”

“If this be so—there may be a truth—deeper than we can at this moment stay to discuss—in many subjective experiences of poets, philosophers, mystics, saints. And if their sense of inflowing and indwelling life indeed be true;—if the subliminal uprushes which renew and illumine them are fed in reality from some metetherial environment;—then a similar influence may by analogy exist and be recognizable along the whole gamut of psychophysical phenomena.....”

“The nascent life of each of us is perhaps a fresh draft,—the continued life is an ever-varying draft,—upon the cosmic energy. In that environing energy—call it by what name we will—we live and move and have our being; and it may well be that certain dispositions of mind, certain phases of personality, may draw in for the moment from that energy a fuller vitalizing stream.....”

“Let men realize that...their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalizing Power.”

Elsewhere Myers says (Pr. VII, 120) :

“Just as a study of the propagation and interference of light-waves—depending on artifices of great complexity—has made known to us inferentially, yet not the less certainly, an obscure physical entity which we style the cosmic ether; so also may experiments on the propagation and interruptions of clairvoyant or telepathic knowledge or memory conceivably reveal to us inferentially, but not the less certainly, an obscure psychical entity which we can best describe to ourselves as an *anima mundi* or cosmic record of all things.”

In Myers's exposition of his theory of the Subliminal Consciousness in Pr. VII and in *Human Personality* (I, 11f.) he piles up the indications of superusual faculty until he gets far beyond our usual conceptions of human powers, and where apparently nothing short of the cosmic soul could be equal to the results.

James runs up against the same notion all the while. In Pr. XXIII, 4, he named as possibly accounting for the medium's report of forgotten things:

"Access to some cosmic reservoir, where the memory of all mundane facts is stored and grouped around personal centers of association."

Is "personal center of association" a bad name for personality?

Here are some extracts from his *A Pluralistic Universe*:

(Page 299.) "For my own part I find in some of these abnormal or supernormal facts the strongest suggestions in favor of a superior co-consciousness being possible. I doubt whether we shall ever understand some of them without using the very letter of Fechner's conception of a great reservoir in which the memories of earth's inhabitants are pooled and preserved, and from which, when the threshold lowers or the valve opens, information ordinarily shut out leaks into the mind of exceptional individuals among us."

Each individual mind seems to be a subdivision of that reservoir, all subdivisions being subject to intercommunication.

(Page 308.) "They have had their vision and they *know*—that is enough—that we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger soul whose instruments we are."

In his *Psychology* he says (I, 346):

"I find the notion of some sort of an *anima mundi* thinking in all of us to be a more promising hypothesis, in spite of all its difficulties, than that of a lot of absolutely individual souls."

In *Memoirs and Studies*, James farther says:

(Page 201.) "My own dramatic sense tends instinctively to picture the situation as an interaction between slumbering faculties in the automatist's mind and a cosmic environment of *other consciousness* of some sort which is able to work upon them."

(Page 204-5.) "There is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother-sea or reservoir."

What follows seems to indicate that he really means that rills from it plunge into us, which has long been my guess. Throughout the passage it is consoling to the ordinary writer to find himself among a gentle mixture of metaphors by so great a man:

"Our 'normal' consciousness is circumscribed for adaptation to our external earthly environment, but the fence is weak in spots, and fitful influences from beyond leak in, showing the otherwise unverifiable common connection. Not only psychic research, but metaphysical philosophy, and speculative biology are led in their own ways to look with favor on some such 'panpsychic' view of the universe as this. Assuming this common reservoir of consciousness to exist, this bank upon which we all draw, and in which so many of earth's memories must in some way be stored, or mediums would not get at them as they do, the question is, What is its own structure? What is its inner topography?"

Podmore says (*New. Spir.*, II, 162) that in his book on Spiritism, the

"famous philosopher, Edward von Hartmann... explained the physical phenomena as due to some force analogous to electricity or magnetism emanating from the medium's body; but held that the mental manifestations point to a transcendental origin. He suggests, in short, that in thought-transference or clairvoyance the mind of the seer is in connection with the Absolute, and through the Absolute with other individual minds."

Podmore also quotes (*New. Spir.*, II, 172) Charles Bray (*On Force, its Mental and Moral Correlates*):

"Our bodies are continually giving off thought rays, just as they give off heat rays. These thought emanations, it must be inferred, are not lost to the universe; and, indeed, 'many facts now point to an atmosphere or reservoir of thought, the result of cerebration, into which the thought and feeling generated by the brain are continually passing.' With this general thought-reservoir the persons called spirit mediums may be presumed to be in communication."

The conception is not restricted to "psychical researchers" in the special sense, but looms up in some form in almost

all philosophic writing. That we may be up to the latest fashion, let us take the following from Bergson (*Creative Evolution*, 191, italics mine) :

“From this ocean of life in which we are immersed, we are continually drawing something, and we feel that our being, or at least *the intellect that guides it*, has been formed therein by a kind of *local concentration*.”

(*Ib.*, 269.) “On flows the current, running through human generations, subdividing itself into individuals.... Thus souls are constantly being created which, nevertheless, in a certain sense pre-existed. They are nothing else than the little rills into which the great river of life divides itself.”

When he writes of “life” dividing itself into individuals, he probably would permit us to read “mind” or “soul.”

In such matters we are pretty far along when we get hold of anything substantial enough to call an idea. But the vague groping feeling, yet a strong feeling, of a reality behind all these paradoxes and metaphors, is by no means rare—a reality which is part of the advanced man’s substitute for the Mumbo Jumbo god, which is the best that the mass of mankind, even of “civilized” mankind, have so far been able to place behind their universe.

All paradoxes? Of course they are. The whole fringe of our knowledge is made of paradoxes.

All metaphors? Of course they are: so is nearly all our language after it gets past material things and the primary sensations and operations that they initiate.

Vague adumbrations of the general notion of course are found as far back as Pantheism is, but in the shape I am fumbling over, it could not antedate modern evolution, including the modern conceptions of force and matter. This is probably why, in the indexes of the half-dozen histories of philosophy I have at hand, I find the term World-Soul in but two, and no closer equivalent than Pantheism in any of the others, and in one or two (I don’t care to look again for the sake of exactness) not even that. The books all, of course, contain various paragraphs about Pantheism.

Weber (*History of Philosophy*, translated by Thilly, p. 94f.) has one on the World-Soul apropos of what Plato had to say on the subject. The definite thing that can be dug out

from his imaginative and sometimes poetical confusions is that the cosmos has, in Weber's phrase:

"a soul, the mysterious link which unites the contrary principles in the cosmos, and whose function it is to subordinate the material world to the Idea, or to subject brutal necessity to reason, to adapt it to the final purpose of the Creator.... The soul of the world consists of Number, which subjects chaotic matter to the laws of harmony and proportion."

—whatever all that may mean—nothing that I can see, unless the cart before the horse, while in the various modern notions there does seem to loom up something behind the fog, something which is simply the facts which Plato had not.

Paulsen says (*Introduction to Philosophy*, Thilly's translation, 232ff.):

"Is all striving and willing, as it confronts us in the thousand diverse forms of existence, finally combined into the unity of one being and will? Does a unity of inner life, in whose self-movement and self-realization all individual life and striving is included, correspond to the unity of the physical world in universal reciprocal action?"

That last sentence has some correspondence with the question: Is Mind as much of a constituent of the universe as matter and motion? I shall give reasons for thinking that it is more of one, if there can be a difference in essentials.

(*Ib.*, 234.) "Reality is not annihilated by becoming a thing of the past. The past remains an eternal constituent of reality, and the present moment does not comprise the whole of reality."

If Paulsen had had the recent evidence (much of which we shall meet later) that everything past exists in memory *somewhere*—say in the Cosmic Mind (The inheritance of all ancestral experience is not big enough to fill the bill) that statement would have had additional certainty and significance.

(*Ib.*, 234.) "May we now...say: What we see in our own lives on the small scale, what we seem to recognize also in the life of the earth, is true of the world at large? Are its aim and being contained in a universal life, in an eternal spiritual life, the fullness of which far surpasses our notions of it, but of whose essence we get a glimpse in our own spiritual natures?"

"I believe that we may make such statements and that we

may add: There is no view which explains existence more simply and clearly."

Certainly none which so well fits the phenomena of telepathy and, we shall see later, of "possession."

(*Ib.*, 235-6.) "That this view is indeed more plausible than any other is shown by the fact that all thinkers, with the exception of a few philosophizing physicists, are remarkably unanimous in regarding it as the final explanation of the universe. In the East as in the West, in ancient as well as in modern times, the thoughts of the freest and profoundest have converged towards this point... Wherever modern philosophy finds its freest and boldest expression, it invariably returns to this view... Existence is a unified spiritual life, the visible part of which is the evolution of psychical life, and particularly of earthly human life.

"During the ascendancy of speculative philosophy, this theory... was regarded as absolute truth... It was called the secret religion of the cultured classes, and its followers were convinced that it would gradually penetrate into such circles as were as yet unable to grasp truth except in concrete images. But it happened otherwise. As far as there can be any question of a philosophical world-view among the cultured (most of them get along without any), it is more apt to be found along the lines of natural-scientific materialism or of an epistemological skepticism. The physical view of things has dislodged the poetical-speculative reflection. The notion of an inner universal life is, for the most part, wholly foreign to our natural scientists. The idea of a world-soul... seems to them to be as childish a dream as that of anthropomorphic gods. They do not need the hypothesis, they can explain the world by means of atoms and physical forces, excepting, perhaps, that small remainder, the states of consciousness in the brain of living beings. Science... no longer allows itself to indulge in the childish play of such fantastical speculations... And the educated classes, intimidated by the self-assurance of natural science, are ashamed to profess views that do not bear its stamp."

All of which casts some light upon the facts that within a generation literature and art have drooped, that the soul of man has taken up its residence in his pocket, that gambling has again become a current amusement in circles otherwise respectable, and that the best thing the age could do with the proudest of its typical creations—the *Titanic*—was to send it to destruction for the chance of being able to advertise a trifling increment of speed.

Heaven forfend, however, any attempt to cure such ills by a revival of the old type of speculative philosophy! Dogmatism was a worse ill than any of them, and *a priori* dogmatism is the worst of dogmatisms.

Let us see if we can focus the various glints shown in the last half dozen pages into something like a systematic statement. Of course all our terms must be provisional; in fact, with our recent experience of the rapid evolution of knowledge, we are pretty near a recognition that all terms whatever must be provisional. But let us go ahead with those we have. Of course we can get notions of these vague ideas only by repetition of them from various points. I hope the repetition will not overtax your patience.

Mind is as fundamental and pervasive a constituent of the universe as Matter and Motion are. We cannot account for mind as it is to-day without associating it with the atoms from which we assume it to have started, though it is by no means limited to them. Unlike matter and motion, it is not fixed in quantity; every moment its raw material is being worked up into new thoughts, emotions, fancies—and psychic personalities, if you please; and all these are added to the previous sum, pervade innumerable individualities, and through some phenomena which we have already seen and others which we shall see later, now generally appear to be as indestructible as matter and motion.

All this looks very much like good hard fact. Now for a venture on the thin ice. A soul is made up of experiences, thoughts, feelings. How, then, about the old and widespread notion of the souls at death flowing back into the cosmic soul? This question is suggested, not only by the considerations just given, but also, of course, by the way things suspiciously like departed psychic personalities have been showing themselves through the sensitives and in ordinary dreams.

But though perhaps we flow back into this constantly increasing aggregate of mind—the Cosmic Soul—it seems much more obviously to flow into us—at times and in degrees that vary enormously, as we vary. Into the least sensitive or receptive, it does not go perceptibly beyond the ordinary psychoses of daily life; into others it seems to

penetrate in ways to which we hardly know how to assign limits. Will it not presumably, as evolution goes on, flow more and more into all of us?

Now the human receptacles for mind seem to be, to use our poor phrase, elastic; and the flow of mind depends on many more conditions than we have any idea of. One of them, as we all know, is the flow of blood. Another seems to be (to express it as well as we can with our rough matter-made metaphor-words) making a place for the inflow by excluding ordinary matters of attention, as in hypnosis. There are all degrees of this exclusion, from the hypnotic subject's concentrating his attention on a single object or yielding it exclusively to its hypnotizer, to Foster's voluntarily excluding what does not concern his sitter, and perhaps feeling a hypnotic influence from the concentration of attention he asks from his sitter; on to, as we shall see later, Mrs. Verrall's excluding everything she can when awake; to everybody's excluding almost everything in sleep; to Mrs. Piper's excluding everything in trance. Under these conditions, to speak very roughly and provisionally, there seems to be a cosmic inflow in proportion to the space provided for it. Foster gets an occasional idea supernormally from the sitter and perhaps even from discarnate minds; Mrs. Verrall gets a string of them; we nearly all get varying dreams, and some of us get dreams beside which waking life is insignificant; and Mrs. Piper *appears* to get the experiences of hundreds of souls by the exclusion of her own and the reception of theirs.

There seems a close relation between hypnosis and cosmic inflow. In fact, what is hypnosis but an inflow from one unit of the cosmic mind to another—from the agent to the subject? What else is telepathy? Our being too ignorant to make an answer does not prove the identity, but it does leave the field open for exploration which may confirm the identity.

But without the body, which seems as if it were devised for the evolution of the individual soul, how do the alleged departed souls remain individual? They profess to answer by saying that they still have bodies, but better ones than those we know. But we are anticipating.

Whether it all means spiritism or not, it certainly means

at least wider reach of mind than we knew before—some as yet faint reaction and apparent blending of each mind with more of the mind pervading the universe.

To cultivate this general view of the psychic universe *as a whole*, now seems as important for the psychologist, as similar views of matter and motion are for the physicist.

In opening up this wider reach psychical research has done a work of unsurpassed importance. The fruition of that work we have but begun to enter upon. There seems reasonable hope that there is waiting something beside which all that comes from our as yet rudimentary senses is insignificant.

And now probably you see why I have harped so on the impossibility of rigid classifications in Nature—on the fact that those of science are necessarily arbitrary—why I have tried in so many connections to impress the truth that, so far as we can really conceive, all Nature is one. I have done it to prepare the way to the conception that all Soul is one.

But, if in solitude at such places as the Gornergrat, or Lake Champlain, or anywhere under the stars, you have not already felt that conception, you will probably find my efforts wasted, and they may be mere waste anyhow, except as they may possibly stimulate somebody else to better ones.

CHAPTER XXI

THE COSMIC SOUL AND THE INDIVIDUAL SOUL

BUT how about the bearing of this doctrine of the Cosmic Soul on the question of our individuality?

Each of us sets a good deal of store by his individuality, some of us rightly, but take away from one of us the stream of vital energy that in one sense is not himself at all, but flows from outside to outside through his sympathetic nervous system, and also take away the stream of consciousness that certainly in large part flows from outside into his afferent system and at least partly back to outside through his efferent system—take away these streams which are not himself, and how much individuality is left?—The individuality of a corpse that perceptibly begins to disappear within three days.

The individuality, then, does in part come from outside. Yet it is unquestionably largely determined in amount and character by the body—the size, shape, and quality of the brain and the blood-vessels supplying it, and, in less degree, by the qualities of the heart and organs that affect the blood supply. When the stream of mind-potential goes through a man he is affected by just those things that his organism is fitted to respond to. It is somewhat as if the brain cells and their connections were a number of wireless telegraph receivers responding to such vibrations as they are keyed to. The kinds of this responsiveness make up a man's individuality. The other persons who respond to nearly the same kinds are congenial with him. Farther, like the telegraph instrument, he not only receives, but he sends out—what he has to say for himself also determines his affinities.

The stream of thought that flows through us, then, is certainly not part of our individuality; and it certainly is part of our individuality. What it shall be for any one of us is determined more definitely than perhaps at any other time, when (so far as there is a "when" to the determination

of anything) it is fixed which one of a myriad of spermatozoa is to become the tenant of a waiting ovum. That spermatozoön seems to have its individual stream or streams of outside power and mind-potential, while it is accreting to itself pound after pound of matter, foot-pound after foot-pound of energy, and later, universe after universe of ideas. Its body, its energies, its universes will be unlike those of any other creature: it will be an individual.

One soon comes to have an individual share in determining what one's psychic stream shall consist of and whither it shall flow. Whether it shall consist of the thoughts of butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker, one has pretty much his own way. So has he, but in less degree, as to whether it shall be the thoughts of rich man, poor man, beggar-man, or thief. In still less degree he determines whether it shall be the thoughts of doctor, lawyer, priest, or engineer; still less whether it shall be those of statesman, philosopher, artist, or poet; and scarcely at all whether it shall be those of Shakspeare, Newton, Humboldt, Lincoln, or Spencer. In one sense, and in a very important sense, such men have relatively less choice regarding their own individualities than have the rest of mankind regarding theirs. The greater the individuality, the less is it determined by itself.

But from another side: the greater the individuality, the more is it determined by itself as it grows up. Lincoln had to make Lincoln, but he could not help making Lincoln.

Not only can the man largely determine the contents of his psychic stream, but he can also largely determine what he shall do with it; and this not only, as already indicated, in the broad general current of his life, but in the many special things that are largely independent of the current.

But despite all this, the stream comes from outside him and flows back to outside him, and is almost as independent of him as if it ran through a hose, though he can use it in the same ways—to water gardens in his mind, or to put out mental conflagrations, or, like a sand-blast, to carve inscriptions and decorations. And while he uses his stream of thought to affect both the world and his own mind, all the while that stream of thought is not exclusively himself. And it is himself! All those things are *his* work!

When we think of a man as an individual it is because we take thought of only part of him, and probably the least significant part: we cannot form a passably thorough idea of a man without saturating it through and through with the idea of the Cosmic Inflow from outside—of God, if you please.

“When me they fly, I am the wings.”

Again I have been writing paradoxes, and I shall write many more: that alarm bell always rings when we reach the limits of our faculties.

Under ordinary circumstances the individual is conscious of only the limited portion of the stream of mind which constitutes “him”—the “him” of the moment; but in dream, trance, hypnosis, and apparently *articulo mortis*, at least by drowning, he seems conscious of a much larger proportion of his own stream, sometimes apparently of all since the first conscious experience. The stream, then, after it has passed on is not lost, hopelessly sunken, or evaporated. Though the man is not ordinarily conscious of the whole stream after it has passed him, it seems to exist somewhere—somewhere whence it can be brought. The recovered thing is but a copy of the stream, one presentation of the “Idea” of the man. But at least the Idea is not lost. The medium—telepathically from somebodies’ memories, or heteromatically from a postcarnate individuality—presents some sort of a rendering of it at any moment—a rendering that is more than a stream of memories—more like a thinking, feeling, responding man.

We have, I trust, reached some sort of a reconciliation between the idea of a Cosmic Consciousness and an individual consciousness, the interflow between them being most strongly manifested in states of inspiration and dream. We have what seem to be the facts, whether we can reconcile them or not.

The Transcendent Ego

The last guess is at variance with the guess that inspiration and dream come from a transcendent ego—a subliminal self, unless we adopt the Cosmic Mind as the transcendent ego—the subliminal self.

I cannot find any transcendent ego in the ordinary sense—

anything more in a man strictly as an individual independent of cosmic inflow—than what has been evolved by the sense-reactions between him, including his ancestors, on the one side, and on the other, the environment, including what has been put into him by that portion of the reactions constituting his education. In the strict sense of ego or self, apparently there cannot be more than that much, if that much.

And yet it is often said of almost any man: "He surpassed himself." This is of course a contradiction in terms—another paradox on the borders of knowledge. Yet it relates to a universally admitted phenomenon. Now what does the phrase mean—what phrase that is *not* a contradiction in terms will express it? If there is any matter not yet verified, upon which thinkers have agreed through all recorded time, it is that these people who surpass themselves—orators, poets, artists, musicians, generals, even dancers and clowns—everybody who does anything, is occasionally "inspired"—breathed into: and that must be from outside.

What makes a "sensitive," or a genius, seems to be ability beyond that of people in general, to evoke the contents of the subliminal consciousness, whatever it may be—Cosmic Soul if you please, into the supraliminal or vigilant or waking consciousness. This is imagination—inspiration—"possession," though we may yet conclude that they may be also something more.

The theory of inspiration is encouraged by the great ability shown at times by men like Tolstoy whose intelligence and reasoning powers are inferior—who are constantly ignoring or even contradicting obvious facts; to whom two and two are as apt to make five or seven, as four; and yet who, between times, gush out streams of imagination that fertilize the ages.

The source of the inspiration has lately seemed to contain all mind that is on our planet, or ever has been, and to manifest it in all degrees, from the lightest thought, imagination, or emotion, up to those complexes of them all which we recognize as human souls. As we go on we shall find accumulating indications in this direction.

True, Poe made out that the general scheme of "The Raven" was not inspiration, but a pure piece of mechanical construction, and the finding of the refrain a piece of me-

chanical investigation; but there are other things in the poem that he would probably himself have called inspiration if he had not been guardedly defending the contrary thesis; and he is generally thought to have supported it merely for the sake of making a sensation, which is more easily done by contradicting the truth than by supporting it. The fact seems to be, however, that the mechanical inspirations of a Poe—or an Edison—are inspirations as truly as the different inspirations of a Shakespere.

The idea of a transcendent ego seems to have come from the idea of a transcendent universe. But the transcendent universe is virtually demonstrable, while the transcendent ego, as a purely individual quality independent of the cosmic soul, seems far from demonstrable, and indeed counter to the indications of evolution: for evolution apparently produces only the known ego resulting from interactions between the known self and the known environment. Anything more must apparently be an inflow from outside the known universe.

Those who hold for the individual subliminal are used to seeing the physical man limited to his x pounds, and so they assume a psychical man limited to his x capacities.

This x , however, they say = $y + z$, y being what the man does ordinarily, and z being what he can do only in inspiration or dream. Du Prel uses over and over again a comparison of $y + z$ to the visible universe. When the man is awake y only is in evidence—this planet and the sun. When he goes to sleep or goes into trance, or shows telepathic powers, z appears—the stars, but they were there all the while, only not in evidence. Yet, it seems well to repeat, Du Prel seems to posit a limited $y + z$ ($= x$) faculties, just as he posits x pounds for the body.

Now in view of such facts as that thoughts from single brains are spreading into all the brains of the civilized world every day, and that it has already become commonplace doctrine among all students that “the subliminal self forgets nothing,” isn’t it a fundamental error to let the constant familiarity with x pounds lead us to posit for each man a limited x ($= y + z$) set of faculties, or, in more general terms, to let the known fact that matter (motion) is limited,

lead us more or less consciously to reason as if mind were limited—to assume even, in face of the now incontrovertible facts of the dream-state—the waking visions of Foster and Stillman's friend, inspiration, ordinary dreams, trance, hypnosis, mediumship—that even the individual's mind is limited? It may be a likely guess that that portion of it which has been evolved directly in connection with reactions between material organism and material environment—the *y* mind, perhaps—is limited; but how about the *z* mind of the dream state as just particularized? Apparently it has not grown up in the observed processes of evolution; before Mesmer it had not attracted much attention beyond an occasional comment by an occasional genius; but all the while, with the evolution of the *y* mind, that *z* mind has been spasmodically manifesting itself more and more, until in our time such a man as Gladstone has pronounced its study the most important study of the age, and the first psychologist of recent years probably devoted more attention to it than to any other department of his subject. The *y* mind has observably been evolved, and we know, after a fashion, how. But let us amend that phraseology, and, provisionally at least, say that *the capacity to receive it has been evolved*. This does not seem to contradict any facts, and may be useful.

The *z* mind, on the other hand, seems sprung upon us all of a sudden, or at least upon our modern observation, though Joseph was an authority on it in Egypt, and there have been others, in their way. But our modern students of psychological evolution have hardly paid any attention to it, and the special students of it have hardly tackled it from the evolutionary standpoint. Why? I hazard a guess. May it not be that, unlike the *y* mind of everyday life, *the z mind has not, to any significant extent, been evolved in the individual*, that primarily it is as old as the universe, though it grows with all mental action in the universe—that it is the Cosmic Soul?

What appears to be the human evolution of the *y* mind is mainly constantly increasing ascertainment of truth already existing in the cosmic mind—open by logical and experimental processes to human knowledge. The *z* mind, on the other hand, may be the cosmic mind spasmodically flowing in without such process, but shaped into individuality by each con-

stitution, as each bay of the ocean gets individuality from the shores.

Accordingly, if any portion, and not all, of the mind survives bodily death, we would expect it to be the portion we have designated by *z*, and later it may be found interesting to inquire if, of the survivals alleged through the mediums, any preponderant portion is of the *z* mind—of that part of the personality least connected, or least obviously connected, with the evolutionary reaction between body and environment; and if “evidential” matter sought so signally in vain is not after all part of the *y* mind, which is mainly an apparatus for the conduct of earthly life, and which, therefore, we could hardly expect to find strong and clear beyond it.

The phenomena suggest that the ordinary reactions between the body and its environment evolve the commonplace self-preserving faculties, and that exceptional circumstances which we don't begin to understand—even heredity seems to have little to do with them—produce sporadic persons specially open to the exceptional forms of cosmic inflow—genius, mediumship, and the rest. Even the quite general form of dreaming is by no means universal, and dreams of a high order seem to come rarely even to good dreamers, while persons subject to mediumistic visions are rarer than poets.

The discovery, if discovery it be, that the subliminal self is the Cosmic Soul, may impress some readers as belonging in the same class with the immortal discovery in Natural History, made after so much investigation and reflection, that a snark is a boojum. Argument against such an impression would be wasted. The subliminal self is as much a part of accepted knowledge as is the law of association of ideas, and the Cosmic Soul is at least an intuition of most of the minds whose intuitions have been among the most important of humanity's guiding lights. The conception that the subliminal self and the Cosmic Soul are the same, may yet be demonstrated to a clearness that will place it among those beacons.

(Let me not be misunderstood regarding the guidance of intuitions. They point out promising directions, but not always infallibly.)

Of the transcendent ego, or subliminal self, then, *as generally described*, I see no evidence; but of it as the Cosmic Soul, I see much evidence.

The capacity to receive the Cosmic Inflow and farther evolve it seems to be in course of evolution, and it often looks as if that capacity might, while we are yet in the body, enormously enlarge our cosmic relations, through the dream state; and there is also enlargement for the old, old hope that when we leave the body we may remain ourselves, and yet become "one with God."

It looks, too, as if these possibilities might be the supreme justification for the evolution of the universe. There may be justification enough in birds and flowers, in the play of lambs and children, in sex, in love, in the maternity around which so much of the world's worship has centered, in knowledge, in wisdom, even as they have been ordinarily understood; but a new significance, a new joy, a new glory over and beyond them all sometimes seems to have been lately promised by that as yet dim conception of the Cosmic Soul.

Now in wandering around amidst these mists I here come upon an idol whose exaggerated cult I hate, but there may be something in its temperate cult. I mean the idol of *a priori* knowledge—the notion that all knowledge is in the mind, waiting to be dug out. Though man's mind may not contain latent all knowledge, assuming a cosmic mind, of course all knowledge is there, and the German professor evolving his camel in his study, so far as he had any telepathic communion with the cosmic mind, was right. But there is no sign that all knowledge is in any human mind or accessible by any human mind, even in the dream state. And unless it is there, it can hardly be dug out by contemplation unchecked by verification.

And now, having extracted whatever hope or consolation—or amusement—we may have been able to derive from these pages of guesswork, let us see if we can get them into a paragraph.

There are unquestioned facts—abundance of them outside so-called mediumship—that demonstrate something in man

beyond his surface faculties, to which the terms transcendent ego and subliminal self have been applied. But is that ego merely of himself? Does it not seem to be rather each man's share—that portion which the individual's conformation and circumstances permit to pass into him—of that which transcends our conception, and of which we confess our incapacity wholly to conceive, by such words as infinite and eternal, and which we attempt to express by such metaphors as "kinship with the gods," or the better one of "God in us"? If in that later metaphor we *must* include universal motion, why not universal mind?

Around this vague conception, more perhaps than anywhere else, center the vague lights that we have on this whole subject. I shall try to indicate them wherever we meet them, but all my indications will necessarily be vague, and many of them inevitably mistaken; and as I have revised my work I have come to fear that my persistency in these attempts will sorely try your patience. But I believe the attempts would be much surer and less trying if the many men who have trod these misty paths before, every one of whom seems to have seen those lights, had tried more persistently to follow their indications; and I believe that the ultimate solution will be found among them.

I hope this chapter may have suggested some of the wider notions of mind which recent experience demands. Yet it is very largely analogy and imagination. I don't propose to go to the stake for it, or send anybody else for denying it. But, if you please, it is not *all* analogy or imagination, but it has a very visible claim to being hypothesis based on unquestionable facts. While we have been groping in the dark it has been a dark where some pretty definite things have kept turning up in some very suggestive ways.

Speculation to account for facts, however mystic it may be, is a very different matter from the mysticism which scorns facts, and seeks truth only as visions and telepathic impressions from assumed mystic intelligences—often through the mortification of the flesh and vexations of the spirit, which seldom find truth, and generally weaken the powers that seek it.

CHAPTER XXII

MIND AND BRAIN AGAIN

Now let us go on to some facts in the general constitution of mind which support the preposterous jumble of propositions in the last two chapters. Possibly as we proceed, they may seem less preposterous, and we may even find them supported, if that's not too big a word, by others.

But let us keep safe in the realization that, until all are verified, we must not assume them to be true, but equally realizing that verified fancy is the chief source of progress.

These chapters are very repetitious. It has been said often, but is not apt to be said too often, that the first essential of good writing is knowing what you are writing about. Now I am writing about certain facts, but as to the inferences from them, I don't know: nobody knows: we are all guessing; but somebody must do the guessing and the bad writing—bookfuls of it—if our descendants are to know. The "common law" of our Cosmic Relations is going to be in no small degree developed, as much of the common law of our Civic Relations has been developed, by "text writers" correlating the cases.

The vague notions of a cosmic mind are dimmed by the indications that mind is but a persistent individual secretion of brain; but the vague conceptions clear up again so far as we are able to think of mind as independent of brain. Some reasons for so thinking were given in Chapter III. There are others that I did not give there, because I thought that they would be less tedious here, where they could be considered in connection with telepathy.

We have seen some indications that mind may be not a product of our mechanical part, but a redistribution, into combinations ever growing higher, of a primordial element like force and matter—an element inherent in each atom of our structure, and also, like force and matter, constantly flowing into us from the external universe, and constantly going out. This primordial element I have already, probably

following somebody whom I have forgotten, termed "mind-potential." But I would now expand that term to cover anything, from whatever it is that leads an amœba to contract when touched (while any inorganic thing that looks like it, will not) up to whatever any psychic organism works over into something else—up to, say, the effects on the sensoria of the sounds in Nature which Beethoven works into a great piece of music, or the woodland colors and murmurs which inspired "Thanatopsis," or the charms of womanhood which have bred an infinite variety of poems. Moreover, each product of mind becomes mind-potential for farther products: so under that term I would include even the impressions made on the sitter or reader by an alleged personality expressed through a sensitive.

And there is not only more mind, but higher mind. Mind-potential, from its lowest to its highest forms, is constantly worked into higher forms, new thoughts, feelings, impulses, all sorts of mental and emotional products. If, then, there is a cosmic soul, it would seem as already intimated to be constantly growing by accretions from the souls developed on the planets.

The material for furnishing copies of those individual souls, or so much of them as is worth copying, seems to be all there. Some specially gifted persons, more or less in the dream state, and all of us in ordinary dreams, are able to recover portions when even the memory of the originators cannot. And the mind-product can be recovered not only from each one's own memories, but from each other's memories, and apparently in much greater degree, independently of the body, from some cosmic reservoir of all memories.

Mind's independence of the body, and its inflow to the individual from outside is farther suggested by the following group of considerations, some of which we have seen before from a different point, or used before for a different purpose.

I. As we have seen, the matter and motion constituting a man can be in only one place at one time, but his thoughts and emotions can be in any number of places at any number of times.

II. Mind, unlike matter and force, is free from limitation

and measurability. Motion disposes itself toward measurement in the most obliging manner: it sets part of itself off in the form of matter, which part we can measure readily; it also places some of the remaining and imponderable part of itself at our disposition so that we can measure it by its effects upon matter. Even when it is amusing itself in blowing down forests, or tumbling seas, or splitting up the earth, or swinging planets, we can still measure it, but only by its effects upon matter.

We cannot similarly measure mind. We can reduce to foot-pounds the power that rolls Neptune for a year; but we would never think of reducing to foot-pounds the thoughts of Bismarck that built the German Empire, or even those of Moltke that moved the armies which took part in the building. And yet, such is the continuity of the universe that strict classification fails here as everywhere; the differences all around are but differences of degree. Mind *is* measurable, but thus far only in ways too insignificant to be worth taking into account. We can already, to some extent, measure it by its effect on matter, through the sphygmograph, for instance, and we shall measure it more; but it is hard to foresee that we shall measure it much. To measure mind as completely as we measure force we would have to know even more recondite things than how many foot-pounds bring the flash to the hero's eye, or the blush to the maiden's cheek. And if we should ever think we had got the thing cornered, there might escape from somebody one little thought that would set all the men's eyes in the world flashing and all the maidens' cheeks blushing, and would prove our measurements naught.

III. A given mental individuality varies from time to time more than its physical companion, the brain. The healthy powers of the body vary but little, but in inspiration and dream (including somnambulism, trance, etc.), the powers of the mind immensely surpass its ordinary powers. These enormous differences take place in the same person, and so suggest at least a partial independence of the brain. The inference springing from these differences, so far as I know, philosophers have, up to date, treated very queerly. On one hand, they have ignored it; they all, so far as I know, generally assume that the colossal powers a man shows only

occasionally are carried about with him all the time. A more reasonable inference seems to be that they are not, but they are temporary increases in the flow into him from the Cosmic Soul. And on the other hand, of the philosophers I know who ordinarily ignore this inference, most, if not all, incidentally imply it in such passages as those already quoted regarding the Cosmic Soul.

IV. Minds differ more than brains do in amount, and at least in mechanical structure. Just how much weight to attach to this we don't know: for there may be differences in molecular structure that, if we knew them, would account for the differences in mind. Yet Dr. William Hanna Thomson assures me that so far as we know, the differences in brains, when compared with the differences in minds, are as nothing.

V. In addition to the enormous differences in amount between the psychical manifestations of different individuals or of the same individual at different times, there seems to be another line of cleavage which may indicate something important. On one side of the line is the group of manifestations which are (a) under voluntary control, (b) shown by all men, and (c) running closely parallel with manifestations of physical force, as shown in increased flow of blood and consumption of tissue, and subsequent fatigue corresponding with the intensity and duration of the psychical manifestations. On the other side is a group of manifestations (a) not under the control of the individual, (b) almost entirely (except in dreams) outside the experience of ordinary individuals, and (c) not usually accompanied by any noticeable expenditure of physical force. With certain qualifications, which I will immediately specify, this second group includes inspirations, visions waking and sleeping, nearly all—perhaps all—veridical dreams, and nearly all—perhaps all—pleasant ones, and all the phenomena of somnambulism, hypnotism, and trance, and automatic writing and the other forms of mediumship. For convenience' sake, all of these are generally included under the phrase "the dream state," even inspiration being often included with them. Inspiration is perhaps the principal borderland where the two groups, like all groups divided by human classification, shade into each other.

Ordinary dreams belong with the second group—of psychoses apparently independent of physical function, in so far as they are not to any extent under the control of the individual, are apparently not experienced by all men, and do not generally involve any appreciable waste of force and tissue. But they are far from being unqualifiedly in the second group, because they are appreciably under the control of *some* men (Stevenson and van Eeden, for instance) and are experienced by a very large portion of mankind. In short, they, like inspiration, are on the borderland between ordinary psychic processes, and those which seem to be largely in the transcendent universe.

The classification of the two groups is rough and tentative, partly because with our present knowledge we cannot be very sure of our material—we cannot be sure we have exact recollections of even our “best” dreams, and of many we have hardly any recollections at all. But the classification seems fairly to fit what material we have, and will be found to make a farther fit with some wider classifications to be attempted later. The differences are clear enough (and that is the point I am after), and suggest inflows through different channels—one from our worldly experiences, the others direct from the cosmic mind.

As already noticed, “the dream-state” evinces powers entirely surpassing those of the vigilant state—in the reception of higher-developed mind-potential, the vivifying of fainter memories, the solution of harder problems, the transcending of time and space, the reception of telepathic impressions, the veridical copies of personalities incarnate and (alleged) post-carnate, etc., etc. All these capacities seem illimitable, and again suggest inflows from an illimitable source.

The first of the groups of capacities—those of waking hours that are common to all men, and subject to each man’s control, we more readily assume to be in some way peculiarly his—originated in his brain from the reactions of his soul with the universe—or even the secretion of his brain, than we can assume the same of those exceptional capacities in the second group which comparatively few men display, and no man to any great extent controls.

I think we shall find weight added to this suggestion as

we go on to consider illustrative details of the manifestation of the exceptional and more or less involuntary powers.

In marking the differences between the two groups, one qualification is that although in the long run some phenomena of the dream-state do seem something of a physical tax, and even characterize some forms of invalidism, they occur more markedly with people in good health, and it is generally when they present anything shocking or distressful that they are attended by noticeable waste of force and tissue. Doubts have been thrown on this, the old ascetic idea of mortification of the flesh has even been held out as essential to mediumship. As a cause, this is not true at all; and as a result, it is seldom true farther than the fatigue occasioned by telekinesis. The cases of Foster, Colville, Tuttle, Davis, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Thompson are all the other way. Moses had rather defective health, and so had Home, but their cases make no larger proportion of the whole than would be those of the defectives among people not mediumistic.

In psychosis apparently freed from physical parallelism, we may include much of the experience, perhaps all the best experience, of the mediums. Foster showed no more fatigue in his cheerful sitting with me than any other equally long sitting at a table would naturally involve, though he did show much from his more terrible experiences, as already narrated in the extracts from Bartlett. And Mrs. Piper, when favorably circumstanced and well taken care of, seems better for her trances than without them. Colville, we saw, emphatically testified the same thing, and the general testimony is to the same effect.

Of course this question of parallelism in the higher psychoses may be settled before long by experiment, though it is not easy to get together the proper conditions of experiment.

Meanwhile the considerations expressed in the last few pages seem to offer a strong hint that there may be some modes of mental action without any physical correlate. Indeed have we not long been familiar in the dream-state with features that may perhaps be more easily accounted for by a hyper-physical or metaphysical psychosis than on any other theory yet in sight?

This hypothesis may throw some light on telepathy and receive some from it. A fundamental difficulty with telepathy is the assumed lack of a physical medium for transmission of the assumed physical changes in the agent's brain to the brain of the recipient. Possibly one is not needed, but if one is, why are we not as much at liberty to assume an ether for these assumed vibrations as we have been to assume an ether for light or heat? But is it inconceivable that we may yet find that in the phenomena involving telepathy we can drop questions of "energy" and "neural tremors" altogether? Apparently such a result will be inevitable if telepathy from discarnate intelligences shall ever be accepted as part of established science.

In this connection the following remarks by Myers are well worth considering (Pr. VI, 320f.):

"When we come to telergy,—to the power of propagating influences or phantasms at a distance [and, shall we add, of receiving them when awake or asleep? H.H.]—then the familiar parallelism between bodily and mental states assumes a quite strained and hypothetical air. At first...we spoke of phantasms coincident with moments of death or crises, as though a strong upheaval of the conscious being disengaged some influence which might be felt afar off. But as further cases were gathered in it became clear that the 'crisis' which facilitated telergic action was not necessarily a moment of conscious excitement or strain. Quite otherwise; for it was found that the 'agent,' at the moment of the apparition, was often asleep, or fainting, or even in a state of coma. Not the moment of death alone, but also the hours of abeyance and exhaustion which precede death, were found apt to generate these appearances. Nor is the moment of death itself, under ordinary circumstances, a moment of impulse or exaltation. Far oftener it is an imperceptible extinction of energies which have already waned almost into nothingness.

"It would, then, be nearer the truth to say that telergic action varies *inversely* than that it varies *directly*, with the observable activity of the nervous system or of the conscious mind." [Cf., my suggestion earlier regarding brain change varying inversely as the grade of the psychic process. H. H.] "And it follows that the presumption commonly urged against the conscious mind's continuance after bodily decay loses much of its force when we are considering this new-found form of mental energy,—so much less manifestly dependent upon bodily states."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE IDEA

BUT before we go on to explore the deeper mysteries, or, it may be, the higher heights, perhaps we had better put into our *rucksacks* another notion as old as philosophy, of which not much use has been made lately, but which, like the Cosmic Soul, is touched upon by pretty much everybody, and which seems to gain new significance under the light of recent developments.

We will perhaps best approach it indirectly. You and I enter the Metropolitan Museum from Fifth Avenue. I try to turn to the right, but you say: "No! Let's go on and see the Parthenon." I go with you to the model of the restoration, and say: "Why, this is much more the Parthenon than the ruins on the Acropolis," and you answer: "Oh, if we could only have seen the real one!" I suggest: "If you're so much devoted to it, why don't you devote some of your oppressive wealth to having it restored on the spot? Perhaps the Greek government would be happy to have you." And you, being of rather a romantic turn, object: "But that wouldn't be the Parthenon." I ask: "Why not? Couldn't you leave all that's there now, to keep up the associations?"

You say: "Perhaps, but the real architect couldn't superintend it." I answer: "If that counts, there's hardly a cathedral in Europe that lofty souls like yours have any right to gush over: for there's hardly one that was finished in the lifetime of the architect, or within that of anybody who ever saw him. On the same principle, Beethoven's last quartets, regarded by many connoisseurs as the greatest music in the world, are not the real thing: for he never heard them played: he composed them after he was deaf. And yet so far wrong is your contention that the work is not complete unless its creator supervises its production, that Beethoven's deafness is regarded by some as having been a prerequisite of that great

music: it is doubted if his inspirations could have been so wonderful if they had been interrupted by any external sounds. Observe, too, please, in this connection, that, as there can be an indefinite number of legitimate copies of the music, or renderings of it, it seems reasonable that there could be as many legitimate Parthenons."

"The architect's plan, then," you suggest, "must be the real thing."

"In the hands of the workmen," I answer, "there were a dozen copies of it, and possibly the original draft itself. Is any one of them more 'the real thing' than the other? Or would the first draft be more 'the real thing' than any other? The 'real thing,' then, as you have probably anticipated, is 'the temple not built with hands'—the Idea in the mind of the genius: the architect's plan, like the composer's notes or the poet's writing, is merely an expression of it; and any one of the three can be read from the paper and received by another mind, without marble, or musical instrument, or speech."

Ideas are the nearest to permanent of human productions. Buildings crumble, men die, all portraits of them vanish; still the Ideas of them seem indestructible. The Idea of St. Mark's Campanile has just been expressed again after what some would presume to call "the real thing" fell. The Iliad was not in writing: it was merely given to the air by the poet's voice, and yet it outlasts Greece and Rome; and many a little poem survives, fresh and perfect, while the Pyramids crumble. The streams of force and matter that built up the bodies of generations pass on as their works decay, while the streams of mind going through the same bodies build Ideas that do not die. They live not only in the minds and records of succeeding generations, but as the pervasiveness of mind seems unlimited, they seem also to survive in the Cosmos independently of the generations of men.

When, as in dreams and trances, we are not occupied with the phenomena called the material world, copies of the Ideas come in upon us from unlimited distances in time and space. Sometimes the artist draws them, just as the architect's assistants do; or as some artist, thousands of years after the architect is dead, extracts his Idea from the ruins or some other

manifestation. William Blake, as he happens to be both seer and artist, sees and reproduces any number of strange people and things from ancient or distant environments; and with such vraisemblance that it is hard, and probably unnecessary, to believe that the originals never had "material" form. And in dreams we all of us see similar things, both clearly and jumbled up. "See" is a limited and inaccurate term. Our senses are of course mere machines for doing what some of us, in some conditions, can do a great deal better without them. This generalization goes even so far as our muscles. Under some circumstances, just as the telepsychic genius has no need of senses, the telekinetic genius has no need of muscles. Thus we get a glimpse of what seems to be a soul without the need of a body. And yet we get no glimpse of any way in which that soul could have been developed without a body. We do get a glimpse, however, of its ultimately, after being developed, getting along without a body; and in the apparent relations of the individual soul with the cosmic soul, we get a glimpse of how.

The foreshadowing of this set of notions in Plato is probably the nearest distinct of those heretofore presented. As dug out by Weber (I am through digging in Plato, for myself or even for my readers), it relates to at least two distinct things—one, abstract or generalized ideas—beauty, strength, wisdom, as distinguished from beautiful, strong, and wise persons; the other nearly what I have tried to express: he says, for instance (or Weber says for him, *op. cit.*, 84):

"The Ideas are the models or the originals, and the natural beings or the individuals are the copies.... They are the *thoughts of God*, which no human intelligence can wholly reproduce, but which are none the less real, absolutely real."

But he goes on (*op. cit.*, p. 84):

"Now, every beautiful object, be it a man or a statue, an act or an individual, is doomed to destruction and oblivion; *beauty* in itself is imperishable."

Now I have tried to clarify an impression not merely that generalities are indestructible (as they can be in a succession of particulars even if the particulars be perishable in detail), but that behind each particular thing is an individual Idea—

may I say a concrete Idea?—which is indestructible; and that all things which appeal to the senses are merely copies of the Idea which transcends the senses—that this is true even of our bodies, and that when they are gone the Idea survives.

Weber says of this conception as expressed by Plato (pp. 85-6):

“To sum up: (1) The Ideas are *real beings*; (2) the Ideas are *more real* than the objects of sense; (3) the Ideas are the *only* true realities; the objects of sense possess a merely borrowed existence, a reality which they receive from the Ideas. The Ideas are the eternal patterns (*παράδειγματα*) after which the things of sense are made; the latter are the images (*εἰδῶλα*), the imitations, the imperfect copies (*ὁμοιώματα, μιμήσεις*). The entire sensible world is nothing but a symbol, an allegory, or a figure of speech. The meaning, the Idea expressed by the thing, alone concerns the philosopher. His interest in the sensible world is like our interest in the portrait of a friend of whose living presence we are deprived.

“The world of sense is the copy of the world of Ideas; and conversely the world of Ideas resembles its image. *Parmenides*, 132; *Timæus*, 48.”

Not only do Ideas seem stored up *somewhere* independently of human minds, but are there not indications that Ideas are *produced* there—that *there* are possible sources of all the ideas which reach us, even those of us who cannot express them? As one such, I know that, as I shall particularize later, I have seen things in my dreams superior to any that human art has yet accomplished, and so, I presume, have others. Nay, we all know that each supreme work of art is a presentation of such an Idea, whether it came in an ordinary dream or in a waking inspiration. But of those who have thus expressed any work, I have never met the recorded experience (*pace* Poe's doubtful account of “The Raven”) of one who claims to have created it himself. On the contrary, they are all eager to claim that they were “inspired” by the muse or the god or the daimone—whatever anthropomorphic character they may have given to the power not themselves. If asked if they are proud of their work, they convey as best they can the feeling that they are proud of being so constituted as to be—of being selected to be—the mediums of their inspirations from their respective divinities.

Now Du Prel, Myers, and their school want to dethrone those old divinities, and deprive the artist of his claim to be the agent of a higher power; and so have provided him with their "subliminal self," which throws out these splendid things as a spring throws water—a consciousness of his own—he does it himself after all; but they haven't told us where are the headwaters of the spring.

I suspect both sides are right, as they are in so many world-old battles. The artist is inspired by the god, and the god—the cosmic soul—is his subliminal consciousness, as the cosmic force is the motive power of his heart. You may not understand how it is so (I certainly do not), but while you can begin by thinking of the man and the cosmic power separately, you can no more round out a conception of either without including the other than you can round out a conception of the voluntary nervous system through which man acts, without including the involuntary nervous system through which the cosmos supplies man the capacity to act. In this unity of diversity, independence with dependence, free will linked to another will, "Behold! I show you a mystery." This is of course as true as it was of Paul's. But how should it be other than a mystery? These things are on the borderland of our knowledge, where the best we can do is to fumble in the dark, unless, as some of the wisest think, it were still better to keep out of the dark altogether. But some others of the wisest think that we can learn very valuable things there—perhaps strike an electric switch: so let us fumble a little farther.

Every creation of man—from tool to temple—has behind it an Idea—the man's Idea furnished him by the God. An object of Nature expresses "God's" Idea direct, not communicated through man. In a portrait, it is expressed in another form by man, as the builder expresses the architect's idea. But back of each object of art or Nature, there lies the Idea. (See p. 487, l. 8 from bottom.)

Now how about us? Some of us are pretty fine creations—a few of us more beautiful, more august, than any works of art. Was there an "Idea"—a "plan"—behind the creation of each one of us? In what mind? Certainly not in the

mind of either parent: neither of them had a definite idea of what one of us would be like, beyond a possible remote composite of both of them: anything like a prophetic sketch or "plan" of one of us in their minds was out of the question. But I hope I am not too wild in suggesting that *somehow* the Idea of each one of us got into the universe—perhaps before the spermatozoön entered the ovum, perhaps only as the individual was developed.

Is it unreasonable, then, to fancy that the Idea of each of us was and is in the Cosmic Mind, and just as the Parthenon in stone is but one copy of the architect's Idea, so, from the "Idea" of one of us in the Cosmic Mind is constructed the copy we know in carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, iron, and a few other elements? That copy resists pressure and, varying a good deal in dimensions and details, sometimes abides a hundred years. It assimilates food, wastes tissues, sees, hears, thinks, feels, talks, and interchanges thoughts and feelings, and is in all ways apparent to our waking senses. Those Ideas have also been expressed in various other copies—descriptions, photographs, paintings, statues—as well as in our bodies and souls themselves.

Then outside of our ordinary waking senses, in vision, dream, trance, still other copies are presented. These other copies do not abide with us long, though they return, and they do think, feel, talk, weep, laugh, interchange thoughts and feelings, resist pressure, and perform other physical functions, certainly the most intense of them, though they may not have been observed to perform all. Thus the expressions of an Idea are both physical and psychical. Apparently the more important expression is the psychic—so important that even while the two are together, from Homer down to Lincoln, the physical one sometimes appears to have been only ancillary—evolved only that it might promote the evolution of the other. The physical expression in time disappears before our eyes. The Idea on its psychic side (assuming its existence and reasoning from the Ideas of other things) seems somehow not subject to death, and we often act on assumptions possibly no wilder than that it may find farther expression after the death of the copy we call the body.

As the Idea behind the San Marco Campanile was capable

of resurrection though the bricks fell, so, we have some faint evidence, abide the Ideas behind our visible frames, though their atoms disintegrate; and so, apparently much more probably, abide the Ideas constituting our psychic individualities. They keep bobbing up in the most unexpected and inexhaustible ways from what has been called the subliminal soul, and what some of us prefer to call the cosmic soul. They come up in ordinary dreams and in all sorts of visions; come up in copies which closely duplicate the familiar "living" body and "living" soul, and have sometimes made communications later demonstrated to have been "true," and sometimes more important than anything in our waking life. We know as a fact that these dream copies have apparently been expressed over and over again, often very strikingly, through many "mediums," and there would be no little justification for calling gratuitous the efforts to make them out anything less than copies. The dream copies as presented by the mediums, are not always as complete or as convincing as the copy our faculties have enabled us to know during ordinary life, or as the copies in our own dreams. But there is a strong presumption that the expressions through the mediums may not be convincing because the method of expression is poor. We know, too, that this later sort of expression is very recent, and, like many faculties under evolution, unaccountably sporadic, and appears to be as yet in a stage very elementary compared with a possible later one.

Now with these demonstrations, such as they are, to our presumably elementary apprehension, such as it is, of the survival of the Idea, and of its various presentations, is it wildly extravagant to suppose that the Idea really does survive death in new expressions—new bodies even, to which the one with which we are familiar may be merely preliminary and rudimentary?

This is not sheer guesswork built up on a jumble of words which in themselves are but professions of ignorance: it is a tentative interpretation of *facts*, which we have got to interpret somehow, or resign the right and responsibility to use our intellects. It may be all wrong, but doesn't it seem to be in a direction where truth may ultimately appear more clearly?

I have deliberately put some chapters of guesswork regarding these psychic mysteries right in the midst of the phenomena to which the guesses apply, instead of putting them before *all* the phenomena as deductions for the phenomena to verify; or after them all, as inductions which the phenomena suggest. The inconsistency has been partly due to the matter being so tangled up that it is hard to discuss any without being led to discuss more, but partly because in such uncertain studies it is well, after enough facts have been given to justify any guesses, to make the guesses as aids to the mere exposition of the remaining facts, not to speak of their interpretation.

We will now go on to the partly anticipated phenomena.

CHAPTER XXIV

POSSESSION(?) IN GENERAL

WE now come to the phenomena which bring the question of the Cosmic Inflow closer than do any others, and which, of all the field we are exploring (and some would think of all human annals), are probably the most interesting and the most puzzling. They are perhaps the only phenomena whose claims to interpretation by the spiritistic hypothesis are admitted by the weight of authority to be worthy of consideration.

Nearly all such telepsychoses as have been recounted here take place while the sensitive is in possession of his usual faculties, and are described or expressed by the medium voluntarily. But there are telepsychoses which are expressed involuntarily and unconsciously. Between these two classes of expressions there is of course (as always between associated groups) a transition group. In fact conformably with the instructive gradualness of the transitions in Nature to which I have alluded so often, we find all degrees of such phenomena, from the simplest telepathy to the inspiration which leads almost everybody occasionally, without conscious effort, to "surpass himself"; to that which sets "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"; to that which sets Mrs. Verrall, while otherwise perfectly conscious, to writing intelligent things she does not intend; to that which sets Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper similarly writing while their intelligence is otherwise engaged—perhaps in studying a profound treatise or something else utterly at variance with the written topics; to that which makes Mrs. Holland occasionally write in trance, and Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson always; and so by degrees to the apparently complete "Possession," where the medium's soul appears to abandon the body and leave it at the service of the hypothetical souls who use it to express themselves.

When the medium's soul is thus apparently absent, the vital processes still continue: they are carried on through

the sympathetic nerve and its connections; while the brain—with all thought, feeling, and voluntary movement—is apparently abandoned by the original personality, and apparently open to use of other personalities.

These individualities, in vocabulary, inflection, and, sometimes, gesture, appear as boys and girls, adults and old people, men and women; Americans, Indians, English, French, Hawaiians, Chinese; schoolboys, pedagogues, scholars, philosophers, prize-fighters, butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. All talk through the medium with a dramatic verisimilitude that, while perhaps never reaching the impressiveness or humor of the great dramatists, seems, in variety and faithfulness to nature, almost, if not quite, to surpass them all.

The ways of accounting for these strange phenomena we will consider incidentally in connection with the phenomena themselves, and systematically after we have been over as full accounts of them as space permits.

Many students believe that the *soi-disant* other souls are simply dissociated personalities of the medium, but at least for purposes of study, we must discriminate Possession from Dissociation, and yet the difference between them, like so many differences we have noted, is so gradual that it is hard to tell where one ceases and the other begins. Perhaps the best distinction is that where a person thinks and acts unlike "thouself," without claiming to be any other *specific* person who has existed, we consider the new personality simply dissociated—we might almost say—differentiated from the old. This is generally the result of accident or disease. But when the new personality appears without any occasion from accident or disease, and claims to be somebody that has existed in another body, and talks and acts, and especially shows exceptional knowledge, as if it had so existed, some commentators say, often provisionally, that the new body is "possessed" by the soul that formerly "possessed" the other body.

But this classification, like all others, is defective: for there are many insane persons who believe themselves to be somebody else—some of them always, some only occasionally. But they do not show enough of the foregoing requirements to fool anybody, and have not noticeably displayed mediumistic phenomena.

On reading the proofs, I see that it will probably be well, without disturbing the preceding two paragraphs, to state here, as a possible clue through the labyrinth we are approaching, the conclusion I have reached (tentatively: that's as far as it is yet time to go) that the phenomena of apparent possession result from the medium's identifying "thonsel" with, and so acting out, characters that are telepathically presented in dreams, possibly by the sitter, possibly by other incarnate intelligence, possibly by postcarnate intelligence, possibly by any two of those things, or by all. This cryptic utterance comes from so many considerations that to make it clearer by giving them, especially with their illustrations, would be virtually to give the rest of the book: so we may as well resume that process.

It seems a corollary from the law of evolution that there should always be not only a few men vastly greater than the rest, but also that when new and strange faculties appear, they should appear only in a few people. Dreams we all have, somnambulism not so many have, and hypnotism and trance we have long known occasionally; but telepathy and "mediumship" and "possession," all three seem to be comparatively rare wonders of yesterday, though of course some scholars think they have found evidence of them, as of everything else, in remote antiquity.

We shall find in all these phenomena many traits in common. Unfortunately, it seems impossible to give the phenomena names which do not imply opinions; and this while the weight of judgment appears to be that the time for opinions is not yet come. A prominent alternate name for "possession" is automatism, and Myers has so established it that some objections to it seem worth considering.

Inanimate matter is generally moved by the immediate application of outside force. When the force is stored up within the matter, so that when it is released the matter appears to be self-moving, the motion is called automatic. Myers applies the term to all superusual experience and function in the broadest sense, covering all superusual sensation, waking and sleeping; but when he applied the term automatic to the writing and speaking and gesticulating of

the sensitives, he supported the thesis that those acts were not performed by the consciousnesses of the mediums, but by consciousness outside; while he called the phenomena automatic he strove with all his strength to prove them heteromatic, and produced in the reader's apprehension—mine, at least—a good deal of wobbling.

To one who has groped much among these uncertainties there can be no wonder that a man of even Myers's ability sometimes fell into an inconsistency, especially as he naturally used the language as he found it. And yet in this case it seems a little strange that, with his facility in coining words, he rested content with the old one.

His definition of automatism is (*Human Personality*, I, 222):

“The products of inner vision or inner audition externalized into quasi-percepts,—these form what I term *sensory automatisms*. The messages conveyed by movements of limbs or hand or tongue, initiated by an inner motor impulse beyond the conscious will—these are what I term *motor automatisms*. And I claim that when all these are surveyed together their essential analogy will be recognized beneath much diversity of form. They will be seen to be messages from the subliminal to the supraliminal self; endeavors—conscious or unconscious—of submerged tracts of our personality to present to ordinary waking thought fragments of a knowledge which no ordinary waking thought could attain.”

Here he clearly restricts the whole business to the individual soul: no sign yet of his attributing any of it, as he does later, to other intelligences acting through the organism instead of its usual soul.

But he goes on (p. 223) to say that:

“All human terrene faculty will be in this view simply a selection from faculty existing in the metetherial world; such part of that antecedent, even if not individualized, faculty as may be expressible through each several human organism.”

“Faculty existing in the metetherial world” seems a pretty good expression for Cosmic Soul.

Furthermore, on page 218, under Hypnotism, he had said:

“There may be a truth—deeper than we can at this moment stay to discuss—in many subjective experiences of poets, philo-

sophers, mystics, saints. And if their sense of inflowing and indwelling life indeed be true;—if the subliminal uprushes which renew and illumine them are fed in reality from some metetherial environment;—then a similar influence may by analogy exist and be recognizable along the whole gamut of psychophysical phenomena.....

“The nascent life of each of us is perhaps a fresh draft,—the continued life is an ever-varying draft,—upon the cosmic energy. In that environing energy—call it by what name we will—we live and move and have our being; and it may well be that certain dispositions of mind, certain phases of personality, may draw in for the moment from that energy a fuller vitalizing stream.”

He closes the chapter with:

“Let men realize that...their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalizing Power.”

Myers wrote these passages in speculation on the source of the curative power of hypnotism, and they seem to indicate the conviction I have already expressed that hypnotism opens the soul to influxes from a cosmic reservoir of knowledge and will, just as other agencies open the blood and nerves to influxes from the cosmic store of matter and force. This is a broader view than the exclusively individual one of the subliminal self. Though not without vagueness and paradox, it certainly seems pointed to by the facts; it offers an explanation where “subliminal self” is but a name; and is at least implied, even when terminologically ignored, by almost every writer on the subject. Our supraliminal souls are individual, but they blend more or less with our subliminal souls, which, as I fear I am wearying you by contending, seem to be such inflows from a cosmic soul as our individual make-ups permit.

We cannot draw a definite line between the supraliminal and the subliminal, any more than we can between any other related categories, and we are hardly to be charged with inconsistency if, in treating of one aspect of soul, we omit, or fail, to keep the other aspects equally in front. But does it not seem probable that we will be on a more helpful way to the truth if, in treating the subliminal aspect, we keep as far as we can from confining it to the personal character-

istics, and keep prominent, as far as we can, the cosmic characteristics? True it seems to be that strictly personal characteristics determine the inflow of the cosmic element, but as we look out through the channels open in the personality, we catch glimpses of that to which we can see no limit in content or time, and to which we give the names that only express our incapacity—infinite and eternal.

But although Myers so clearly went for his automatism outside of the purposeful individual, and into a cosmic inflow, later, as we shall have abundant occasion to see, he absolutely leaves the cosmic inflow, and yet does not return to the subliminal individual soul of his "automatist," but attributes the "messages" to individual souls which have left the body, and this he does without any insistent recurrence to his implied suggestion that both are different aspects of the same thing—the individual souls as parts of the cosmic soul.

This all seems very inconsistent, and it is very inconsistent unless the postcarnate souls and the automatist's soul are all regarded as parts of the cosmic soul. But for "subliminal self" substitute "cosmic soul," or, more definitely, "cosmic inflow," and we have a hypothesis consistent with itself so far as one in these vague regions can be.

But I don't recall Myers ever being consistent enough to perform that very simple feat of substitution; and it was avoided with what seemed to me almost fatuous care by Du Prel, an immediate forerunner in Fechner's doctrine of the subliminal self, who, for all I know, may have invented the name. Du Prel's motive, however, was plain enough: he wrote in the days of the reaction against the old theologies, begun by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and their fellow-laborers on the Continent, and carried out on the Continent to such extremes that Du Prel and many others would account for a thing on any hypothesis, no matter how extravagant, rather than on one involving an intelligent cause and regulator behind the phenomenal universe: apparently for fear that somebody might call it God. Man's was the highest intelligence for which they would see any evidence, and they gave him a "subliminal self" to account for any manifestations in or through him which, a generation earlier, would have been

called superhuman, and seem so to some of us in this generation.

Du Prel was specially put to it to account for the personalities that oppose the self in dreams, and he fished them out of his universal reservoir—"the subliminal." If in a dream or trance an individuality leads you along some ridgepole you never could have traversed alone, or solves some problem beyond your powers, or even opposes you with some knock-down argument you never thought of, that other personality is simply your "divided self"—according to Du Prel and his company; but according to some simpler souls, including mine, that other individuality is more nearly what it appears to be—an independent inflow of the cosmic soul into you. The *modus operandi* I don't attempt to explain, but I'd rather attempt that than Du Prel's and Myers's job of explaining the second personality as a divided part of the first.

Myers hung on to the hypothesis and the name for it, and this he did after he had accepted the human personality's survival of bodily death, and the cosmic soul; and he did so much to popularize the individual subliminal hypothesis in the English-speaking world, that he seemed to feel for it the affection sometimes felt for an adopted child. If he had risen so far beyond his partiality for his bantling just as it was, as to persistently identify it with the cosmic inflow, he would, if I mistake not, have avoided many inconsistencies and have added materially to the unity of his work. Of course in the present state of our knowledge this proposed shape of the hypothesis would probably have run him into other inconsistencies, as I am perfectly conscious that it is running me; but I think it would still have left the balance to the good, and have brought us a step nearer to correlating the phenomena with established knowledge.

But in every one of the steps Myers certainly did go outside of the sensitive for his motive power. The operations of the medium's brain, or hand, or tongue, or other members, are apparently caused by an agency other than the consciousness which we ordinarily recognize as the specific human being. That agency may be what is called the subliminal consciousness, but the chief English-speaking apostle of the

term, while he says it is that, defines that into something more. The agency may be some sort of a halfway cosmic soul, as one individuality amusing itself by aping other individualities (not a very likely hypothesis); or it may be a really cosmic soul acting in a genuine capacity not yet clearly comprehensible—differentiating itself into each individual—thus becoming originator and sustainer of individual souls, and, in some as yet mysterious way, identical with them. Things seem to point this way, and Myers, apparently in spite of himself, involuntarily kept admitting that they did.

I do not say that he was not justified in doing so, and that the phenomena are really heteromatic, but if, like Myers, I were fully confirmed in a belief in spiritism, I should say so. Myers's inconsistency in using the word automatic when he means heteromatic probably is due to his trying to ride two, or rather three, horses. If all the phenomena are due to his pet subliminal soul, and that is all shut up in the medium, the proceedings are of course automatic. But once admit telepathy, even from the sitter, not to speak of teloteropathy from remote incarnate intelligences, and much less from discarnate ones, and your automatism is gone. As the writings profess to be heteromatic, and as the theory of the cosmic inflow, which I tentatively accept, would make them heteromatic, I shall call them heteromatic.

Between the holders of the hypothesis of the subliminal self there is confusion and controversy. The spiritistic side, led perhaps by Myers and adhered to by Hodgson, Lodge, and others, claims that the medium's subliminal soul is a distinct thing, and that there are other things equally distinct appearing as the souls of the "possessors" of the medium, all of which souls, they incidentally admit, may be inflows from the cosmic soul.

The anti-spiritistic side, led perhaps by Podmore, admits the subliminal soul, but as to the possessions being manifestations of other souls, they are no such things, but mere processes of the medium's subliminal soul—largely telepathic reflections from other incarnate souls. The dramatic quality of these reflections, initiative, comment, repartee, discussion, disagreement, even violent argument, expressions of satisfac-

tion and dissatisfaction ranging all the way from joy to a rage that smashes things—all this is left unaccounted for.

There is a third group in the controversy, led perhaps by James, which goes very little farther than to say: it is not yet time for an opinion.

And there is at least a fourth position, though I hardly see signs of its being occupied by a "group," which would claim that there seem some glimmerings of everybody being right (as in most controversies) in the direction of the hypothesis, as yet very vague and paradoxical, that although the individual soul is contained within the pretty definite limits of its individuality, yet within those limits, it is a portion—a sort of bay if you please, of the cosmic soul, and is subject to occasional influxes or tides from the cosmic soul in the shape of all sorts of inspirations (which turns the fluid metaphor of a tide into a gaseous one), not only those of music, poetry, hypothesis, eloquence, etc., but of all sorts of dreams and visions, normal or hypnotic, and "possessions" of all degrees, from heteromatic writing up to entire apparent substitution or at least predominance of a soul that, like the minor inspirations or possessions, has drifted in from the cosmic aggregate.

In writing this hypothesis I have been trammelled by the inevitable behindhandedness of words in such connections, and the most abstract words being, as we all know, metaphors from material things. I am very conscious, too, that the statement contains a luxuriant abundance of things already said by others as well as myself, and I again crave your patience for my repetitions. The conceptions are necessarily too vague for definite statement once for all, and whether they are anything more than mirages, and even if they are only mirages, what they are can best be determined by approaching them through all the avenues that may be found open.

Whether the "possession" is only apparent, or is partial, or is complete, or is one at one time and the others at other times, is an open question. Apparently all three may occur in the same sitting.

There is undoubtedly another soul than the medium's in-

volved, but the method of its action upon him, perhaps we shall find, does not go so far as substitution for his soul.

Mrs. Sidgwick very fully and ably argues this view in Pr. XV, but she pays so little attention to the dramatic elements in the sittings—attributing them almost exclusively to telepathy, even if from postcarnate spirits, that the argument leaves my opinion in suspense, except so far as my fumbling feeling about the Cosmic Soul sometimes seems to render both telepathy and possession names for something bigger.

Of course there may have been what we provisionally call possession in many of the phenomena already given, especially those under telepathy; but the indications of it are much stronger in the set which we now approach—heteromatic writing and dramatic impersonation. The ancients also associated the idea with dreams and the like, and we may yet be brought back to a somewhat similar impression. I, for one, have reached it already.

CHAPTER XXV

POSSESSION(?) IN HETEROMATIC WRITING

ON revising this chapter, I find it among the most unsatisfactory in the book, and my own work in it among its most unsatisfactory parts. Yet its relation to some of the least unsatisfactory of later chapters, leads me to advise you, if your patience is not yet exhausted, at least to skim through it.

Ever since there was writing, of course there has been writing more or less "inspired."

The capacity for it, as Dr. Crookes declares of the capacity for telekinesis, seems to exist in some degree in everybody. James says (*Memories and Studies*, pp. 199-200) :

"I have come to see in automatic writing one example of a department of human activity as vast as it is enigmatic. Every sort of person is liable to it, or to something equivalent to it; ... our subconscious region seems, as a rule, to be dominated either by a crazy 'will to make-believe,' or by some curious external force impelling us to personation. The first difference between the psychical researcher and the inexpert person is that the former realizes the commonness and typicality of the phenomenon here, while the latter, less informed, thinks it so rare as to be unworthy of attention. *I wish to go on record for the commonness.*

"The next thing I wish to go on record for is *the presence*, in the midst of all the humbug, of *really supernormal knowledge*....."

Mahomet professed that the Koran was entirely heteromatic from the Angel Gabriel.

Swedenborg was devoted mainly to science, and with great success, until 1745, when he claimed that God appeared to him and said: "I have chosen thee to unfold the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write"; and surely from even the very unsympathetic point of view which I myself share, the writing was a very extraordinary performance.

Blake, time and again, disclaimed voluntary authorship of his writings.

Accounts of several other heteromatic writers are given in Miss Underhill's *Mysticism and Psychology*, pp. 78-80:

"Madame Guyon states in her autobiography, that when she was composing her works she would experience a sudden and irresistible inclination to take up her pen; though feeling wholly incapable of literary composition, and not even knowing the subject on which she would be impelled to write. If she resisted this impulse it was at the cost of the most intense discomfort. She would then begin to write with extraordinary swiftness; words, elaborate arguments, and appropriate quotations coming to her without reflection, and so quickly that one of her longest books was written in one and a half days.

"In writing I saw that I was writing of things which I had never seen: and during the time of this manifestation, I was given light to perceive that I had in me treasures of knowledge and understanding which I did not know that I possessed."

"Similar statements are made of St. Teresa, who declared that in writing her books she was powerless to set down anything but that which her Master put into her mind. So Blake said of 'Milton' and 'Jerusalem,' 'I have written the poems from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation and even against my will. The time it has taken in writing was thus rendered non-existent, and an immense poem exists which seems to be the labor of a long life, all produced without labor or study.'

"There are, of course, extreme forms of that strange power of automatic composition, in which words and characters arrive and arrange themselves in defiance of their authors' will, of which most poets and novelists possess a trace."

As already indicated, apparent possession to the extent of heteromatic writing was manifested in America by, among others, Tuttle, Davis, and Colville. Foster never did it to any extent.

Here is a case from Stillman, through a friend whom he calls Miss A. (*op. cit.*, I, 190-1):

"After having been for some time troubled by the rappings she began to feel involuntary motions in her right hand which increased to constantly recurring violent exercise of the muscles, when it occurred to her from the character of the motions that the hand wanted a pencil to write and she laid paper and a pencil on the table. Her hand then took possession of the pencil and began to scrawl aimlessly over the paper until, after the interval of many days, the agency seemed to have sufficient

control over the muscles to form legible letters.... The hand wrote legibly and neatly in reply to mental, i.e., unspoken questions, she having no control of the muscles so long as the 'influence'... chose to use it. She knew what was written only when the writing was finished and she read it, as we did; and the writing was... quite as regular and well formed when her eyes were bandaged.... As a further test of the involuntary character of this we... tried her with... my brother talking with her from one side of the table, while she was writing in reply to my mental questions on the other.....

"..... Under these circumstances she wrote for us the replies in conversations with what purported to be the spirits of three deceased relatives... and the handwriting of the... series of communications was a better imitation of their writing than I, knowing it, could have produced. That of my sister-in-law... my brother recognized... as that of his wife, but that of our brother was a perfect reproduction down to the smallest accidents, and that which was given as the responses of my cousin equally so, and executed with a rapidity of which I was incapable—a large scrawling hand, that of our brother being of a character entirely opposed, slowly and laboriously formed, with occasional omissions of the last line of a final *n* quite common in his writing. The girl had never known either of these relatives."

Stainton Moses was about the earliest of the heteromatic writers who have come under modern scientific criticism. The writing began in 1873, nine years before the foundation of the S. P. R., so, though none of it is given before Vol. VIII, chronologically it properly comes before that from others given in earlier volumes.

In addition to the diary-like account of his séances, upon which we have already drawn, he left twenty-four notebooks of automatic writing, which are treated by Myers in Pr. VIII, IX, XI. He says (Pr. XI, 64):

"These automatic messages were almost wholly written by Mr. Moses's own hand while he was in a normal waking state. The exceptions are of two kinds. (1) There is one long passage... alleged by Mr. Moses to have been written by himself while in a state of trance. (2) There are, here and there, a few words alleged to be in 'direct writing';—written, that is to say, by invisible hands, but in Mr. Moses's presence.....

"Putting these exceptional instances aside, we find that the writings generally take the form of a dialogue, Mr. Moses proposing a question in his ordinary thick, black handwriting. An answer is then generally, though not always, given; written

also by Mr. Moses, and with the same pen, but in some one of various scripts which differ more or less widely from his own."

And elsewhere (Pr. IX, 257-8):

"As a general rule the same alleged spirits both manifested themselves by raps, &c., at Mr. Moses's sittings with his friends, and also wrote through his hand when he was alone. In this, as in other respects, Mr. Moses's two series of sittings—when alone and in company—were concordant, and, so to say, complementary;—explanations being given by the writing of what had happened at the séances. When 'direct writing' was given at the séances, the handwriting of each alleged spirit was the same as that which the same spirit was in the habit of employing in the automatic script. The claim to individuality was thus in all cases decisively made. [And on p. 334.] Each series presupposes and refers to the other. The trance-addresses given at the séances are continued by the messages written in privacy. The phenomena of the séances are predicted in the automatic script [This suggests that Moses's agency, involuntary perhaps, may have been behind both. H.H.] and similar phenomena sometimes occur to Mr. Moses when alone."

(Page 255.) "The 'controls' themselves are of various types; and there is one rare 'control' ('Magus')...whose utterances seem to me shifty and exaggerated, in a way very common in automatic script, and who does apparently endorse a complete impostor. The utterances of other 'controls' for the most part reflect Mr. Moses's own opinions on other mediums, or are sometimes more severe. [Page 257.] [There are] spirits who give such names as Rector, Doctor, Theophilus, and, above all, Imperator...The names which they assert to have been theirs in earth-life...are for the most part both more illustrious and more remote...Mr. Moses himself...justly felt that the assumption of great names is likely to diminish rather than to increase the weight of the communication...For a long while one of his main stumbling-blocks lay in these lofty and unprovable claims. Ultimately he came to believe even in these identities, on the general ground that teachers who had given him so many proofs, both of their power and of their serious interest in his welfare, were not likely to have deceived him on such a point. But he did not count upon a similar belief in others, and he expressly wished to avoid seeming to claim special authority for the teachings on the ground of their alleged authorship....."

We shall find later that after Moses's death his alleged spirit gave an entirely different set of names for the earthly originals of these alleged personalities.

Moses says (Pr. XI, 65-7) :

".....I soon found that writing flowed more easily when I used a book that was permeated with the psychic aura; just as raps come more easily on a table that has been frequently used for the purpose, and as phenomena occur most readily in the medium's own room."

One argument for this point of view could be found in the well-known effect upon violins of much playing. But Mr. Bartlett tells me that Foster had no experience parallel to that of Moses in this regard. Moses continues :

".....At first the writing was very small and irregular, and it was necessary for me to write slowly and cautiously, and to watch the hand, following the lines with my eye; otherwise the message soon became incoherent, and the result was mere scribble. In a short time, however, I found that I could dispense with these precautions. The writing, while becoming more and more minute, became at the same time very regular and beautifully formed. As a specimen of calligraphy some of the pages are exceedingly beautiful. The answers to my questions (written at the top of the page) were paragraphed and arranged as if for the press, and the name of God was always written in capitals, and slowly, and, as it seemed, reverentially. The subject-matter was always of a pure and elevated character.... Throughout the whole of these written communications, extending in unbroken continuity to the year 1880 [From 1873. H.H.], there is no flippant message, no attempt at jest, no vulgarity or incongruity, no false or misleading statement....."

"The earliest communications were all written in the minute characters that I have described, and were uniform in style and in the signature, 'Doctor, the Teacher.'... Whenever and wherever he wrote, his handwriting was unchanged, showing, indeed, less change than my own does during the last decade. The tricks of style remained the same, and there was in short a sustained individuality throughout his messages. He is to me an entity, a personality, a being with his own idiosyncrasies and characteristics quite as clearly defined as the human beings with whom I come in contact....."

"After a time, communications came from other sources, and these were distinguished each by its own handwriting, and by its own peculiarities of style and expression.... I could tell at once who was writing by the mere characteristics of the calligraphy."

Myers, having seen all the heteromatic writing, tacitly endorses Moses's statements regarding its visible qualities.

“By degrees I found that many spirits who were unable to influence my hand themselves sought the aid of a spirit ‘Rector’ [a gentleman whom we shall meet often. H.H.], who was apparently able to write more freely and with less strain on me; for writing by a spirit unaccustomed to the work was often incoherent, and always resulted in a serious drain upon my vital powers. They did not know how easily the reserve of force was exhausted, and I suffered proportionately.”

Apparently in Moses’s case it taxed some source of physical energy which ordinary writing does not; and yet there are several automatic writers who give no indication of tax. Even Mrs. Piper, with the arduous phenomena attending her trances, can hardly be said to “suffer,” unless the trance is unduly prolonged.

Moses continues (Pr. XI, 67) :

“I had, obviously, no right to print that which concerned others. Some of the most striking and impressive communications have thus been excluded.....”

This is one of the great disadvantages regarding the verification of all alleged communications through mediums: the most evidential are those too personal to print.

Moses goes on :

“At first...even...the thoughts were not my thoughts. Very soon the messages assumed a character of which I had no doubt whatever the thought was opposed to my own. [We have met and shall meet more of this—enough to have seriously disturbed my original conviction that the phenomena are principally due to the sitter—or writer. H.H.] But I cultivated the power of occupying my mind with other things during the time that the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and follow out a line of close reasoning while the message was written with unbroken regularity. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigor and beauty of style.

“.....In several cases, information of which I was assuredly ignorant, clear, precise, and definite in form, susceptible of verification, and always exact, was thus conveyed to me. [Such cases abound with nearly all the honest mediums. H.H.] I never could command the writing. It came unsought usually, and when I did seek it, as often as not I was unable to obtain it. [This, too, is quite usual. H.H.] The particular

communications which I received from the spirit known to me as Imperator mark a distinct epoch in my life. . . . I underwent a spiritual development that was in its outcome a very regeneration. . . . For me the question of the beneficent action of external spirit on my own self was then finally settled. I have never since, even in the vagaries of an extremely skeptical mind, and amid much cause for questioning, ever seriously entertained a doubt."

Myers comments (Pr. XI, 69) :

"The tone of the spirits towards Mr. Moses himself is habitually courteous and respectful. But occasionally they have some criticism which pierces to the quick, and which goes far to explain to me Mr. Moses's unwillingness to have the books fully inspected during his lifetime. . . . The reader will generally find the evidence for identity much more satisfactory in the case of spirits recently departed, and more or less on the medium's own level, than in the case of spirits more exalted and remote."

Which might be translated into ordinary language to the effect that time usually dims recollections and interests, wherever they exist. It might even hold if a "spirit" is nothing more than an echo of a medium; but that it is more than that, whatever else it may be, the evidence strongly indicates. But the fading of memories apparently is true only of the everyday consciousness upon which new events crowd the old—the supraliminal. From the subliminal (or the Cosmic Soul?) the remotest experiences are constantly popping up in pristine freshness: time seems to make no difference whatever. Imperator seems to have impressed himself more than any other "spirit," and he professed to date a long time back. Yet this does not traverse Myers's "evidential" point.

Myers farther comments on Imperator (p. 107) :

"The teaching which he offers as the highest boon, and which Mr. Moses accepts as such, is by no means so novel or so illuminating as is sometimes implied. But this is only to say that Imperator is not *our* appointed guide; that it is not *we* who are directly reached by his exhortation or argument. His utterances, like other human utterances, fall short of the universality, the permanence, which their author would fain give them. But in regard to their primary end, the development of Mr. Moses's own soul, I know not if words of more

weight could have been spoken, or that sturdy and downright spirit led onwards by any surer way."

After a good deal of reading and pondering, I find the proportion of Moses's self in all these proceedings looming in my apprehension larger and larger. The benefits he got from them look to me like that portion—how large a portion I am not saying—of the benefits of prayer which are independent of external results, and consist in the benefit to character from intense absorption in an inspiring subject.

Here is a very suggestive interview between Moses and "Imperator" (Pr. S. P. R. IX, 255-6). "Our friends" (line 3) refers to Rector, Doctor, and Prudens. "John King" was a "spirit" that used to "materialize" at these séances. "The more material spirits," "Kabbila," "deceiving spirits"—isn't all this the terminology of a set of ideas now outworn, which would readily have obtained lodgment in Moses's mind during his youth, and which tends to mark the whole passage as an involuntary creation of his own?

"Q.—Was anyone present at the last séance at Mrs. F.'s? I was much impressed. A.—Yes. I was not present myself but our friends were there. We do not advise you to rest much on that. Q.—What? I thought it conclusive proof. A.—You must use your own judgment. We do but warn you to be careful. Q.—Do you mean to say it was not genuine? A.—We only urge you to be wary. The manifestation was suspicious and is not to be depended on. Q.—I am surprised. Who writes? A.—It is I,—†I: S: D. [Imperator, Servus Dei. H.H.] Q.—Then you will tell me. Am I to understand that the manifestation was not of a materialized form? A.—We do not feel it part of our work to save you from the use of your own powers. You are warned. Exercise your observing faculties. Q.—But I am bewildered. A.—It is needful for you to work through such experience. We may not save you from it. Only be wary. Q.—I have long wanted information about those forms and have had grave doubts, but I have believed in J. K. [John King]. A.—It is not our plan to give you any further information now. We only say that what was then presented was dubious. Q.—But I am to write about it. Was it a materialization at all? Is there such a thing? A.—You will know all in due time, but that was not reliable. We urge you to be careful. You are always careful, as you think. But be wary as to generalizing too rapidly. There is in the manifestation of the lower spirits much deception, nor can you ever be

sure that such is not being practised. It is so in all the manifestations in which the more material spirits are concerned. Q.—You do not tell me much. A.—We do not purpose to do so. We only warn. It was not reliable. Q.—But I had my hand in J. K.'s and the other on the medium's body. There could be no deception there. A.—On the medium's boot, but not on his body, as Kabbila informs us. But we will go no further. It is not our habit to go so far. Seek not further information. It will not be given. We do not wish to communicate at length now. You have done all that you are capable of doing. Q.—But I want to ask further. Are my senses good for nothing, or am I so easily deceived? A.—No, no. Neither. But you know nothing of occult influence when deceiving spirits are present. The mixture of the true and false would make it impossible for you to arrive at fact. Hence have we warned you so urgently to beware of the introduction of such. They are fatal to our work. Cease now.

“† I: S: D.

“† R. [Rector.]”

And the general style of expression and the signatures! It all looks to me as if Moses had unconsciously dramatized the whole thing, and imagining St. Paul, as later indicated, for the rôle of “Imperator” had so much impressed himself as to give his language the coloring it bears throughout, and, as we shall see later, even to impress Hodgson and Mrs. Piper.

But most of the dramatizations of Mrs. Piper are a different matter. There are scores, probably hundreds, of them to each one of Moses', and they are generally of people who are known to have been real, and who are recognizable by their friends. Imperator and his companions may have been real too, but there is little in the nature of proof, and we shall later meet something much like disproof. But there are good reasons for giving some account of them.

Here is a characteristic bit of Moses's experiences from his diary, quoted in Pr. IX, 71:

“On an evening in the month of January, 1874, I repeatedly said to Mrs. Speer, ‘Who is Emily C——? Her name keeps sounding in my ear.’ Mrs. Speer replied that she did not know anyone of that name. ‘Yes,’ I said very emphatically, ‘there is someone of that name passed over to the world of spirit.’... It became a regular thing for us to receive a message giving such facts as an obituary notice would contain. We therefore

looked for them, and we found an announcement of the death of 'Emily, widow of the late Captain C—— C——.' On a subsequent evening in the following year . . . she returned again. Dr. Speer and I had gone out for a walk in the afternoon . . . and at our séance in the evening came 'Emily C—— C——.' I inquired what brought her, and her answer was rapped out on the table. 'You passed my grave.' . . . At this time I never went near a graveyard but I attracted some spirit, identified afterwards as one whose body lay there. I said, 'No, that is impossible; we have been near no graveyard,' and Dr. Speer confirmed my impression. The communication, however, was persistent, and we agreed that we would take the same walk the next day. We did so, and at a certain place I had an impulse to climb up and look over a wall . . . and my eye fell at once on the grave of 'Emily C—— C——,' and on the dates and particulars given to us, all exactly accurate."

As Moses intimates, it became a regular thing for him to have such experiences; several are given. They seem to mean that among the other superstitions with which his mind was saturated was that of spirits haunting their graves. But then how about that strange power to see through a stone wall, or at least feel through one, which perhaps we are all going to admit before long that some folks have, and perhaps not? In addition he seems to show here the subliminal memory which, without the operator's knowledge, retains all sorts of things that come out in the conditions where that do-all and bear-all which we call the subliminal self has full swing. This unlimited capacity even in the most ordinary man who dreams, seems to point to something not really in the ordinary man, but something greater, outside him, and occasionally working through him. Is it the Cosmic Soul?

Here is another instance of Moses's overlooking points obviously open to criticism—of the faith that swalloweth all things. I am not sure Saint Paul included that characteristic, and I do not assert that Moses's faith may not have been justified. He says (Pr. XI, 74):

"There stands . . . a short letter written automatically by me in a peculiar archaic handwriting, phrased in a quaint old-fashioned spelling. It is signed with the name of the spirit . . . who was a man of mark . . . I have since obtained a letter in his handwriting, an old yellow document, preserved on account of the autograph. The handwriting in my book is a fair imita-

tion of this, the signature is exact, and the piece of old-fashioned spelling occurs exactly as it does in my book. This, it was said, was purposely done as a point of evidence."

And similarly (p. 81):

".....I have had repeated cases of signatures which are veritable facsimiles of those used by the persons in life; such, for example, are the signatures of Beethoven, Mozart, and of Swedenborg....."

This would be more remarkable if the signatures were those of private persons, which he would have been less apt to have seen and forgotten having seen, but retained in his "subliminal memory." Even the "archaic handwriting phrased in a quaint old-fashioned spelling" may be similarly accounted for. I don't say it must be.

Here is Myers's presentation (from Pr. XI, 96) of the celebrated (if a thing can be celebrated among a small part of the public) "Blanche Abercromby" case which he calls

"in some ways the most remarkable of all, from the series of chances which have been needful in order to establish its veracity. The spirit in question is that of a lady known to me, whom Mr. Moses had met, I believe, once only, and whom I shall call Blanche Abercromby....."

"This lady died on a Sunday afternoon, about twenty years ago, at a country house about two hundred miles from London. Her death, which was regarded as an event of public interest, was at once telegraphed to London, and appeared in Monday's *Times*; but, of course, on Sunday evening no one in London, save the Press and perhaps the immediate family, was cognizant of the fact. It will be seen that on that evening, near midnight, a communication, purporting to come directly from her, was made to Mr. Moses at his secluded lodgings in the north of London. The identity was some days later corroborated by a few lines purporting to come directly from her, and to be in her handwriting. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Moses had even seen this handwriting. His one known meeting with this lady and her husband had been at a séance—not, of course, of his own....."

"On receiving these messages Mr. Moses seems to have mentioned them to no one, and simply gummed down the pages in his MS. book, marking the book outside 'Private Matter.' The book when placed in my hands was still thus gummed down, although Mrs. Speer was cognizant of the communication. I opened the pages... and was surprised to find a brief

letter which, though containing no definite facts, was entirely characteristic of the Blanche Abercromby whom I had known. . . . I happened to know a son of hers sufficiently well to be able to ask his aid—and . . . he lent me a letter for comparison. The strong resemblance was at once obvious, but the A of the surname was made in the letter in a way quite different from that adopted in the automatic script. The son then allowed me to study a long series of letters. . . . From these it appeared that during the last year of her life she had taken to writing the A (as her husband had always done) in the way in which it was written in the automatic script."

Here is the equally celebrated Garfield case, but there does not exist, so far as I am aware, a word of testimony regarding it outside of Moses's diary, quoted in Pr. XI, 102:

"30, St. Peter's Bedford.

"September 20th, 1881, 10 A.M.—This morning, on awaking at 5.54 A.M., I was aware of a spirit who desired to communicate. It turned out to be Mentor, with him B. Franklin, [Epes] Sargent, and others. They told me in effect, 'The President is gone. We were with him to the last. He died suddenly, and all our efforts to keep him were unavailing. We labored hard, for his life was of incalculable value to our country. He would have done more to rescue it from shame than anyone now left.' [Notwithstanding the universal sympathy and cordial recognition of the President's many virtues, this opinion was by no means universal among the best-informed Americans "in the body" at the time, whatever may have been the opinion in the "spirit world." H.H.] I asked why it had been deemed necessary to come to me with the news. It was replied that a period of great activity in the spirit world was now being renewed, and that my sympathies with him and with his work, and their own knowledge of me, had inclined them to bring the news. . . . The evening papers—*Globe* and *Echo*—which I purchased at 4.30 P.M., gave me the first mundane information of the event. It is now stated that he died at 10.50 P.M., and on the 19th (yesterday). That in English time is 3.50 A.M. of this day, 20th, or two hours before I woke and got the message."

Here is the famous steam-roller incident, the most striking evidential piece of Moses's ostensibly heteromatic writing, and there is much of the same kind. This is taken from his diary (Pr. XI, 42):

"February 20th, 1874. . . . The Baron had previously magnetized me very strongly, and had rendered me more than usually clairvoyant. He also recognized a spirit in the room, but

thought it was the spirit of a living person. After dinner, when we got upstairs, I felt an uncontrollable inclination to write, and I asked the Baron to lay his hand upon my arm. It began to move very soon, and I fell into a deep trance. As far as I can gather from the witnesses, the hand then wrote out, 'I killed myself to-day.' This was preceded by a very rude drawing ["which resembled a horse fastened to a kind of car or truck," Mr. Percival says in *The Spiritualist* of March 27th], and then 'Under steam-roller, Baker-street, medium passed,' [*i.e.*, W. S. M., H.H.] was written. At the same time I spoke in the trance and rose and apparently motioned something away, saying, 'Blood' several times. This was repeated, and the spirit asked for prayer. Mrs. G. said a few words of prayer, and I came out of the trance at last, feeling very unwell. On the following day Dr. Speer and I walked down to Baker-street and asked the policeman on duty if any accident had occurred there. He told us that a man had been killed by the steam-roller at 9 A.M."

Here is Mr. Percival's comment on the same incident (Pr. XI, 76-78):

"Neither he nor anyone present was aware that a man had committed suicide there in the morning by throwing himself under a steam-roller. A brief notice of the occurrence appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the evening, but none of the party had seen that paper. . . . It is worth remarking that on the front of the steam-roller which was used in Baker-street a horse is represented in brass, and this, perhaps, may serve to account for its appearance in the medium's drawing, where we should certainly not expect to find it."

Myers says (Pr. XI, 92):

"Further information about this suicide was given by entry, February 23, 1874. It is remarkable that 'Miss X,' a frequent contributor to the Pr., then a child, was prevented by a monition (as she informs me) from entering the street where the traces of this incident were still visible."

"February 23rd, 1874.

"Q.—I very much wish to communicate with Imperator. [A long pause.] A.—'Whatever communication you hold must be brief. You are unfit to commune now.' Q.—That spirit who communicated at Mrs. Gregory's. [The place of the steam-roller communication. H.H.] A.—'He was what he said. It surprises us much that he should have been able to attach himself to you. It was owing to your being near the place where he met his bodily death. Do not direct your mind strongly to the subject lest he vex you.' Q.—What does he want? Can I help him? A.—'He was wretched and sought

help in ignorance. Prayer will aid him.' Q.—Well, now, how comes it that he woke at once, and Sunshine [an allusion to somebody who had died earlier. H.H.] sleeps still? A.—'He has not yet slept. It will be well if he gets repose which will enable him to progress hereafter.

“† I: S: D.

“x Theophilus.”

The following bit of Moses's heteromatic writing refers to the same incident (Pr. XI, 92f.):

“February 24th, 1874.

“..... Q.—Is the spirit unharmed by such a ghastly mutilation as that?... A.—The spirit body is not to be harmed by injury to the body of earth otherwise than by the shock. And the very shock might stir it rudely into action, and excite it rather than lull it into quiescence. You are not now in a condition which enables us to go far into the subject. You have far from recovered your spiritual tone as yet. Q.—Then that spirit haunted the place of its departure? A.—It is usually so that a spirit which has so rudely been severed from the body would hover near even for a long time after. Q.—How did it come to pitch on me? A.—You passed by, and being in a highly sensitive condition the disturbed spirit would naturally be attracted to your sphere, even as iron is attracted to a powerful magnet. Moreover, when he came near he would be enabled to discern you by the aura which surrounds you and which is visible to the spirit eye. Light and attraction would both enable him to recognize a channel of communication which he longed for. You have been told before that an aura surrounds all material objects, and that aura in the case of a medium is recognizable afar off by spirit eyes.... All spirits know this, though all do not [suspicious grammar for such a very heavy intellectual swell. H.H.] profoundly understand it.... Hence it is that the highly developed are more open to attack from the grosser spirits. Q.—Then to spirit eye, the aura declares the character? A.—To the more developed and progressed [He has just intimated that the spirit in question was anything but “developed and progressed.” H.H.] it does so, and hence the concealment is not possible in our spheres. The spirit carries its character impressed on the very atmosphere it breathes. This is a law of our being. Q.—Very beautiful, but very awful! A.—Nay, friend, not so: but a great safeguard, seeing that we know we are open to the gaze and the knowledge of all. It is well that it should be so. We pause.”

To me all this sort of thing seems to speak as plainly of the imagination of the Anglican clergyman, as Judge Ed-

munds' visions speak of the imagination of a man of matter-of-fact mind who, presumably, as such men often do, loved such reading as the Apocalypse and Milton and Bunyan, and who fell into the rôle of "medium."

But admitting all that, how account for the testimony of the Speers and half a dozen other good people to Moses's telekinetic performance—his lights and music and materializations, and the true things he told which he could not have learned by any means we are as yet familiar with?

The Reading of Closed Books by "Spirits"

If the following is correctly told it indicates something more than telepathy. It is an alleged interview, with the answers automatically written, between Moses and some "spirit" whose name is not given (Pr. S. P. R., XI, 106):

"Q.—Can you read? A.—No, friend, I cannot, but Zachary Gray can, and Rector. I am not able to materialize myself, or to command the elements. Q.—Are either of those spirits here? A.—I will bring one by and by. I will send.... Rector is here. Q.—I am told you can read. Is that so? Can you read a book? A.—[Spirit handwriting changed.]—Yes, friend, with difficulty. Q.—Will you write for me the last line of the first book of the *Æneid*? A.—Wait.—*Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus æstas.* [This was right.] Q.—Quite so. But I might have known it. Can you go to the book-case, take the last book but one on the second shelf, and read me the last paragraph of the ninety-fourth page? I have not seen it, and do not even know its name. A.—'I will curtly prove by a short historical narrative, that popery is a novelty, and has gradually arisen or grown up since the primitive and pure time of Christianity, not only since the apostolic age, but even since the lamentable union of kirk and the state by Constantine.' [The book on examination proved to be a queer one called *Roger's Antipopopriestian, an attempt to liberate and purify Christianity from Popery, Politikirkality, and Priestrule.* The extract given above was accurate, but the word 'narrative' substituted for 'account.'] Q.—How came I to pitch upon so appropriate a sentence? A.—I know not, my friend. It was by coincidence. The word was changed by error. I knew it when it was done, but would not change. Q.—How do you read? You wrote more slowly, and by fits and starts. A.—I wrote what I remembered, and then I went for more. It is a special effort to read, and useful only as a test. Your friend was right last night; we can read, but only when conditions are very good.

We will read once again, and write and then impress you of the book:—'Pope is the last great writer of that school of poetry, the poetry of the intellect, or rather of the intellect mingled with the fancy.' That is truly written. Go and take the eleventh book on the same shelf. [I took a book called *Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric.*] It will open at the page for you. Take it and read, and recognize our power, and the permission which the great and good God gives us, to show you of our power over matter. To Him be glory. Amen. [The book opened at page 145, and there was the quotation perfectly true. I had not seen the book before: certainly had no idea of its contents] [These books were in Dr. Speer's library.—F. W. H. M.] ”

Here is the last veridical heteromatism quoted from Moses in the Pr. S. P. R. It is in XI, 103. Mrs. Speer writes:

“Dr. Speer died February 9th, 1889, and shortly after his death Mr. Moses received from him a remarkable proof of identity, of which he wrote me an account at the time.....

“Mr. S. M. came one Sunday to dine with us. He looked strange and remarked to me, ‘I have seen your husband again, and he sent you a message which I do not understand.’ He seemed troubled, and I saw he was unable to take any dinner. Suddenly he took out his pocket-book and rapidly wrote something in one of the sheets, tore it out, and handed it to me, saying, ‘Can you make anything out of this?’ I saw a message written ‘Tell dearest — all’s well.’ The word omitted was a pet name he often called me when alone. I think no one had ever heard it, and I am *quite* sure Mr. Moses never had. The name is too absurd to print, as pet names often are.....”

Now to sum up Moses. The following case was not by automatic writing, but by raps. I give it because of its instructiveness regarding Moses's mental make-up. He says (Pr. XI, 72):

“Perhaps I may here mention a case in which I endeavored to mislead a communicating spirit but without any success. If there be truth in the allegations of the too-clever people that constitute the Society for Psychical Research [Moses resigned in 1886, disgusted because his associates would not swallow everything that he would. H.H.] there should have been conveyed from my brain to that of the impersonal entity with which I communicated the falsity I had fabricated. [This is a sheer Mosesism, see below. H.H.] There came a spirit who represented herself to be my grandmother... I then asked if she remembered me as a child. She did. I proceeded to detail two imaginary incidents such as might occur in a child's

life. I did it so naturally that my friends were completely deceived. . . . Not so, however, my 'Intelligent Operator at the other end of the line.' She refused altogether to assent to my story. She stopped me by a simple remark that she remembered nothing of the sort. . . . I certainly rose from the table convinced that I had been talking to a person that desired to tell the truth, and that was extremely careful to be exact in statement."

If the spirit was an echo of Moses's self, of course it would not echo what Moses knew to be false (except so far as some folks delight in what is false, which apparently Moses did not). But assuming it to be an echo, the dramatic character of the responses would remain to be accounted for. Yet even that would not seem difficult to anybody who has successfully written dialogue. Such a person knows that, in such a mind, thoughts readily take the shape of dialogue and the dramatic tinge naturally resulting. But admitting that, we still have to account for the fact that these dramatic impersonations often appear in the automatic writing and trance utterances of people who never show any dramatic power in the ways we consider normal; and then of course the difficulty, with difficulties generally, is pitchforked on to "the subliminal self." This has been done until, to at least my perhaps irreverent imagination, the strictly individual subliminal self is beginning to look like a joke. And yet the readiness of so many intelligent people to attribute everything superusual to it is one of many circumstances that are making it loom into an immensity of which perhaps we have had some glimpse, but of which their imaginations do not yet all seem to have caught the significance.

All this carries instruction regarding the queer intellect of Moses—an intellect that could assume that the falsity would be conveyed, but that the telepathy would stop at the convenient point of not conveying the fact that it was a falsity; and an intellect that could utterly ignore so obvious a reflection from himself, and attribute the phenomena entirely to another intelligence. This last point, however, may not be fairly open to criticism regarding the mind of a firm believer: the criticism, if directed at all, should be directed to the belief.

There is a degree of ingenuousness in the following sentence which, especially when associated with things that have

been noted before, inclines me to quote it as an element to be considered in estimating Moses's mind (Pr. IX, 291):

"So closed a most impressive séance; in which the opinion of the *intelligences themselves declared unmistakably* [*Italics mine. H.H.*] for the Theory of Departed Spirits. Though this would not form any strong argument to convince one who had made up his mind in an opposite direction, still it must be allowed to have its weight."

The following passage, too, is so peculiar that the reader may care to take it into consideration (Pr. IX, 291):

"Taken in connection with other collateral evidence such as the materialized spirit form, the strongly marked individuality which pervades communications from each particular spirit, the totally different nature of the knock in each case, and the fact of certain tests being given, the balance of evidence must be allowed to be strong.

"For instance, I see a materialized form which bears resemblance to a deceased friend (Step No. 1). I see that form standing by during the progress of phenomena (Step No. 2). A knock different from any other is given (Step No. 3). That knock gives a communication which purports to come from the person whose form I see near me (Step No. 4). Questioned, that communicating intelligence asserts in the most solemn manner that it is what it pretends to be, and persists in that statement on being adjured (Step No. 5). On being further pressed a test known only to myself is given to prove identity (Step No. 6). That information is confirmed by other communicating intelligences, who knock with their own special knock, and are apparently distinct individualities (Step No. 7)."

"Step No. 5," I think, will be apt to strike the hard-headed reader as showing the same ingenuousness manifested in the quotation before the last. Moses continues:

"This forms a strong link [*Does he mean chain?* There are seven elements. H.H.] of credence in favor of the theory advanced by the intelligences themselves. On the other side is the manifest fact that communications purporting to come from our deceased friends are not always trustworthy, and that they are generally marked by evidences of intellectual weaknesses. It may be that the falsehoods are traceable to lying spirits who personate spirits of good, and that the low order (intellectually speaking) of the communications may be accounted for by the tortuous channel through which they come and the medium through which they have been filtered. But

the explanation is not perfectly satisfactory. And there is the additional stumbling-block that it is *prima facie* extremely unlikely that the spirits of the noble, the learned, and the pure should be concerned in the production of physical and intellectual phenomena which, when not silly, are frequently mischievous, and when distinctly true are not new, and being new are not true."

It is now held by common consent that these communications, no matter if thoroughly genuine, are, in their nature, difficult to make; and the reader as he goes on will find growing reason to believe the same. Probably he may even come to regard imperfection as a tag of genuineness.

And connected with this hypothetical difficulty of communication is another point not hypothetical at all. Plainly it is not part of the cosmic order (or divine plan, if you prefer) that at our present stage of evolution we should know much of any possible future life, even if there is one. There is more to say on these points later: at present it is enough if we continue our examination with a realization that it is *a priori* probable that communication between this little universe of our experience and the presumably greater one beyond, would be difficult, and not to any great degree possible to our present faculties or consistent with our present duties. And yet it does seem possible that we have latterly attained a degree of evolution consistent with our having something more than the say-so of prophets to assure us that a future life exists and is happy.

If these are reasonable positions we need not take much account of the fact that the communications are frequently of the character Moses calls a "stumbling-block." My reading, however, has not, that I remember, covered any apparently genuine ones which were "mischievous" in any worse sense than sportive, though there may have been such. When I say "genuine" of course I mean only honest—not deliberately fraudulent. I do not mean the word to endorse a spiritistic interpretation.

The notion of "lying spirits," in which Moses and many others deal, is of course a part of the traditional theology, but it hardly seems necessary, and will probably be found peculiarly repulsive by those who regard evil as simply an exaggeration or disproportion, which includes a lack of the

good, which is incident to the imperfections of the present life.

A control purporting to be Moses, later gave up "lying spirits" and a good deal more that was his. See Chapter XXXV.

Moses goes on to say (Pr. IX, 292) :

"The argument that God permits for the establishment of a fading faith, manifestations such as these, would satisfactorily dispose of all objections."

I should be a bit slow to accept this argument unless the manifestations were clearer, but Myers tells us (Pr. IX, 293-4) :

"Mr. Moses came in a few months more to believe completely in the actual identity of the communicating intelligences. But this passage in his diary [i.e., the preceding, not all of which have I quoted. H.H.] tends to show (what on other testimony also I believe to have been the case) that he was by no means anxious to believe in, or to defer to, the claims of alleged 'spirit guides.' His previous Anglican convictions were very strong; and his intellectual habit of mind inclined rather to the side of stubbornness than of pliancy."

When even Myers perpetrates such a phrase as "intellectual habit of mind" we can well allow anybody the margin for inadvertences that I suggested should be allowed to Moses, and that we all occasionally need.

We have to recognize, however, in his relations to his superusual experiences, that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century he was, as Myers reminds us, an Anglican clergyman, and that his experiences strongly appear to be in writing colored by his type of mind. If we want any farther illustrations of what that type was, they abound in the next extract.

From a letter of Mr. Moses to Mrs. Speer, dated April, 1876 (Pr. XI, 63) :

"..... I send you a package which you will see is 'spiritual.' It contains a fragment of spirit-drapery sweetened by some spirit musk. Magus is the operator, and I believe Mentor with him. At any rate, those two have been at work. I think that the musk smells more powerfully than usual. I had a long and very beautiful communication from Imperator yesterday (Easter Day) which I am minded to copy out and print.

Easter Day seems to be a favorite with them. I have had a message on that day every year. The idea is the passage from Death to Life symbolized by the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and typifying the death of Self Denial, and Self Sacrifice leading to the Regeneration or Resurrection of the Spirit from dead Matter to the higher life. It is well worked out, and very striking. There was also a communication written out about the state of affairs in the spiritual world. You must read what Imperator says. He does not speak hopefully, and wishes us not to meet yet, though he evidently contemplates the resuming of our circle hereafter. But by that time, he says, my physical mediumship will either be absolutely under control, so as to be no longer fraught with danger, or will have ceased. The latter seems to be implied, though he seems to hint that material evidence will always be forthcoming. He is very decisive in saying what he does, and says that we are none of us *ever left*. It gives me a very strong idea of prearranged plans and of wise and powerful protection. He evidently looks far ahead; his plans are now for the far future, and the *mind is first prepared*. I am quite conscious of that.

"I shall probably hear more before we see each other. I heard nothing of the Moravians this year."

This refers to a poltergeist racket alleged to be raised every Easter by the ghosts of people buried in a Moravian churchyard near which Moses lived. Apparently he could not be near a churchyard without stirring up a ghost. He says so himself (Pr. XI, 71). He continues the present theme:

"Nor was I conscious of any 'presence,' which looks like a withdrawal from the objective. But Mentor's drapery and musk are objective enough. ['The letter from which these extracts are taken' (adds Mrs. Speer), 'still retains the scent of the musk referred to at the commencement, as "sweetening the spirit-drapery," although it was written nearly seventeen years ago. The drapery is lost, but the strong perfume of musk remains fresh and pungent.']"

On May 2nd, 1880, occurred the last sitting which Mrs. Speer has recorded. She concludes her records in *Light* (October 21st, 1893) with the following words:

"I have now come to the end of the séances at which any notes were properly taken. Other meetings we have since had occasionally, and at times Imperator spoke through Mr. S. M. until within a few months of his decease. Raps were sometimes heard and messages given. Musk and coral were also brought and scattered over the room at several different times. Half

that took place could not be recorded, and often the addresses were imperfectly taken down. It is also impossible to give any idea of the impression produced upon the circle by the beauty and refinement of some of the manifestations, or by the power and dignity of Emperor's influence and personality."

"Musk," of all perfumes, for "refinement"! I confess that the effect on me of Emperor's musk and other "properties," and so much of his utterances as I have cared to read, has been something like that of an ordinary service and sermon in a very "high" church. Whether such would be the effect on others, I don't know; and whether such an effect answers to one's spiritual needs is a personal matter.

At first one result of the effect on me was an impulse to relegate the whole thing to the limbo of buried superstitions. But then I reflected that, though Moses's manifestations don't happen to suit my tastes, a large portion of Mrs. Piper's, outside of those from the Emperor group, do, and that fact is to me an argument for their genuineness, though not a proof of it. Why, then, shouldn't the manifestations through Moses be suited to people of a different taste, of whom there are a great many more than of my taste, and some of whom, to judge by the portrait of Dr. and Mrs. Speer, and of Moses too, are certainly in some respects a great deal better people than I am?

If the order of nature really does permit communications with intelligences beyond our ordinary observation, there appears no reason why those communications should not be conformed to the tastes and capacities of the people participating in them, and should not be credited to spirits possessing, in the respective cases, congeniality with the mediums. People who like musk go to heaven, I suppose, as well as those who don't, and are just as apt to talk back to earth, and if Moses, with all his virtues, happened not only to like musk, but also to be a prig (I don't know well enough to say whether he was or not), why should not his intimates in the other world like musk, and be prigs too?

But Mrs. Piper was nothing of that kind, nor by a long shot was Hodgson, unless Emperor and his gang corrupted him toward the last of his life here, which, as will be seen, doesn't seem indicated by Hodgson's alleged post-mortem communications; and yet, as will also be seen, the Emperor group

(or at least some manifestations doubtfully professing to be they) swooped down on him and Mrs. Piper too.

Perhaps my distaste for all that sort of thing is abnormal. If so, I am of course not entitled to pass judgment. As the earth is big enough for all of us, so presumably will heaven be too, and the change in the twinkling of an eye probably will not be of all of us to the same pattern; and so the indication of there being a variety of patterns ought not to be taken as an argument that all the indications are fallacious.

Of what were the profundities which Imperator wrote through Moses, Myers gave little idea. I don't find the *Spirit Teachings* in which Moses chronicled them, a book over which I care to spend much time. I did give an evening to it, however, and found that it expresses the reactions of the soul of an Anglican clergyman with itself or kindred souls. For those who are fond of tracing the evolution of ideas of questionable present value, from primitive peoples down to the primitive-minded people to-day, the book may have interest and, possibly, value. But it will not do much for those who find the days microscopically short for keeping up with live interests.

Here is a fair enough sample. Perhaps you can find where the superhuman wisdom comes in: I can't. But I can find a good deal of old-fashioned anthropomorphism.

M. A. Oxon: *Spirit Teachings*, London, 1907, p. 16:

"The other, the philosopher, hampered by no theories of what ought to be, and what therefore must be—bound by no subservience to sectarian opinion, to the dogmas of a special school, free from prejudice, receptive of truth, whatever that truth may be, so it be proven—he seeks into the mysteries of Divine wisdom, and, searching, finds his happiness. He need have no fear of exhausting the treasures, they are without end. His joy throughout life shall be to gather ever richer stores of knowledge, truer ideas of God. The union of those two—the philanthropist and the philosopher—makes the perfect man. Those who unite the two, progress further than spirits who progress alone.

"*'His life,' you say. Is life eternal?*

"Yes; we have every reason to believe so. Life is of two stages—progressive and contemplative. We, who are still progressive, and who hope to progress for countless myriads of ages (as you say), after the farthest point to which your finite mind

can reach, we know naught of the life of contemplation. But we believe that far—far in the vast hereafter—there will be a period at which progressive souls will eventually arrive, when progress has brought them to the very dwelling-place of the Omnipotent, and that there they will lay aside their former state, and bask in the full light of Deity, in contemplation of all the secrets of the universe. Of this we cannot tell you. It is too high. Soar not to such vast heights. Life is unending, as you count it, but you are concerned with the approach to its threshold, not with the inner temple.

"Of course. Do you know more of God than you did on earth?"

"We know more of the operations of His love—more of the operations of that beneficent Power which controls and guides the worlds. We know of Him, but know Him not; nor shall know, as you would seek to know, until we enter on the life of contemplation. He is known to us only by His acts."

At the close of Myers's second paper on Moses, in Pr. XI, 113, he said: "At some future date, should my readers desire it, I shall hope to record some more of the Moses phenomena," but he did not, although before his death he had nearly six years to do it in.

So far, you may think the attention paid to Moses and his friends unjustified. But they appear again in some very puzzling ways.

Whoever or whatever the Emperor group may be, there is this important point regarding them: they were contrary to Moses's previous beliefs, and he fought and fought them until at last they overthrew his previous beliefs. And yet, those who fight the obvious implications of these strange experiences, and the vastly more obvious implications of experiences stranger still (some of which we shall learn later) say that these opinions contrary to his own, came from the deepest and best and wisest stratum of his own nature. So they say that a similar overturning in a dream, of a terribly dangerous opinion of my own, apparently by a discarnate person deeply interested in my welfare, was done by myself. My guess that all these are enlightened and led by the Cosmic Inflow may be absurd, any other guess may be absurd, but among all possible absurdities, can any other be as absurd as that the agency that contradicts and overthrows a man's deepest convictions is himself?

To go from Moses to the other heteromatists seems like going from a close room—an oriental close room—into the open air; and I say this despite a very vivid recollection, not altogether canny, of Mrs. Piper in trance: for I also remember the naturalness of her controls, contrasted with the stiltedness of those of Moses. To many of us a future life in their company would be a doubtful blessing; while with Mrs. Verrall's and Mrs. Holland's and Mrs. Piper's people, at least before Emperor and his entourage appeared among them, it would apparently retain whatever of attractiveness life has here, with immunity from many of its ills.

CHAPTER XXVI

DRAMATIC "POSSESSION" (?). EARLY CASES

WE now leave for a time the heteromatic writing form of apparent possession, and take up the dramatic form. We have records of apparent possession from far back of the Delphic priestess inspired or intoxicated by her subterranean fumes, down to our own time, and through varieties of priests and seers similarly affected by their favorite tipples or by hypnosis or auto-suggestion—or spirits, if you see fit to look at it in that way.

We will begin with a few cases in modern times previous to the records of the S. P. R.

As I have often said, there are no abrupt transitions in Nature.

Possession and telesthesia insensibly shade into each other. Which was Foster's experiencing the pain in the following? (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 146):

From the Melbourne *Argus*:

"I took a slip of paper, and holding it in my hand on a card, carefully concealed from other eyes than my own, wrote, 'Have you seen ——?' giving the name of a cousin of mine. . . . I folded the paper and handed it towards him. As soon as he touched it, and before it left my hand, he rejoined, 'She says she has seen ——, and what is more, he is here now. He is standing behind your chair.' And after a moment's pause he added, 'He was killed.' I said, 'Yes. How?' and was told to point privately to the letters of the alphabet on a card and the reply would be rapped out. I pointed and raps came at the letters DROW—at which moment Mr. Foster, who could not have seen what I was doing, put his hand suddenly on his side and exclaimed, 'What a pain! He was killed by a fall. And I have a vision of water—a fall in water,' the truth being that my cousin hurt his side in plunging into the St. George's Baths, Liverpool, and was drowned before it was suspected that he was doing more than indulging in a prolonged dive."

Here we reach apparently full possession (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 93):

From the *Sacramento Record*, December 8, 1873:

"Foster at one time seized A.'s hand, exclaiming, 'God bless you, my dear boy, my son. I am thankful I at last may speak to you. I want you to know I am your father, who loved you in life and loves you still. I am near to you; a thin veil alone separates us. Good-by. I am your father, Abijah A——.'

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed A., 'that was my father's name, his tone, his manner, his action.'

"'And,' said Foster, 'it was a good influence; he was a man of large veneration.'"

I said that the above indicated possession. But it is not possession to the extent of complete expulsion of the original consciousness, as in the trances of Home, Moses, and Mrs. Piper.

And which is the following? (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 103):

"[Letter to editor, written Nov. 30, 1874]

"New York *Daily Graphic*:... He told me he saw the spirit of an old woman close to me, describing most perfectly my grandmother, and repeating: 'Resodeda, Resodeda is here; she kisses her grandson.' Arising from his chair, Foster embraced and kissed me in the same peculiar way as my grandmother did when alive."

But here the possession seems complete (Bartlett, *op. cit.*, 140). From the Melbourne *Daily Age*:

"Mr. Foster... in answer to the question, What he died of? suddenly interrupted, 'Stay, this spirit will enter and possess me,' and instantaneously his whole body was seized with quivering convulsions, the eyes were introverted, the face swelled, and the mouth and hands were spasmodically agitated. Another change, and there sat before me the counterpart of the figure of my departed friend, stricken down with complete paralysis, just as he was on his death-bed. The transformation was so life-like, if I may use the expression, that I fancied I could detect the very features and physiognomical changes that passed across the visage of my dying friend. The kind of paralysis was exactly represented, with the palsied hand extended to me to shake, as in the case of the original. Mr. Foster recovered himself when I touched it, and he said in reply to one of my companions that he had completely lost his own identity during the fit, and felt like waves of water flowing all over his body, from the crown downwards."

Here is a still more remarkable case from Stillman (*op. cit.*, I, 192). The medium was, I believe, the one in the heteromatic writing already taken from Stillman. The possession seems to have been throughout free from trance.

"I asked Harvey [the control, Stillman's cousin. H.H.] if he had seen old Turner, the landscape painter, since his death, which had taken place not very long before. The reply was 'Yes,' and I then asked what he was doing, the reply being a pantomime of painting. I then asked if Harvey could bring Turner there, to which the reply was, 'I do not know; I will go and see,' upon which Miss A. said, 'This influence [Harvey's. H.H.] is going away—it is gone'; and after a short pause added, 'There is another influence coming, in that direction,' pointing over her left shoulder. 'I don't like it,' and she shuddered slightly, but presently sat up in her chair with a most extraordinary personation of the old painter in manner, in the look out from under the brow and the pose of the head. It was as if the ghost of Turner, as I had seen him at Griffiths's, sat in the chair, and it made my flesh creep to the very tips of my fingers, as if a spirit sat before me. Miss A. exclaimed, 'This influence has taken complete possession of me, as none of the others did. I am obliged to do what it wants me to.' I asked if Turner would write his name for me, to which she replied by a sharp, decided negative sign. I then asked if he would give me some advice about my painting, remembering Turner's kindly invitation and manner when I saw him. This proposition was met by the same decided negative, accompanied by the fixed and sardonic stare which the girl had put on at the coming of the new influence. This disconcerted me, and I then explained to my brother what had been going on, as, the questions being mental, he had no clue to the pantomime. I said that as an influence which purported to be Turner was present, and refused to answer any questions, I supposed there was nothing more to be done.

"But Miss A. still sat unmoved and helpless, so we waited. Presently she remarked that the influence wanted her to do something she knew not what, only that she had to get up and go across the room, which she did with the feeble step of an old man. She crossed the room and took down from the wall a colored French lithograph, and, coming to me, laid it on the table before me, and by gesture called my attention to it. She then went through the pantomime of stretching a sheet of paper on a drawing-board, then that of sharpening a lead pencil, following it up by tracing the outlines of the subject in the lithograph. Then followed in similar pantomime the choosing of a water-color pencil, noting carefully the necessary fineness of the point, and then the washing-in of a drawing, broadly.

Miss A. seemed much amused by all this, but as she knew nothing of drawing she understood nothing of it. Then with the pencil and her pocket handkerchief she began taking out the lights, 'rubbing-out,' as the technical term is. This seemed to me so contrary to what I conceived to be the execution of Turner that I interrupted with the question, 'Do you mean to say that Turner rubbed out his lights?' to which she gave the affirmative sign. I asked further if in a drawing which I then had in my mind, the well-known 'Llanthony Abbey,' the central passage of sunlight and shadow through rain was done in that way, and she again gave the affirmative reply, emphatically. I was so firmly convinced to the contrary that I was now persuaded that there was a simulation of personality, such as was generally the case with the public mediums, and I said to my brother, who had not heard any of my questions [He says above that they were mental. H.H.], that this was another humbug, and then repeated what had passed, saying that Turner could not have worked in that way.

"Six weeks later I sailed for England, and, on arriving in London, I went at once to see Ruskin, and told him the whole story. He declared the contrariness manifested by the medium to be entirely characteristic of Turner, and had the drawing in question down for examination. We scrutinized it closely, and both recognized beyond dispute that the drawing had been executed in the way that Miss A. indicated. Ruskin advised me to send an account of the affair to the *Cornhill*, which I did; but it was rejected, as might have been expected in the state of public opinion at that time, and I can easily imagine Thackeray putting it into the basket in a rage.

"I offer no interpretation of the facts which I have here recorded, but I have no hesitation in saying that they completed and fixed my conviction of the existence of invisible and independent intelligences to which the phenomena were due."

To me they seem the nearest I have come to a communication of something not known to any earthly intelligence, and yet it *may* have been so known.

CHAPTER XXVII

PRELIMINARY REGARDING THE S. P. R. SITTINGS

It is again one of the classifications whose inevitable arbitrariness I have harped upon to illustrate the unity of things, that now places before us as a separate category the sittings of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Thompson, and a few others. I prefer to use the space mainly for the two named, as the best. Their manifestations were in trance, and though the voice no longer takes part, gestures still do in a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Piper's sittings for communications in response to ordinary human interests, with scientific experiment only as incidental, are reported in Pr. VI, VIII, XIII, XIV, XVI, XXIII, and XXIV. Sittings with special view to cross-correspondence—and very tedious sittings most of them are, though productive in response to close study—are reported in XXII and XXIV. Cross-correspondences are two or more “messages” through different sensitives which are meaningless taken separately, but significant when taken together. Such cases seem to prove a mind outside of the sensitive's. More of Mrs. Piper's sittings are reported for the first time in Chapters XXVIII and XXXVI of the present work.

Mrs. Thompson's sittings are reported in Pr. XVII and XVIII.

The principal features that set the S. P. R. sittings apart from others are that they are

(a) better reported, sometimes stenographically, and always at least by competent and trained observers taking notes, or by the medium's own script;

(b) better guarded against fraud, though in the light of the vast evidence accumulated during the last thirty years, bothering with the idea of deliberate fraud, even in the primitively authenticated cases of Foster and Moses, seems silly;

(c) with the possible exception of my Chapters XXVIII and XXXVI, infinitely better edited and commented upon.

Since 1882 these matters, previously neglected, have received the closest attention of some of the best minds in both hemispheres;

(*d*) evoked by vastly better sitters—largely the editors and commentators above referred to;

(*e*) emanating from vastly better alleged controls—whether actual personalities or appropriate and suggestive memories in the minds of survivors. Latterly they profess to be many of the eminent sitters alluded to—of course after their deaths. Among the recent alleged controls have been not only Moses himself, Myers, and Hodgson, but also the equally high intelligences of “George Pelham,” Gurney, and Sidgwick, who had not been habitual sitters. There have been from these controls and others, sittings which in number, variety, verisimilitude, and dramatic quality are as much superior to other sittings as illumination from the sun is superior to that from the moon.

The mediums, as already indicated, vary very much in effectiveness, just as all machines for communication vary—their capacity is evolved to different degrees of efficiency, just as all faculties are, and the communications therefore, and for other reasons, vary in clearness, consecutiveness, and intelligibility.

The degree of success seems to depend partly upon the condition of the medium and the atmosphere, but much more upon the character of the sitter. The mediumistic faculty needs sympathy and co-operation. The sitter and the medium are a pair striving for a result. If we are studying what is done by pairs in racing, or tennis, or golf, or duet-music, or telepathic communication, there is no use, except for expert study, in spending time with pairs who do badly. From this point of view, in the examination we are about to make, we may as well confine our attention to what comes to good sitters from good mediums. But there is also the point of view of the man who “wants to see both sides,” and I shall try to meet his just requirements.

In the early days the need of sympathy was held symptomatic of fraud. The time for that is past.

Perhaps as a result of the conditions, many of the communications fall below the intelligence of the alleged spirits

while they were in the body; often they contradict what would be expected of the spirits; and often they are sheer nonsense. All this is no worse than might reasonably be expected even if the communications were (or are) genuine.

Sir William Crookes says (*Researches*, pp. 84-5) :

“A third error is that the medium must select his own circle of friends and associates at a *séance*; that these friends must be thorough believers in the truth of whatever doctrine the medium enunciates; and that *conditions* are imposed on any person present of an investigating turn of mind, which entirely preclude accurate observation and facilitate trickery and deception. In reply to this I can state that...I have chosen my own circle of friends, have introduced any hard-headed unbeliever whom I pleased, and have generally imposed my own terms, which have been carefully chosen to prevent the possibility of fraud.”

Directly counter to this, Moses testifies (Pr. IX, 259) :

“We had ventured on one occasion, contrary to direction, to add to our circle a strange member. Some trivial phenomena occurred, but the usual controlling spirit did not appear. When next we sat, he came; and probably none of us will easily forget the sledge-hammer blows with which he smote the table. The noise was distinctly audible in the room below, and gave one the idea that the table would be broken to pieces. In vain we withdrew from the table, hoping to diminish the power. The heavy blows increased in intensity, and the whole room shook with their force. The direst penalties were threatened if we again interfered with the development by bringing in new sitters. We have not ventured to do so again; and I do not think we shall easily be persuaded to risk another similar objurgation.”

But later we read of several people joining the circle at different times in peace and quietness!! Translation to the spirit world(?) does not seem to make us angels of consistency all at once, though perhaps in Moses's case, as in so many others, time may have changed conditions.

When several good witnesses swear they saw something remarkable done, the production of a thousand other good witnesses who saw it tried in vain means little, and means less in proportion to the supposed difficulty and rarity of the act—*unless* they can prove their experience the only genuine experience, and the opposite experience the result of fraud

or misapprehension. The fraud question, however, in connection with most of the phenomena I have bothered with or shall bother with, is simply out of date.

It follows, extreme as the statement will first appear, that except so far as the negative sittings directly tend to explain away the positive ones, they are negligible. Yet I wish to present the negative side as strongly as I can without boring you with repeated quotations of uninteresting and resultless matter. But I wish to emphasize the fact that, although poor sittings are probably less apt to be reported than effective ones, they do appear in the reports pretty often—perhaps a tenth of the total; and this notwithstanding that successful sitters are apt to return often, while unsuccessful ones are not.

I also wish to emphasize that in some cases the attempts to “explain away” bear a very fair aspect of success, though candor compels me to say that they often seem to me more improbable than the flat-footed spiritistic hypothesis which I began by scouting, and which I am not yet ready to accept.

I wish, too, to be distinctly understood as admitting telepathy from the sitter wherever that will serve, and teloteropathy from other incarnate minds wherever there is room for it.

And finally I wish to state that the tests perhaps most ingeniously devised and generally regarded as most crucial, of which we shall meet the details later—the reading after death, through the medium, of sealed letters prepared by the communicator before death, have failed in the two reported cases, and that such reading does not, for any reason that I can see, appear more difficult than other feats performed by or through the medium. This, however, I take to be mainly an argument against accounting for the phenomena by teleopsis.

This test was once regarded by a good many as final against the survival of the author of the letter. It is certainly final against his ability and inclination, if he survive, to communicate matter that from our point of view should be as easy to him as other matter which he or the medium does communicate, except in the vital point that the contents of the letter can be proved not to be in the mind of any living person, while of little or nothing else in the matter com-

municated through the medium, can that be proved. The alternatives then are: (I) If the writer can't tell what he did himself for the express purpose of telling it if he should survive, he did not survive; (II) he did survive, as shown by many other proofs, but there are insurmountable obstacles to his giving the proof in question. Of this more later.

The circumstances under which the controls appear are very various. We have had some indications of them already, but they will grow much more distinct as we go on. In many of the most important sittings there are ostensibly gathered around the medium several "personalities," of whom generally one acts as spokesman, or writer, for the others, though the others sometimes speak or write for themselves. Who shall be the spokesman seems to be determined by the natural selection of some "person" of superior experience or intimacy with the medium. "He" often professes to repeat verbatim, and it is not always possible to tell whether the alleged communication is to be taken as direct or indirect.

Thus Mrs. Piper, for the earlier part of her mediumship, was generally controlled by an alleged French physician calling himself Dr. Phinuit, who spoke for "everybody," but she appeared gradually to come more readily under the immediate control of any "personality" who wished to communicate, though as Phinuit gradually disappeared, part of his place was inherited by George Pelham and also by Rector, professedly one of the Emperor group with whom we have already become acquainted in connection with Stainton Moses; and Emperor himself occasionally took a hand.

Mrs. Thompson is generally under the ostensible control of her daughter Nelly, who died in infancy, but has been growing up. (?)

Since the deaths of Gurney, Myers, and Hodgson, they have ostensibly controlled very freely, the automatic writings of Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Holland, and Miss Rawson being almost dominated by them.

The sittings, recorded but not printed by the S. P. R., are announced to be largely incoherent and insignificant. But not a few too intimate for publication are, for that very reason, more impressive than anything that has been published. Even from those published, of course I can

give but fragments; and at best one who has read and re-read thousands of pages of records of sittings and comments thereupon can hardly pick out the few hundred pages most worth boiling down for one who has read but little. The difficulties of the task are greatly increased by the editors and commentators having more generally had in mind their fellow-students than the average uninitiated reader.

There are at least two obvious ways in which this material can be presented. In *Human Personality* Myers, who had but half of the present accumulation to select from, strung his on the thread of his theories, and used it in advocacy of them. To do this, of course, he had to select here and there without regard to chronological sequence.

I have preferred to attempt an outline by approximately consecutive specimens from the Pr. S. P. R. and a few other records. Myers's method has advantages for propagandism which this has not; but this has enabled me to present what perhaps I may call the Piper drama—the appearing, manifestations, and disappearing of her principal “controls,” Phinuit and G. P., and her relations with Myers and Hodgson living and with their alleged personalities when they had ceased to “live.” From this chronological presentation, perhaps you can better decide whether, in the later manifestations, those personalities were mere memories—or refrain from deciding.

My method of presentation has also left me absolutely untrammelled by any theory, except what has grown up during the work itself. This condition has probably enabled me to present both sides more fairly than I could otherwise have done.

It is tantalizing to be able to give only such small scraps of the reports: they must afford a very inadequate notion not merely of the variety of the phenomena, but of the impressions pro and con. The matter I had selected as desirable for conveying even the impression worth attempting here, was about twice as much as I can give room.

It is of course desirable that interested readers should be able to roam at will through the Pr. S. P. R., and even readers who have not them within reach, can practically do so at moderate expense. A full set up to 1912 would cost well over

a hundred dollars, but nearly all the volumes consist of several "Parts," and these can be bought separately in paper at not over a dollar and a half each. The American agents are the W. B. Clarke Company of Boston. If you want fuller details of any topic than are given here, by naming to the agents the volume and page cited, you will enable them to send you the Part. My naming the Part as well as the volume and page containing each citation, would be a nuisance to us both.

The sittings themselves soon become borous, but the treatment of them by the various editors is generally interesting, and nearly all literature of a very high order. As I have re-read and re-read it since making the first draft of this book, the inadequacy and injustice to the whole subject of what I can give here, has been doubly borne in upon me, and I should be tempted to suppress it if it were possible otherwise to urge readers to the sources from which I have drawn, if there were any chance that even when so urged, those getting an inadequate notion here would seek the vastly better one there, and if (the reason perhaps of least worth) it were not for features on which I have dwelt when my predecessors have not. In case you may care for fuller, and in many ways vastly better, treatment of the sittings, let me recommend you, in the order given (not necessarily that of merit, but approximately that of interest to the lay reader) to the following papers from which I have but briefly abstracted—Hodgson's report in Part (not Volume) XXXIII; James's in Part LVIII, and Piddington's (on Mrs. Thompson) in Part XLVII. The editorial matter in all these is very full, and of very high rank even as literature alone. Perhaps merely as sittings, the Junot series (the last which I abstract) in Part LXI are the most interesting of all. The editorial matter there is very good as far as it goes, but to go very far would have been superfluous, as there were few points not adequately treated by the editors of sittings previously published. Next in interest to most intelligent readers—perhaps indeed greater than any other part to one who has read the first two I have named, is Mrs. Verrall's admirable account of her own and Mrs. Holland's automatic writing, which fills all of Vol. XX. This too is of high value as literature.

A little patient practice will be needed in reading the

records, partly because they are reported in so many ways, notes of sittings having been kept by various people in various forms. I have found it impracticable to reduce them to uniformity. The words of the "controls" uttered or written by (or through?) the medium, in some cases are not set off by any sign. This is often unfortunate, especially where the medium's utterances are jumbled up in the same paragraph with those of the sitters in parenthesis, and of various commentators in brackets.

Professor Newbold says (Pr. XIV, 8) :

"The reader will observe that 'yes' and 'no' are often written when no questions are recorded. This is due to the fact that, the writing being exceedingly illegible and coming very rapidly, the sitter reads aloud with a slight interrogatory inflection at any convenient resting point, as at the end of a sheet or at an apparent pause in the sense. To this the writer responds with 'yes' or 'no,' to show whether he is being correctly understood. If these utterances are, as I believe them to be, entirely severed from the normal consciousness of Mrs. Piper, they as truly reveal to us a new world of mind as the microscope reveals a new world of matter."

Moreover, there are not infrequent grammatical errors that divert the attention. I have thought best not to correct any of them. Some may be misprints; some from inadequate memoranda or stenographic reports; some from indistinctness of heteromatic script; some may be due to the heteromatists (though if any occurred in the script of the highly educated ones, they were probably edited out); but I feel disposed to take them as slips of the alleged communicators, even when they professed to be such high and mighty personages as the Emperor group. This is especially the case where those personages tried thee-ing and thou-ing, and slipped up on the "number" of their pronouns and verbs. This of course tends to make them out as at least partly the products of the imagination of a medium unpractised in such language; and it does not seem greatly to stretch consistency to assume that they might be genuine personages, and their reported language subjected to a coloring from the channel through which it comes.

Editors have often found difficulty in separating the words of different controls: they appear to interrupt each other,

and sometimes there seems to be a veritable struggle among them for possession of the medium. It is therefore not always easy (or possible, for that matter) for even the practised reader to get the meaning clearly. I have risked straining the patience of such readers by continuing my own interpolations intended to help the novice. I hope none of them will appear too banal. They are, as hitherto, in square brackets and followed by my initials, and should be discriminated from other notes in square brackets by sitters or other editors.

I realize that these frequent interruptions are apt to become a nuisance to some readers whose sympathy I should be very sorry to lose,—especially to those who are already in the habit of reading sittings and interpreting for themselves. But, to lay readers generally, for whom especially I write, they are apt to be serviceable, even if at the expense of some annoyance. I hope I have not made the reports of sittings more tedious than they naturally are, by the attempted help I have interjected.

Like some other writings, accounts of sittings should be taken in moderate instalments, especially if they are read seriously, in order that the mind may be keen for all the indications, for or against. And after you get through, if you are reasonable, as of course *you* are, you will find it a matter of incontrovertible indications both ways.

Don't feel discouraged by the sitting given first: probably it is given more in detail and with less editing into smoothness, than the later ones.

If you find yourself inclined to stop, don't before you have tried skipping, and looked into the Junot sittings, which are the last.

I have intentionally repeated a good many of my own comments, and unintentionally not a few, but it hardly seems worth while to fish them out, especially as the reasons sufficiently sound, I trust, for the deliberate repetitions, will probably in some degree hold good—so far as they may be good at all—for the accidental ones.

All the sittings published have, of course, had editors, and remarks by the editors are of course frequently injected into the reports. Sometimes when, in the course of a sitting, the editor speaks *in propria persona*, and there seems danger of

ambiguity, I prefix his initial to the paragraph. Keep this in mind, or you will occasionally be puzzled.

The controls say that not all of them can communicate through any known medium, and that some can communicate through some mediums but not through others. Often one of them who claims that he cannot communicate through the medium then present, professes to make his communication to another "spirit," who delivers it through the medium. Phinuit, George Pelham, and Rector are the most frequent intermediaries.

I want to say at the outset that if we are to consider as evidential of spiritism only facts not possibly known by any incarnate intelligence, the sittings do not seem to me worth taking into account. Not only do the indications pro and con too nearly offset each other; but, as has often been said, the only accessible proof of a statement is in some incarnate mind, and all such proof must open up the suspicion of telepathy, or at the worst teloteropathy.

Therefore I give the extracts from the records of sittings not so much for their "evidential" value as for whatever indication they may contain that the things said, no matter whether facts or falsities, are said by substantially the personalities claiming to say them—for whatever they may show of (a) the habits of mind and turns of expression of the alleged communicator; (b) emotions, initiative, response beyond the reach of telepathy; and (c) growth in the alleged communicator's character from the sittings of one year to those of later years. The question is whether these are in kind and degree sufficiently identical with the personalities alleged. If they are, the facts or falsities communicated seem to me of minor consequence. On the other hand, if the personalities communicating the facts or falsities lack individuality and vraisemblance, they may all be summed up as the medium and the sitter; and the facts or falsities summed up as successful or unsuccessful telepsychoses from incarnate minds.

What indications of personal identity the records contain, cannot be fairly indicated in half a dozen sittings. Yet, outside of the Pr. S. P. R. and Myers's bulky volumes, they have been very lightly treated by anybody. Podmore in his big and

important two-volume work, devotes to them less than twenty pages. I shall give them some hundreds—enough, I hope, to give a fair outline of the Piper drama.

The impressions made upon me by the various phenomena, I have given pretty much as they occurred. They often contradict each other flatly, but, as will be seen, out of the mass of confusion, some elements gradually preponderated and shaped themselves into a theory which at last grew pretty firm and distinct, but of course I hold it only tentatively. But after the revolutions that have come within less than a century, how many opinions will it do to hold in any other way?

I for one find agreeable the change from the close overstimulated atmosphere of Moses into the often prosy paths but natural human interests usually brought before us by Mrs. Piper. Her controls generally profess to be ordinary people seeking communication with friends they have left behind. Whether she really gives that communication or not, she gives an astonishing semblance of it, and with a verisimilitude and vastness of detail that place her in a class apart.

Mrs. Piper differs from many of the heteromatists in that her writing is in trance. In the early part of her career her vocal organs were used by several controls, each with a special voice and enunciation, but that has gradually disappeared, and for many years she has manifested only by writing and gesture. No other heteromatist's scripts, not even Mrs. Verrall's, have been scrutinized by as many careful and competent students as Mrs. Piper's, and perhaps none have impressed people as strongly with the conviction that they emanate from a life beyond ours.

In one sense they say very little, and reiterate that little *ad nauseam*; but the little is said by so many ostensible personalities, and in such a number of different connections, as to produce probably more dramatic variety, so far as mere variety goes, than ever before was expressed through a single human being. But what is said contains nothing that could be uttered only by a soul suddenly admitted to vast superhuman knowledge, as the old theories assumed the postcarnate soul to be. An error in those theories, however, is no argument against the present manifestations.

So far as regards the Pr. S. P. R., the cheap stage scenery and inflated conversation borrowed from all sorts of mythologies, and attributed by most of the early "mediums" to the life beyond earth, Mrs. Piper has little use for, although she did descend a good way into both when, about midway in her career, Stainton Moses, postcarnate, turned up with his grandiloquent friends *Imperator & Co.* Mrs. Piper describes little scenery, and her people, while uttering many incoherences, outside of *Imperator & Co.*, talk little coherent nonsense, and in their conversations with the sitters are as true to nature as anybody; and this is probably the strongest support for the belief that the communications are from actual personalities.

But since the foregoing paragraph was in type Professor Newbold has intrusted to me some records of sittings not reported in the Pr. S. P. R., that call for modifications of this statement. They will be discussed in Chapter XXXVI.

I want finally to repeat again that the sittings tend soon to become borous, but I hope that some readers who do not care to study them may be repaid for skipping through them: many quotations of interesting comment are scattered among them, and a general knowledge of them is essential to understanding anything that may be worth while, if there is anything worth while, in the speculations which follow them.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MRS. PIPER: AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE

As in Telekinesis and Telepathy, I began, for the reasons there given, with my own experience; for the same reasons, I run counter to chronology to present a sitting I had with Mrs. Piper in 1894. It was a typical Piper séance of the period. Although it was not printed in the Pr. S. P. R. because I was then too busy and procrastinating to revise the copy which Hodgson sent me, it has some special points worth noting, and in general can serve as a text for expounding many of the points of mediumism. One special point is that it is one of the sittings when Mrs. Piper *both* spoke and wrote automatically—before she ceased the former, and after she began the latter.

Mrs. Piper's psychic manifestations in an ordinary sitting are much more complex than Foster's were, but so far as I know, she has not, like him, given telekinetic ones. In fact telekinesis appears for the time to be under a cloud. I have read no account of it from an English medium since Home and Moses, though Eusapia Palladino still has her adherents, of whom I am one as far as the lion's skin goes, but of late it seems to have been shrinking, and the fox's to be expanding. This slowing up in telekinetic phenomena, however, is probably nothing but an illustration of the law of the rhythm of motion. But to return to Mrs. Piper and Foster. While the impressions of both were obviously due to some sensibility not yet evolved in people generally, Mrs. Piper, while appearing a person much more susceptible to spiritual impressions (whatever that may mean), in her own personality had, in a sense, nothing to do with the matter. Foster expressed *himself*, giving an account of what *he* saw and felt, while she abolished herself, appearing to move her own personality from her body, giving place to other apparent personalities who expressed *themselves* through her vocal

organs, gestures, and writing. What they did, did not seem to pass through her consciousness, and the apparent passage of their consciousnesses through her organism involved some disturbance in it. Mrs. Piper was in a trance, the passage of the communications distorting her face, changing her voice, and seeming to affect her whole being. Foster, on the contrary, appeared as wide awake, intelligent, and cheerful as people generally are in ordinary conversation. He remarked, after perhaps an hour or an hour and a half, that he was feeling a little tired. Mrs. Piper, on coming out of the trance after perhaps an hour, was somewhat exhausted. This, however, was not the case some years later, as will appear.

Mrs. Piper did not know who I was, unless Hodgson had told her, and I am confident he had not. There was a good chance for her to read about me from his mind, as he knew me well, but *she read next to nothing that he knew!*

Before we began, Hodgson placed some sheets of paper and pencils on a small table within reach of Mrs. Piper, and others on the mantel east of the table for his own memoranda. Mrs. Piper and I sat facing each other on the west side of the table. Hodgson moved to and fro between the table and the mantel.

She did not hold my hand. Early in her career, as recorded in many places, she seems to have held her sitter's hands through the whole séance, but gradually she came not to touch the sitter at all. The change appears to have come some time between '89 and '96. When that change took place, the suggestions of "muscle reading" in her case, made by Mr. Podmore and others, were disposed of.

In the early reports are also several allusions to the séance room being darkened. That, too, had become outgrown before my sitting, and with it, of course, the deductions of fraud naturally drawn from it.

After we had been seated a minute or two, Mrs. Piper's eyeballs rolled upward, her face became slightly convulsed, and she began talking in a rough voice not her own. As I remember, the voice at first affected me as if it were coming from a statue, but I soon got used to it. She was apparently

“under the control” of Phinuit, an alleged French physician, with whom readers of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research are well acquainted, and whom I will later introduce more at length to others.

At times there seemed to be changes of control not noted in the report. I attempt to note such, and have essayed a few other incidental improvements. These notes are sometimes interpolated in square brackets, with my initials, but often in the separate paragraphs and in the larger type of the author's usual part of the book.

Below are given Hodgson's notes of what was said, and exact transcripts of what was written. The reader new to the subject should know that alleged communications through alleged mediums generally come with apparent difficulty—a sort of stammering or feeling for words, and considerable confusion. Literal reproductions, despite such inserted elucidations as may be practical, are not very smooth reading. The confusion is attributed by some to the medium's delays in “fishing” for intimations from sitters; by others to difficulties inherent in the case, especially with inexperienced controls.

All these elements of confusion might suggest to one reading for the first time well annotated notes of a sitting, that he is examining a photograph of chaos and old night. As I have already cautioned, patience is needed not only for understanding the notes, but for estimating them as evidence.

Don't let the difficulty of the following sitting discourage you regarding the later ones. They are apparently much more freely “edited,” and are much easier reading.

Sitting of April 8, 1894

Present, Richard Hodgson, Henry Holt. Notes by Hodgson.

“Phinuit speaking. [See Note 1, at end of sitting, p. 390.] ‘Came all the way from spirit to see you. Want to tell you something about yourself. That gentleman [referring to Sitter] has spirits around him all the time. He don't believe it, but *he's a medium.*’”

Later indications tend to verify this, but I have not tried to increase them: I have been too busy, and have wanted to keep a level head—as far as I can.

"Sitter.—'You don't know me, do you?' Ph.—'I have never met you before.' G. P. [breaking in]—'Awful scrape over here. Want you to help me out. A. [assumed initial] is in a dangerous condition.' Ph. [explaining] 'G. P. wants to speak to you. He knows you.'"

G. P. is the "George Pelham" well known to readers of the Pr. S. P. R., whom I will more fully introduce to others later. When living he was a friend of mine as well as of Hodgson, and of my friend indicated by the pseudo initial A.

"S. 'All right.'"

Here G. P. "assumed control" of the medium—so Hodgson's notes say, but possibly "Phinuit" reported for him. I cannot remember now whether there was a change of voice.

"G. P.—'I'd like to know where Mabel is, and who the dickens is that? Do you know what I mean?' S.—'Mabel? No.' G. P.—'A.'s in a critical state. He's not himself now. He's terribly depressed.' S.—'Can you tell anything [more] about A.?' G. P.—'Friend of yours in body.' S.—'Of Hodgson?' [This question and the following seem to have been mild "tests": I knew the man well. H.H.] G. P.—'Yes.' S.—'Did I ever know him?' G. P.—'Yes you knew him very well. You're connected with him.' S.—'Through whom?' G. P.—'Do you know any B.?' [assumed initial. H.H.] S.—'Are A. and I connected through B.?' G. P.—'Write to B. and he'll tell you all about it.'" [See Note 2.]

It turned out later that A. actually was low in his mind, and that B., whom nobody present knew, *was* trying to get him diverting occupation. This was found, too, to be a case of cross-correspondence.

None of these circumstances were known to anybody present, *but* they were known to other minds "in the body," and hence the medium's utterance of them is open to the interpretation of teloteropathy. Similar instances are not rare.

"G. P. [apparently: notes are uncertain] continued. 'Somebody wants to come in here. There's a lady with you [natural, but probably I willed a change of subject. The mediums generally respond promptly to such willing.] Go on writing, it will help you.' [This may be taken to have referred to some literary work on which I was engaged.] G. P.—'You're going away. Don't go to sleep. Wake up and talk to me.

[Repeated in two or three ways.] Au revoir! I'll see you later.'"

Here Mrs. Piper's right hand began reaching and grasping, and Hodgson put a pencil in it. She wrote continuously in a very large sprawling, irregular hand. Among other passages were those given below. The omitted ones are confused. My part of the dialogue was probably (it was nearly eighteen years before this writing) put by Hodgson on each sheet as the medium went to the next, and the whole revised by me in the typewritten copy which he sent. Before going to press I paraphrase and punctuate a little, though at danger of forcing intelligibility. The explanatory or suggestive comments of Hodgson or myself are in rectangular brackets, mainly from notes made at the time.

At the risk of discouraging you, and the certainty of presenting the material of the sittings in a disadvantageous form, I have concluded to let it stand with all its obscurities and eccentricities, edited only by comment. The S. P. R. reports are generally selections with the mold marks smoothed away, but you may care for a specimen of the unmitigated thing, even at the cost of extra hard reading.

"G. P.—'And how are you? G. P. G. P. [signature repeated] I am not dead. How are you H.? [evidently referring to me, whose initial Mrs. Piper did not know.] I am glad to see him. Come and speak. Watson help those fingers. [Reference to Watson (unknown) suggests similarity of sound to Hodgson—Medium's fingers cramped.] Too bad about A. I am sorry for him. I have however [been] a help to him. I am here. Carlton [unknown] is a—. I see you H. [Sitter] speak to me.' S.—'Can you hear well?' G. P.—'Not clearly H. I'll get in stronger in a moment. All O.K. H. we will be O.K. in a moment...how is W—?' [A living acquaintance of G. P. and myself, but seldom in my mind, certainly not then, but whom G. P. in the flesh or spirit, would very naturally ask about. He was not known to Mrs. Piper or Hodgson. H.H.] S.—'First-rate, I think.' G. P.—'Good. Can't I help him don't you think? How are you getting on with your writing old man? Can't I help you?'"

Apparently referring to my literary work aforesaid. This desire to help is constantly manifested by G. P., and is, on the whole, more characteristic of those in the alleged new life—certainly of G. P.—than in this life.

"G. P.—'I think he is going across water.' S.—'Do you mean I am?' G. P.—'No F. J. [a common friend not in my mind at the time] [undeciph.].' S.—'Will you answer me a question?' G. P.—'Yes I should be pleased.' S.—'Will you tell me what you think of that talk last night?' [A controversial talk on philosophic subjects at the Century Club table, as I remember, in which Hodgson and I had participated.] G. P.—'Nonsense.' [Possibly medium telepathically gave my own impression. The hand motioned to me not to speak, and the written answers anticipated what I thought of saying.] G. P.—'I know what you would ask, so will, yes I. Baby nonsense or talk this is my well.' S.—'It made me tired.' G. P.—'So it does me and it is rubbish. Rubbish don't bother your clear brain about such trash...if it moves at...thanks [probably for assistance with pencil]...if it moves at all it will only talk baby talk...yes tell him he goes to B — [unrecognized now] and hears nonsense.' H.—'Now tell him.' S.—'She reads my mind like a book' [referring to medium]. G. P.—'Not out of your mind old chap you mistake it concerns E. G. and yours truly.'

"S.—[to Hodgson] 'Do you know who E. G. is?' [Writing resumed.] G. P.—'Perfectly. Oh, yes, Edmund Gurney. He was there and tried to get... (when was it?) the impression where you dined where D.?' S.—'Dined?' [Referring to occasion of aforesaid talk.] G. P.—'Yes. Yes.' S.—'You think it was nonsense?' G. P.—'Exactly. Rightly named, yes. This is what I am trying to tell you my good friend: your clear brain ought to clear up such nonsense.' S.—[or possibly Hodgson] 'But you held the mind-stuff theory yourself.' G. P.—'Well, mind stuff theory is all right when put on a clear basis...no...but I want to keep you fellows on the right track, you certainly understand me very well considering you know me so little in my present state...yes...very...perfectly only I find it a little difficult to express my thoughts through this protoplasm. [Note 3.] Exactly...yes...evolution...yes...' S.—'What can you tell me about A.?' G. P.—'All about him.' S.—'Are you troubled about him?' G. P.—'Not exactly troubled, yet I am afraid he has a mood of depression at the present time which is not entirely satisfactory, think so, H.?...What about your work? are you clearing up weather any matters [matters?] and how about cosmical weather. [This was on G. P.'s mind especially in connection with Hodgson who was present, but I don't know that he had ever discussed it with me]...Philosophy.' [Topics I was working on.] S.—'Can you tell me my name?' G. P.—'Yes, I will surprise, I will surprise you in a moment by telling you old chap just who you are.'"

This illustrates one of the most perplexing and frequent

features of mediumistic communications. If the medium was simply reading my mind, why shouldn't she promptly read so clear and simple a thing as my own name, especially as, on the telepathic hypothesis, she was reading much foggier and more complex things? Her not doing so, and numberless similar cases, make very strongly against the telepathic hypothesis. But on the spiritistic hypothesis, why should my old friend delay giving my name, and end without giving it at all? When at last it was given (see below) it was by my ostensible remote cousin, who never saw me. Still the surname was his own.

"G. P. [continuing]—'I am also [?] talking baby talk... yes... what about the one and the many, the many and the one. [Same true as regards "cosmical weather." See above]... yes, I will here... do you believe in telepathy? A AUR [substituted letters, harking back to A.'s troubles.] Yes... and will be the instigator, hear you me? Where is [undeciph.] Verm [?] yes... yes... tell me I must clear up these things H. I know. Give me time and I'll explain all, don't worry me, do you... D... e too bad.'"

The writing here became very hurried and confused, apparently from the attempted intrusion of my young cousin, Albert, who had lately been drowned, and who now seemed to appear and want to communicate.

"G. P. [apparently to my cousin].—'I'll tell him... yes in a moment, did you... oh, I can't hear you [apparently a child of mine breaks in here and is addressed by G. P.] well dear, come along... Papa... who is Roy [?] Ray yes... all... yes... but there is a child here' [I had lost children, and willed the medium to stop impersonating them, and she left the subject. Note 4]. G. P.—'and a young Hall [effort, as appears later, for Holt] who passed out of [the body?] by drowning [My cousin. I never saw him] the young man is, he died, as you term it, by drowning, and his name is Alfred' [wrong, but corrected later.] S.—'What's his other name?' G. P.—'Am telling you can't you wait? Hackett. G. [or J.] Alfred... what... Hackett... yes... all I hear... he... yes and he knew him very well.' S.—'The name Alfred is a mistake.' G. P.—'Not a mistake, not in the least. Don't you recall Alfred? He knew you years ago perfectly and John also, he was the one who was with him.'"

This looks like an echo of the prominence in the mind of most Holts of the name of Sir John, the English chief

justice in the seventeenth century, from whom not a few of the Americans of the name claim to be descended, in spite of the fact that he had no children.

"S.—'I don't know him.' G. P.—'You do know him... this... yes... it is so and right ask John [unrecognized] he is... brother [Albert had no brother John] [?] in earth... yes... this is important. Henry' [Sitter's Christian name. G. P. never used it in life.] S.—'Are you sure Alfred is the name?' G. P.—'I am not sure but I think it is very nearly right as I hear it. HA... H O W I know, don't mind me.' S.—'I am listening [Reading probably meant] attentively.' G. P.—'You don't quite believe me, that is that I am I Yes. yet I am all that remains of yours truly G. P. H on Hom H o r t e on [Farther efforts towards sitter's name.] (S. Horton?) no leave... H o n... I want... please don't worry him [apparently alluding to cousin] he is in a dream keep quiet and let him see where he is... yes... Ard [?] for him... yes I did... Alfred J [or G?] are you talking H... Haris... what... Harry [Sitter's usual name with intimates, but G. P. never used it in life]... keep clear if you can and I'll help H o n e.' [Apparently my cousin shoves G. P. aside and takes control of the medium.] A.—'Do speak speak to me now... not 11.' S.—'Yes you were drowned.' A.—'You know me. Do, oh do tell my mother to cheer up and don't worry... she... yes... Holt [Correct at last]... Yes.'"

Some people are so opposed to the spiritistic hypothesis, or perhaps I should say to *any* hypothesis but fraud, that they attribute to it this "feeling for" names which is very frequent among mediums. I can't see any indication that it may not be a perfectly natural process, on the hypothesis of limited power both to apprehend and to communicate in either "spirit" or medium, or of obstacles to both, which the means are not fitted readily to overcome.

"G. P. [apparently]—'and you must speak to him, you heard... you...' S.—'Where is his mother?' A. [apparently]—'In the South... yes...' [she had been there lately, but had returned. I knew the first fact, and I think I knew the second.] S.—'Are you sure she's in the South?' A.—'Yes she is there now.' [Note 5.] S.—'Does she live there?' A.—'No, not her home.' [Correct.] 'Alfred now you must know, do, oh do please. [See Note 6.] I ask of you it was the greatest sorrow to her... yes... [undeciph.] and Uncle Will [not recognized. See below regarding identifying mother.] will know.' S.—'Uncle Will?' A.—'W not William not... No... will know.' S.—'Will know?' A.—'Yes, please tell her for

me. [Several pencils rejected,—on ground, apparently, that they had been handled by other persons. Writing resumed.] Thanks... don't let anybody touch those any more... no... thanks.' S.—'Won't it be distressing if I tell his mother?' A.—'Tell her. But I shall be there before you are, and I will help her to bear it. Albert was my name—rightly spelt [for the first time] but she called me Al... yes and Allie.'"

The medium stopped writing, and Phinuit took control again, speaking:

"P.—'There's a great deal more thought here than's said. Do you sleep pretty well? [I did not.] You sit in chair with arms, and write on bits of paper [True: on pad.] Eggs are very good for you.' S.—'All of the egg?' [I used the white at breakfast daily.] P.—'You take the white of it very nicely.' [Correct.] S.—'You are reading my mind. How about fruit?' P.—'Fruit's good.' [It was very bad for me, though I persisted in it from mistaken advice. Phinuit appears to have telepathically received my false impression.] S.—'These are only vague generalities.' P.—'Well, that's specific enough. Do you want me to tell you the color of your grandfather's cat's tail?' [Sitter asks about wines, mentioning names.—Phinuit said he didn't know names of places.—Sitter speaks of white wines, etc., and Rhine wines.] S.—'Not [good] for me?' P.—'White wines good—acid. Sweet wines not good. [Correct.] You taste oranges when you eat them. They come up in your throat.'"

I ate them habitually at breakfast. This and the arm-chair and writing are wonderful bits of telepathy—or something else.

"S.—'If I don't eat fruit, I'll get lithemia.' P.—'Take potatoes.' S.—'Disagreeing with the faculty.' P.—'Grated potatoes beaten with milk. Something the matter with liver?' S.—'Now No.' [Sitter had taken blue pill the night before.] P.—'There's no disease in your liver.'"

[Correct, Note 7].

G. P. seems to return.

"G. P.—'He seems to be very anxious H. [apparently referring to Albert] and will say... Oh! Here comes a military man with epaulets on his shoulders and had a bullet wound in his head... too bad' [see below]. S.—'But George people don't wear epaulets on their knees.' P.—'On knees? Who said knees?' S.—'You're getting tautological.' G. P.—'Not in the least H. but I am as in a dream. Shall I be more philosophical?' S.—'Oh no! But be like yourself.' G. P.—'But you seem not like yourself any more than I, I don't know why.

Perhaps you can explain Why Why Why. Yes...yes...his son has been speaking now to me [apparently a repetition of *why* recalled to Sitter's mind a similar habit of repeating "Why? Why? Why?" in Sitter's living little son, and the impression went over telepathically into the medium, leading to a confusion of my living son with the drowned cousin]...yes he wants to have Helen know where he is. El liza...Ellen [no such person recognized: not his mother's name.]...yes in the body?' S.—'Where is she now?' G. P.—'In the South I hear. Do speak.' S.—'What color was the military suit?' G. P.—'It was Red.'

This is suggestive. I associate my cousin Albert, father of the drowned boy, with visits in childhood to my grandfather's, and one of the conspicuous recollections of those visits is a young cousin in a much-too-big red military coat that one of the elders used to wear at "general trainin'." But the bullet hole is a mystery. The "*grandpère aux Français*" in my Foster sitting is said to have been a general, but he was not of that family, and I never looked him up.

"G. P.—'Now you must speak I cannot keep him up and seem my natural self, not for [?] him...there was [is?] a sister Margaret...[No sister. H.H.] Al...I declare you must speak...dazed...why...H o u H o u H o r H o r H o a.' S.—'It would be unfortunate to add an x, George.' G. P.—'No sarcasm needed.' S.—'I don't mean it as sarcasm.' G. P.—'Thanks. Thanks, no I should must confess I should not treat you thus, not much, too bad, help the poor fellow will you H...you can indeed. Where am...yes trust me as you used...did in years gone by. I look...yes...tell father I have explained all...will explain and it will be clear to...We.....'"

Possibly Albert had resumed "control," though this may have been a reference by G. P. to his own father, with whom I had always been more intimate than with G. P. himself.

"G. P.—'Where is H—s?' S.—'H—s?' G. P.—'Yes.' [It happened that the sitter had been thinking specially of H—s the day before.] G. P.—'Tell him W. [H—s's deceased daughter] is really not dead, and is with H. a great deal...yes...H...?' S.—'What H.?' [For some reason, probably the indistinctness of the writing, the name does not seem to have been clear at the moment, though it was later recognized.] G. P.—'In the body...yes...yes...and you remember him or I do. Ask her father and the message will [undeciph.—"be taken"—see below.] Frank. [Possibly a dear friend of Sitter, wishing to

communicate, but too late for the medium's psychokinetic power. [Note 8]...yes...what [undeciph.] my thinking now...be taken...little mixed...who is Stead [Perhaps the well known W. T. Stead, who was then visiting mediums]...no all right...do you know A. [undeciph.]...yes there it is...Albert H—J H—A J H—I am going.’”

The writing ends abruptly, and the medium wakes.

I make no apology for having treated the apparent personalities at one moment as if they were simply human beings in a new stage of existence, and at the next moment as if they were dramatizations by the medium. The first method is of course sometimes adopted provisionally as the most convenient, but both ways correspond to the alternating impressions of any sitter not die-stamped with the spiritist view or its extreme opposite. When I was a score of years younger (and wiser, as the younger think?), I should have been more consistent—in the non-spiritistic way. Now, while I believe in a future life, so far as it will do to use the word “believe” in the absence of complete verification (whatever that may mean), I am still in doubt whether “the spirits of just men made perfect” or the spirits of any men at all, speak through the mediums. At the moment I suspect they impress the mediums telepathically to speak for them. This seems as in ordinary dreams, only so much more intensely that (as sometimes in my dreams) the dreamer feels identified with the “agent,” and Mrs. Piper speaks as the agent.

The following comments would have interrupted the memoranda of the sittings too much, had they been placed among them.

NOTE 1. The amount of discussion already bestowed upon Dr. Phinuit, of whom we shall see much more, almost places him, with Junius, not to speak of the Baconian Shakspeare, among the great problematical characters of literature. Through the dozen volumes of the S. P. R., from VI, where he makes his first appearance, up to where he disappears, nearly every commentator has a whack at him, and the whacks soon get very amusing.

Half the whackers say he does not know French; the other half prove that he does. Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Lang state that he does not, and consider him an unmitigated scoundrel.

Neither of these commentators, by the way, was a "good sitter." On the other hand, Mr. Rich, who *was* a good sitter, found Phinuit at home in French; Sir Oliver Lodge, also a good sitter, is fond of the old fellow; and I, who also am a good sitter, think Phinuit, not only as I talked with him, but as I have read about everything in print regarding him, one of the most natural and amusing characters I ever met, and far from the least lovable.

Half the commentators say that he is an ignorant quack, who never uses a scientific term; the other half say that he has helped them and their friends, and given them efficacious prescriptions abounding in the technicalities of the pharmacopeia.

The whole discussion is a very remarkable instance—remarkable even in the debatable regions of *Psychical Research*—of how honest and intelligent people amid new and questionable experiences, do not see with their eyes or hear with their ears, but do both with their temperaments. The evidence will increase as we proceed.

An objection is reasonably taken to Phinuit's uncertain and unverifiable character. But that character is not nearly as uncertain and unverifiable as some commentators make out. Wherever Mrs. Piper got the Phinuit of my sitting, whether from her own invention or from me, or from himself, she certainly did not get from me his prescription of grated potatoes as a cure for my ailments: all I had to give in that line was objection by the very highest authorities to just that food. Of all ways to account for him yet proposed, far the least labored seems to be that she got him from himself; but being the least labored does not necessarily prove that way the nearest correct. Maybe it will yet be found correct in the form that she got him from the cosmic consciousness, where perhaps he and she and you and I are always to be found by such as have the finding power.

NOTE 2. The medium gets impressions of all sorts from things and persons connected with the sitter or the control. In this instance, I was "connected with" B, but only so far as he had become a professor at Yale long after my graduation: I did not know him personally. But my intimate

connection with A was not only direct, but through several persons intimate with us both and with G. P. Mere telepathy, certainly mere telepathy from my mind, would have "spotted" some one of these connections much more readily than the alleged one with B, which was hardly a connection at all. The simplest solution for the whole business, though perhaps not the most "scientific," or even rational, is that the spirit of G. P. was troubled about A, and habitually thinking of me at the University Club as a Yale man, was reminded, on my turning up at the séance, of the solution of A's troubles proposed by B, who was at Yale, and, it turned out later, was trying to get A a place there, and G. P. wanted me to help.

NOTE 3. "This protoplasm." G. P. uses the expression at other sittings, and *I think that no other of Mrs. Piper's controls does*. If she makes them herself, how does she keep them so distinct? The sittings, however, abound in complaints from the controls that they find it hard to express themselves through the "too solid flesh" of the mediums.

NOTE 4. Illustrations of the same experience (in shutting off would-be communicators, by will) are frequent. I am evidently far from alone in feeling a repugnance from having communications from loved and lost ones pass through the body or even the dreams of a stranger. But those who seek such communications may have better nervous organisms than mine, and I do not wish to have my avoiding what purported to be such communications, indicative of any opinion regarding their genuineness.

I experience no such repugnance regarding communications in my own dreams, as will be abundantly demonstrated later: for there the communication is not through an intermediary.

NOTE 5. This is one of the very frequent cases of the medium going counter to the sitter's knowledge, and goes to controvert the telepathic theory. Among such cases are many where the medium (or control) turns out to be right, and the sitter wrong.

NOTE 6. This intense desire, so natural under the alleged circumstances, to prove survival to their friends, will be found characteristic of virtually all the controls. Those

claiming to be persons familiar while on earth with the methods of Psychological Research, strenuously and ingeniously use those methods for the purpose. We shall find, after the deaths of Myers and Hodgson, that their alleged spirits, like that of G. P., apparently bent all their powers toward that end. With them it is generally alleged to be for the promotion of science, but with the controls generally, as in the case just given, it is of course for the comfort of survivors.

NOTE 7. As already intimated, there has been a great deal of difference among the commentators as to Phinuit's knowledge and capacity as a physician. His diagnosis of me might have been telepathic from me, but his dietary certainly was not. He has made many diagnoses that certainly were not telepathic, and prescriptions as technical as doctors generally make, with good results. Instances will appear in later extracts.

NOTE 8. "Frank [possibly a dear friend," etc.]. I said "possibly," and after "dear friend" I was tempted to add: "or Mrs. Piper's personation of one." But why should Mrs. Piper personate an individual she never heard of, and of course cares nothing about, for the delectation of another individual she never heard of and cares nothing about? The answer, "Because the latter gives her ten dollars," doesn't fit the case: she is amply demonstrated to be not that sort of person. Perhaps James would say, in his pet phraseology: Because she has a "will to communicate," which is another way of saying: Because she wants to. But why should she want to? And why, on the telepathic hypothesis, out of the hundreds of persons who have affected my memories, should she pick out this friend when I had not him specially in mind, and when there were "on the other side" other persons whose effect on me had been much greater? Or, to put a stronger case, if she picked G. P. out of my mind, why of all people who have left traces there should it be he? The traces of him were not as strong as those of many other men much younger than myself. Such questions have been asked by innumerable sitters. The only answer worth considering that I have seen, and that may not be worth much, is that when the sitter does not select the communicator,

and Mrs. Piper does not, the only alternative is that he selects himself—that, in this case, G. P. communicated because before he died he had determined and announced that if there was any survival of death he was going to give evidence of it if he could; and “Frank,” if the occurrence of the name had anything to do with my friend, sought to communicate probably because he was of a peculiarly affectionate disposition—peculiarly apt to want to console those who had mourned him, and among his generally conservative circle of friends I was the first one who had given him any chance by turning up at a sitting. If at the time, amid the confusion natural to both the sitter’s mind and the writing, I had attached all this significance to the name, probably I should have tried to give him the chance; but probably I would not have succeeded: for “the light was going out,” as the controls generally express it. Many of them have declared that to them a medium, when in condition to receive communication, is surrounded by a light, and that as the nervous sensibility or capacity is consumed in the process of communication, the light fades away. When I say: “the controls say” this, I am not expressing any opinion as to what a control is. The reader, if he is built that way, may, for all me, consider it a fraudulent impersonation by a secondary self of the medium, and made up of data telepathically acquired. But the reader, by the time he gets through with the facts, will find himself saddled with a pretty tough job. A good many people, however, and some of them not very highly endowed, have been equal to the job, or thought they were.

The uninitiated reader who has struggled through the incoherences of this sitting will probably be surprised and, I fear, discouraged to learn that, judging by the published records of other sittings, this is a fairly good one. I take shame to myself for neglecting to write out my comments and return the record to Hodgson. With his experience, he probably would have edited it into much more comprehensible shape. I prefer to leave it with its imperfections.

If, instead of attributing the whole thing to telepathy, I had then estimated the importance of the subject as I

do now, and had the leisure I have now, I should have returned it, even if I had realized that, after eighteen years, my comments would be much better informed, and I would have occasion to use the matter again in an exposition of my own. But my attitude regarding spiritism—that it was nothing but telepathy from the sitter, having been fixed in my interview with Foster, and considerable reading and intimate association with Hodgson and some other members of the S. P. R. not having changed it; and finding, at the time, in my séance with Mrs. Piper nothing but telepathy, I felt no interest in farther personal investigation.

I went away from the sitting with the conviction: "She gave me nothing which was not in my own mind: it's the same old story"; and I have not been near a medium since, and do not care to go. (See Preface to Second Edition.)

After this confession, my venturing to write upon the subject may seem to others, as it often does to me, presumptuous. That view, however, would have silenced most of the historians: for hardly any one of them, or even any editor, witnesses the events or hears the debates that he generalizes upon; nor often does any philosopher discover or even witness most of the facts that he correlates, nor (I hope I am not wearying you) any scientist most of the facts on which he bases his discoveries.

There exist better books on this department of my subject than I dare hope this is going to be, but most of the good ones appeal principally to students who have held many sittings; and were begun to support theses, while I write for lay readers, and at least began with the intention of letting the theses regarding this part of my subject form themselves as I should go along. Moreover, my long experience as a publisher has taught me that intermediaries are needed between experts and lay readers. I have habitually said to experts to whom I have suggested non-technical books: "The right point of view must cover both knowledge and ignorance; I can trust you for the knowledge, and I can supply the ignorance." I am doing something of that here.

Nevertheless, if the persons who get and read an average book, would get and read the forty volumes of the Proceedings

and *Journal of the S. P. R.*, and would arrange from their necessarily heterogeneous contents, fairly systematic presentations of the principal classes of phenomena, probably this book would not have been written. I even doubt if it would have been if there were any probability that as many persons as may read it, would ever read, in Part XXXIII (Vol. XIII), Hodgson's treatment of the ground he covers. There are only two reasons why I do not advise you, if your time is limited, to drop this book where you are, and substitute that: Hodgson does not cover the ground that I shall attempt to cover in my chapters on the dream life, and in my final summary, and in the passages preliminary to them; and, so far as I know, no other writer on the general subject has been as persistently haunted as I have by the conception of the Cosmic Soul.

And again, in a subject consisting so largely of speculation, and interpreted so largely by temperament, there is a chance of almost any work, however humble, doing something that other works do not.

Behind all the apologia I have given, is the fact that I have found the change from a disbelief in the survival of bodily death, so fruitful, intellectually as well as emotionally, that I am prompted to do what I can to share it with others. Nevertheless, my convictions do not rest on the phenomena of mediumship, to which I do not yet confidently assign the spiritistic hypothesis—at least as it is usually understood.

But when, about 1908, I had my long row of "Proceedings" bound up, and began to read consecutively what, before, I had merely dipped into spasmodically, the aspects of the evidence underwent some change. Moreover, in the meantime I had received, in other ways, indications pointing more strongly to survival of bodily death than to any explanation I could frame or find (see Chapter LV). This of course tended to change my point of view regarding the phenomena shown by the "mediums," but by no means reversed it. I gradually realized, however, that my conclusion that Mrs. Piper gave me nothing which was not in my own mind, was very superficial. The effect on me of reading the Proceedings is that if we render unto telepathy all the things which are telepathy's, there is still a great deal to be accounted for. Ascribe every verified statement in the reports,

if you will, to telepathy, what are you going to do with the immense number of alleged personages through whom the statements come, with their own consistent opinions regarding the statements and other things, their initiatives, discriminations, responses, retaliations?

Mrs. Piper gave me at least the following things which were not in my own mind:

I. The impersonation of Phinuit. Mrs. Piper didn't get from me his humor or bumptiousness or medical skill or philanthropy or dramatic qualities generally.

She may have got him from the first medium with whom she sat (see Chapter XXIX), and it may have been a deliberate invention of that medium, expanded by her; but not by her supraliminal self: for that knows next to nothing of what occurs in her trances; and her honesty regarding it is now beyond all question. If she had developed and expanded a fictitious dramatic impersonation, which she calls Phinuit, she did it through her subliminal self—an activity to which I find it more and more difficult to apply the term "self," except only so far as its nature and degree are determined by the conformation of the self as a receiving and transmitting instrument. But so far as the subliminal self is a *motive* power, I grow less and less able to conceive it as anything but a cosmic inflow, different from the cosmic inflow making our ordinary (supraliminal) selves, in being a special inflow depending upon some unusual circumstance—in Mrs. Piper's case, presence of a sitter and the condition of trance.

In guessing the Cosmic Soul to contain in some mysterious way "the potency and power" of all the ideas, impressions, memories, psychical activities in what we call the universe, I of course guess it to contain all the groups of them which we call personalities. Until lately, personalities have appeared to be "real or imaginary": the real ones appearing to be created by a spontaneous cosmic inflow independent of any human volition, into a receptacle that we know in each case as an independent human body; the imaginary ones, so far as we have known until lately, are created by a cosmic inflow *sought and controlled* more or less definitely by a real personality—an author. We know some of

them as Colonel Esmond, Becky Sharp, Iago, Rosalind, and the like, and entertain regarding them many of the opinions and feelings that we entertain regarding real personalities. Now supposing Phinuit never to have existed in the flesh, are he and his class, of these imaginary personalities, or do they belong to still a third class—a cosmic inflow *without* a “human body,” and yet *not* “created by a cosmic inflow sought or controlled . . . by a real personality”? If he did once exist in the flesh, of course he is just such an individual effect of the cosmic inflow as G. P. and my cousin and hosts like them, and as you and I may yet be—in fact are already, only we have so far been (or had to be) content to use only our own bodies.

This is guess and speculation. Whether I'm ready to swear to it as fact, as I do to the words uttered to me by the Phinuit personality or impersonation I am guessing about, is another matter.

II. Mrs. Piper did not get from me Phinuit's statement, whether true or not, that I am a medium—a point on which there was probably never an opinion, or even a curiosity, in any mortal mind. Whence, then, could the assertion have been telepathed? I am a very good dreamer, and she may have perceived some mediumistic quality in my makeup. There is probably more than is realized, in everybody's.

III. She did not get from me Phinuit's question whether I wanted him to tell me the length of my grandfather's cat's tail.

IV. She did not get from me the dramatic verisimilitude of G. P.'s comments and remarks. I didn't call her “this protoplasm”; and she didn't call herself that by a long shot. Then somebody other than I must have invented those phrases and all the other things she did not get from me. To say that she did, is, as we shall have abundant evidence later, to say that she is the greatest dramatist that ever lived. To say that her subliminal self did, is but to beg the question. So is it to say that a secondary self was Phinuit and a tertiary self G. P., and so on down to the hundreds of her controls.

V. She did not get from me the facts about A and B, yet she may have got them teloteropathically from either or both of those persons.

VI. She did not get from me her G. P.: for hers was not merely the G. P. I had known, but one who had grown. She may have got from me some facts of his personality, but where did she get his anxiety to prove his continued existence, and to have me do something to better the state of affairs with A and B?

VII. She may have got from me the facts that my cousin Albert was drowned and that his mother was (or had been) in the South, but she did not get from me his poignant anxiety to have me tell his mother that he had survived the drowning.

Among these seven points are germs which we will find growing as we proceed to sittings of far more interest.

CHAPTER XXIX

HODGSON'S FIRST PIPER REPORT, 1888-91

Mrs. Piper's Early Experiences

FROM my experiences with Mrs. Piper, let us now turn to the records where, but for reasons given, we would naturally have begun.

Probably the first public mention of Mrs. Piper in any organ seriously associated with science is in the Proceedings of the American S.P.R. for July, 1886. On p. 95 is the statement:

"In two persons (one of them being the Mrs. P. who is mentioned in the report on mediumistic phenomena) an arm was made absolutely anæsthetic, whilst retaining its muscular contractility."

And in the "report" aforesaid (pp. 102-6) signed by no less a person than James, it is stated:

"This lady can at will pass into a trance condition, in which she is 'controled' by a power purporting to be the spirit of a French doctor, who serves as intermediary between the sitter and the deceased friends. This is the ordinary type of trance-mediumship at the present day....."

"I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and... I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

Now the hypnotic theory of telepsychosis that I advanced earlier, if it is to fit Mrs. Piper, must be modified to this extent. She is not readily thrown into the hypnotic trance by anybody but herself. Neither is she susceptible to ordinary thought-transference, when vigilant, like Mr. Guthrie's young women, and she has an appreciable number of failures in trance. James reports on all that in Pr. American S.P.R., 102f., and adds:

"So far as the evidence goes, then, her medium-trance seems

an isolated feature in her psychology. This would of itself be an important result if it could be established and generalized."

The result seems to have since been "established and generalized," and she does not even exhibit telekinesis, which was done by Foster, Home, and Moses.

The first important report *published* on Mrs. Piper is in Pr. VI, by Myers, Lodge, and James, and covers sittings in England from the latter part of November, 1889 till early in February, 1890. But this does not deal with manifestations as early as some reported in Pr. VIII by Hodgson, and covering sittings from 1887 through 1891. In making my selections, I will attempt to follow chronology as closely as practicable, and accordingly will draw on Pr. VIII before Pr. VI.

The papers in the Proceedings being prepared by different persons, widely differently circumstanced, even in different continents (not excluding Asia), the order of their publication was by no means that of the occurrence of the events they chronicled. Hence in our attempts at a chronological order, which at best we can attain but very roughly, we will have to skip to and fro among the volumes.

Hodgson prefaces his report with an interesting account of Mrs. Piper's initiation into mediumship (Pr. VIII, 46f.) :

"Mrs. Piper herself has given me what information she could. In reply to inquiries in January, 1888, she informed me that her husband's father and mother . . . in 1884 . . . persuaded her to try consultation with a medium who gave medical advice. She was at that time suffering from a tumor. She visited Mr. J. R. Cocke, a blind medium, also a 'developer' of mediums. He professed to be controlled by a French physician whose name was pronounced *Finny*. While there, she felt curious twitchings, and thought she might become completely unconscious. On a second visit to Mr. Cocke he placed his hands on her head, and shortly after she became unconscious. As she was losing consciousness she was aware of a flood of light and saw strange faces, and a hand moving before her. The 'flood of light' she had experienced once before, a few months previously; it immediately preceded a swoon, caused by a sudden blow on the side of the head. When she lost consciousness on the occasion of her second visit to Mr. Cocke, she was said to have been controlled by an Indian girl who gave the name 'Chlorine,' and to have given a remarkable test to a stranger who was present. She

had several more sittings with Mr. Cocke, and was again controlled, apparently on each occasion by 'Chlorine.'

This name is evidently pitched upon on account of its euphony and apparent femininity, by some consciousness—we can't tell whose, perhaps Mrs. Piper's subliminal (whatever that may mean)—unaware of the meaning of the word (which I hardly need tell the reader usually refers to a rather fetid gas), and especially of its etymological meaning—light green.

Hodgson continues:

"On her second visit to Mr. Cocke, he professed to be controlled by John Sebastian Bach. After this she tried sitting at home with her relatives and friends. *Phinuit* (*sic*) 'controlled' first, and since then regularly, but she was also ostensibly controlled at occasional times by Mrs. Siddons, Bach, Longfellow, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Loretta Ponchini. It was said that 'Mrs. Siddons' recited a scene from *Macbeth*, Longfellow was said to have written some verses, and Loretta Ponchini (who purported to be an Italian girl) to have made some drawings. These verses and drawings have not been preserved.

"Dr. Phinuit only came at first to give medical advice. He 'didn't care to come for other matters,' as he thought them 'too trivial.'

"Finally Sebastian Bach said they were going to concentrate all their powers on Phinuit, and he ultimately became the chief control.

"Mr. Piper says that there is no question but that it is the same Phinuit or personality who controls Dr. Cocke, no matter how their names are spelt."

The questions regarding him are different from those regarding most of the other controls: for, with the exception of the Imperator group, they, in ordinary life, were generally known, personally or historically, to the sitters; while Phinuit has loomed upon the world as free from origins as Melchizedek, and some people think, despite his lack of priestly ways, with as important a mission. But he has alleged a lot of origins that, so far, cannot be traced. Even, however, if they never can be, the fact would not prove that he never existed.

He himself (I use the term simply for convenience, without expressing any opinion, and shall do so freely regarding other controls) says through Mrs. Piper (Pr. VIII, 50; Hodgson's comments are interspersed):

“Phinuit is one of my names; Sciville is my other name; Dr. Jean Phinuit Sciville; they always called me Dr. Phinuit.’ He was unable to tell the year of his birth or the year of his death, but by putting together several of his statements, it would appear that he was born about 1790 and died about 1860. He was born in Marseilles, went to school and studied medicine at a college in Paris called ‘Merciana’(?) College, where he took his degree when he was between twenty-five and twenty-eight years old. ‘Merciana. You know the name “Meershaum”?’ That is the same name; I cannot spell it; sounds something like that.’ He also studied medicine at ‘Metz, in Germany.’ At the age of thirty-five he married Marie Latimer, who had a sister named Josephine. ‘Josephine was a sweetheart of mine first, but I went back on her and married Marie after all.’ Marie was thirty years of age when he married her, and died when she was about fifty. He had no children. P.: ‘Do you know where the Hospital of God is, Hospital de Dieu (Hôtel Dieu)?’ Sitter: ‘It is in Paris.’ P.: ‘Do you remember old Dyruputia? Dyruputia [Dupuytren?] was the head of the hospital, and there is a street named for him.’ He went to London and from London to Belgium. ‘I went to very different places after my health broke down.’”

On Dec. 26, 1889, Phinuit said to Sir Oliver Lodge through Mrs. Piper (Pr. VI, 520):

“I have been 30 to 35 years in spirit, I think. I died when I was 70 of leprosy, very disagreeable. I had been to Australia and Switzerland. My wife’s name was Mary Latimer. I had a sister Josephine (p. 495). John was my father’s name. I studied medicine at Metz, where I took my degree at 30 years old, married at 35. Get someone to look all this up, and take pains about it. Look up the town of —, also the Hôtel Dieu in Paris. I was born in Marseilles, am a Southern French gentleman. Find out a woman named Carey. Irish. Mother Irish, father French. I had compassion on her in the hospital. My name is John Phinuit Schlevelle (or ? Clavelle), but I was always called Dr. Phinuit. Do you know Dr. Clinton Perry? Find him at Dupuytren, and this woman at the Hôtel Dieu. There’s a street named Dupuytren, a great street for doctors. . . . This is my business now, to communicate with those in the body, and make them believe our existence.’”

Hodgson comments regarding the statements he quoted, and that just given. He says:

“Some discrepancies will be noticed between these statements and those given in Pr. VI, 520, and I understand that no trace of ‘Jean Phinuit Schiville’ has been discovered at the medical schools where Phinuit claims to have studied and practised, or

along other lines of inquiry suggested by the few fragments which he offers of his life history.

"Concerning his inability to speak French, Phinuit's original explanation to me was that he had lived in Metz the latter part of his life, and there were many English there, so that he was compelled to speak English and had forgotten his French. I replied that this explanation was very surprising, and that a much more plausible one would be that he was obliged to use the brain of the medium, and would therefore manifest no more familiarity with French than she possessed. This—trite enough—suggestion appeared to Phinuit also more plausible, since a few days later he offered it himself to another sitter as an explanation of his inability to sustain a conversation in French!"

There is a very simple answer to all this: he *could* speak French, though Mrs. Piper could not. See pages 414 and 420.

"Dr. C. W. F. [see Report No. 23, Pr. VIII, 98f. H.H.], questioned Phinuit about the prominent medical men in Paris in Phinuit's time. The names of Bouvier and Dupuytren were given. Dr. F. tells me that he (Dr. C. W. F.) knew nothing about Bouvier previously, but knew well about Dupuytren. The doctors he had in mind at the time of his question 'were Velpéau, Bouillaud, Nelaton, Andral, and many others, all prominent forty or fifty years ago with extended reputations.' [If it is all telepathy, why didn't Phinuit name one of them from Dr. F.'s mind? H.H.] Taking the foregoing considerations together, it appears to me that there is good reason for concluding that Phinuit is not a *French* doctor."

Or he must be a French doctor communicating under disadvantages.

Hodgson goes on to say something which tends very strongly to separate Phinuit's personality from Mrs. Piper's (Pr. VIII, 55-6):

"On one occasion, not long before a sitting (June 30th, 1888), Mrs. Piper was startled by a very near sudden clap of thunder, and Phinuit, on being afterwards questioned, appeared to have no knowledge of the circumstance, and apparently tried to guess at what had occurred. Similarly on questioning Phinuit at one of my early sittings concerning the life of Mrs. Piper, he professed ignorance on the subject, but said that he would 'find out things.' . . . Soon afterwards, however, Phinuit told me of incidents in connection with Mrs. Piper which I think that Mrs. Piper herself would never have mentioned to me. . . . I have also met with several cases where Mrs. Piper [in the waking state? H.H.] knew not a little of the sitter's ordinary environment,

names of friends, &c., and yet this information was not given by Phinuit."

Hodgson says (Pr. VIII, 5) of one occasion when he persuaded Phinuit to stand up:

"Mrs. Piper stood up without changing the position of her feet, at the same time throwing her head slightly back and her chest forward, and thrusting the thumbs jauntily into what would have been the armholes of her waistcoat had she worn one."

Hodgson continues (pp. 8-9):

"I have been at sittings where Phinuit has displayed such paltering and equivocation, and such a lack of lucidity, that I believe had these been my only experiences with him I should without any hesitation have condemned Mrs. Piper as an impostor. Such failures appear to depend sometimes, but not always, on the sitter. As Phinuit himself confessed (May 26th, 1888): 'Sometimes when I come here, do you know, actually it is hard work for me to get control of the medium, and sometimes not at all. Then I am weak and confused.'"

"Considering, then, my own first six sittings [from which we will have extracts later. H.H.], I find that all the correct (verifiable) statements made by Phinuit concerned matters known to me, except the insignificant prophecy that my sister (in Australia) would soon have a fourth child—a boy. I had no (conscious) knowledge even that another child was 'coming very soon.' On the other hand, I did not consciously know the Christian name of my mother's father, though I had probably heard it, and this was *incorrectly* given as John. [Identically the same with Foster and my "*Grandpère aux Français*." H.H.] Further, Phinuit failed to obtain information, or made fundamental mistakes, in matters about which my own recollections were very clear and vivid. The most striking circumstances correctly mentioned were concerning the lady whom I have called 'Q.' and my cousin Fred, and were such as I should expect those persons to select, if in actual communication with me, as proofs of identity. But then, again, Phinuit was unable to tell me of circumstances about which I made special inquiry, and which were at least as familiar to the alleged 'spirit' as those described to me. Thus, Phinuit never told me the full name of 'Q.,' though I frequently asked for it at later sittings. His explanation was that 'Q.' refused to tell him, but Phinuit has frequently urged his ignorance on this point as a proof that he cannot 'read my mind' (an inability of which he is very anxious to assure me), and I suspect that this ignorance may be assumed."

But there is too much of just that sort of ignorance in all mediumistic manifestations. All the experience since this

writing of Hodgson's (1891) indicates that ignorance to be a powerful argument against the telepathic hypothesis: if the mediums read the minds of the sitters or of absent persons, why should many of the least definite things be read, and many of the most definite left unread? But, on the other hand, Hodgson continues (pp. 9-10):

"However this may be, there is no doubt but that Phinuit's unquestionable failure to obtain satisfactory replies to many questions which have been asked of 'deceased friends' is a most formidable objection, as we shall see later, to the 'spirit hypothesis'—at least as it is commonly accepted.

"Admitting now that the facts mentioned at these first sittings of mine were drawn by Phinuit from my mind, I must notice that they were, certainly most of them, and possibly all of them, obtained from my mind at a time when I was not consciously thinking of them. . . . Vivid conscious thinking of a circumstance does not seem, indeed, to help Phinuit in any way, but rather the contrary."

Not so Foster with me: quite the reverse, and not so Mrs. Thompson generally, and numerous other cases. Mrs. Verrall comments on her experience with Mrs. Thompson's control (Pr. XVII, 174):

"When at Nelly's suggestion I have fixed my attention on some detail for the sake of helping her to get it, I have never succeeded in doing anything but what she calls 'muggling her.'"

Hodgson resumes (Pr. VIII, 11):

"My conclusion, then, about my own [Hodgson's. H.H.] first six sittings is that the statements made by Phinuit may be regarded as explicable on the hypothesis that he had access to portions of my 'subconscious' mind."

We shall find that farther experience reversed Hodgson's conclusions. But even at that stage of the game he farther concludes—a striking illustration of the self-contradictions incident to these perplexing phenomena (Pr. VIII, 56):

"I am convinced, as regards the bare information shown by Phinuit, that it cannot be accounted for entirely by thought-transference from the sitters, and that at least some hypothesis which goes as far as thought-transference from the minds of distant living persons is demanded."

I am astonished to find throughout the Pr. S. P. R. how much there is of this "harping on my daughter"—on "bare information." Grant all the telepathy ("bare information")

you please—from the sitter and from incarnate intelligences the world over; deny, if you please, any telepathy (“bare information”) whatever from discarnate intelligences, you have still got to account for the give-and-take and general dramatic character of the controls. How do you propose to? By the medium’s secondary personalities? Then are you ready to allow that she has a thousand? If not, have you any third hypothesis to offer but the spiritistic? I certainly have not, except spiritism as interpreted by the Cosmic Inflow, which, vague as it is, nevertheless seems to me, amid all its fogs, more like a fact than a hypothesis. I shall have more to say regarding secondary personalities.

Hodgson goes on to give details from forty-one of the sittings which Mrs. Piper gave before she went to England in 1889. After a few extracts from them, I will devote a chapter to the English reports in Pr. VI, and a few words about Hodgson’s reports from twelve more sittings after her return to America up to the end of 1891.

Miss E. G. W.'s Account of Sittings with Mrs. Piper
(Pr. VIII, 29f.).

“My forty-five sittings with Mrs. Piper cover the period from November 12th, 1886, to June 19th, 1889. In forty-one of these the control was taken, for at least a part of the hour, by a personal friend whose subjects of conversation, forms of expression, and ways of looking at things were distinctly unlike either Mrs. Piper’s or Dr. Phinuit’s. The clearly-marked personality of that friend, whom I will call T., is to me the most convincing proof of Mrs. P.’s supernatural power, but it is a proof impossible to present to anyone else.

“T. was a Western man, and the localism of using *like* as a conjunction clung to him, despite my frequent correction, all his life. At my sitting on December 16th, 1886, he remarked, ‘If you could see it like I do.’ Forgetful for the instant of changed conditions, I promptly repeated, ‘As I do.’ ‘Ah,’ came the response, ‘that sounds natural. That sounds like old times.’

“March 1st, 1888, he requested, ‘Throw off this rug,’ referring to a loose fur-lined cloak which I wore. I... weeks after recalled that he had once, while living, spoken of it in the same way as I threw it over him on the lounge. February 18th, 1887, T. remarked, ‘I like your *arrangement* here,’ referring to a new gown by a term which he was wont to use.

“March 2nd, 1887, came this: ‘I never knew you had a little sister here. She tells me she has been here a long time, ever

since she was a little toddling baby.' Certainly not I [from whose mind it could be read on the hypothesis of "telepathy from the sitter." H.H.], nor Mrs. P., who has children of her own, would speak of a four months old child as a 'toddling baby.' It is more thinkable of a man who, like T., never knew anything of young children.

"I have received from T., dictated through Mrs. P. to her husband and sent me by post, seven letters at intervals... each contains familiar allusions and the old-time opening and closing phrases, either of which is too long and individual to have been merely chanced upon. The post-office address of the first is worth mention. Mrs. P. had learned from me neither name nor residence... On November 16th, 1886, Dr. P. told me that T. was dictating a letter to me. 'How will you address it?' I asked. 'T. knows your address and will give it to the medium,' November 29th, a friend, who had been sitting with Mrs. P., brought me word that the promised letter had been mailed to—

Miss Nellie Wilson,
Care David Wilson,
Reading, Mass.

"By applying at the post-office at Reading I was able to obtain the letter. I alter the names, but these points may be noted:—

"1. My surname is given correctly.

"2. I have a cousin, David Wilson, of whose relationship and friendship T. was well aware. His home, however, has always been in New York.

"3. Reading was my home during my childhood and youth, but I removed from it thirteen years ago. I knew T. only subsequent to that removal.

"4. While living there I wrote my name with the diminutive, Nellie, but since then have preferred to write my baptismal name Ella, or merely the initial E. T. was wont to use the initials merely.

"At my next sitting, November 30th, I inquired about this mongrel address. 'T. was not strong enough,' [differences of clearness are often attributed to differences of "strength" in the communicating "spirit." H.H.] said Phinuit, 'to direct where the letter should be sent, but he thought your cousin David would attend to your getting it. Your other friends here [in the "spirit world." H.H.] helped us on the rest of the address.' 'But they would not tell you to send to Reading.' 'Yes, they would, they did. It was Mary told us that.' 'Nonsense,' said I, thinking of a sister of that name. 'Not Mary in the body. Mary in the spirit.' 'But I have no such friend.' 'Yes, you have. It was Mary L.—Mary E.—Mary E. Parker told us that.' I then recalled a little playmate of that name, a next door neighbor, who moved away from Reading when I was ten years old, and of whose death I learned a few years later. I had

scarcely thought of her for twenty years. The 'E.' in the name I have not verified."

The address of this letter proves one of six things, or some seventh thing unimaginable in the present state of our knowledge. Of the five possible solutions which will the reader who does not prefer to suspend his judgment, accept as straining the probabilities least? Each strains them some. They are: (I) Mrs. Piper fooled somebody. The solution is out of date. (II) Mrs. Piper patched together reminiscences lying latent in Miss Wilson's mind, and unknown to her supraliminal self. (III) Mrs. Piper had tapped incarnate minds other than Miss Wilson's. (IV) Mrs. Piper had an inflow from the cosmic consciousness (an idea which everybody mentions with respect but nobody has yet tried persistently to apply) of knowledge which had once been part of Miss Wilson's individuality, but had lost that connection, though reconnectable with her mind or any mind under favorable circumstances. The "favorable circumstances," so far as we can guess, were a desire somewhere in that cosmic mind, presumably in the portion of it constituting a postcarnate Mr. T. (for there is no apparent reason for inferring such a desire in Mrs. Piper's mind: that could only be a desire to humbug, and, as already said, is out of date), to address a letter to Miss W., and a successful (sufficiently successful) search for her address among other portions of that mind. (V) The spiritistic theory as usually held, which may not extravagantly be considered included in IV.

No one of these hypotheses is very satisfactory, but we increase knowledge mainly by unsatisfactory hypotheses which farther knowledge sometimes modifies until they become satisfactory.

R. Hodgson. First Sitting. May 4th, 1887. (Pr.VIII,60.)

[From notes made on return to my rooms immediately after the sitting.]

"Phinuit began, after the usual introduction, by describing [correctly. H.H.] members of my family. . . . Phinuit tried to get a name beginning with 'R,' but failed. [A little sister of mine, named Rebecca, died when I was very young, I think less than eighteen months old.]

"Phinuit mentioned the name 'Fred.' I said that it might be my cousin. 'He says you went to school together. He goes on

jumping-frogs, and laughs. He says he used to get the better of you. He had convulsive movements before his death, struggles. He went off in a sort of spasm. You were not there.' [My cousin Fred far excelled any other person that I have seen in the games of leap-frog, fly the garter, etc. He took very long flying jumps, and whenever he played, the game was lined by crowds of schoolmates to watch him. He injured his spine in a gymnasium... lingered for a fortnight, with occasional spasmodic convulsions, in one of which he died.] Phinuit described a lady, in general terms, dark hair, dark eyes, slim figure, etc., and said she was much closer to me than any other person: that she 'died slowly... It was a great pain to both of you that you weren't there. She would have sent you a message, if she had known she was going. She had two rings; one was buried with her body; the other ought to have gone to you. The second part of her first name is—sie.' [True, with the exception of the statement about the rings, which may or may not be true... No ring ever passed between the lady and myself... After trying in vain to 'hear distinctly' the first part of the name, Phinuit gave up the attempt, and asked me what the first name was. I told him. I shall refer to it afterwards as 'Q.']"

At Hodgson's second sitting, November 18th, 1887, Phinuit referred to the beautiful teeth of "Q." and Hodgson says: "Q.'s' teeth were not beautiful."

R. Hodgson. Fourth Sitting. December 4th, 1887.
(Pr.VIII,63f.)

".....Information purporting to have been received from 'Q.' The chief new matter was:

"(a) That I had given her a book, 'Dr. Phinuit' thinks, of poems, and I had written her name in it, in connection with her birthday. [Correct.]

"(b) ... [Correct. This includes a reference to circumstances under which I had a very special conversation with 'Q.' I think it impossible that 'Q.' could have spoken of this to any other person. It occurred in Australia in 1875.]

"(c) That she 'left the body' in England, and that I was across the country. [This is incorrect. 'Q.' died in Australia. I was in England.]"

Here (a) and (b) go strongly for telepathy from the sitter, and (c) goes just as strongly against it.

"He referred to a church to which both 'Q.' and myself used to go, and then asked if it was in 'Hanover Square.' I replied, No, whereupon he told me not to note anything until he got it 'clearer.'

"'Dr. Phinuit' then charged me with weighing too much who he was, where he came from, etc., while he was trying to

give me information, and said that this harassed and confused him. I should, he said, be as 'negative' as possible during the sitting. [The charge was justified, as I had actually drifted into the consideration of what Phinuit was, etc.]"

This series of sittings continued the famous (?) Hannah Wilde communications (Pr. VIII, 69-84), which included a vast number of things that were so, and one apparently most important thing, that was not, namely, a letter written by Phinuit which purported to be a copy of a sealed letter left by Miss Wilde, and had no relation whatever to it. See the similar case of the Myers letter, Chapter XLI.

There are some sittings of which Hodgson says (Pr. VIII, 85):

"Mr. John F. Brown, a member of our Society... writes to me on February 20th, 1891, that he is fully convinced that Mrs. Piper's dealings with him have been false and fraudulent throughout. His opinion, I believe, is that Mrs. Piper pretends to go into trance, proceeds by guesswork, questioning, etc., and adds such information as she has been able to obtain by secret inquiry beforehand concerning the sitters. I understand that he attributes importance to the details of all his visits to Mrs. Piper, and his accounts are therefore given in full."

All that about "secret inquiry" now seems ludicrous. I quote this allusion and a few others of the same kind to show both sides. I have read over Mr. Brown's details, and find them more interesting than I fear he did, but less interesting than some others which would better occupy our limited space—than this, for instance (Pr. VIII, 92-3):

"5, Boylston-place, *March 6th*, 1889.

"Mr. Robertson James has just called here on return from a sitting with Mrs. P., during which he was informed by Mrs. P.—entranced—that 'Aunt Kate' had died about 2 or 2.30 in the morning. Aunt Kate was also referred to as Mrs. Walsh.

"Mrs. Walsh has been ill for some time and has been expected during the last few days to die at any hour. This is written before any despatch has been received informing of the death, in presence of the following:—

"RICHARD HODGSON.

"WILLIAM JAMES.

"ROBERTSON JAMES.

"On reaching home an hour later I found a telegram as follows:—'Aunt Kate passed away a few minutes after midnight.—E. R. WALSH.'

"(Signed) WM. JAMES.

“Mrs. William James, who accompanied Mr. Robertson James to the sitting on March 6th, writes as follows:—

“18, Garden-street, CAMBRIDGE, *March 28th*, 1889.

“Concerning the sitting mentioned above on March 6th, I may add that the ‘control’ said, when mentioning that Aunt Kate had died, that I would find ‘a letter or telegram’ when I got home, saying she was gone.

“ALICE H. JAMES.

“*July*, 1890.

“It may be worth while to add that early at this sitting I inquired, ‘How is Aunt Kate?’ The reply was, ‘She is poorly.’ This reply disappointed me, from its baldness. Nothing more was said about Aunt Kate till towards the close of the sitting, when I again said, ‘Can you tell me nothing more about Aunt Kate?’ The medium suddenly threw back her head and said in a startled way, ‘Why, Aunt Kate’s here. All around me I hear voices saying, “Aunt Kate has come.”’ Then followed the announcement that she had died very early that morning, and on being pressed to give the time, shortly after two was named.

“A. H. J.”

And here is a manifestation eight months after Mrs. Walsh’s death, of a control claiming her name and impersonating her. The reader will probably agree that Hodgson was a pretty good reporter, and that if Mrs. Piper was not really “possessed” (by a cosmic inflow of Mrs. Walsh’s personality?) Mrs. Piper or her subliminal self, whatever that may mean, was a pretty good dramatic author and actress.

R. Hodgson. November 7th, 1889. (Pr.VIII,93-4.)

[From a letter written to Professor W. James on the day of the sitting.]

“Mrs. D. and I had sitting to-day at Arlington Heights, and the usurpation by ‘Kate Walsh’ was extraordinary. She (Mrs. Piper) had got hold of my hands, and I had to make a few fragmentary notes afterwards of the remarks, themselves fragmentary, which she made. The personality seemed very intense, and spoke in effortful whispers.

“‘William—William—God bless you.’ Sitter: ‘Who are you?’ ‘Kate—Walsh.’ S. ‘I know you.’ ‘Help me—help me—’ [Taking [*i.e.*, Mrs. Piper “taking,” &c. H.H.] my right hand with her right, and passing it to her left and making me take hold of her left hand.] ‘That hand’s dead—dead—this one’s alive’ [*i.e.*, the right]—‘help me.’

“The left hand . . . was cooler than either of my hands, while the right hand was warmer than either of my hands [the implication being that Mrs. Piper was possessed by Mrs. Walsh. H.H.]

"'I'm alive—I'm alive—Albert's coming over soon. He can't stay—poor boy—poor boy—Albert—Albert—Alfred—Albert—I know you—Alice—Alice—William—Alice——' S. 'Yes, I know. I'll tell them. You remember me. I stayed with you in New York.' 'Yes, I know. But, oh, I can't remember. I'm so cold—I'm so cold. Oh, help me—help me'—[making tremulous movements of hands]. S. 'I know. I'll tell them. You remember me; my name's Hodgson.' 'Yes. Mr. Hodgson. Where are the girls? Yes. You had fish for breakfast on the second day, didn't you?' S. 'I don't remember very well.' 'And the tea—who was it spilt the cup of tea? Was it you or William?' [I think I remember something about the tea, but not very clearly. R.H.] 'You were in the corner room—bedroom—upstairs. Were you cold? Then there was some blancmange—you didn't like that. No. It was cream—Bavarian cream. [Is all this Mrs. Piper, or is it Shakspeare, or is it the spirit of a fussy old lady? H.H.] Albert—poor boy; he's coming soon. William—[something about arranging the property]—William—God bless him.'

"The above was much less than was really said. But that was the sort of thing, and nothing *à la mode* Phinuit at all. It was the most strikingly personal thing I have seen."

This, some commentators want us to believe, was "another personality" of Mrs. Piper—if Phinuit was. Four in the case of Sally Beauchamp are well established, and eleven in the case of Dr. Wilson's patient (Pr. XVIII). I wonder how many Dr. Prince would consider a probable number, and at what number the spiritistic hypothesis would begin to appear easier than the divided personality one.

James thus commented on Hodgson's letter (Pr. VIII, 94) :

"The 'Kate Walsh' freak is very interesting. The first mention of her by Phinuit was when she was living, three years or more ago, when she had written to my wife imploring her not to sit for development [*i.e.*, as a medium. H.H.]. Phinuit knew this in some incomprehensible way. A year later [in a sitting] with Margaret Gibbens [sister of Mrs. James], I present, Phinuit alluded jocosely to this fear of hers again, and made some derisive remarks about her unhappy marriage, calling her an 'old crank,' etc. Her death was announced last spring, as you remember. In September, sitting with me and my wife, Mrs. Piper was suddenly 'controlled' by her spirit, who spoke directly with much impressiveness of manner, and great similarity of temperament to herself. Platitudes. She said Henry Wyckoff had experienced a change, and that Albert was coming over soon; nothing definite about either. Queer business!"

C. W. F., M.D. Providence, R. I., May 17th, 1889. (Pr. VIII, 98f.)

[Extracts from a letter to James.]

[The sittings] "rather force me to believe that Dr. P. is not a fictitious personage....Dr. P. has partially forgotten his French, so far as speaking it goes, yet I am convinced that he understands all that I say in that language, and that Mrs. P. does not, from my tests of her capacity, and she impresses me as being a truly honest woman....."

"Q.: 'How long do you think I shall live?' (He had pretty well described my physical condition.) He answered this question by counting in French on the medium's fingers to *eleven*. Q.: 'What influence has my mind on what you tell me?' A.: 'I get nothing from your mind; I can't read your mind any more than I can see through a stone wall.' He added that he saw objectively the persons of whom he spoke to me, and that they conveyed to him the messages given....The names of several persons he called up he spelt in French, as Robert, not being able, seemingly, to pronounce them well in English....'How do you get what you tell me about myself; my length of life, my going to Europe, etc.?' A.: 'I get it from your astral light.' [He generally says from spirits. H.H.]...The doctor has emphasized my own mediumistic power at each séance, and has said that I would surely write. 'Get a planchette, and I will come to your own house as a test.'"

As already said, and probably will be said again, people with mediumistic aptitudes get good sittings.

A good illustration of the fallibility of the communications is in Pr. VIII, 114:

Miss A. A. B., Boston. January or February, 1888.

"I went to Mrs. Piper chiefly to see if she could tell me of some china we had lost. It had been stored during a long absence in Europe, and upon our return we could not find it.... She said, 'You have lost some china, and you feel very badly about it. It was taken from your home by a man who has been in the employ of your family a long time....' Several months after Mrs. Piper told me this, the china was found precisely where it was first placed, and where it had been overlooked, as the box was believed to contain something else."

Apparently telepathy of the sitter's suspicion. And here are two of the reverse (Pr. VIII, 115):

"'Did you ever own a bird?' 'Yes.' 'It is a parrot, and is flying all about your head now.' 'Do birds, then, have another life?' 'I tell you this—anything that you have had here and want there again, you will have. You will have that parrot again.' I never owned but one bird, and that was a gray parrot."

The dramatic character of the second makes it a double strain on the telepathic theory (Pr. VIII, 104f.):

Rev. W. H. Savage. December 28th, 1888.

“Ah! Here is somebody from outside—he says his name is Robert West. He wants to send a message to your brother.’ Then, after a moment, ‘I wrote an—he is writing it and I am reading for you—an AR—TI—article A—G—A against his W—work in the AD—V—Advance. What the dickens is the *Advance*?’ I said, ‘It is a paper.’ Then she continued, ‘I thought he was wrong, but—he was—right, and I repent, he was right. I want you to tell him for me. I am sorry.... I want to right all the wrong I did in the body.’ I said to her, ‘Can you see him?’ ‘Yes,’ she replied. ‘How does he look?’ I asked. ‘He has grayish blue eyes, a beard, a rather prominent nose, a firm mouth, a large forehead, and he brushed his hair up, so,’ brushing my hair with her hand, to show the fashion of his. ‘He is of medium build, rather tall. He died of hemorrhage of the kidneys.’... The description of Mr. West is photographic in its truth. His appearance at our interview was entirely unheralded by anything leading up to it.....

“Mr. M. J. Savage writes on June 26th, 1890:—

“Mr. West... became editor of *The Advance*. While on that paper he wrote a severe criticism on me, my doctrines, and my work. My brother had not seen this criticism, and did not even know about it.

“Neither of us knew the cause of his death. On writing to *The Advance*, after this sitting, the correctness of Mrs. Piper’s statement as to his death was confirmed.

“Mr. W. H. Savage further writes July 5th, 1890:—

“1. When Mrs. P. began speaking of Mr. West, she turned with a surprised look, as at an unlooked for interruption, with the remark, ‘Ah! here is, etc.’ [as above. H.H.]

“2. When I asked for a description she turned again in the same direction and said, ‘Hold up your head and let me look at you.’ Then she went on to describe as given in the statement.

“3. She gave the date of death correctly, as well as cause.

“4. I did not know that West was dead.

“5. As my brother says, I had never heard of the attack on my brother of which the interview speaks.”

Rev. M. J. Savage. January 15th, 1889 (Pr. VIII, 105f.)

“On January 15th, 1889, the Rev. M. J. Savage had a sitting with Mrs. Piper, in the course of which Rev. Robert West purported to communicate, stating that his body was buried at Alton, Ill., and giving the text on his tombstone. Mr. Savage was unaware of either of these facts at the time of the sitting. He soon afterwards ascertained that Rev. Robert West’s grave was at Alton, Ill., but he did not ascertain the text on the tombstone. He recently informed me of the circumstance, and I

have since obtained from Mr. J. A. Cousley, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, Alton, Ill., a copy of the inscriptions on the tombstone. I requested Mr. Savage then to furnish me with the text which had been given to him through Mrs. Piper. Yesterday he found his notes made on the day of the sitting, and read me the text, which agreed with that sent to me from Alton—viz., ‘Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’

“The above is correct.

(Signed) R. HODGSON.
M. J. SAVAGE.

“July 25th, 1890.”

The following, if genuine (and there seems no more reason to doubt it than any other Piper manifestation), looks more like a case of “possession” than perhaps any other case of hers:

Miss A. M. R. (Pr.VIII,111f.)

“BOSTON, *February 14th*, 1888.

“At the first sitting I tried to get some information regarding a friend who had then been dead about three months. I was told by Dr. Phinuit... that I probably would not get anything satisfactory for some time, and was advised to wait about eight months. At the expiration of that time I sat again, and at the third sitting from that time (I think my dates are correct) the medium was controlled for a few minutes during the hour by what purported to be the spirit of my friend who, however, seemed to have such imperfect control that he could only speak in a choked, whispering voice. At the next sitting he was stronger, and now is able to take control and talk easily and distinctly for perhaps half an hour. I have received the impression, from what has been told me through the medium, that for some months after the death of my friend he did not sufficiently understand the conditions of his new existence, or the conditions under which he could return, to be able to reach me through any medium.”

“BOSTON, *December 17th*, 1888.

“..... He used to be lame.... He has often said to me, ‘You know my lame leg; well, it is all well now.’... He tried very hard [*i.e.*, acting through the medium. H.H.] to raise himself from the chair without succeeding at first. I told him he had better not try, as it might be too much for the medium. He insisted on trying, however, but commenced rubbing one leg, and asked me if I could remember which leg was lame. [This strange sort of ignorance is very characteristic of “controls.” H.H.] At last he raised himself, but instead of walking, as Dr. P[hinuit] would do, he leaned heavily on me, and seemed to hop or hitch along on one foot exactly as a person would do who could use only one foot in walking. After he came back, he dropped into the chair exhausted, and said that was the hardest work he had done since coming back, and that it was too much

of the real life for him; he did not like it. . . . He says that his spiritual body was not lame, but that he had to come back that way so I would recognize him.”

“BOSTON, *June 23rd*, 1890.

“At each sitting I have conversed with two personalities, Dr. P., the regular control, and the control which claims to be the spirit of my friend H. . . . When my friend H. takes control of the medium it seems to be quite a different personality, although there is something in the voice or manner of speaking that is like Dr. P. The voice, however, is not nearly so loud. When I asked him once why this was, he told me that Dr. P. was right by him and that he could not stay a moment without his help. In a great many little ways he is quite like what my friend used to be when living, so much so that I am afraid it would take a great deal of explanation to make me believe that his identical self had not something to do with it. . . . This, too, in spite of the fact that he does not *always* know how to spell his own name correctly, though I am happy to be able to state that he certainly *knows* what his name is. He says the longer he is away the more he forgets about things in this life, though he does not forget his friends. . . . He insists that he can see me in my room, and often knows what I am doing. At one time he asked me how I liked that little drab-colored book that I had been reading with another person. There was a particular book which I had been reading aloud with a friend, but it was covered with brown paper, as I remember, and I had no idea what the cloth cover was. On reaching home I took off the paper cover, and found that it was a drab-colored cloth cover. I may have seen the book when new, and before the paper cover was put on, but if I did I had completely forgotten about it.”

These subliminal memories are frequent. The mediums often get them contrary to the supraliminal convictions of the sitters. Do they get them from the sitter's mind, or have they passed into the cosmic mind via postcarnate souls?

This account concludes (Pr. VIII, 113-4):

“When I talk with H. about the philosophy of spirit return, he always seems more or less puzzled, and generally refers me to Dr. P., saying that he knows more about such things. He hardly knew at first what I meant by the medium, but says that he has for the time being another organism, and that is about all he knows. When he asked me why I did not come oftener to see him, I explained to him, somewhat as I would to a child, that the medium was not always at command, and that I had to pay money for a sitting with her. He said, ‘I am an expensive article, then?’ I replied, ‘Yes, you spirits are quite expensive articles.’”

Mr. F. S. S. (Pr.VIII,119.)

“(Question: Well, Sarah is her middle name. What is her other? Could not answer.) [Phinuit says (H.H.)] ‘She is different from your mother; has very original ways of thinking, and ideas. She is very positive; set as the hills; and doesn’t believe in me. She is a crank, and so am I, but she will have to be a good deal bigger than she is to scare me.’... My aunt had given several sittings to [had several with? H.H.] Mrs. P., but with no success; hence she had become somewhat skeptical; hence the medium’s words, ‘She does not believe in me.’ Mrs. P. had no possible means of associating my aunt and me, to my knowledge.”

Mr. M. N. (Pr.VIII,120f.)

“Briefly stated, the three cases of prophesying which I have experienced with Mrs. Piper, and which have come true, are as follows:—

“..... She told me that a death of a near relative of mine would occur in about six weeks, from which I should realize some pecuniary advantages. . . . My wife, to whom I was then engaged, went to see Mrs. Piper a few days afterwards, and she told her (my wife) that my father would die in a few weeks.

“About the middle of May my father died very suddenly in London. . . . Previous to this Mrs. Piper (as Dr. Phinuit) had told me that she would endeavor to influence my father about certain matters connected with his will before he died. Two days after I received the cable announcing his death, my wife and I went to see Mrs. Piper, and she [Phinuit] spoke of his presence, and his sudden arrival in the spirit-world, and said that he (Dr. Phinuit) had endeavored to persuade him in those matters while my father was sick. Dr. Phinuit told me the state of the will, and described the principal executor, and said that he (the executor) would make a certain disposition in my favor, subject to the consent of the two other executors, when I got to London, Eng. Three weeks afterwards I arrived in London; found the principal executor to be the man Dr. Phinuit had described. The will went materially as he had stated. . . . and my sister, who was chiefly at my father’s bedside the last three days of his life, told me that he had repeatedly complained of the presence of an old man at the foot of his bed, who annoyed him by discussing his private affairs.

“The second instance I would give you is as follows:—

“Dr. Phinuit stated that I would receive a professional offer within two weeks by letter, to my present address, with the name of the manager’s firm on the left hand corner of the envelope, and (as far as I could understand him) either from a man named French, or else from a Frenchman. Within the time stated the letter came, answering to the description of its appearance, and to this address, but the offer was from a *Frenchman*.

"The third is as follows:—

"Dr. Phinuit stated on one occasion that some relative was suffering at that time from a sore or wounded thumb. We knew of no one at the time. . . . Shortly after this conversation my aunt stated that she had received a letter from cousins. . . . 'Oh, by-the-bye . . . Jennie has . . . injured her thumb in some machine.' . . . Dr. Phinuit cured me, or apparently did so, by a prescription sent me by Mrs. Piper, of an internal trouble from which I had suffered for eighteen months."

The following report (Pr. VIII, 126f.) by Mr. J. Rogers Rich, made from contemporary notes of the sittings, is among the best, and illustrates (by the converse) what has been remarked more than once—that scientific (and consequently skeptical?) people do not make the best sitters. This artist made an admirable one.

"I had always had a dislike for any 'mediums' or 'spiritualists' of every kind, but on meeting this woman I was at once attracted to her by the simple and sympathetic manner which she showed on greeting me, and I felt a delicacy about making an appointment for a sitting, she seeming to me too gentle and refined for a business of this sort. I was at once struck with the peculiar light, or inward look, in her eyes. Her voice was full and agreeable, but in every way a 'feminine' voice, and there was an entire absence of any masculinity in her manner, which I had been expecting to find under the circumstances.

"My first sitting with her was on September 6th, 1888. With little trouble she went into the trance . . . and after a moment's silence . . . I was startled by the remarkable change in her voice—an exclamation, a sort of grunt of satisfaction, as if the person had reached his destination and gave vent to his pleasure thereat by this sound, uttered in an unmistakably male voice, but rather husky. I was at once addressed in French with, 'Bonjour, Monsieur, comment vous portez vous?' to which I gave answer in the same language, with which I happen to be perfectly familiar. My answer was responded to with a sort of inquiring grunt, much like the French 'Hein?' . . . Nearly all my interviews were begun in the same manner. . . . I was quite unwell with nervous troubles. . . . The first thing told me was of a 'great light behind me, a good sign,' &c. Then suddenly all my ills were very clearly and distinctly explained and so thoroughly that I felt certain that Mrs. Piper herself would have hesitated to use such plain language! Prescriptions were given to me for the purchase of herbs, and the manner of preparing them. . . . My profession (painting) was described, and my particular talents and mannerisms in design were mentioned. . . . My mother was clearly described! She was 'beside me, dressed as in her portrait (painted

a year or two before her death), and wearing a certain cameo pin, the portrait of my father.'....."

"*Second Sitting on October 5th.*—... The 'Doctor' told me of my niece being frequently 'in my surroundings,' and that she was then at my side. Up to this time I had not heard my name mentioned, so I asked for it from my niece. The 'Doctor' was again puzzled and said, 'What a funny name—wait, I cannot go so fast!' Then my entire name was correctly spelt out but entirely with the French alphabet, each separate letter being clearly pronounced in that language. My niece had been born, lived most of her short life, and died in France. Then the attempt to pronounce my name was amusing—finally calling me 'Thames Rowghearce Reach.' The 'Doctor' never called me after that anything but 'Reach.'"

It is now time for a comment on Hodgson's expressions on p. 404 regarding Phinuit's French. Between there and here they have been traversed more than once, this time, I think, pretty strongly: for the spelling of a name "entirely with the French alphabet, each separate letter being clearly pronounced in that language," is a feat that few English-speaking students could accomplish, because the matter is of little consequence, and generally neglected. I have been in France some, and have translated two French books without incurring critical censure that I am aware of, and yet that feat would be far beyond me.

Mr. Rich's farther remarks on this subject at the close of his account are the most important which it has evoked (Pr. VIII, 131):

"One day Mrs. Piper pointed to a plain gold ring on my finger and said: 'C'est une alliance, how you call that? A wedding ring, n'est-ce pas?' This was true. Now if Mrs. Piper had learned French at school here [which she did not or anywhere else. H.H.] she would most probably have called this ring 'un anneau de marriage,' and not have given it the technical name 'alliance.' I several times carried on a short conversation in French, making my observations in that language and receiving answers in the same, but which were always curt, and ended with an expressed wish in broken English not 'to bodder about French but to speak in English.' I made use, too, of certain slang expressions which were apparently perfectly understood but answered in English, though correctly."

But to return to Mr. Rich's earlier record (Pr. VIII, 128-9):

"November 8th.—... A friend's sister had met with a loss by fire, and wished to see what could be done towards tracing the incendiary. This lady had a habit of coloring or bleaching her hair, of which she had sent a lock as a test. 'Dr. Phinuit' at first refused to touch the hair, saying that it was 'dead and devilish!' As I knew nothing whatever of the persons connected with the fire, I noted down the descriptions given, which tallied perfectly with that of the parties suspected, as I afterwards learned.... Breaking into the run of conversation, the 'Doctor' of a sudden said, 'Hullo, here's Newell!' (mentioning the name of a friend who had died some months before). 'Newell' is a substitute for the real name. I should add that 'Newell' had frequently purported to communicate directly with his mother through Mrs. Piper at previous sittings, but this was the first time that any intimation of his presence was given to me. I was totally unprepared for this, and said, 'Who did you say?' The name was repeated with a strong foreign accent, and in the familiar voice and tone of the 'Doctor.' Then there seemed for a moment to be a mingling of voices as if in dispute, followed by silence and heavy breathing of the medium. All at once I was astonished to hear, in an entirely different tone and in the purest English accent, 'Well, of all persons under the sun, Rogers Rich, what brought you here? I'm glad to see you, old fellow! How is X and Y and Z, and all the boys at the club?' Some names were given which I knew of, but their owners I had never met, and so reminded my friend 'Newell,' who recalled that he followed me in college by some years and that all his acquaintances were younger than I. I remarked an odd movement of the medium while under this influence; she apparently was twirling a mustache, a trick which my friend formerly practised much."

Now if all this drama is telepathy, it certainly is not of the "common or garden variety," and if "Newell" is a secondary personality of Mrs. Piper, it is one of hundreds of instances of that woman having secondary personalities who are men. I have read accounts of a good many undoubted cases of secondary personality, and have yet to read one where the sex was crossed. Aren't these interpretations growing to look a little absurd?

Mr. Rich now gets back to Phinuit's prescription (Pr. VIII, 129-30):

"I had been following the treatment prescribed by the 'Doctor,' and had prepared at my home the herbs, etc., according to his orders, as I thought. But I found that the medicine had not the effect promised and so told him. The answer was that it was

my fault for 'they were not properly prepared.' I assured him that they were, whereat he said that 'that old nigger... had not followed my directions, had used the wrong proportions, had forgotten to watch the cooking, and was a fool anyway!' On inquiry I found this to be the fact, for she had understood me to say a quart instead of a pint, and confessed to having forgotten the mixture and allowed it to boil down but 'thought it wouldn't make any difference.'.....

"A lock of hair belonging to a friend who is quite noted for his amusing self-conceit was greeted with a laugh and recognized as belonging to 'His Royal Highness,' or the 'Duke B,' calling him by his real name and attaching the titles by way of 'chaff.'

"Some prophecies were made to 'occur soon,' but I regret to say that the 'Doctor's' idea of 'soonness' and mine differ greatly—for they are not yet fulfilled.

"*June 3rd, 1889.*—My ninth sitting. This time I asked to communicate with my friend 'Newell,' previously referred to in my fourth sitting. The 'Doctor' said, 'I'll send for him,' and kept on talking with me for a while. Then he said, 'Here's Newell, and he wants to talk with you "Reach," so I'll go about my business whilst you are talking with him, and will come back again later.' Then followed a confusion of words, but I clearly heard the voice of the 'Doctor' saying: 'Here, Newell, you come by the hands while I go out by the feet,' which apparently being accomplished in the proper manner, my name was called clearly as 'Rogers, old fellow!' without a sign of accent [Remember that "Phinuit" always pronounced it with an accent. H.H.] and the same questions put as to how were the 'fellows at the club.' My hand was cordially shaken [by the medium. H.H.], and I remarked the same movement of twisting the mustache, which was kept up by Mrs. Piper during the interview. 'Newell' spoke of a 'pastel' which I was drawing... and described the pleasure he had in watching me do it. He told me of certain private family affairs which I knew to be correct. Finally he bade me good-by. Before going he spoke to me of his 'present life,' and told me that he was writing a poem; that he was now pursuing his literary studies with the greatest pleasure, &c., &c. 'But,' he said, 'was I not sick, and did I not suffer before I left you all? Why, the leaving of the material body, Rogers, is terrible. It is like tearing limb from limb; but once free, how happy one is.' When 'Newell' left me there was the usual disturbance in the medium's condition, and then the resumption of the familiar voice, accent and mannerisms of Dr. Phinuit."

The Doctor's remark: "Here, Newell, you come by the hands while I go out by the feet" has haunted me since I first read it many years ago, and for several reasons.

The hypnotists have found a peculiar sensibility in the pit of the stomach, near the sympathetic ganglia. Their subjects and some somnambulists appear to hear and see from there. And there are suggestive accounts of its being the place of entrance and exit of the soul or astral (?) body—suggestive because it is near the umbilicus, where the foetus derives its nutriment from the mother. Whatever that may amount to, it seems absurd that the hands, and of all things the feet, should be the avenues of spiritual entrance and exit; but in the light of our inherited preconceptions, a good many things uncovered by "psychical research" have seemed absurd, and yet some of them have, in time, become quite matters of course. It has already ineffectually taken me nearly twenty years to get over the feet and what they suggest. They have been one reason why I do not care to visit mediums. I don't want any of the souls I love coming to me through a stranger's body, especially the inferior members of such a body. Phinuit, however, does not appear to have been a very finical person, and as a medical man he is presumably to be credited with superiority to many of a layman's prejudices.

But with all my objections to the passage, isn't it as dramatic as Falstaff or Pistol? I don't see how one can read it without laughing at the idea that telepathy can be made to cover the whole case. For myself, its dramatic quality so far tends to overcome its coarseness and apparent absurdity, that, commonplace as it is, it stands high among the phenomena that weigh with me for the spiritistic hypothesis—and almost equally high with those that weigh against it. It would stand higher still in the latter class if it were not so magnificently in keeping with delightful old Phinuit. I'm sorry for any reader of the Proceedings who does not enjoy him with the two gentlemen I named before him.

Mr. Rich continues (Pr. VIII, 130):

"Then I produced a dog's collar. After some handling of it the 'Doctor' recognized it as belonging to a dog which I had once owned. I asked 'If there were dogs where he was?' 'Thousands of them!' and he said he would try to attract the attention of my dog with this collar. In the midst of our conversation he suddenly exclaimed, 'There! I think he knows you are here, for I see [him] coming from away off!' He then de-

scribed my collie perfectly, and said, 'You call him, Reach,' and I gave my whistle by which I used to call him. 'Here he comes! Oh, how he jumps! There he is now, jumping upon and around you. So glad to see you! Rover! Rover! No—G-rover, Grover! That's his name!' The dog was once called Rover, but his name was changed to Grover in 1884, in honor of the election of Grover Cleveland."

This too is perhaps telepathy! Or are we on the brink of finding that a woman's secondary selves are not only men, and by the hundred, but sometimes dogs? The only demonstration necessary would be for Mrs. Piper to try to bark.

Mr. Rich continues (p. 130) :

"A child was constantly beside me and in my surroundings. It was attracted to me and had much influence over me: 'It is a blood relation, a sister.' I denied this to have ever been a fact for I never had a sister and never heard of one. The answer came: 'I know that, *you* were never told of it. The birth was premature, the child dead, born some years before you were. Go and ask your aunts to prove it.' On questioning an aunt who had been always a member of our family, I learned that such had been the case, and that by the time I came into the world the affair had been forgotten and there had never been a reason for informing me of the circumstances, proving that I in no way had any intimation of it, and that this communication could not be explained by thought-transference or the like."

Note that though Mr. Rich was a grown man, this sister, born several years before he was, appeared to Phinuit as a child. Similar anomalies in regard to even stillborn children appear several times in the reports. It is no explanation of them to say that they are inconsistent with the spiritistic hypothesis. We may yet find that they are not. Either way, they await explanation. Generally the controls appear as having grown, and in long series of sittings (see Junot Series, Chapter XLIX) as growing.

Mr. Rich remarks (p. 131) :

"Although the 'prophecies' of the 'Doctor' were not fulfilled at the time I understood him to mean as 'in the spring' or 'in the fall,' I have since found several of these things come true, and in the season which he mentioned, but not that year in which he led me to expect them to be realized."

Barring some comparatively insignificant matters, this

closes the sittings previous to Mrs. Piper's departure for England late in 1889. We will now turn to her sittings there, reported in Pr. VI, and then give a brief glance back to Pr. VIII, where Hodgson gives those from her return in the spring of 1890 through 1891

CHAPTER XXX

MRS. PIPER'S ENGLISH SITTINGS, 1889-90

THESE were held under the supervision of Sir Oliver Lodge and Dr. Walter Leaf, and the report of them has an introduction by Myers, and is followed by a statement of impressions of Mrs. Piper by James. All these experts expressed perfect confidence in the honesty of the medium, and that the phenomena were not explicable by any agency yet known to science.

Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. VI, 445) :

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

With rather more confusion, one gets this impression constantly in reading the hundreds of pages of such reports, and it reminds me, and probably many, of frequent similar impressions in dreams, which naturally awakens the notion of inflow of more or less confused material from the cosmic mind.

Touching Phinuit, Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. VI, 448f.) :

“The name is useful as expressing compactly what is naturally prominent to the feeling of any sitter, that he is not talking to Mrs. Piper at all. The manner, mode of thought, tone, trains of idea, are all different. You are speaking no longer to a lady but to a man, an old man, a medical man. All this cannot but be vividly felt even by one who considered the impersonation a consummate piece of acting.

“Whether such a man as Dr. Phinuit ever existed I do not know, nor from the evidential point of view do I greatly care. . . . It can be objected, why if he was a French doctor has he so en-

tirely forgotten his French? [But he has not. See p. 420. H.H.] ... I am unable to meet this objection, by anything beyond the obvious suggestion that Mrs. Piper's brain is the medium utilized, and that she is likewise ignorant. But one would think that it would be a sufficiently patent objection to deter an impersonator from assuming a rôle of purely unnecessary difficulty.....

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

"At times Dr. Phinuit does fish. Occasionally he guesses; and sometimes he ekes out the scantiness of his information from the resources of a lively imagination. ... The fishing process is most marked when Mrs. Piper herself either is not feeling well or is tired. ... When he does not fish he simply draws upon his memory and retails old facts which he has told before, occasionally with additions of his own which do not improve them. His memory seems to be one of extraordinary tenacity and exactness [more than any human memory. H.H.], but not of infallibility; and its lapses do introduce error [as to fishing, see p. 523. H.H.].

"He seems to be under some compulsion not to be silent. Possibly the trance would cease if he did not exert himself. At any rate he chatters on, and one has to discount a good deal of conversation which is obviously, and sometimes confessedly, introduced as a stop-gap. ... It would be a great improvement if, when he realizes that conditions are unfavorable, he would say so and hold his peace. I have tried to impress this upon him, with the effect that he is sometimes confidential, and says that he is having a bad time; but after all he probably knows his own business best, because it has several times happened that after half an hour of more or less worthless padding, a few minutes of valuable lucidity have been attained.

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

The amount of attention given everywhere to Phinuit may seem out of proportion, especially here, and also especially in view of the fact that for several years, the old fellow has been absent from mortal converse, and replaced by a great variety of people (?) who speak, or rather write, for themselves. But this attention to him is, on my part at least, largely because he may help toward an explanation of those "other people."

Here is an episode explaining a nickname that Phinuit habitually applied to Sir Oliver (Pr. VI, 471f.):

"Cousin married, and the gentleman passed out at sea, round the sea.... Hullo, he's got funny buttons, big, bright... A uniform. He has been a commander, an officer, a leader; not military, but a commander.... [A little further on Phinuit suddenly brings out the word Cap'n in connection with him, but, in a curious and half puzzled way, applies it to me. It remained my Phinuit nickname to the end, though quite inapplicable.] Your mother has got a good picture of him taken a long time ago, pretty good, old-fashioned, but not so bad of him. Yes, pretty good. He looks like that now. He looks younger than he did....."

As in this vision, so it was in one of my own dreams which I suspect was in several respects veridical; and in two other dreams where I cannot trace any veridicity, the persons had grown young. But in another which I fully believe to have been veridical, the person had grown older in proportion to the time since "passing over," but there was a peculiar reason for such a manifestation: I fancy that my friend may have wanted to appear to "grow old along with me."

You see I am now justifying Phinuit's report of my mediumship, but don't be alarmed. There is not much of it. Even if more were possible, I have been too busy with other things, and have a disinclination regarding it.

Phinuit asks (Pr. VI, 551):

"Do you remember the little one that passed out of the body?' E. C. L. [Sir O.'s sister. H.H.]: 'No, but I know there was one.' 'Well, he's here.... But you wouldn't know him now. He's grown up.' E. C. L.: 'Then they do grow?' 'Certainly. He's about 35, I should say. [The brother referred to, who died aged five weeks, would have been 33.] They all look about 35 here.'"

But how about such utterances as this to Mrs. Leaf (Pr.

VI, 594), and in the case of Mr. Rich's sister? Do they not flatly contradict what has been said about growing up?

“There is a little child round you. The little body of a child. It belonged to your aunt that is in the spirit, that passed out years and years ago; you will have to ask your mother about it. You will find that it is a little child that never lived in the body.’ R. M. L.: ‘Whose child was that?’ ‘The child does not know whose child she was. Don’t you see, the child was too young. I can’t get it to talk to me. I see this little one; it belongs either to an aunt or a cousin. Your mother will know about it.’

“[This is not known to be correct of the child of an aunt or cousin. Mrs. Leaf had herself lost a baby, born dead.]”

There are some things to suggest that if there are post-carnate souls, they can appear as of any age in their experience—and so show their history since separation, to anyone rejoining them.

One naturally speculates whether, if there is a future state, those there keep growing old with all the disagreeables incident to so doing. Twice, in dreams, I remember very vividly, the old had grown young. This recalls Peter Ibbetson's statement that he and his beloved kept themselves about twenty-seven. There are reports that Peter Ibbetson is not all fancy, but even if it were, such reports would be inevitable.

This whole question seems as much of a jumble as the question arising from the controls' frequent assertion that their life is free from pain, while the medium is frequently acting evidences of pain—usually that of their last illnesses. In several places the controls say this is done to prove identity.

Here is an account by Sir Oliver that makes strongly for the telepathic hypothesis, but the last sentence is rather against it (Pr. VI, 466-7):

“You have a son in the body—a smart boy—clever, but not very strong . . . but he has got worms badly. . . . ‘Ought he to go to school?’ ‘By no means. You ought to keep him at home and nurse him, and give him vermifuge. You will, won't you? Worms are his chief trouble; they consume his food, his stomach is filled with slime; he feels nausea; no ambition; rather irritable.’ [All this about my eldest boy is painfully true, except that it is perhaps a little exaggerated. We had suspected worms before, and perceiving the outside symptoms correctly described as above, we took the matter in hand seriously, and after acting

for some days under medical advice we established the truth of the above statement precisely.]”

And yet it is frequently said that Phinuit could not diagnose!

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

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

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

We may as well follow this boy through the sittings (Pr. VI, 505f.):

“Mrs. L.: ‘Do you remember little V?’ [The Lodges’ sick boy. H.H.] Dr.: ‘I do remember.’ O. L.: ‘Where is he now?’ Dr.: ‘He is with Mary [*i.e.*, his grandmother: true]. He is better there, and we are going to take good care of him, that nothing serious happens. You remember. See if we don’t take good care of him, in your life, not in ours. Our interest is very great, very large, and we could do a great deal. And, Marie, dear [Mrs. Lodge. H.H.], do not worry; be brave.... Do not send him to school. Let him stay at home and rest well, and get strong.... He will pull through, and come out all right. He has got worms. Yes, he has got them still; but he will outgrow it, and make a fine boy. Do not worry. I don’t tell you that to encourage you, but because it is true.’ Mrs. L.: ‘Are they little or are they big worms?’ Dr.: ‘Large, not small, but large worms; that is—they are not tapeworms. No.’ [True.] Mrs. L.: ‘What should we give him?’ Dr.: ‘You give him vermifuge to take. Suggest some.’ [N.B.—This is not the usual Phinuit method of prescription: it is quite exceptional.] O. L.: ‘Mercury?’ Dr.: ‘No, too strong. Weaken him.’ Mrs. L.: ‘Santonin? Scammony? Quassia?’ Dr.: ‘Yes, scammony is good. Give him that with quassia alternately.’ O. L.: ‘Both injected?’ Dr.: ‘Yes, best thing in the lot.... I tell you you have got a great comfort in that boy.’ Mrs. L.: ‘Will he live to be a man?’ Dr.: ‘Fretting! It is all bosh, and you had better be asleep than fretting about people. Do as I told you. He will come out all right. That’s what’s the matter. Give him hot water to drink.... You make the vermifuge I told you.... Take good care of yourself, Marie, we’ll take good care of him. Change will do him good. There is others in your surroundings that needs looking after just as much and more. [This grammar was not telepathed from the Lodges! H.H.] You need not worry about any of them for the present. It is all right. It will be

all right.... But God knows. What He told me to say, and what He allows me to know, I know and no more. I can't help getting mixed up sometimes; and it makes me mad. I'd like to be all straight, not crooked. I do take care of you. When the voice of Dr. Phinuit is no longer heard in the body, remember you had a friend in me, and one who will always look after you, no matter what one says about me. I go on. I fight, fight them all; and they will always do.... Get good for me to do. God bless you all, and the best wishes. Captain! Is there anything else? I will speak to you again. Doctor!"

Sir Oliver thus speaks about something which the reports had suggested to me before I had read up to his mention of it, and which to me did not by any manner of means "seem absurd" (Pr. XXIII, 138, A.D. 1909):

"One curious circumstance I feel constrained to mention—though it will seem absurd—and that is that the controls seem to do best in their own country. For instance, long ago [1889. H.H.], before any of us on this side of the Atlantic had seen Mrs. Piper, a control calling itself Gurney sent messages through that medium while she was still in America; which messages, when recorded on this side, were thought feeble and unworthy, so that the control was spoken of both by Prof. W. James and by those in England as 'the pseudo-Gurney.' When, however, Mrs. Piper came over here the 'Gurney' messages became better, and could be described as quite fairly lifelike."

It was this Gurney control whom Sir Oliver Lodge reported in Pr. VI as "Mr. E.," but revealed in a later paper in Pr. XXIII as Edmund Gurney. The later report duplicates and enlarges a contemporary report in which he suppressed several matters that twenty years later he felt free to print. I quote here from the later account, interrupting, and I fear confusing, our chronological order, for the sake of getting in the comments which Sir Oliver made in 1909. He says (Pr. XXIII, 141f.):

"I learnt in this way more about the life and thoughts of Edmund Gurney than I had known in his lifetime. [And Mrs. Piper knew less. Then where did it come from? H.H.] My acquaintance with him... began in the early seventies, when... he... sat on the benches of University College, London, to listen to my regular college lectures on Mechanics and Physics.... He was good enough to strike up a friendship with his youthful instructor, and I occasionally lunched with him, and once or twice saw him in his rooms at Clarges Street.

"The talk gradually turned upon psychical matters.... Mr.

Gurney was even then at work on systematic preparation for the book, *Phantasms of the Living*. . . . Before long he introduced me to his friend, F. W. H. Myers, who, like Mr. Gurney, was patience itself in trying to inspire my superficial and dogmatic materialism with an element of larger sense.

"A few years after all this the S.P.R. was founded, but I was not one of the original members. I joined, I suppose, after the Liverpool thought-transference experiments in 1883 and 1884 [see p. 245 f.]. I had migrated to Liverpool in 1881, and remained there till 1900. Professor Barrett I had of course known all along as a physicist, and in the eighties we had some conversations on thought-transference in connection with the Liverpool experiments, in some of which I took part, and on which I reported in the Pr.S.P.R., Vol.2.

"Until 1884 I was unconvinced of the possibility of telepathy; and not till the end of 1889 did the evidence for survival of personality beyond bodily death make any serious impression upon me. . . . Edmund Gurney died in 1888, at a time when I was entirely absorbed in orthodox physical experiments and theory.

"The first mention of Gurney in my sittings occurred on Saturday evening, December 21, 1889. . . . (A photograph of my late Demonstrator Mr. Clark was here handed in.) L.: 'Can you tell who this is?' [Phinuit.]: 'Well I will try. Edmund will help me. A vessel burst in his stomach, and he passed out very suddenly. He was away, not at home. A clever fellow and a great help. He fell. Edmund sends his love to you.' (A letter from Edmund Gurney was handed in.) L.: 'Can you read this?' P.: 'Oh, I don't know. I can't read it word for word. I can tell you what it is about. It has got Edmund's influence on it. So had that picture. Had you kept it with Edmund's letter?' L.: 'Well it had been in the same pocket.' P.: 'You must not do that. You mix things up if you do that. No, I can't read this letter. It is something about some books.'

"[Here the personality seemed to change and to represent Edmund Gurney. He spoke so naturally that for a time I forgot to take notes, but nothing *evidential* was said. The notes go on thus:—They are henceforward very imperfect, i.e., fragmentary.]

"G.: 'I am here, I etherially exist. I wrote to you about some books for the Society. I have seen a little woman that's a medium, a true medium. I have written to Myers using her hand. I did do it, I, Edmund Gurney, I.' L.: 'Is this a medium here now?' G.: 'Yes, she's a medium. Very few you will get like Dr. Phinuit. He is not all one would wish, but he is all right. You are Lodge. I know you. Lodge we shall beat them yet. There is no death, only a shadow and then Light. Experiment and observation are indispensable. We have to use some method like this to communicate.'

"'Yes, God is in Nature, all Nature is God. We are a reflec-

tion of God. Don't give up a good thing. The world will know, and our Society will know, that there is no death. I didn't know. I would have given anything to have had you come and speak to me, if you had passed away first, as I am speaking to you now.' L.: 'Is it good to be where you are?' G.: 'Yes, it is good,—the only good thing. Life in material world is beautiful. Marriage is beautiful, but this is far better.' L.: 'Is there no marriage?' G.: 'No, no, Swedenborg was all wrong. Jesus Christ was right; he knew. He was a reflection of God.'"

Evening of 25th Dec., 1889. (Pr. XXIII, 149f.)

"(Phinuit now seemed to leave, and another control, speaking in a more educated voice, took his place; the change taking place with a little uncertainty and difficulty as to how to manage it, and a seeming colloquy between the departing and entering controls,—Phinuit giving *sotto voce* instructions. After the change was over, the voice said): 'Lodge, how are you? I tell you Edmund Gurney is living, not dead. Edmund Gurney, that's me: you know me, don't you?' L.: 'Yes, Gurney, delighted to see you again.' G.: 'Don't give it up Lodge. Cling to it, it's the best thing you have. It's coarse in the beginning but it can be ground down fine. You'll know best and correct (?) It can only come through a trance. You have to put her in a trance. You've got to do it that way to make yourself known.' [Foster required no trance, and many of the heteromatic writers require no trance. H.H.] L.: 'Is it bad for the medium?' G.: 'It's the only way Lodge; in one sense it's bad, but in another it's good. It is her work. If I take possession of the medium's body, and she goes out, then I can use her organism to tell the world important truths. There is an infinite power above us. Lodge believe it fully, infinite over all, most marvelous. One can tell a medium she's like a ball of light. You look as dark and material as possible, but we find two or three lights shining. It's like a series of rooms with candles at one end. Must use analogy to express it. When you need a light you use it, when you have finished you put it out. They are like transparent windows to see through. Lodge, it's a puzzle. It's a puzzle to us here in a way though we understand it better than you. I work at it hard. I do. I'd give anything I possess to find out. I don't care for material things now, our interest is much greater. I am studying hard how to communicate; it's not easy. But it's only a matter of a short time before I shall be able to tell the world all sorts of things through one medium or another.—Who's that?' L.: 'It is my brother. He's taking notes. . . . How is it they see their things?' G.: 'I don't know, there is something about articles worn by spirits which retains their personality (?) and a spirit controlling a medium is sensitive to such. In nine cases out of ten they will recognize their things; it doesn't come from your mind.' L.: 'Then it's not

ordinary thought transference.' G.: 'No, it's not that. Investigate. You can verify with patience. From time to time you will hear from me and I will advise you. I met a lady in America—a Mrs. Dorr' [mother of Mr. George B. Dorr, whom we shall meet later. H.H.]. [A lady well known to Mrs. Piper, but I did not happen to know the name then. O.J.L.] L.: 'Daw?' G.: 'No, Dorr, D o r r, a very nice lady; very intellectual spiritual and good. I had a long talk with her, and through her I found the medium. She is a medium. These people are links between the material and spirit worlds... Where's Myers? Give him my love. I want to help him. Lodge, when I passed out at first I didn't know who I was, nor where I was. I hunted about for my friends and for my body. Soon however my sister welcomed me. Three of them, all drowned. If I see Myers I will talk to him. No spirit in the spirit world is more anxious to let friends know than I was. [Some private matter here.] Don't mention this. Tell Myers if you like. Myers is my confidential friend. There is nothing I wouldn't have him know. Kate is my wife, my sister is Ellen. [abbreviated] Lodge keep up your courage; there is a quantity to hope for yet. Hold it up for a time. Don't be in a hurry. Get facts; no matter what they call you, go on investigating. Test to fullest. Assure yourself, then publish. It will be all right in the end—no question about it. It's true...' L.: 'What sort of person is this Dr. Phinuit?' [It is noteworthy that all the Controls treat Phinuit as a genuine person of whom they have to speak circumspectly when he is likely to be able to overhear what they are saying or read what they are writing. Compare, for instance, statements about him made by G. P. in the Hodgson Report; footnote to page 369, Vol. 13.] In the present instance the Gurney Control replied to my question thus:—'Dr. Phinuit is a peculiar type of man; he goes about continually and is thrown in with everybody. He is eccentric and quaint but good hearted. I wouldn't do the things he does for anything. He lowers himself sometimes; it's a great pity. He has very curious ideas about things and people, he receives a great deal about people from themselves (?). And he gets expressions and phrases that one doesn't care for, vulgar phrases he picks up by meeting uncanny people through the medium. These things tickle him and he goes about repeating them. He said to me the other day "Mr. Gurney what you think a gentleman said to me the other day: he said 'put that in your pipe and smoke it, Dr.'" He picks up this sort of thing and it tickles him. He has to interview a great number of people and has no easy berth of it. A high type of man couldn't do the work he does. But he is a good-hearted old fellow. Good-bye Lodge. Here's the Doctor coming.' L.: 'Good-bye Gurney. Glad to have had a chat with you.'

"(The Control here changes back again.) P.: 'This [ring] belongs to your Aunt. Your Uncle Jerry tells me to ask... By

the way, do you know Mr. Gurney's been here; did you hear him?' L.: 'Yes, I've had a long talk with him.'

Evening of 26th Dec., 1889. (Pr.XXIII,154.)

"(Dr. Phinuit speaking and reporting in the first person.) 'I could almost come back and die over again to see you. You tell Mary that her sister Isabel [See later] still lives; tell her she has done nobly; tell her William and I are together. That lazy gardener!.....'

"(Then the voice and manner changed to that of the Gurney control. G.: 'Don't give up a good thing, Lodge.... Who is here?' L.: 'This is my wife.' G.: 'How do you do, Mrs. Lodge (shaking hands) [i.e., the medium does. H.H.]. I remember having tea with you once.' [It was true that Mr. Gurney had done so.] L.: (Introducing) 'Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.' G.: 'Yes, I remember you, I think. [They had once met.] Good-by, Lodge; don't divulge my secrets.' L.: 'No, all right; good-by.....'

"[L.] The point of this short episode is the sudden and natural stoppage of the conversation directly the control realizes that strangers are present. That and the introductions that followed were all just as if the Gurney control were a person really present."

Monday Evening, 3rd February, 1890. (Pr.XXIII,155f.)

"Phinuit suddenly said, 'Here's Mr. Gurney.' (Thereupon the control appeared to change, the impression somehow conveyed being very much as if Phinuit were leaving and another coming in his place. The voice also became different and more educated than before. No longer was I called 'Captain,' nor were people's relations and personal affairs any more regarded as objects of interest.)... G.: 'It is wonderfully difficult to communicate. All the time I've been here I have only found two mediums beside this one. More people might be mediums, but many won't when they can.' L.: 'What constitutes a medium?' G.: 'Not too much spirituality and not too much animalism, not the highest people and not the lowest. Sympathetic and not too self-conscious, able to let their minds be given up to another—that sort of person—easily influenced. Many could, but their pride and a sense of self comes in and spoils it.' [Despite Phinuit and Gurney, my conscience does not trouble me on the point, if you will pardon my saying so. H.H.] L.: 'Gurney, what about those table-tilting and physical things? Is there anything in them?' G.: 'Mostly fraud. The rest electricity. [Apparently a queer remark for Gurney, but possibly not beyond natural carelessness. Of course all modes of force are interchangeable. H.H.] A person's nerves are doing they don't know what. They are often not conscious when they move things.' L.: 'It's like automatic writing then?' G.: 'Something.

Often the tilts and noises are made by them when under the control of some other spirit, and then the message may be genuine. Trance things and automatic writing are good. Often good. Other things sometimes, but mostly fraud.' L.: 'Can things be moved without contact?' G.: 'No, all bosh.' [We know better now; there are hosts of cases. See under Telekinesis. H.H.] L.: 'Then that Eglinton writing, with bits of pencil untouched?' G.: 'Trickery, Lodge. Not worth a thought. Most of this I have gone into, and it's as false as that elf, that fiend, I might say. She bewitched me once. What's her name, that woman who smoked?' L.: 'Blavatsky?' G.: 'That's her name.... Who is this?' L.: 'It's my sister, a young girl.' G.: 'Oh; pleased to make your acquaintance. I didn't meet you I think.' E. C. L.: 'No, I never saw you.' G.: 'Glad to see you now.... Phinuit will be coming back soon. He's a good old man. He has a hard place. I wouldn't do the work he does for anything. Seeing all manner of people and hunting up their friends, and often he has hard work to persuade them that they are really wanted.' L.: 'Is he reliable?' G.: 'Not perfectly, he is not a bit infallible. He mixes things terribly sometimes. He does his best; he's a good old man but he does get confused, and when he can't hear distinctly he fills it up himself. He does invent things occasionally, he certainly does. Sometimes he has very hard work.' L.: 'Are his medical prescriptions any good?' G.: 'Oh, he's a shrewd doctor. He knows his business thoroughly. He can see into people [He certainly did into me. H.H.], and is very keen on their complaints. Yes, he is good in that way, very good.' L.: 'Can he see ahead at all? Can anyone?' G.: 'I can't. I haven't gone into that. I think Phinuit can a little sometimes. He can do wonderful things; he has studied these things a good deal; he can do many things that I can't do.... But he is far from being infallible.' L.: 'The Thompsons are waiting in next room. Shall I call them in?' G.: 'The Thompsons? Oh, I know, I met them at your house once at dinner I think. No, I don't specially want to see them. Well, Lodge, I must be going. Good-by.' (Here the medium seemed to sleep a few moments, and then woke up again in the Phinuit manner, putting out hand and feeling sitter's head.) 'Eh, what. Oh, yes. All right. [This was internal colloquy.] Look here, Mr. Gurney has been here; he told me to express his regret that he had not said good-by to Miss Lodge.' E. C. L.: 'Oh, it doesn't matter a bit.' P.: 'I'm to tell him that, am I. Very well.....'

"[L.] Again it was the dramatic character of the speaking that was impressive—rather than the things said.... I attach no importance to what is said concerning physical phenomena: it does not pretend to represent more than an individual opinion, whoever the individual may be.... The casual reference of unknown phenomena, part to fraud, the rest to 'Electricity,' though

quite common with uneducated people, was especially unworthy of Edmund Gurney, and not in the least the sort of thing he would have said to me when alive. [Then it was not telepathy from Sir Oliver, whatever it was, H.H.] . . . But the little friendly speeches to my sister were quite appropriate to Mr. Gurney, and so especially was the readiness to depart the instant he heard that the Thompsons were waiting to come in. . . . Not that he had any objection to them; but, besides the dislike of keeping anyone waiting, he had the natural unwillingness of the man of sensitive temperament to be thrown with strangers needlessly.

"It will have been observed that several times in the record I have emphasized the change of control. I have done so all the more explicitly because now [1909. H.H.] it seems a comparatively extinct, or at any rate a less pronounced, feature. The whole business of 'control' seemed more difficult then [1889. H.H.], and it is possible that a personality really changes now without our noticing the change so much. Then, however. . . once I remember it occupied a minute or two, with a muttered internal colloquy going on, as if there were a tangle or a hitch somewhere.

"The naturalness of the change in manner and memory was very pronounced. . . . A reader may think that this is due to the perfection of conscious acting, while a sitter of any experience will hardly think that. The fluctuation of memory is certainly not artificial; it is a genuine change of personality—whatever that may be. . . . unmistakably analogous to multiple personality, whether that be ever due to control by actual possession or not."

"February 3rd, 1890 (as reported on p. 550, Vol. 6), I asked for a certain person to come and control instead of only sending messages, and was told that it was too difficult. I pleaded 'Mr. Gurney does.' To which Phinuit replied, 'You are greedy. Yes, Mr. Gurney does, but Mr. Gurney is a scientific man, who has gone into these things. He comes and turns me out sometimes. It would be a very narrow place into which Mr. Gurney couldn't get.'"

This closes the report which Sir Oliver made in 1909 (Pr. XXIII), giving more fully than he did in Pr. VI the contemporaneous report of the Gurney sittings that took place in 1889.

The appearances of the Gurney control in 1889 were largely picked out and made consecutive, from sittings when other controls also appeared. We will now revert from the account of the Gurney control in Pr. XXIII, then twenty years old, to the contemporary account in Pr. VI of the other controls

who sometimes appeared at the same sittings when Gurney did, and sometimes at others. Here is a characteristic Phinuit touch (Pr. VI, 484):

"She remembers more than you do. What do you think she says to me? She says, don't swear, doctor; she did, sure as you live."

There is a very remarkable case of telopsis, too long to give here, in Pr. VI, 487-90.

Sitting 44. December 24th, 1889. (Pr. VI, 499, 506.)

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

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

"O. L.: 'H'm. I am very well, thank you.' Dr.: 'Ullo, I thought it was the Doctor (*i.e.*, Dr. C.). You know I saw him last.' O. L.: 'Yes, you did.' Dr.: 'Two times. Well, I thought it was him, don't you know.' [Again this bad grammar cannot be telepathic from Sir O., nor was it *apt* to come from Mrs. Piper. The bearing of this on the genuineness of Phinuit is worth considering. H.H.]... Dr.: 'Do you know who Jerry—J—E—R—R—Y—is?' O. L.: 'Yes. Tell him I want to hear from him.' U[ncl]e J[erry. H.H.]: 'Tell Robert, Jerry still lives. He will be very glad to hear from me. This is my watch, and Robert is my brother [surviving. H.H.], and I am here. Uncle Jerry—my watch.' (Impressively spoken.) O. L.: 'Do you see Aunt Anne now?' Dr.: 'Yes, she looks the same identical; always the same Aunt Anne.... [Apparently Aunt Anne takes control. She was a devoted aunt who had brought up Sir Oliver and his brothers and sisters. Bear this in mind. H.H.] We took good care of him. You little woman [to Lady Lodge. H.H.], didn't we?'"

With reference to the next sitting, Sir Oliver says (Pr. VI, 455):

"One of the best sitters was my next-door neighbor, Isaac C. Thompson, F.L.S., to whose name indeed, before he had been in any way introduced, Phinuit sent a message purporting to come from his father. Three generations of his and of his wife's family living and dead (small and compact Quaker families) were, in the course of two or three sittings, conspicuously mentioned with identifying detail; the main informant representing himself as his deceased brother, a young Edinburgh doctor, whose loss had been mourned some 20 years ago....."

Sir Oliver introduces the sitting (Pr. VI, 507f.):

"The next sitting was the first with our neighbors the Thompsons. Mrs. Piper had been introduced to them a day or two before, and liked them particularly; they are too near neighbors to attempt making strangers of. Their children also she had seen more or less: though no other relatives."

Sitting 45. December 24th, 1889. (Pr.VI,508f.)

"Present: O. L., Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and A. L. [a brother of Sir Oliver, I believe. H.H.] taking notes.

"O. L. holding hands [*i.e.*, Mrs. Piper's. This had been necessary perhaps in the beginning, but it was outgrown before I saw her in 1894. H.H.]. Mr. and Mrs. T. some way off.

"P.: 'Hulloa, Captain, I've been talking to your friends. Had a long talk with Uncle Jerry. He remembers you now, as a boy with Aunt Anne [this is exactly how he would remember me], but you were kind of small. He knew you but he didn't know me very well; wondered what the devil I wanted trying to talk to him and how I got here. Yes, he remembers his watch—it's in possession of Robert. He used to call him Bob. (Took watch in hands.) Ha! well, this watch came from Russia—yes—Uncle Jerry said so. [Unlikely.]... Who are those people over there?' O. L.: 'Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.' P.: 'Oh! why that's the gentleman to whom his father sent his love and said something about Ted. Didn't you tell him?' O. L.: 'Yes, I did, but wasn't sure you meant him.' P.: 'Of course I did. They're a couple, they are. One wants to do something and the other doesn't.' [Had just been discussing a proposition on which they took different views.]... P.: 'I say, Captain, your friends have a lot to tell you, they're just clamoring to get at you. Why the devil don't you give them a chance?' O. L.: 'Well, I will next time.' P.: 'There's Marion—Agnes. Ha, ha, I got it that time—Adnes—Agnes.' Mrs. T.: 'Agnes, all right.' [Phinuit had had difficulty in pronouncing it once before. H.H.] (Watch handled again. It was a repeater, and happened to go off.) P.: 'Hullo, I didn't do that. Jerry did that, to remind you of him. Here, take it away—it goes springing off—it's alive.' Mrs. T.: 'What can we do for Theodora's headaches?' P.: 'Nerves of stomach out of order. Have you got anything of hers to give me?' O. L.: 'Go and get a lock of her hair.' (Mr. T. went next door for that purpose.) P.: 'It was Uncle Jerry, the one that had the fall. I'll bring you some more news of him. Give me back his nine-shooter. (Meaning the watch.) [Here hair was brought in, and O. L. and A. L. were ordered by Dr. P. to "clear out," which they did.] I don't care to talk diseases before everybody. [Note O.] Confound it, I saw your influence before anyone else here. Didn't the Captain tell you? You lost your purse, and if you had told me I could have found it... Mighty mean trick about the purse! Lord! done as quick as a fly. [Note P.] Who is the lady wears a

cap in the spirit? She don't part her hair in the middle—she sends her love to you (Mrs. T.)' Mrs. T.: 'Perhaps it is my mother.' P.: 'Well, I see more than a dozen ladies, but she wears a lace cap. There was some throat trouble in your mother. (Indicating.) [Note Q.] The mother of one of you is in the body. I think it is the gentleman's. She is an angel—she is a good woman—has some trouble with ankle—left one—it catches her. She will be with you for some time.' [Note R.]”

NOTES

“O. Mr. T.'s daughter's headaches well described, and some very old-fashioned herb remedies suggested, with the recommendation to see him (Dr. P.) again in six weeks if not cured.

“P. Mr. T. was robbed of his purse in London 30 years ago—serious matter to him then.

“Q. Remarkably correct description of Mrs. T.'s mother, who always wore lace caps and with ribbons to hide a lump on throat—she parted her hair at side.

“R. Mr. T.'s mother, aged 81, living in Cheshire. The statement about pain in ankle was true; she had rheumatic pains in left ankle at the time.”

Sitting 46. Christmas Day, 1889. (Pr.VI,512f.)

“Present: O. L. and Alfred Lodge.....

“P.: 'How are you, Captain? Who have you got to see us this time?' O. L.: 'No one. We are having this to ourselves.' P.: 'How's Mr. Thompson? He's all right, is he? I am pleased he was here. How are you, Alfred?... Give me some things of Aunt Anne's, and give me Uncle Jerry's watch again.... Aunt Anne wants to know where her very dark brown cloak is; if Eleanor has it. A funny-looking thing; is that what you call sealskin? She would like Ellen to have it. They want Eleanor—Ellenelly—Ellen to make a change in her surroundings, for her good, at least until Alfred is settled. She is all mixed up now. [True.] She should come into your surroundings, the work will be good for her, it will take her out of herself. Give her something to think about, it will be better for her physically and every way. Your mother says so, Uncle Jerry says so, Uncle John says so, your mother and father say so, and Aunt Anne says so. There now, they are very anxious about it.' [All these were no longer living, and Phinuit professed to speak for them from the spirit world. H.H.] O. L.: 'But they must send her name better.'

“[NOTE (Pr.VI,507).—[L.]. The welfare of my only sister, Eleanor, commonly called Nellie, much younger than the brothers, and left in their charge is naturally a care to us, and the advice given and subsequently iterated again and again by Phinuit, as the one message which my mother was anxious to send, is extremely natural. Mrs. Piper had not seen, nor so far

as I know heard of, my sister, who was in Staffordshire during this first series; but at the second series of sittings she was present on a short visit. The state of her health has for some time made her place of abode and study a serious consideration.]

"P.: 'Give me a pencil. (Wrote on back of letter while holding it to forehead the word 'Nellie' distinctly.) There, that's her name, and that's your Aunt Anne's writing; she wrote it.... This was a Russian watch—the Emperor of Russia once had it. [Know nothing of this.]... Captain, your friends [in "spirit world." H.H.] are very anxious about Nelly. They know she's not been feeling well. Let her be in your surroundings for a little while. It will do her good. If you can't see it now you will see it in the future.... It's true, I tell you. They know what they are talking about.... Our poor little Alfred [her brother. H.H.] can't see it as we can. He wants her in his surroundings to be with him. Your mother says it's not wise, not yet, anyhow.... She says distinctly, "She must be in Oliver's surroundings for a while." [All this advice would be exceedingly important if it could be depended on.... Her keeping house for Alfred was one of the floating ideas.] To appreciate my advice is one thing, to remember me is another. Don't forget me, my boy. Jerry says, "Do you know Bob's got a long skin—a skin like a snake's skin—upstairs, that Jerry got for him?" It's one of the funniest things you ever saw. Ask him to show it you. Oh, hear them talking! Captain!....."

"[L.] This episode of the skin is noteworthy. I cannot imagine that I ever had any knowledge of it. Here is my Uncle Robert's account of it when I asked him about it: 'Yes, a crinkly thin skin, a curious thing; I had it in a box, I remember it well. Oh, as distinct as possible. Haven't seen it for years, but it was in a box with his name cut in it; the same box with some of his papers.' [Teloteropathy from Uncle R.? H.H.]

Sitting 47. Evening of Christmas Day, 1889. (Pr.VI,516f.)

"Present: O. J. L. and A. L. (taking notes).

"'Captain, do you know that as I came I met the medium going out [i.e., his spirit met the medium's spirit? H.H.], and she's crying. Why is that?' [Why couldn't he know telepathically, if telepathy accounts for all this? H.H.] O. L.: 'Well, the fact is she's separated from her children for a few days, and she is feeling rather low about it.' P.: 'How are you, Alfred? I've your mother's influence strong. (Pause.) By George! that's Aunt Anne's ring (feeling ring I had put on my hand just before sitting), given over to you. [Aunt Anne takes control? H.H.] And Olly dear, that's one of the last things I ever gave you. It was one of the last things I said to you in the body when I gave it you for Mary. I said, "For her, through you."' [This is precisely accurate. The ring was her most valuable trinket, and it was given

in the way here stated not long before her death.] . . . O. L.: 'Yes, I remember perfectly.' A. A.: 'I tell you I know it. I shall never forget it. Keep it in memory of me, for I am not dead. Each spirit is not so dim (?) that it cannot recollect its belongings in the body. They attract us if there has been anything special about them. I tell you, my boy, I can see it just as plain as if I were in the body. It was the last thing I gave you, for her, through you, always in remembrance of me. (Further conversation and advice, ending) Convince yourself, [Regarding spirits' survival? H.H.] and let others do the same. We are all liable to make mistakes; but you can see for yourself.'

"P.: 'Give me that watch. [Trying to open it.] Here, open it. Take it out of its case. Jerry says he took his knife once and made some little marks up here with it, up here near the handle, near the ring, some little cuts in the watch. Look at it afterwards in a good light and you will see them.' [There is a little engraved landscape in the place described, but some of the skylines have been cut unnecessarily deep, I think, apparently out of mischief or idleness. Certainly I knew nothing of this, and had never before had the watch out of its case.—O.J.L.]"

Extract from letter [from Uncle Robert]. (Pr.VI,528.)

"GREAT GEARIES, ILFORD, *September 16th, 1890.*

"As you wished me to send you notes of anything that struck me in the report of Mrs. Piper's sittings—here goes. . . . The marks on the watch I do not think were made by him, as I cannot remember his having a repeater until he lost his sight. The term 'little shaver' fits his method of expression to a T."

Sitting 49. December 26th, 1889. (Pr.VI,520f.)

"Present: O. L., alone; afterwards M. L. also.

" Then came Mrs. Lodge, and Phinuit began to diagnose her illness, which he did very exactly, and to prescribe for her. The prescription was wild carrot infusion and laudanum lotions, with precise and minute instructions. The prescriptions have done good. The complaint has been a long-standing one."

In connection with this should be read the following (Pr. VI, 546-7):

"P.: 'Mary, you come here; let those people clear out. You have been taking carrot.' M. L.: 'Yes, you told me to.' P.: 'Yes, I know. Well, now you have taken plenty of that. Get some *Uvæ Ursi*. Do you know what that is? (No.) Well, it's mountain cranberry. Get some of those leaves. You can get the infusion, but leaves are better because pure. Let them steep and take a wineglassful before going to bed. Take it instead of carrot for three weeks and then carrot again. (Medical details gone into, accurate in general, but one statement which turned out false. Prescribed also for third boy, viz., 2oz. Huxum's

tincture of cinchona, 2oz. French dialyzed iron, and 4oz. druggists' simple syrup; a teaspoonful after shaking in wineglass of water, with a few drops of lemon juice or other acid.) He has a pain here when he runs, blood poor, &c. [Details correct.] Give him milk, lime water, and eggs.' (Further advice to M. L., who having had the influenza badly, was in low spirits, with attempts to cheer her.)"

And yet more than one objector has said that Phinuit is absolutely ignorant of medicine!

Here is a strange, strange circumstance. It fits well enough here to justify an episode. June 26, 1895, Phinuit says to Professor Newbold, as per the unpublished Notes:

"Nothing special the matter with your liver, but it is inactive sometimes and that throws the bile into the stomach. Do you know what aloes are? Get some rhubarb, aloes, and mandrake, 5/8 grain of aloes, 2/8 mandrake, and 1/8 of rhubarb compounded into a small pill and take one every night."

Now years ago I was very seriously troubled by bile working up into the stomach. A very great physician gave me Elixir Euonymus, which acted like magic. I learned that it was a cholagogue. A few months ago I said: "By the way, Doctor, I may have to go to Euonymus again, but it has always struck me as strange that when I was troubled by excess of bile, you gave me a drug to make more. It did the trick, however, and that's enough." I forget his answer: for I was leaving somewhat hastily, having already used up more time than either of us had to spare. Probably no more passed than a laugh over the satisfactory result of the paradox. I remember that he admitted it to be a paradox, and that I felt that his facing it and doing his work in spite of it, was an illustration of his greatness. *Well, here is Phinuit doing precisely the same thing!* Now was Mrs. Piper, masquerading as Phinuit, a really great doctor too? Or was Phinuit really himself and a great doctor? He was no doctor at all, according to several skeptical commentators—not in the opinion of Sir Oliver Lodge, however, in whose family he "practised," and whose opinions are thought worthy of respect by the people in England who confer knighthoods, and elect the presidents of the A. A. S., not to speak of those everywhere who gratefully read his writings and profit by his investigations.

Do you realize that through Mrs. Piper, a woman of no

special education or capacity, except in her strange gift when she was not herself, spoke a trained, judicious, resourceful, and *successful* physician? This physician used slang and swore. So have a great many other good physicians. He was vain. So are a great many other good physicians. He pieced out his knowledge with conjecture. That's the habit, and even the tradition, of the profession—it is necessary in many cases, more than in any other profession in the main honest. With unvarying labor and patience, despite a little humorous irritability, this physician treated many people, as we have seen and shall see more later, to their physical and emotional good, and he misled no man to his hurt. Was *she* that physician? Did she get the knowledge, training, character, telepathically from some other physician? Account for it in all ways yet tried, is not the simplest and most rational just the plain fact? Beside this explanation every other yet offered is labored, sophisticated, and self-deceiving. This one, it is true, is counter to nearly all human experience. So are a great many things that people don't bend all their energies to make seem different from what they appear. I am not arguing for spiritism: I don't yet know whether to "believe" in it or not. I'm arguing only for common sense, as I see it, and honesty towards one's self wherever the ways may lead. They may, on the whole, lead away from spiritism, for all I know, but they don't in this case.

But to return to the sitting (Pr. VI, 522):

"P.: 'She has a picture of him. [Apparently Lady Lodge's deceased brother. H.H.] They talked about having it copied.' [Right.] M. L.: 'What sort of picture?' P.: 'It's a painting of him.' M. L.: 'Who did it?' P.: 'Wait a bit, I'll ask him. Oh, I see, you done it yourself. [Again, telepathy would hardly give him bad grammar from Lady Lodge. H.H.] [True, and he used to be pleased with it.] He says so. It's a good one. You're a good little girl, Mary. I say, do you know who Isabella is?' M. L.: 'Yes, yes.' P.: 'Oh, it is splendid; you never saw her sad. Though she had her troubles, too.' M. L.: 'She had, indeed.' P.: 'She is as beautiful as ever, and as pure as the snow. She's a good creature.' [Isabella takes possession. H.H.] 'I tell you, you dear thing, to be as brave as I was—always do the best you can; do what your conscience tells you. Take that advice from Isabella. Oh, what larks we had! Oh! (Laughing all over.) Do you remember Clara? (Laugh-

ing again, and jiggling about in chair.) I'll sing for you. Why, Mary dear, who ever thought to see you again like this, and Oliver too? Oh, such fun! What shall I do for you now I'm here?' M. L.: 'Sing us one of your songs.' L.: 'Shall I? You used to sing and play some yourself. Your papa and I have more fun than you could shake a stick at. Mary, how fat you are! Where are your crimps? (Feeling hair.) You used to crimp it. [True.] Getting lazy, eh? Well, this is fun to see you again. Oh, I do feel so happy. (Dr. P. chuckling.) She whistled, and away she goes. I never saw such a merry girl as that, never. How happy she is. Mary, it's about time you brightened up.' [This extraordinary episode was very realistic, and represented our memory of a bright-dispositioned aunt by marriage of my wife's.]"

Sitting 50, last of first series. December 26th, 1889.

(Pr.VI,523f.)

"Present: O. L. and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson; later M. L. also. "..... (To Mrs. L.): 'Aunt Izzie wants to talk to you. [See previous sitting, 'Isabella'; Aunt Izzie was her familiar name.] [She takes possession. H.H.] 'Shall I sing to you? What would you like? You have not been well lately. Are you glad to hear of Aunt Izzie? I could almost come back and die over again to see you. You tell Mary that her sister Isabel still lives; tell her she has done nobly; tell her William and I are together. That lazy gardener!' [This message is exceedingly intelligible. The Mary referred to is my wife's mother, recently widowed, and left with a house and garden to manage in Staffordshire. 'Aunt Izzie' had been staying with her quite recently, at a time when the gardener was troublesome.] (Then the voice and manner changed [to Gurney. H.H.] 'Don't give up a good thing, Lodge.....'

"Mr. T.: 'Can you tell me about my other sister?' P.: 'Sarah—no—Eliza-Maria—that's it. She's all right. We are together and happy. That's Ted's sister and Ike's sister. She and Ted and father are all together. She teaches entirely, and is very religious. But she doesn't know you (Mrs. T.) in spectacles. (Took them off.) That's right; now I know you.... Cap'n, I'm going to leave you. God bless you and keep you in His holy keeping. God bless you, Susie, Ike, Marie, and Cap'tain! Cap'n, I hate to leave you, but I've got to go. *Au revoir, au revoir!* Marie, I've got to go, but not for long; hope to see you soon again. Cap'n, speak to me again. Good-by, good-by, good-by.'"

End of the First Series of Liverpool Sitzings.

Sitting 77. (First after interval.) January 31st, 1890.

(Pr.VI,531f.)

"Present: O. L., M. L., and, for first time, E. C. L.

"After recognitions and greetings, and saying that Myers had

told him to take care of the medium and not stay too long, he [Phinuit. H.H.] began sending messages about my sister, but speedily became aware of someone present and recognized her with 'Hallo, by George, that's Nelly... Come here, Siss (to Nellie). [Sir Oliver's sister. Phinuit sees her (?) for the first time, and *recognizes her*. Cf. pp. 440-1. H.H.] Your father [*i.e.*, his "spirit." H.H.] wants me to look at you. Oh, you're not at all right. You're wrong.' E. C. L.: 'Oh, I'm pretty well.' P.: 'You feel pretty well, but you're not. You haven't a right circulation at all. You are what they call anæmic,' &c. [Full medical details given at considerable length, all true, and prescriptions practically identical with what had been tried by London and Malvern consulting physicians. Then advice given to stay with me instead of elsewhere.]"

Sitting 79. February 1st, 1890. (Pr. VI, 536f.)

" [Here M. L. entered with our second boy, who had begged to see Dr. Phinuit, all the children being curious about the strange voice. Phinuit immediately personated A[unt] A[nne.]... A. A.: 'Mary, bring him here. You dear little fellow. God bless you. That's what's his name. Oliver dear, have I lost my memory? That's Burney, Bury B, Bodie Brodie. Yes, Brodie. [The name Burney is, as it happens, a natural one to occur first to A. A.] I remember you, my dear, when you were quite small—light hair—a chubby little thing. You don't remember Aunt Anne?' M. L.: 'No.' A. A.: 'He was the last, I think. Let's see, another older and another younger. Yes, three. One older and one younger.' M. L.: 'Yes, there were three.' A. A.: 'But this was my boy. Oliver, wasn't that the last? Seems to me another one that I saw.' O. L.: 'Yes, three altogether.' A. A.: 'Another boy. Three boys. One named after your father' (to M. L.). M. L.: 'Yes.' A. A.: 'That was the last.' (Further friendly remarks to Brodie about his lessons and so on. Some from Phinuit speaking in his own person. Ending:) 'Glad to see that fellow; done me good. [The grammar puzzle again. H.H.] Good-by, Brodie. That's a piece to make a man of. Let him go... That boy is a deep thinker... Nell [Sir O.'s sister], how's your heart? Smashed yet?' E. C. L.: 'My what?' P.: 'No, no, it's — has had his heart smashed. [Conventionally true.]... Nelly, have you got your medicine?' E. C. L.: 'No.' P.: 'She *must* take it (and so on, insisting on her taking it, which she had not intended to do). Nell, how do you suppose I knew the name of the man owning the chain?' E. C. L.: 'I can't imagine.' P.: 'No, can you tell a body's name like that?' E. C. L.: 'No.' P.: 'No, it will be a good test, to him and to the world. Be a good girl. God watch over you, bless you, and all good spirits guide and help you. I'll see you again. I must go. *Au revoir.*'"

Sitting 80. February 2nd, 1890. (Pr.VI,539f.)

“Present: E. C. L. and O. L. (E. C. L. holding hands. O. L. taking notes.)

“.....P.: ‘Here’s Ted Thompson, he says it was only the child’s erratic condition, but a good thing really, and it will come out all right. We knew it was going to happen, but didn’t think it worth bothering about... She was afraid of being snubbed. What on earth is he talking about? He don’t want me to know what he means. He says: ‘Tell Ike it’s all right; ‘try again’ never was beat. It will come out all right. And tell Susie too.’”

“ [Mr. Thompson had been much troubled by a young daughter having run home from school. This happened since the first series of sittings. Nothing had been said about it, and I was curious to see whether Dr. Phinuit would get hold of it. The Thompsons had not been in during this present series. ‘Ike’ and ‘Susie’ are Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.....]

“Ted (control): ‘Maria’s all right, tell them. She passed out at 12 years old. [True.] He sends his love to his mother. Who are you?’ O. L.: ‘I am a friend of your brother and live next door. I hope he will be able to come and see you next time if you will come again. He is a good friend of mine.’ T.: ‘That will be very kind of you. I do not wish to intrude or take up your time, but if you can arrange this it will be very kind. I was going to be a physician myself, but was cut off. [True.] I do not regret it. Happiness reigns in my veins. And tell Ike, if you please, to go and see mother often, and that Fanny had better stay with her for the present. He will understand. [Quite intelligible.]... Ask him not to let trivial things bother him. He has been fretting lately. Send her [the runaway schoolgirl. H.H.] to another place and she won’t fly back again. She was a little bit homesick. There are a good many have done it before, and will do it again. Don’t lay it up against her for too long. [Quite intelligible and useful advice.] Tell them I am unseen but in peace and happiness. Remember me to Ike, and if you will let me see him again I shall be grateful. I do not want to annoy you but he was my brother and I am very fond of him.’”

Sitting No. 83, last in England. February 3rd, 1890.

(Pr.VI,550f.)

“Present: O. L., E. C. L., and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. T. and M. L.

“.....P.: ‘Ike, did you ever hear from me and from father before?’ Mr. T.: ‘No, never before just lately.’ P.: ‘That’s a mistake, Ike. You heard once before some time ago. You shouldn’t forget.’ Mr. T.: ‘Oh, yes, so I did, many years ago. For the moment I did not think of it.’ [Referring to an old interview which his friends had had with some medium at Bris-

tol, when vivid personal messages from Dr. T. were likewise supposed to be sent.] . . . P.: 'Now, all you people come here. Good-by, Susie. Good-by, Ike. Good-by, Nelly. Now, all clear out and let me talk to Marie. (Long conversation of a paternal kind, with thoroughly sensible advice. Then O. L. returned.) Captain, it's not good-by, it's *au revoir*, and you shall hear of me when I've gone away.' O. L.: 'How can I?' P.: 'Oh, I will tell some gentleman a message and he will write it for me. You'll see.

"' *Au revoir, au revoir,*' &c."

End of Second Series of Sittings at Liverpool.

and last of Phinuit and his Lodge friends; and my scraps, though selected with great care and labor, must give a very inadequate idea of their association. I strongly recommend the interested reader to get Pr. Part (not Volume) XVII.

We now reach the sittings edited by Dr. Leaf (Pr. VI, 558-615).

Dr. Leaf speaks of Phinuit's "complete ignorance of French." This has already been disposed of. It is not strange, however, that testimony of what occurs in these foggy regions is contradictory: it is hard enough to get good evidence in everyday affairs. Dr. Leaf also ascribes to Phinuit rather more "fishing" than other commentators do, and gives ingenious demonstrations of it, but yet says (Pr. VI, 561f.):

"His supposed fishing was employed, if at all, only when the supernormal power was for a time in abeyance; possibly it is only an imagination of my own. But even with all risk of being misunderstood, it seems essential that this side should be put forward, if only to show that the investigators were fully alive to all the various methods by which it might be possible to take advantage of their credulity or carelessness. The more I consider the whole of the evidence, the more I remain convinced that it gives proof of a real supernormal power, subject, however, under conditions at which we can hardly even guess, to periods of temporary eclipse.

"It is probable that here a certain amount of muscle-reading was called into play as a guide to a right conclusion. The medium usually sat with the hand of the sitter pressed to her forehead. The attitude is a favorite one with so-called thought-reading performers. [As already said, this was given up later, as she appeared to grow in power. H.H.] . . . A very common statement was that some relation of the sitter was lame in the knee, or still more commonly that he had rheumatism there. This was usually accompanied by a grasping of the knee, which

suggests muscle-reading. In one case the suffering was followed downwards and rightly located in the toe. At other times the pain was said to be in the head—headaches or neuralgia. This was equally accompanied by feeling over the sitter's head. Not only are rheumatism and headaches two of the commonest of complaints, and the most likely to be guessed right, but the knee and the head were the most accessible portions of the sitter's frame, and those about which unconscious information could best be given. 'Suffering from a cold,' too, was a favorite diagnosis. As the sittings took place in December and January, and the later ones during the height of the influenza epidemic, it is not to be wondered at that this was generally admitted to be correct.

"I have now gone through all the possible explanations of divination by fraud which after a careful study of the whole of the evidence I am able to suggest. It will be found that they are far from covering the whole of the facts."

Now there was nothing of the kind in my sitting some years later, or, I suspect, in any of the sittings after the exclusively writing period set in. The time has passed for this sort of ingenuity, and commentators seldom trouble themselves with it now. I give it, however, "to be fair."

Here I think is a questionable *saltus*, unless the first sentence is restricted to the incidents in hand (Pr. VI, 567):

"Several instructive incidents point directly against any knowledge derived from the spirits of the dead. For instance, in Mrs. H. Leaf's first sitting a question was put about 'Harry,' whose messages Phinuit purported to be giving: 'Did he leave a wife?' No answer was given to this at the time, but in accordance with Phinuit's frequent practice the supposed hint was stored up for future use; and at Mrs. H. Leaf's next sitting she was told, 'Harry sends his love to his wife.' Now, as a matter of fact Harry never was married. In Mrs. B.'s second sitting and in Mrs. A.'s account of her brother's suffering in the arm, wrong facts were stated which corresponded to the sitter's belief. This evidently indicates thought-transference, not spiritual communication."

It seems to me, as perhaps illustrated in the first sentence of the above quotation, that commentators generally have erred in trying to restrict mediumistic phenomena to some one of several causes—thought-transference, fishing, fraud, secondary personality, or that merely nominal *omnium gatherum*, the subliminal self, whereas there is a strong chance that almost every séance shows them all, in the case of the honest

mediums, allowing a little for unconscious fraud and fishing. In this view, the whole thing readily comes under the hypothesis of the Cosmic Soul—of ideas and impressions of all sorts floating about the universe—picked up in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of combinations, and remodeled into all sorts of new combinations. Phinuit as above gets the ideas Harry, wife, and remolds them into “Harry sends his love to his wife,” just as in the case I gave early, Foster got the ideas Sextus, manuscripts, publish, and blurted out, “He says: ‘Publish every word of them,’” when Sextus, I know if I know anything unverified, never said any such thing.

It is quite probable too that all the ideas Harry, Sextus, manuscripts, publish came from the sitter's mind. Wherever they came from, they were parts of the hypothetical Cosmic Soul. Now in that hypothetical soul “Harry” may be anything from a mere name, to Colonel Esmond, or the Harry in question, just as Parthenon may be a name, a memory, a charcoal sketch, a photograph, a painting, the original structure, a restoration of it in picture or model, or the ruins still left. And the aforesaid “Harry” may be a memory in a sitter's mind, and so be reflected into Phinuit's, or hypothetically a survival of the original soul once expressed in a visible Harry, and as such have not only announced himself at the first sitting, and even (for “communications” often seem difficult, and often are plainly open to misunderstanding) have started Phinuit into his blunder at the second sitting, by trying to send some message to the sitter which Phinuit, with the idea wife already in his head, misunderstood. But even if we don't grope after an explanation of the “subliminal self” but merely cover our mysteries with that name, and if we insist on drawing a line (which the hypothetical cosmic inflow can save us the trouble of doing) between thought-transference and spiritism, that some phenomena are due to the one does not prevent other phenomena being due to the other. That most of the inflows of the Cosmic Soul in dreams are incoherent nonsense, does not prevent others being coherent, up to creations transcending the art of the waking world, and even up to prophecy. Don't find fault with all this because it is vague. What else can be our glimpses into the unknown world of these phenomena, whether it is a post-mortem world

or not? Demand only that what we think we see, shall not be inconsistent with what we feel clear about.

Dr. Leaf says (Pr. VI, 567):

“On the whole, then, the effect which a careful study of all the reports of the English sittings has left in my mind is this: That Dr. Phinuit is only a name for Mrs. Piper's secondary personality, assuming the name and acting the part with the aptitude and consistency which is shown by secondary personalities in other known cases.”

But he does not express an opinion regarding her other controls, or whether each one of them was a “secondary” personality; or how many thousand secondary personalities, and of how many sexes, a woman can have! In fact, up to the stage of these sittings, these questions hardly came to the surface, because nearly all of the alleged communications were through Phinuit, other apparent communicators so seldom taking control that the change of control was not often, if ever, specially noted in the reports—a grave omission which I have ventured here and there to attempt to supply.

Dr. Leaf gives first (Pr. VI, 568-74) a very remarkable case of telopsis in the sitting of Mr. J. T. Clarke at Professor W. James's house at Chocorua, New Hampshire. I have no space for these remarkable sittings, but urge them on the attention of the interested reader.

Sitting on December 28th, 1889. (Pr. VI, 589.)

“Present: Mrs. Herbert Leaf, and Walter Leaf reporting. Mrs. H. Leaf was introduced as ‘Miss Thompson.’

“P.: ‘I see you. How are you, you lady? I say, Captain! Captain, come here.’ [‘Captain’ is the name by which Dr. Phinuit speaks of Professor Lodge.] W. L.: ‘The captain is not here.’ P.: ‘Oh, then, that's you, Walter? Where are we now? Where be I?’”

I have taken the above for its next to last word, as throwing some possible light on Phinuit. “Where be I?” is rank Connecticut Yankee of the time before the New York and New Haven Railroad was built. It is probably Massachusetts Yankee too. Mrs. Piper does not use such language, but it abounded in her ancestry and “surroundings.” Phinuit's use of it is the extreme illustration of that strange blend of New England and France which constitutes him. I cannot see, however, that this disproves the previous incarnation of the

fellow. On the cosmic-soul hypothesis, Phinuit's portion of it has often been in the same receptacle with Mrs. Piper's. It is not necessary to suppose that her exclusion was complete. In fact, many considerations look as if any number of souls—at least my *z* souls on p. 310—might telepathically virtually occupy the same body at the same time. Of course there is nothing "scientific" about this guess: we are far beyond the reach of science. Such guesses, however, sometimes suggest a direction in which it pays science to keep an eye open. But to return to Phinuit as a possible guest of Mrs. Piper's mortal frame, which I don't believe he was—more than telepathically. Here is a piece of intense Phinuitism (Pr. VI, 595):

"I don't think Harry ever knew him [Professor Verrall? H.H.]; he passed out before you got hitched.

"[Correct; Harry died August, 1887, and I was married the following September.—R.M.L.]"

On p. 606 of Pr. VI, Professor Macalister, writing to Mr. Myers, says:

"Mrs. Piper is not anæsthetic during the so-called trance, and if you ask my private opinion it is that the whole thing is an imposture and a poor one."

Now as Mrs. Piper has been proved "anæsthetic during the so-called trance" several times by authorities at least as high as Professor Macalister (James being one), some question arises as to the value of the second opinion he states, and of the value of the opinions held on the whole subject by any excessively scientific person without enough mediumistic faculty, whatever that may be, to make a good sitter.

This somewhat strenuous observation calls for a word. I have already spoken of the advantage of a sympathetic attitude on the part of the sitter. There seems to be more in this than merely the greater liability of the sympathetic to be gulled, and I venture on a few suggestions of what the "more" may be.

People in general, including sitters, fall into two classes: those of the intuitive, humanistic, and sympathetic make-up, and those of the calculating scientific, skeptical make-up—"Platonists and Aristotelians." The first group, I need hardly say, includes the poets and most of those gener-

ally called philosophers—Socrates, Plato, and Goethe. The second group includes Aristotle, Bacon, and Spencer, all of whom the “high priori” philosophers hardly admit to be philosophers at all.

Now the first group seems to include the dreamers and the mediums. Socrates with his inner voice and his hours of sleepless unconsciousness, was in all probability a medium; and Plato and Goethe were both great dreamers; while regarding Aristotle, Bacon, and Spencer I cannot recall at the moment any assertion of remarkable dreams.

Now it is noticeable through the reports that scientific men, especially those devoted to the inorganic sciences, get very little out of the sittings, and are disposed to vote them all humbug. Sir Oliver Lodge is a marked exception. Sir William Crookes and Sir William Barrett have devoted themselves mainly to the telekinetic phenomena.

I am as far as possible from intimating that either class is superior to the other. It would be interesting to debate whether we owe more to Shakespere or to Spencer, although I should hardly take Shakespere for the mediumistic type of man, but rather (if you and God will forgive me), for the medium-mystic, and he is always *in medio tutissimus*.

Assuming the generalizations in the preceding paragraphs to be well founded, we might risk a much more uncertain one—that as truth is generally indicated first to the intuitive type of mind—Kant with the nebular hypothesis and Goethe with the relations of the vertebræ to the skeleton and the leaves to the plant—so the free appearance of the phenomena of mediumship to the intuitive type of person, and the scant appearance to the scientific type, have a certain correspondence with Nature’s general ways, and so far raise a presumption that the phenomena are normal and deserve study. There may even be in this some color for presumptions going farther.

I want, however, to guard against being supposed to rate intuition higher than I do. Early in this book I enlarged on the inevitability of intuitions beyond the reports of senses in course of evolution, as probably all our senses still are. Yet intuition proves nothing, but merely points ways for investigation—often misleading ways. Nevertheless a man cannot speak of it with any respect without danger of being supposed

to rate it as high as did the German professor with his camel. Professor Bergson has suffered from this—to such an extent that when, before his American lectures, he told me he considered intuition inconclusive without verification, I was a little surprised; and when I told Mr. Rutgers Marshall what he had said, I was thought to have misunderstood him.

It is not surprising, then, to be told that Professor Macalister's sitting was "unsatisfactory," and it is an amusingly incorrect one throughout. The same is true of the next sitting, the sitter's account of which begins in the following auspicious manner, but note well the last line. Mr. Barkworth was plainly not the victim of any gullible sympathy.

Mr. T. Barkworth. December 3rd. (Pr.VI,606.)

"In commencing the séance I held the medium's hands, which were icy cold and did not seem to gather warmth. Pulse very feeble, often quite imperceptible, and somewhat rapid. The medium seemed to find my influence uncongenial; she complained more than once that I had done something to her, that her head was bad, that she felt queer, had never felt so before, &c. She continually groaned as if in suffering. After long waiting Mr. Myers took my place with much better results."

Professor G. H. Darwin (p. 627) naturally is "wholly unconvinced of any remarkable powers or of thought-transference." Equally naturally, though conversely, the next sitting with Miss Alice Johnson is not half bad. Yet Dr. Leaf finds much apparent fishing in it, but ends with (Pr. VI, 614):

"Even on the most unfavorable view, therefore, it seems necessary to assume more than chance and skill in order to explain this sitting."

The following of course falls in with the good cases. Unfortunately, for the excellent reasons given below, no details are furnished.

Miss X. December 7th. (Pr.VI,629.)

"Miss X. was introduced, veiled, to the medium in the trance state, immediately after her arrival at Mr. Myers' house. She was at once recognized, and named. 'You are a medium; you write when you don't want to. You have got Mr. E.'s influence about you. [E. was Edmund Gurney. Miss X. was a crystal-gazer, and very prominent in the S.P.R. H.H.] This is Miss X. that I told you about.' She was subsequently addressed by

her Christian name, one of similar sound being first used but corrected immediately.

"A large part of the statements made at this and the following sittings were quite correct, but in nearly all cases of so private and personal a nature that it is impossible to publish them. [As so often in the best sittings. H.H.]... But these sittings were perhaps the most successful and convincing of the whole series.

"'You see flowers sometimes?' (Asked, 'What is my favorite flower? There is a spirit who would know.')

'Pansies. No, delicate pink roses. You have them about you, spiritually as well as physically.' Miss X. has on a certain day in every month a present of delicate pink roses. She frequently has hallucinatory visions of flowers."

The following is suggestive. Compare with it the various remarks on the influence of the sitter.

Mr. E. M. Konstamm. January 25th. (Pr. VI, 645.)

"..... Mr. K. was told that he knew one Allen, a smart fellow, but lame. This the sitter is inclined to refer to Mr. Rider Haggard's 'Allan Quatermain,' whose adventures he had just been reading."

Commenting at the close of this series of sittings, Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. VI, 647-8) :

"Is thought-transference from the sitter, of however free and unconscious a kind, a complete and sufficient mode of accounting for the facts? Mr. Leaf definitely takes the position that... it is sufficient, and, considering the large amount of labor he has spent on the documents, his opinion is entitled to very great weight. For myself, I am not so convinced, but I cordially admit the difficulty of any disproof of his position."

Here are a few extracts from Professor James's paper in this same volume (Pr. VI, 651f.) :

"As for the explanation of her trance-phenomena, I have none to offer. The *primâ facie* theory, which is that of spirit-control, is hard to reconcile with the extreme triviality of most of the communications. What real spirit, at last able to revisit his wife on this earth, but would find something better to say than that she had changed the place of his photograph? And yet that is the sort of remark to which the spirits introduced by the mysterious Phinuit are apt to confine themselves. I must admit, however, that Phinuit has other moods. He has several times, when my wife and myself were sitting together with him, suddenly started off on long lectures to us about our inward defects and outward shortcomings, which were very earnest, as well as

subtle morally and psychologically, and impressive in a high degree. These discourses, though given in Phinuit's own person, were very different in style from his more usual talk, and probably superior to anything that the medium could produce in the same line in her natural state."

All of which exceptional facts *may* mean simply that in this case the *sitter* had the exceptional intellect and character, including the candor, modesty, and capacity of self-examination of William James. Possibly it was a case of a man showing himself to himself—of the fourth-dimensional trick of turning a rubber ball inside out without destroying it—an anticipation of the possible port-mortem privilege of each soul as a member of the Cosmic Soul, of regarding itself face to face—or the further possibility of telepathically regarding itself as reflected in another soul. This last possibility is, I suppose, rank spiritism. I rather like it.

But whatever the facts mean, they do not *necessarily* mean for one moment that the "control" exercising this sympathy and delivering the resulting lecture, was not a discarnate spirit that had been incarnate in a voluble and profane but very amiable old French physician, rather mixed in a good many of his far-back memories, and in some of his properties much influenced by Yankee contact. James goes on to say of him (p. 655):

"Phinuit himself, however, bears every appearance of being a fictitious being. His French, so far as he has been able to display it to me, has been limited to a few phrases of salutation, which may easily have had their rise in the medium's 'unconscious' memory; he has never been able to understand *my* French [He understood Mr. Rich's, Chap. XXIX! H.H.]; and the crumbs of information which he gives about his earthly career are, as you know, so few, vague, and unlikely sounding, as to suggest the romancing of one whose stock of materials for invention is excessively reduced. He is, however, as he actually shows himself, a definite human individual, with immense tact and patience, and great desire to please and be regarded as infallible. . . . The most remarkable thing about the Phinuit personality seems to me the extraordinary tenacity and minuteness of his memory. The medium has been visited by many hundreds of sitters, half of them, perhaps, being strangers who have come but once. To each Phinuit gives an hourful of disconnected fragments of talk about persons living, dead, or imaginary, and events past, future, or unreal. What normal waking memory could keep this chaotic mass of stuff together? Yet Phinuit

does so; for the chances seem to be, that if a sitter should go back after years of interval, the medium, when once entranced, would recall the minutest incidents of the earlier interview, and begin by recapitulating much of what had then been said. So far as I can discover, Mrs. Piper's waking memory is not remarkable, and the whole constitution of her trance-memory is something which I am at a loss to understand."

Which naturally harks back to the theory that she, or "he," draws on a stock that fills the universe. And how does that theory stand comparison with the theory that several controls independent of Phinuit (and later Imperator and his gang) speaking to each of "many hundreds of sitters" and keeping them all distinct, are all of them secondary, or alternating, personalities of Mrs. Piper?

James says (p. 656f.) of the E. control:

"I confess that the human being in me was so much stronger than the man of science that I was too disgusted with Phinuit's tiresome twaddle even to note it down. When later the phenomenon developed into pretended direct speech from E. [Gurney. H.H.] himself I regretted this, for a complete record would have been useful. I can now merely say that neither then, nor at any other time, was there to my mind the slightest inner verisimilitude in the personation. [Later, regarding the Hodgson control, his opinion was very different. See Chapters XLIII and XLIV. H.H.] But the failure to produce a more plausible E. speaks directly in favor of the non-participation of the medium's *conscious* mind in the performance. She could so easily have coached herself to be more effective.

"Her trance-talk about my own family shows the same innocence. . . . Few things could have been easier, in Boston, than for Mrs. Piper to collect facts about my own father's family for use in my sittings with her. But although my father, my mother, and a deceased brother were repeatedly announced as present, nothing but their bare names ever came out, except a hearty message of thanks from my father that I had 'published the book.' I *had* published his *Literary Remains*; but when Phinuit was asked 'what book?' all he could do was to spell the letters L, I, and say no more.

"The aunt who purported to 'take control' directly was a much better personation [than Phinuit. H.H.], having a good deal of the cheery strenuousness of speech of the original. She spoke, by the way, on this occasion, of the condition of health of two members of the family in New York, of which we knew nothing at the time, and which was afterwards corroborated by letter. We have repeatedly heard from Mrs. Piper in trance

things of which we were not at the moment aware. If the super-normal element in the phenomenon be thought-transference it is certainly not that of the sitter's *conscious thought*. It is rather the reservoir of his potential knowledge which is tapped; and not always *that*, but the knowledge of some distant living person, as in the incident last quoted. It has sometimes even seemed to me that too much intentness on the sitter's part to have Phinuit say a certain thing acts as a hindrance. [Again the reverse of Foster. H.H.]

"My mother-in-law, on her return from Europe, spent a morning vainly seeking for her bank-book. Mrs. Piper, on being shortly afterwards asked where this book was, described the place so exactly that it was instantly found. I was told by her that the spirit of a boy named Robert F. was the companion of my lost infant. The F.'s were cousins of my wife living in a distant city. On my return home I mentioned the incident to my wife, saying, 'Your cousin did lose a baby, didn't she? but Mrs. Piper was wrong about its sex, name, and age.' I then learned that Mrs. Piper had been quite right in all those particulars, and that mine was the wrong impression. But, obviously, for the source of revelations such as these, one need not go behind the sitter's own storehouse of forgotten or unnoticed experiences [or the world-soul's? H.H.]. Miss X.'s experiments in crystal-gazing prove how strangely these survive. If thought-transference be the clue to be followed in interpreting Mrs. Piper's trance-utterances (and that, as far as my experience goes, is what, far more than any supramundane instillations, the phenomena *seem* on their face to be) we must admit that the 'transference' need not be of the conscious or even the unconscious thought of the sitter, but must often be of the thought of some person far away."

Hodgson's report of the sittings in America from Mrs. Piper's return in 1890 to the end of '91 (Pr. VIII, 133f.) contains much of an "evidential" nature, including some remarkable telopses. But so abundant are such cases that it hardly seems worth while to string them along. They *prove* nothing more than telepathy, unless they contain dramatic elements; and the present state of the skeptical argument is such that even each dramatic case tends to add a recruit to Mrs. Piper's regiments of alternate selves. *Credat Judæus!*

In May, 1892, Hodgson closed as follows (Pr. VIII, 58) his comments on the sittings reported:

"The foregoing report is based upon sittings not later than 1891. Mrs. Piper has given some sittings very recently which

materially strengthen the evidence for the existence of some faculty that goes beyond thought-transference from the sitters, and which certainly *primâ facie* appear to render some form of the 'spiritistic' hypothesis more plausible. I hope to discuss these among other results in a later article."

We shall meet this discussion in time.

CHAPTER XXXI

HODGSON'S SECOND PIPER REPORT, 1892-5

I. The G. P. Sitzings

SOME six years later than the reports drawn from in the preceding chapter, Hodgson, in Pr. XIII, published another report on Mrs. Piper's trance, taken from some five hundred sittings. During the five years had been developed heteromatic writing and the control known as G. P., and Mrs. Piper had undergone two important surgical operations, which had entirely remedied a somewhat defective state of health, with great benefit to the manifestations. Through the heteromatic writing, not only were the records better kept, but there were many more manifestations of knowledge of facts unknown to the sitter and afterwards verified, and much more indication of the characteristics of various persons than had been practicable through Phinuit's talk.

My abstract can give but a very inadequate idea of this matter. The interested reader should get Pr. Part XXXIII of Vol. XIII.

Touching the writing, Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 291f.):

"The first case of this automatic writing which I witnessed myself occurred on March 12th, 1892. The sitter, a lady, had taken several articles as test objects, among them a ring which had belonged to Annie D—.

"Phinuit made [oral. H.H.] references to this lady, giving the name Annie, and just before the close of the sitting Mrs. Piper's right hand moved slowly up until it was over the top of her head. The arm seemed to become rigidly fixed... but the hand trembled very rapidly. Phinuit exclaimed several times: 'She's [*i.e.*, Annie D.? H.H.] taken my hand away,' and added: 'she wants to write.' I put a pencil between the fingers, and placed a block-book on the head under the pencil. No writing came until, obeying Phinuit's order to 'hold the hand,' I grasped the hand very firmly at its junction with the wrist and so stopped its trembling or vibrating. It then wrote: 'I am Annie

D— [surname correctly given] ... I am not dead ... I am not dead but living. ... I am not dead ... world ... good bye ... I am Annie D—. The hold of the pencil then relaxed, and Phinuit began to murmur 'Give me my hand back, give me my hand back.' The arm, however, remained in its contracted position for a short time, but finally, as though with much difficulty, and slowly, it moved down to the side, and Phinuit appeared to regain control over it. Previous to this I had witnessed a little of Phinuit's writing, but I was not aware that any other 'control' had used the hand while Phinuit was manifesting at the same time [by the voice. H.H.] ... The characteristics of the actual handwritings themselves ... vary superficially a great deal, according to the excitement, so to speak, of the purported 'communicator,' to the frequency of his writing in that way previously, and probably to other causes difficult to estimate except speculatively. It would seem, moreover, that until instructed in some way, the quasi-personality that guides the writing is unaware that he is *writing*. The process from the point of view of the 'communicator' rather resembles the definite thinking of his thoughts, with the object of conveying them to the sitter,—and I feel very sure that this is true whatever theory may be held as to the identity of the 'communicator,' whether this is what it purports to be, or merely another stratum of Mrs. Piper's mind believing itself to be an extraneous intelligence."

Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 292-3) :

"When the arm is being seized 'for the purpose of writing,' as also to a less extent when Phinuit is regaining control, it shows a certain amount of spasmodic movement, which occasionally is extremely violent, knocking pencils and block-books helter-skelter off the table, and requiring considerable force to restrain it. Sometimes, but not often, the writing will be interrupted by a spasm in the arm, and the hand will be strongly clenched and bent over at the wrist, but after an interval that can be measured in seconds rather than minutes, the hand will be released and proceed with the writing."

Do the probabilities seem preponderant that all this is genuine, or that it is "put up"? Nothing like it is reported in the Proceedings, of the other heteromatic writers. All of which seems congruous with Mrs. Piper's apparently more thorough "possession" in other respects. Hodgson continues:

"It is not necessary for Phinuit to stop talking while the hand is writing. On one occasion when I was present Phinuit was listening to the stenographic report of a previous interview, commenting upon it, making additions to his statements about some objects, and at the same time the hand was writing freely

and rapidly on other subjects, and holding conversation with another person, the hand purporting to be 'controlled' by a deceased friend of that person. [Perhaps this is put up, too? Is it within the compass of mortal faculty? Is it two controls at the same time? The brain consists of two halves. H.H.] This lasted for over twenty minutes. On another occasion, when I was not present, I was informed that Phinuit for about an hour kept up a specially rapid and vigorous talk, more voluble even than usual with him, with two or three young girls who were present at the sitting, and during the whole of this time the hand was writing on other matters with another person. The only one that appeared to be distracted was the sitter who was talking with the 'hand,' who was remonstrated with by the 'hand' for not paying sufficient attention to it. I have... never failed to get this double action when desired if Phinuit was present and the hand was being used by another 'control.' In all cases when the 'hand' is writing independently of Phinuit, the sense of hearing for the 'hand-control' appears to be in the hand, whereas Phinuit apparently always hears through the ordinary channel. This apparent heteræsthesia will be considered in Part II. of my Report."

Also during the five years since Hodgson's first report, to the two accounts of professed control by personal friends of sitters there given, he was able to add many, especially from George "Pelham," and he stated that they had inspired the following significant remark, which I think worth repeating, as he did. It closed his previous report in Pr. VIII, and is reprinted in the volume we are now considering (Pr. XIII, 290):

"Mrs. Piper has given some sittings very recently which materially strengthen the evidence for the existence of some faculty that goes beyond thought-transference from the sitters, and which certainly *primâ facie* appear to render some form of the 'spiritistic' hypothesis more plausible."

To this he added in the new report (Pr. XIII, 291):

"The results present an appearance precisely in accordance with what we should expect from returning 'spirits' communicating under the conditions involved, and... such results do not fall into orderly relation with one another on the hypothesis of telepathy from the living."

To prove this Hodgson presented a masterly examination of the evidence; and, in short, it was this series of phenomena that turned Hodgson, the arch skeptic and arch unveiler of

frauds, into a spiritist. Of this report, so high an authority as James later said (Pr. XXIII, 28) :

"I admire [it] greatly...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."

Here, too, should my scrappy extracts interest any reader, I advise "thon" to get the full report in Pr. Part (not Volume) XXXIII.

George "Pelham" is the principal control in this series. He was of a leading New York family, graduated from Harvard, and for some years after graduation lived in or near Boston; but for three years before his death, had made his headquarters in New York and the family seat at ———, at both of which places, and elsewhere, I had seen much of him. He had been trained in the law, but I think had not practised, but had been a rather assiduous reader in literature and philosophy. He had published a meritorious biography of an eminent ancestor, and another volume of "pure literature."

Perhaps I may as well digress here to add my own to the general testimony that the Piper controls calling themselves George "Pelham" and (much later in this record) Hodgson and Myers are fac-similes of the men as I knew them; and to give my testimony whatever weight it may be entitled to, I venture to explain also how I knew the last two. Hodgson I knew even better than "Pelham," in his frequent visits to New York, and mine to Boston; and especially for a fortnight or so while we were both attending the Chicago Fair in '93, when we met virtually every day, and frequently several times a day. We also were together for a week or so on a visit to Old Farm. (See Chapter XLIV.) Myers was there at the same time, and so was James, the house-party probably having been selected somewhat with reference to the common interests of its members in *Psychical Research*. Under such circumstances I came to know Myers better than probably would have been the case in years of ordinary meetings.

Yet candor obliges me to say that since I wrote the fore-

going passage, a lady who thinks she knew G. P. better than anybody else did tells me that his alleged postcarnate self is not like him at all. Does this illustrate anything more than the different aspects a person presents to different people?

Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 295) :

“G. P. met his death accidentally, and probably instantaneously by a fall in New York in February, 1892, at the age of thirty-two. . . . He was an Associate of our Society, his interest in which was explicable rather by an intellectual openness and fearlessness characteristic of him than by any tendency to believe in supernormal phenomena. . . . We had several long talks together on philosophic subjects, and one very long discussion, probably at least two years before his death, on the possibility of a ‘future life.’ In this he maintained that in accordance with a fundamental philosophic theory which we both accepted, a ‘future life’ was not only incredible, but inconceivable; and I maintained that it was at least conceivable. At the conclusion of the discussion he admitted that a future life was conceivable, but he did not accept its credibility, and vowed that if he should die before I did, and found himself ‘still existing,’ he would ‘make things lively’ in the effort to reveal the fact of his continued existence.”

That his “spirit,” or at the very least, recollections of him which must have been in other minds than Hodgson’s or Mrs. Piper’s, and which were telepathically obtained and dramatically combined by Mrs. Piper, should have at length converted Hodgson to the spiritistic belief, is a strange outcome.

As a “control” G. P. differs in some particulars from his earthly self as known to me. He greeted me through Mrs. Piper with a degree of jollity and *bonhomie* that I had never seen in him on earth. The genial helpful creature “going about doing good” in aid of everybody’s communication, that appears as his manifestations from another world (?), he may have been at heart in this one; but if he was, it was under a mask of shyness or reserve developed on a sensitive nature by contact with a rough world. Yet he had an unusual degree of candor, not to say self-assertion, which, though never boisterous, was apt, at times, to become somewhat dogmatic. I never thought of him as a happy man here, while utterances attributed to him give a welcome impression that he is a happy man there. This impression I think must have had more

effect on Hodgson's opinions regarding G. P.'s postcarnate existence than Hodgson has stated, or perhaps realized. I think any friend of G. P.'s must be somewhat affected by it, even if unconsciously. This I find more the case regarding him than I later found regarding the controls representing Hodgson and Myers: for they were happier men here.

Hodgson goes on to say of G. P. (Pr. XIII, 295-6):

"On March 7th, 1888, he had a sitting with Mrs. Piper.... I may add my own opinion that Mrs. Piper never knew until recently that she had ever seen G. P....."

"G. P.'s conclusion was, briefly, that the results of this sitting did not establish any more than hyperæsthesia on the part of the medium.

"I knew of G. P.'s death within a day or two of its occurrence, and was present at several sittings with Mrs. Piper in the course of the following few weeks, but no allusion was made to G. P. On March 22nd, 1892, between four and five weeks after G. P.'s death, I accompanied Mr. John Hart [not the real name], who had been an old intimate friend of his, to a sitting."

That he did not appear till a month after his death is in accord with the many indications and assertions that it takes time for the newly emancipated soul to "find itself" from a dazed condition after death. If telepathy were all, Hodgson's mind was probably fuller of G. P. at the first sitting after his death than a month later. It often seems too as if the presence of a close friend were necessary to help the control's early utterance. This one did not speak at Hodgson's many sittings, until the first sitting when his closer friend Hart was present.

After Phinuit had announced a "George," an uncle of Mr. Hart, he went on (Pr. XIII, 297f.):

"There is another George who wants to speak to you. How many Georges are there about you any way?"

"[R. H.] The rest of the sitting, until almost the close, was occupied by statements from G. P., Phinuit acting as intermediary. George Pelham's real name was given in full, also the names, both Christian and surname, of several of his most intimate friends, including the name of the sitter. Moreover, incidents were referred to which were unknown to the sitter or myself. One of the pair of studs which J. H. was wearing was given to Phinuit....' (Who gave them to me?) [Throughout these sittings, the sitters' remarks are in parentheses. H.H.] That's mine. I gave you that part of it. I sent that to you. (When?) Before I came here. That's mine. Mother gave you

that. (No.) Well, father then, father and mother together. You got those after I passed out. Mother took them. Gave them to father, and father gave them to you. I want you to keep them. I will them to you.' Mr. Hart notes: 'The studs were sent to me by Mr. Pelham as a remembrance of his son.....'

"James and Mary [Mr. and Mrs.] Howard [Pseudonyms, H.H.] were mentioned with strongly specific references, and in connection with Mrs. Howard came the name Katharine. 'Tell her, she'll know. I will solve the problems, Katharine.' Mr. Hart notes: 'This had no special significance for me at the time, though I was aware that Katharine, the daughter of Jim Howard, was known to George, who used to live with the Howards. On the day following the sitting I gave Mr. Howard a detailed account of the sitting. These words, "I will solve the problems, Katharine," impressed him more than anything else, and at the close of my account he related that George, when he had last stayed with them, had talked frequently with Katharine (a girl of fifteen years of age) upon such subjects as Time, Space, God, Eternity, and pointed out to her how unsatisfactory the commonly accepted solutions were. He added that some time he would solve the problems, and let her know, using almost the very words of the communication made at the sitting.' Mr. Hart added that he was entirely unaware of these circumstances. I was myself unaware of them, and was not at that time acquainted with the Howards.....'

"G. P.: 'John, if that is you, speak to me. Tell Jim I want to see him. He will hardly believe me, believe that I am here. I want him to know where I am... O good fellow. All got dark, then it grew light.....'

"'Go up to my room. (Which room?) Up to my room, where I write. I'll come. Speak to me, John. (What room?) Study. (You said something about a desk just now.) I left things all mixed up. [Remember: his death was sudden. H.H.] I wish you'd go up and straighten them out for me. Lot of names. Lot of letters. I left things mixed up. You answer them for me. Wish I could remember more, but I'm confused.....'

"'Who's Rogets? [Phinuit tries to spell the real name.], (Spell that again.) [At the first attempt afterwards Phinuit leaves out a letter, then spells it correctly.] Rogers... Rogers has got a book of mine. (What is he going to do with it?)'

"Both Hart and G. P. knew Rogers, who at that time had a certain MS. book of G. P. in his possession. The book was found after G. P.'s death and given to Rogers to be edited. G. P. had promised during his lifetime that a particular disposition should be made of this book after his death. This action... was here, and in subsequent utterances which from their private nature I cannot quote, enjoined emphatically and repeatedly,

and had it been at once carried out, as desired by G. P., much subsequent unhappiness and confusion might have been avoided.

"During the latter part of the sitting, and without any relevance to the remarks immediately before and after, which were quite clear as expressions from G. P. came the words, 'Who's James? Will—William.' [It must be remembered that Phinuit was talking throughout.] This was apparently explained by Phinuit's further remarks at the close of the sitting.

"Phinuit: 'Who's Alice? (What do you want me to say to her?) [To R. H.] Alice in spirit. Alice in spirit says it's all over now, and tell Alice in the body all is well. Tell Will I'll explain things later on. He [George] calls Alice, too, in the body. I want her to know me, too, Alice and Katharine.... Speak to him. He won't go till you say good-by. [The hand then wrote: George Pelham. Good day (?) John.].....'

"[Alice James, the sister of Professor William James, had recently died in England. The first name of Mrs. James is also Alice. Alice, the sister of Katharine, is the youngest daughter of Mr. Howard and was very fond of G. P.]

"As I have already said, the most personal references made at the sitting cannot be quoted; they were regarded by J. H. as profoundly characteristic of Pelham, and in minor matters, where my notes were specially inadequate, such as in the words of greeting and occasional remarks to the sitter, the manner of reference to his mother with him 'spiritually,' and to his father and [step] mother living, etc., the sitter was strongly impressed with the *vraisemblance* of the personality of Pelham."

Mrs. Piper's time was so engaged that it was nearly three weeks before these astounding developments could be followed up by G. P.'s intimate friends the Howards, for whom, during the interval George (as, for at least convenience' sake, we will provisionally admit the control to be) asked through Phinuit at nearly every sitting when his friends, especially Jim (Howard) were to be brought. On April 11, 1892, they came. Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 300f.):

"I made the appointment, of course without giving names... during nearly the whole of the time of trance apparently G. P. controlled the voice directly. The statements made were intimately personal and characteristic... The Howards, who were not predisposed to take any interest in psychical research, but who had been induced by the account of Mr. Hart to have a sitting with Mrs. Piper, were profoundly impressed with the feeling that they were in truth holding a conversation with the personality of the friend whom they had known so many years. ... All the references to persons and individuals are correct.

"G. P.: 'Jim, is that you? Speak to me quick. I am not

dead. Don't think me dead. I'm awfully glad to see you. Can't you see me? Don't you hear me? Give my love to my father and tell him I want to see him. I am happy here, and more so since I find I can communicate with you. I pity those people who can't speak.

"(What do you do, George, where you are?)

"I am scarcely able to do anything yet; I am just awakened to the reality of life after death. It was like darkness, I could not distinguish anything at first. Darkest hours just before dawn, you know that, Jim. I was puzzled, confused. Shall have an occupation soon. Now I can see you, my friends. I can hear you speak. Your voice, Jim, I can distinguish with your accent and articulation, but it sounds like a big bass drum. Mine would sound to you like the faintest whisper. (Our conversation then is something like telephoning?) [Remember: the sitter's part is given in parentheses throughout. H.H.] Yes. (By long distance telephone.) [G. P. laughs.] (Were you not surprised to find yourself living?) Perfectly so. Greatly surprised. I did not believe in a future life. It was beyond my reasoning powers. Now it is as clear to me as daylight. We have an astral fac-simile of the material body. [G. P. when living would probably have jeered at the associations of the word 'astral.'—R.H.] . . . Jim, what are you writing now? (Nothing of any importance.) Why don't you write about this? (I should like to, but the expression of my opinions would be nothing. I must have facts.) These I will give to you and to Hodgson if he is still interested in these things. [Cuts both ways, as the living G. P. knew that "these things" made Hodgson's sole occupation. H.H.] (Will people know about this possibility of communication?) They are sure to in the end. It is only a question of time when people in the material body will know all about it, and everyone will be able to communicate. . . . I want all the fellows to know about me. . . . What is Rogers writing? (A novel.) No, not that. Is he not writing something about me? (Yes, he is preparing a memorial of you.) That is nice; it is pleasant to be remembered. It is very kind of him. He was always kind to me when I was alive. Martha Rogers [deceased daughter] is here. I have talked with her several times. She reflects too much on her last illness, on being fed with a tube. We tell her she ought to forget it, and she has done so in good measure, but she was ill a long time. She is a dear little creature when you know her, but she is hard to know. She is a beautiful little soul. She sends her love to her father. . . . Berwick, how is he? Give him my love. He is a good fellow; he is what I always thought him in life, trustworthy and honorable. How is Orenberg? He has some of my letters. Give him my warmest love. He was always very fond of me, though he understood me least of all my friends. We fellows who are eccentric are always misunderstood in life. I used to have fits

of depression. I have none now. I am happy now. I want my father to know about this. We used to talk about spiritual things, but he will be hard to convince. My mother will be easier.....'

"He referred to a tin box of German manufacture which he said was either in New York or Z— [giving the name, a very peculiar one, of the locality of his father's country residence.] He said that it contained letters from three persons whom he specified. He wished the Howards to have this box. They replied that the letters were all burned.

"G. P.: 'I think not. I want you to have them. I want you to tell my father about this. (Can't you give us something that will convince him? something we don't know and he does?) I understand, a test. You can tell him about this tin box that I left in my room. I know they have taken the chest, but this tin box they have not.' [The box was found at Z—, but there were no letters in it.... This was explained to G. P. at a sitting on May 14th, 1892, by Mrs. Pelham. Phinuit: 'That's the one I had reference to. He says he put some letters in before going across the water, but he doesn't remember taking them out.']

"At the sitting of April 13th, G. P. had direct control of the voice for about twenty minutes only. Then Phinuit acted as intermediary, and there was also a little writing, a few lines by G. P., in the form of an affectionate letter to Mr. and Mrs. Howard. Apparently G. P. was more confident of giving his own exact words by the direct writing process than by the method of getting Phinuit to repeat them.

"Mr. Howard was absent during part of the sitting.... The following is from Mr. Howard's notes on his return to the sitting:—

"G. P.: 'I answered part of that question [the part he answered was correct], but did not give the names of the other two people because it would be no test, because I told her [Mrs. Howard] the names of the other two in life, and as she knows them, if I was to give the names in her presence, they would say it was thought-transference. No, I shall reserve the two names to tell Hodgson some time when he is alone with me, because *he* does not know them.' [All true.]"

A good deal of persistence and purpose and emotion in this kind of "telepathy"! But in the conservative search for non-spiritistic sources of the phenomena, a statement in Mrs. Howard's absence would simply be attributed to teloteropathy from her, as if she were present. It should be noted that during G. P.'s life, telepathy from the sitter had been reluctantly conceded as a defense against the spiritistic hypothesis, but it was not till after his death that teloteropathy

from persons at a distance had been conceded; and it was not until 1909—seven years later, that James, one of the most steadfast holders of the conservative fort, in his report on the communications from Hodgson's alleged spirit, admitted, as among the possible "sources other than R. H.'s surviving spirit for the veridical communications from the Hodgson control," "access to some cosmic reservoir, where the memory of all mundane facts is stored and grouped around personal centers of association."

James had a subtler mind than mine or almost anybody's. Mine is not subtle enough to be very seriously impressed by the difference between "memory of mundane facts stored and grouped around personal centers of association" and a surviving personality; and what difference does impress me, is pretty well filled up when, in addition to "the memory of mundane facts," the "personal center" also has "grouped around" it, the initiative, response, repartee and emotional and dramatic elements that, as shown not only by the G. P. control, but, years later, by the Hodgson control, and by hundreds of others, make a gallery of characters more vivid than those depicted by all the historians. I don't say, though, that they are more vivid than those depicted by the dramatists and novelists, but I may yet say it; nor do I yet say that they are not, like those of the dramatists and novelists, fictional in a sense; though even claiming them to be historical, as in a sense they are, is not claiming them to be surviving. Many historical characters have put in that claim through Mrs. Piper and other mediums, and while our greatest psychologist knew as much as anybody about the claims, and seemed somewhat on the road to admitting them to be from surviving personalities, he did not live to go farther than memories "stored and grouped around personal centers of association."

This thesis seems supported by Foster's communications in languages unknown by him, and possibly by the French which Phinuit did know, despite the assertions of Mrs. Sidgwick, Mr. James, and others.

But *à bas* the "memories"! one is tempted to say; credit them all to telepathy if you will: what are they beside the active and spontaneous emotions and responses?

At the sitting last quoted, G. P. wrote, in answer to the question below (Pr. XIII, 303):

“(Can’t you tell us something he or your mother has done?) ‘I saw her brush my clothes and put them away. I was by her side as she did it. I saw her take my sleeve buttons from a small box and give them to my father. I saw him send them to John Hart. I saw her putting papers, etc., into a tin box.’

“The incident of the ‘studs’ was mentioned at the sitting of Hart. G. P.’s clothes were brushed and put away, as Mrs. Pelham wrote, not by herself, but by ‘the man who had valeted George.’”

This incident is used by Mrs. Sidgwick in Pr. XV, 31, in support of the thesis that a medium’s communications are influenced by education and social habits. I am disposed entirely to endorse this. The communications seem to me to come from a blending of the control, the medium, and the sitter. Perhaps this utterance will seem less Delphic as we go on.

Hodgson says that ten days after (Pr. XIII, 304):

“Mr. Pelham wrote to Mrs. Howard on April 24th, 1892:— ‘... The letters which you have written to my wife giving such extraordinary evidence of the intelligence exercised by George in some incomprehensible manner over the actions of his friends on earth have given food for constant reflection and wonder. Preconceived notions about the future state have received a severe shock.’”

On May 16th the following occurred (Pr. XIII, 314). Is this play of conversation covered by telepathy or even by memories “stored,” etc.?

“[Phinuit speaks on behalf of G. P.] ‘Ask Hodgson whether this is important to him or not. I am determined to [writing again] transfer to you my thoughts, although it will have to be done in this uncanny way. (Never mind. That’s all right. We understand, etc.) Good. I will move heaven and earth to explain these matters to you, Hodgson. [Phinuit speaks.] [For G. P.? H.H.] You see I am not asleep. [Written.] I am wide awake, and I assure you I am ever ready to help you and give you things of importance in this work. [Phinuit speaks.] It was like Greek to him before he came here. I could not believe this existence. [Written.] I am delighted to have this opportunity of coming here to this life, so as to be able to prove my experiences and existence here. Dear old Hodgson, I wish I could have known you better in your life, but I understand you now, and the philosophy of my being taken out and (Didn’t you

go too soon?) Not too soon, but it is my vocation to be able to explain these things to you and the rest of my friends. [This he (?) carried out for years. H.H.] (Does it do you harm?) And it is all nonsense about its doing me harm, for it surely does no harm, and will help to enlighten the world. What think you, Hodgson? (I agree entirely. I think it's the most important work in the world.) Oh, I am so glad your exalted brains are not too pretentious to accept the real truth and philosophy of my coming and explaining to you these important things. (Now, George, we mustn't keep the medium in trance too long.) Do not worry about her, she is having a good time, and I will do no harm. You know that too well. [Phinuit speaks.] He says he's not an idiot. (Oh, I know he's not an idiot, etc.)

"[Written.] 'I understand. You see I hear you. Now I will proceed with my important conversation. Your material universe is very exacting, and it requires great practice and perseverance to do all I want to say to you.'" [Cf. "this protoplasm" in my sitting, Chapter XXVIII. H.H.]

November 22nd, 1892. (Pr.XIII,413.)

"Present: Mr. and Mrs. Howard, R. H. and Reporter.

"After a short conversation with Phinuit, G. P. wrote:

"'Haloo, Hodgson, you know me. Haloo, Jim, old fellow, I am not dead yet. I still live to see you. Do you remember how we used to ask each other for books of certain kinds, about certain books, where they were, and you always knew just where to find them. [This was characteristic. The sitting was held in my library, where George and myself had... frequent occasion to turn up references in one book or another. George, living, had remarked several times on my accurate knowledge of location of the books in my shelves.—J] Halloa, I know now where I am. Jim, you dear old soul, how are you?'"

November 28th, 1892. (Pr.XIII,414-5.)

"Present: Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and (part of the time) their eldest daughter Katharine, R. H. and Reporter.

"'..... Katharine, how is the violin? [She plays the violin.]... To hear you playing it is horrible, horrible....' Mrs. H.: 'But don't you see she likes her music because it is the best she has.' G. P.: 'No, but that is what I used to say, that it is horrible.' [George was always more or less annoyed by hearing Katharine practise when she was beginning the violin as a little child.—K.]"

The above, we are assured, is "telepathy"! The following (Pr. XIII, 416f.) may be?

"Mrs. Piper [on coming out of the trance. H.H.]: 'There is the man with the beard' [whom she saw in the trance. H.H.]

Mrs. Piper then described what she thought was a dream. 'I saw a bright light and a face in it, a gentleman with a beard on his face, and he had a very high forehead and he was writing.' R. H.: 'Would you know it again if you saw it?' Mrs. Piper: 'Oh, yes. I would know it, I think.' R. H.: 'Well, try and recall it.' [See note at end of sitting.]

" [Medium says she feels queer and as if she could turn right round and go into the trance again. Does not know what is the matter with her. After saying this she becomes entranced again very quickly at 9.22, and Phinuit appears, shouting.]

" Ph.: 'You know you don't play that on me. George Pelham is a very clever fellow, but I am going to tell you he passed by me, and do you know what he did, he let her go without signaling to me at all; he did it by mistake; he told me afterwards, and so I came back to tell you. . . . [To Katharine] Vous êtes bonne fille. C'est la petite de madame: bonne fille, bonne fille, grande belle fille.' [I was struck by Phinuit's speaking French all at once to Katharine, as she always speaks French with her sisters, having lived so long in France. There was more French than was here reported, as the stenographer does not know French well, and had to get what we could remember from us afterwards. Mr. Howard and I were much struck by the thoroughly *French* use of the word *belle*. Katharine is in no sense of the word a beautiful girl as English people generally understand the word *belle*, but she is conspicuously a tall, well-developed, well-made girl, of the sort to which *belle* in the French sense would be applied.—K.]"

How about the frequent claim that Phinuit knew no French?

" Mrs. Piper is apparently about to come out of trance when another control takes possession for a few minutes, who is thought by Mrs. Howard to be Elisa, and who whispers something in Italian to Mrs. Howard. [Mrs. Piper knew no Italian. H.H.] Again Mrs. Piper is apparently about to come out of trance when Phinuit returns for a moment to say *au revoir*. [What follows is in substance the conversation between Elisa and Mrs. Howard.]

" E.: 'Pazienza, pazienza, pazienza.' Mrs. H.: 'Si cara Elisa.'

E.: [Tries to give a message in Italian to her sister, but Mrs. H. could only catch a few words.] Mrs. H.: 'Non comprendo bene.' E.: 'Taceo, pazienza, pazienza. Dire tutto a Frederica [name of sister] a rivederla. Elisa a rivederla.' [Signs of suffering indicating the trouble that caused the death of Madame Elisa.] Mrs. H. says in Italian 'Don't suffer, Elisa.' E.: 'Pazienza a rivederla.'

" After Mrs. Piper comes out of trance she is shown a collection of thirty-two photographs, nine of them being of men, from

which she selects the picture of the person whom she saw when coming out of trance the first time. The photograph that she first picked out was an excellent likeness of G. P. She afterwards picked out another photograph of him. She stated that she never knew the gentleman when living."

Within twenty-four hours in this experiment, or some other, as reported elsewhere, the dream recollection had faded away; she could not recognize the photograph.

Now in face of such an occurrence as this (and it does not stand alone), the talk about subliminal self, in the usual sense, secondary personality and all that, simply "*won't do.*" We can talk about telopsis here, if we want to, but telopsis of what? Of that photograph? Nonsense! And as strange as anything else about it, is that there is nothing strange about it. In my own dreams I see any number of people I never saw before, just as plainly as I see any number on the street, and if photographs were handed me, as those were to Mrs. Piper, immediately on awaking, I could identify them. Had I seen fit to develop the mediumship Phinuit ascribes to me (and Sir William Crookes, by implication ascribes to all of us), or had you seen fit to develop the mediumship probably latent in you (instead of perhaps killing it by scientific skepticism—an admirable thing in its place)—had we developed our mediumship so that we were giving sittings and having friends at hand with pictures of the people we saw in our dreams, we might be identifying controls too. This identification is nothing out of the ordinary course of nature, only the wit to see that it is, has but just come. If it is a step toward accepting the spiritistic hypothesis, what is the harm? Only it is well to remember that "*fools rush in.*"

As to the attempted solution that Mrs. Piper sees G. P. as he exists in the memory of his friends, and picks out the photograph of the man she sees: in the mind of an average friend—mine, for instance, he doesn't exist with the definiteness of a photograph. If I had tried, when I sat with Mrs. Piper, to describe him to an artist to enable him to draw a portrait, I should have been wrong in so many particulars that the portrait would not have been recognizable. I should have given him a square forehead, and a photograph I have looked at since, which I recognized as a very good one, has

a round forehead, and having seen that portrait within a year, I couldn't say now whether the nose is straight or slightly aquiline. I only feel sure that it was not pug. I don't remember, either, whether his mouth was firm or rounded, or his chin and jaw light or pronounced.

Yet at the sitting when Mrs. Piper saw him, the sitter may have been gifted with a much more pictorial memory than mine; and with any sitter, Mrs. Piper may have just as definite an idea as the sitter has, and that may be, like mine, definite enough to recognize, but not to describe. But can telepathy convey more than the agent can describe? She may have seen the man at all the sittings, as we see in dreams people that we never knew or know we knew, or it may have been the man himself who used her organism to speak and write when it was asserted that he did. Each one of us will have to fumble to his own conviction if he ever reaches one. Mine is simply that she saw him in dreams, and the sitters or his surviving personality impressed those dreams upon her. One reason for that conviction is that despite the occasional alleged going out of one control, and coming in of another, generally the controls succeed and interrupt each other without any intervals, as in dreams.

Hodgson continues (Pr. XIII, 321-2):

"It was during this sitting [Dec. 22, 1892] that perhaps the most dramatic incident of the whole series occurred....."

"Mr. Howard: 'Tell me something... that you and I alone know. I ask you because several things I have asked you, you have failed to get hold of.' G. P.: 'Why did you not ask me this before?' Mr. H.: 'Because I did not have occasion to.' G. P.: 'What do you mean, Jim?' Mr. H.: 'I mean, tell me something that you and I alone know, something in our past that you and I alone know.' G. P.: 'Do you doubt me, dear old fellow?' Mr. H.: 'I simply want something—you have failed to answer certain questions that I have asked—now I want you to give me the equivalent of the answers to those questions in your own terms...' G. P.: 'You used to talk to me about.....'"

"The writing which followed... contains too much of the personal element in G. P.'s life to be reproduced here. Several statements were read by me, and assented to by Mr. Howard, and then was written 'private' and the hand gently pushed me away. I retired to the other side of the room, and Mr. Howard took my place close to the hand where he could read the writing. He did not, of course, read it aloud, and it was too private for

my perusal. The hand, as it reached the end of each sheet, tore it off from the block-book, and thrust it wildly at Mr. Howard, and then continued writing. The circumstances narrated, Mr. Howard informed me, contained precisely the kind of test for which he had asked, and he said that he was 'perfectly satisfied, perfectly.' After this incident there was some further conversation with references to the past that seemed specially natural as coming from G. P.

"..... Jim, I am dull in this sphere about some things, but you will forgive me, won't you?... but like as when in the body sometimes we can't always recall everything in a moment, can we, Jim, dear old fellow?... God bless you, Jim, and many thanks. You often gave me courage when I used to get depressed. You know how you especially used to fire at me sometimes, but I understood it all, did I not, old fellow?... and I used to get tremendously down at the heel sometimes, but I am all right now, and, Jim, you can never know how much I love you and how much I delight in coming back and telling you all this.... When I found I actually lived again I jumped for joy, and my first thought was to find you and Mary. And, thank the Infinite, here I am, old fellow, living and well....."

"Characteristic also of the living G. P. was the remark made to me later, apparently with reference to the circumstances of the private statements:

"'Thanks, Hodgson, for your kind help and reserved manners, also patience in this difficult matter.'"

All this, I suppose, is mere telepathy or the subliminal self of an average New England housewife!

Hodgson's comments apply equally well to the following:

December 19th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 433f.)

"Present: Mr. and Mrs. Howard, R. H., and Reporter.

"..... Mrs. Howard gives a letter... saying, 'I want you to see your father's letter, because there is something in it that will please you.'

"G. P.: 'This does not sound as father would talk when I was in the body.... He believes that I exist' [calls for Hodgson, complains of being muddled, and asks Hodgson to put his hand 'up there' (*i.e.*, probably against the forehead)],

—*i.e.*, the medium's forehead. This frequent claim by the controls of bodily characteristics and functions (including their giving, sometimes in pantomime, through the medium, the symptoms of their last illnesses) is very incongruous with their frequent claims of exemption from bodily infirmities, and is one of the suggestions that after all the medium "does it all"; and as soon as one gets comfortably settled in this, to

many, uncomfortable conviction, along comes something to upset it.

G. P. continues (Pr. XIII, 433-4):

“He was pained, but he is no longer pained, because he feels that I exist.’ Mrs. Howard: ‘That is right; I have read it.’ G. P.: ‘That brings me nearer to my father; now give him my tenderest love and tell him that I am very near him, and see him almost every day, if I could go by days, but I can’t judge of that, because I have no idea of time; that is one thing I have lost, Hodgson. . . . You of all others are the one that I want to be absolutely certain of my identity. . . . Hodgson, I mean, and Jim, I want you both to feel I am no secondary personality of the medium’s [struggling to get the last phrase out.] . . . Now, about my theory of spirit life independent of the material substance. I live, think, see, hear, know, and feel just as clearly as when I was in the material life, but it is not so easy to explain it to you as you would naturally suppose, especially when the thoughts have to be expressed through substance materially. . . . Nevertheless, I am bound to do just all I can for you to prove to you that I (George Pelham) do absolutely exist, independently of the material body which I once inhabited. . . . You see as I was explaining to you about thought, and had not strength materially nor time to finish, I will go on to that again and in a little more detail, which will explain to you (as well as anything) how and what I am now, *i.e.*, as a spiritual Ego. Thought is, as I said before, in no wise dependent upon body, but must necessarily, *as you see*, depend upon the body of another person or Ego in the material to express one’s thought fully after the annihilation of one’s own material body. . . . In consequence of this you see that there must necessarily be more or less conflict between one’s spiritual Ego or mind, and the material mind or Ego of the one which you are obliged to use to explain these difficult problems to you, my friends, in the material.’

“Questions asked for. R. H. asks what becomes of the medium during trance. ‘She passes out as your etherial goes out when you sleep.’ R. H.: ‘Well, do you see that there is a conflict, because the brain substance is, so to speak, saturated with her tendencies of thought?’ G. P.: ‘No, not that, but the solid substance called brain, it is difficult to control it, simply because it is material. . . . her mind leaves the brain empty, as it were, and I myself or other spiritual mind or thought takes the empty brain, and there is where and when the conflict arises.’”

People who knew G. P. have said to me: “You know perfectly well that George was too intelligent a fellow for his spirit to talk the twaddle it is alleged to.” Well, after more

attention to the matter than they have given, I conclude that I don't know any such thing. The expression "my tenderest love" at the beginning of the foregoing paragraph, struck me as one of those rare and happy collocations of a couple of simple words that come only to people with a touch of genius, and the next dozen lines and many lines throughout his communications, are anything but twaddle. Often though the sense persists, the expression weakens into superfluities and repetitions, but hardly worse than a good writer's first draft sometimes shows, because of sleepiness or wandering; and it would not be extravagant for a holder of the spiritistic hypothesis to claim that in such cases there is strong evidence to justify ascribing the "twaddle" to difficulties in genuine communication.

CHAPTER XXXII

HODGSON'S SECOND PIPER REPORT, 1892-5 (*Continued*)

II. Miscellaneous Sitzings

October, 1893. (Pr.XIII,480f.)

"Sitter: Mr. L. Vernon Briggs, Hanover, Mass.

"..... The medium was then given a handkerchief of a Honolulu boy who had been shot in Boston—intentionally or unintentionally was not known. This boy had shown great affection for a person present—following them [*sic*] twice to Boston from Honolulu as a stowaway. The medium showed great suffering—placed her hand to her side, saying, 'It's my stomach—Oh, my side. They put me out too quick.' Here the medium seemed to suffer too much, and Dr. Phinuit was asked to take control and speak for the boy. [This makes a jumble with the claim of freedom from bodily ills, and the other claim of representing them for evidential purposes. H.H.] Conversation continued through Dr. Phinuit.—'Is this you, Kalua?' [This question was put by Mr. Briggs.—R.H.] 'Yes, I did not kill myself. He killed me. We were gambling—that was wrong. He hid my purse under the steps where I was killed.' [The cellar was examined—five planks, one below another, were taken up but no purse was found.] Kalua also said there was shrubbery near it. [There was no shrubbery in the cellar of this house.]

"The boy seemed delighted to speak with his friend, and finally took the hand and wrote, 'This is splendid—Oh, Dr., help me.' He asked questions, and tried to give the name of a place in the Hawaiian Islands, which finally was made out. He then tried to write his own language, and did write some words which were understood. For instance, he wrote 'lei,' which means 'wreaths'—and which he always made daily for his friend.

"Dr. Phinuit said what he heard sounded like Italian—and that the boy was singing—which he was always doing in life. He spoke again of his death, and said: 'The man had a hot temper and disputed with me, and he shot me—he did not mean to.' [Question] 'What became of the revolver?' [Answer] 'He threw the revolver into the hot-box where the pepples are.' [Note.—This was true—the revolver was found in the furnace.]

[Known to Mr. Briggs. By *pepples* was meant *pebbles*, interpreted by the sitters as *coals*.—R.H.]

“‘Did you get my trunk?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘So glad you have it—keep my things.’ ‘Did you get them, M.?’ ‘Yes.’

“He was asked where his father was. And we could only understand Hiram.—Phinuit could not get Hawaii for some time—it was finally written *Hawaiin Islands*. We asked which one—Phinuit said it was *Tawai*. This was interesting, as the island is spelled with a *K*, but pronounced with a *T*.”

Now, if you please, recall what has already been said (p. 452f.) about scientific and sympathetic sitters, and look forward to what Hodgson says on pages 520 and 526; and then, in contrast with all the foregoing touches of personality obtained by sympathetic sitters, compare the following by an eminent man of science. Probably the reader free from the skeptical habit has found in the records somewhat more “reminiscence of old affection . . . to make the presence of a beloved spirit seem real.”

April 28th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 460f.)

“Sitter: Professor J. M. Peirce. R. H. taking notes.

“.....In regard to the indefinable, unreasoned impression made by the interview,—a point to which I am forced to attribute much importance in the case of some of my friends who have visited Mrs. Piper,—I must say that I received none that tends to strengthen the theory of a communication with the departed. No personal trait, no familiar and private sign, no reminiscence of old affection, no characteristic phrase or mode of feeling or thought, no quality of manner was there, to make the presence of a beloved spirit seem real. I never for one instant felt myself to be speaking with anyone but Mrs. Piper, nor do I perceive any change of voice or personality, beyond what is ordinarily witnessed in skilled impersonation. . . . Whatever the explanation of the phenomena, I believe this process to go on,—a struggle for knowledge to whose issue the sitter contributes.

J. M. PEIRCE.

“P.S.—Since writing the foregoing, I have gone over the notes in detail, making a memorandum of successes and failures. I am surprised to see how little is true. Nearly every approach to truth is at once vitiated by erroneous additions or developments.”

But here is another eminent scientific man whom I know intimately, but who has the sympathies of a practising physician.

May 6th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 462f.)

"Sitters: Dr. and Mrs. L. E. H. New York.

"[Dr. H. says:] The large number of little details brought out about the family are extremely interesting, the most marked being those relating to Walter, his death and his friends, and to David,—many of the remarks made by both of these are strictly characteristic. However, nothing appeared in the sitting which could be afterwards confirmed, which was not fully known either to Mrs. H. or myself. [Otherwise confirmation, even of truth, might be impossible. H.H.] All the things here brought out might be explained as simply mind-reading, but a wonderful example of that."

So I thought for some time after my sitting, but I thought differently on knowing more and thinking more. This is another illustration of the fallacious treatment of mere knowledge of facts as the main indication of personality.

Another eminent scientific sitter blest with a poetic imagination (Pr. XIII, 524-5):

May 25th, 1894.

"Sitters: Professor and Mrs. N. S. Shaler, at the house of Professor W. James. . . . Account of the sitting given by Professor Shaler . . . in a letter to Professor James.

"..... The statements made by Mrs. Piper, in my opinion, entirely exclude the hypothesis that they were the results of conjectures, directed by the answers made by my wife.

"While I am disposed to hold to the hypothesis that the performance is one that is founded on some kind of deceit, I must confess that close observation of the medium made on me the impression that she is honest. Seeing her under any other conditions, I should not hesitate to trust my instinctive sense as to the truthfulness of the woman.

"I venture also to note, though with some hesitancy, the fact that the ghost of the ancient Frenchman who never existed, but who purports to control Mrs. Piper, though he speaks with a first-rate French accent, does not, so far as I can find, make the characteristic blunders in the order of his English words which we find in actual life. Whatever the medium is, I am convinced that this 'influence' is a preposterous scoundrel.

"I think I did not put strongly enough the peculiar kind of knowledge which the medium seems to have concerning my wife's brother's affairs. . . . They had the real life quality. So, too, the name of a man who was to have married my wife's brother's daughter, but who died a month before the time fixed for the wedding, was correctly given, both as regards surname and Christian name, though the Christian name was not remembered by my wife or me. So, too, the fact that all trouble on

account of the missing will was within a fortnight after the death of Mr. Page cleared away by the action of the children was unknown. The deceased is represented as still troubled, though he purported to see just what was going on in his family."

Another eminent scientific man, though one also blessed with a poetical imagination (XIII, 482-3) :

"1524, Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA., *January 27th, 1894.*

"MY DEAR JAMES.—I have read, with care, since the receipt of your note, the memoranda you and I made at my sitting with Mrs. Piper.

"If I had never seen you and heard your statements in regard to Mrs. P., my afternoon sitting with her would have led me to the conclusion that the whole thing was a fraud and a very stupid one. Of course I do not think this, because I am bound to consider all the statements made, not merely the time spent with me. As to this point I want to make myself clear, because I should like on another occasion to repeat my sitting.

"On re-reading your notes I find absolutely nothing of value. None of the incidents are correct, and none of the very vague things hinted at are true, nor have they any kind or sort of relation to my life, nor is there one name correctly given.

"S. WEIR MITCHELL (M.D.)."

With which contrast the following. This sitting will appeal very differently to different temperaments. To some it will probably appear illusive gush, and they can skip. But skipping does not account for it. To others it will probably appear the most important sitting on record. Whether one scoffs or prays, it will at least be worth while to use a little imagination—to see the entranced medium, with face generally as expressionless as if a statue were speaking, pouring forth at one moment some brusquerie in the rough deep tones of Phinuit; at the next, in the same voice softened to gentleness, petting a child; then, perhaps, a return of the gruff tones in some biting sarcasm to some interloping control; then perhaps issuing from the same mouth, a child's voice singing the little boat song—all going on amid the weeping relatives who join in the song, with the sympathetic Hodgson assisting the performance, and probably perplexed to know whether he is in Heaven or in bedlam. I confess that I have such perplexity, with the doubt that James intimates somewhere, whether so important a section of the universe—one

including so much and such deep feeling, can be bedlam. And yet look at the mediæval church at intervals for nearly fifteen centuries, and from the Nile to the Pillars of Hercules!

Sitting with Mrs. Piper at Arlington Heights, December 8th, 1893. (Pr. XIII, 485f.)

“Present, Mrs. Howard, Rev. S. W. Sutton, and myself [Mrs. Sutton. H.H.] Report by Mrs. Sutton from notes taken by Mrs. Howard during the sitting.

[Hodgson says (p. 484):] “Mrs. Sutton [the sitter. H.H.] herself has had many remarkable psychical experiences, especially in seeing the ‘figures’ of deceased persons, and in 1887 published a little book giving an account of some of these. It was called *Light on the Hidden Way*, with an Introduction by James Freeman Clarke.

“.....Phinuit said: ‘...A little child is coming to you. This is the dearest lady I have met for a long time—the most light I have seen while in Mrs. Piper’s body. He reaches out his hands as to a child, and says coaxingly: Come here, dear. Don’t be afraid. Come, darling, here is your mother. He describes the child and her ‘lovely curls.’ Where is papa? Want papa. [He takes from the table a silver medal.] I want this—want to bite it. [She used to bite it.*] [The notes marked with asterisks were added some four years after the sitting. H.H.] [Reaches for a string of buttons.] Quick! I want to put them in my mouth. [The buttons also. To bite the buttons was forbidden. He exactly imitated her arch manner.*] I will get her to talk to you in a minute.... A lady is here who passed out of the body with tumor in the bowels. [My friend, Mrs. C., died of ovarian tumor.*] She has the child—she is bringing her to me. [He takes some keys.] These bring her to me—these and the buttons. Now she will speak to me. Who is Dodo? [Her name for her brother George.] Speak to me quickly. I want you to call Dodo. Tell Dodo I am happy. Cry for me no more. [Puts hand to throat.] No sore throat any more. [She had pain and distress of the throat and tongue.*] Papa, speak to me. Can not you see me? I am not dead, I am living. I am happy with Grandma. [My mother had been dead many years.*] Phinuit says: Here are two more. One, two, three here,—one older and one younger than Kakie. [Correct.*] That is a boy, the one that came first. [Both were boys.*]... Was this little one’s tongue very dry? She keeps showing me her tongue. [Her tongue was paralyzed, and she suffered much with it to the end.] Her name is Katharine. [Correct.*] She calls herself Kakie. She passed out last. [Correct.*] Tell Dodo Kakie is in a spiritual body. Where is horsey? [I gave him a little horse.] Big horsey, not this little one. [Probably refers to a toy cart-horse she used to like.] Dear Papa, take

me wide. [To ride.] Do you miss your Kakie? Do you see Kakie? The pretty white flowers you put on me, I have here. I took their little souls out and kept them with me. Phinuit describes lilies of the valley, which were the flowers we placed in her casket.

"Papa, want to go to wide horsey. [She plead this all through her illness.] Every day I go to see horsey. I like that horsey. I go to ride. I am with you every day. [We had just come from Mr. Sutton's parents, where we drove frequently, and I had seen Kakie with us. (This means that Mrs. Sutton had seen the 'apparition' of Kakie.—R.H.) Margaret (her sister) is still there, driving daily.] [I asked if she remembered anything after she was brought down stairs.] I was so hot, my head was so hot. [Correct.*] [I asked if she knew who was caring for her, if it was any comfort to her to have us with her.] Oh, yes,—oh, yes. [I asked if she suffered in dying.] I saw the light and followed it to this pretty lady. You will love me always? You will let me come to you at home. I will come to you every day, and I will put my hand on you, when you go to sleep. Do not cry for me,—that makes me sad. Eleanor. I want Eleanor. [Her little sister. She called her much during her last illness.*] I want my buttons. Row, Row,—my song,—sing it now. I sing with you. [We sing, and a soft child voice sings with us] [i.e. Mrs. Piper's child-voice. H.H.).

"Lightly row, lightly row,
O'er the merry waves we go,
Smoothly glide, smoothly glide
With the ebbing tide.

" [Phinuit hushes us, and Kakie finishes alone.]

"Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody,
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.

Papa sing. I hear your voice, but it is so heavy. [Papa and Kakie sing. Phinuit exclaims: See her little curls fly!] [Her curls were not long enough to fly at death, six weeks before.*] Kakie sings: Bye, bye, ba bye, bye, bye, O baby bye. Sing that with me, papa. [Papa and Kakie sing. These two songs were the ones she used to sing.] [She sang slight snatches of others in life—not at the sitting.*] Where is Dinah? I want Dinah. [Dinah was an old black rag-doll, not with us.] I want Bagie [her name for her sister Margaret.] I want Bagie to bring me my Dinah. I want to go to Bagie. I want Bagie. I see Bagie all the time. Tell Dodo when you see him that I love him. Dear Dodo. He used to march with me,—he put me way up. [Correct.*] Dodo did sing to me. That was a horrid body. I have a pretty body now. Tell Grandma I love her. I want her to know I live. Grandma does know it, Marmie—Great—grandma, Marmie. [We called her Great Grandmother *Marmie* but

she always called her *Grammie*. Both Grandmother and Great Grandmother were then living.*]

"Here is Hattie. Speak to her. I am so happy. [Button string broke—Phinuit is distressed. We gather them up and propose to re-string them.] Hattie says that is a pretty picture there. [Hattie was the name of a dear friend who died several years ago. She was very fond of my copy of the Sistine Madonna, and in her last illness asked to have it hung over her bed, where it remained till after she passed away. This did not occur to me when Phinuit gave her words, nor for some weeks after the sitting.] [It was plainly stored away somewhere all the time. In the cosmic soul? Such cases are frequent. H.H.] I want the tic-tic. Take the buttons, and give me the pretty tic-tic. Open the tic-tic. Mamma, do you love me so? Don't cry for me. I want to see the mooley-cow,—where is the mooley-cow? [R. H.: Did she so call it? A.: Yes.*] Take me to see the mooley-cow. [She used to be taken almost daily to see the cow.] Phinuit says: I cannot quite hear what it is she calls the tic-tic. She calls it 'the clock,' and holds it to her ear. [That was what she called it.] . . . She has the most beautiful, great, dark violet eyes. [Correct.*] She is very full of life—very independent, but very sweet in disposition.

"[Kakie again.] I will put my hand on papa's head when he goes to sleep. Want the babee. [Her characteristic pronunciation.*] Phinuit takes the doll and says: She wants it to cuddle up to her, so. She wants to sing to it, Bye baby, bye bye. God knew best, so do not worry. The little book. Kakie wants the little book. [She liked a linen picture book.*] . . . Phinuit describes a gentleman with a beautiful face, greatly agitated, also a very large gentleman with him—he was a great preacher—Phillips—Phillips Brooks. He says: I want to say that when I made mistakes in life, I hope you will do all in your power to rectify them. [I asked if he did not believe in an after-life?] Yes, but I did not believe in the possibility of communication after death. . . . Here we see its full importance. [Mrs. Howard notes: 'I knew Phillips Brooks from the time I was a girl and had more than one long talk with him.' It was known to myself and also to Mrs. Howard, that the Rev. Phillips Brooks had spoken disparagingly of attempts to obtain communications from the 'deceased' through Mrs. Piper's trance.—R.H.]

"[There was also a long and painful effort with great agitation and anxiety to give an address asked for. This address is not known by those desiring to have it. To obtain it was the object of the communication with the gentleman whose necktie was placed in Mrs. Piper's hand. Nothing intelligible was obtained.*]"

If nobody knew this address, the failure is consonant with the fact that in no sitting whose report I have ever read, has

any communication been made of any new knowledge that could not be obtained by the sweat of the mortal brow. The mere fact of immortality, if it be a fact, may perhaps with the aid of a little faith, be so imparted, and with it much that is worth more than most other knowledge; but I have not met anything farther of importance. The cases of apparent prophecy are not yet frequent enough or clear enough to reason from. In fact nothing seems to be but the dramatic verisimilitude, the range of the controls' knowledge, their apparent growth, and the reasonableness of the conditions (so far as they can explain them) under which they profess to be. Of all this more anon.

A little more of the sort of thing that must be infinitely precious to some minds follows (Pr. XIII, 489):

"After the writing, we thought the sitting over, and Mr. Sutton had gone across the room, when Kakie's little voice piped up. Want papa—want papa. Dear papa. [Phinuit pats his face.] Do you love me, papa? Want babee. Sings, Bye, bye—papa, sing—mama sing. Cuddles doll up in neck and sings. [An exact imitation marvelously animated and real.*]

"It may be of interest to note that the day before the sitting, Mr. Sutton had questioned whether it was right or desirable *for them* to bring them back for our gratification. It did not occur to him during the sitting, but Alonzo said—'Do not think it wrong to bring us back—we love to come.'

"The 'sitting' was as a whole very satisfactory. The conversation did not follow the order of our conscious minds, and had the movement and vivacity of objective personalities.

"KATHARINE PAINE SUTTON."

A second sitting of the same people, Dec. 21st, was much like the first. I cull a few touches. There's nothing to prevent anybody from skipping them.

*Second sitting with Mrs. Piper at Arlington Heights,
December 21st, 1893. (Pr. XIII, 489f.)*

"Present, Mrs. Howard and myself [Mrs. Sutton. H.H.]. Report by Mrs. Sutton from notes taken by Mrs. Howard during the sitting.

".....Dr. Phinuit assumed control, ... recognized me cordially and said: Baby wants to see her mamma, come, dear. A sweet child voice sang softly [the little boat song as before. H.H.]

"[The child voice again.] Kakie did see papa. Papa is marching with Eleanor. Sings, 'March, march,' etc. [Eleanor

is a little invalid. Mr. Sutton carries her a great deal—often sings, ‘March,’ etc.—had done so at this time.*]

“I asked her to sing ‘Bye Bye’ with me, which she did precisely as when here. I could not repress the tears. Phinuit said: You must not weep. When the little shroud is wet, the child grieves.

“‘Kakie’ says: Dear Mamma, do you love me so? I love you and I see you. I am happy here, I have so many little children to play with and I love my Auntie. I like to be with you. I play with Eleanor. [Living sister. H.H.] Does Eleanor see me? I play with her every day. I like the little bed. I play with it. [The lady with whom we stayed in Duxbury had lent Eleanor a doll’s bed, which she greatly enjoyed. Of course we had not associated it with Kakie.] Where is Bagie? [Her name for her sister Margaret.]

“Phinuit said: Mary C. wishes to speak to you. [See previous sitting.—R.H.] She said: We will care for your babies. We love them dearly. Hattie [a deceased friend*] is here. She loves them too. . . . I can see you and know the darkness and perplexities, but it is the darkness just before the dawn. . . . I see you are nervous and impatient sometimes when the aching body is tired out,—but control your nerves, can’t you, dear? that is all I want to change in you. I know you try, but it seems as if you ought to rise above it. [This is not in the least like her.*]

“Phinuit said: There are many here anxious to speak to you. Here is your father and your mother. They have been here a long time,—your mother came first. [Correct.*] They are very bright. They want to tell you to be patient. They see bright days before you. [No. We have had much illness and tribulations manifold with smaller income than ever before.*]”

The most scientific investigator, despite all the suspicious emotional element, must at least admit Mrs. Sutton’s candor.

“Kakie wants her buttons. [I gave them to Phinuit.] She wants them all, they are not all here. [At the previous sitting the string had broken and they scattered on the floor. We thought we found them all, but when Mrs. Piper’s sweeping day came, the rest were found.] [How is this for “evidence”? H.H.] Phinuit said: There are eight buttons here. Kakie, let me see how many you have. [He counts twelve in French.] I exclaimed: Do you have buttons there? He replied: She had not the button, but she has the idea of them, which is the reality. [See Chapter XXIII. H.H.]

“[Kakie asks for her ball. I gave it to Phinuit, who tries to find what she wants to do with it.] Bite it? Toss it? Roll it? Throw it? [No, she wants a string. Mrs. H. gave him a string. He tries to tie it around the ball.] [A little red wooden ball with a hole through it. The ball had a string through it when she used to play with it.*] No, that is not right, through it.

There, there, be a good little girl. Don't cry. Don't be impatient, you want your mamma to see how you can do it, so she will know it is you, don't you, dear? Old man will do it for her. [The "old man" was Mrs. Piper, was he? H.H.] [He put the string through, held it up, and hit it with the finger, making it swing.] That is it, is it not, darling? Nice little girl as ever was. [While she was sick, it was her great delight to have me hold the string, and let her hit the little red ball with her finger or spoon. She made the motions as if doing it, after she became unconscious.]

"[Again I saw her for a moment, (*i.e.*, Mrs. Sutton herself saw the 'apparition' of Kakie. See introductory remarks to her sittings.—R.H.) standing at the table, trying to reach a spool of tangled red knitting silk, and at the same moment Phinuit reached for it, saying:] She wants that, she and Eleanor used to play with. She calls it Eleanor's. She is delighted with it—it brings her nearer her little sister. [All true, but I had not connected it with Eleanor in my thought.] I gave Phinuit a lock of Eleanor's hair. He felt it a moment and said: You cut that close to the head—that was right. I can see her perfectly—lovely little girl. [I had not told him whose hair it was.]... How that poor child has suffered! [She is recovering from spinal meningitis and paralysis.].....

[He gives a correct diagnosis and advice that apparently was good: for after them he continues. H.H.]: "I do not see her go out of the body.... She must have great care, or she will go out like that [snapping his fingers]. [She...begins to...improve...*] [Phinuit returns to Kakie. H.H.]... She wants Eleanor's hair. Phinuit makes the motion of drawing something from it and giving it to her, saying: Now she has it. She can get nearer her little sister with it.... I gave him a bit of Mr. Sutton's hair, without saying whose it was. As he took it, he said laughing: That is papa's hair,—mighty little of it, was not he stingy of it though? [When I cut it, Mr. Sutton warned me playfully that he had not much to spare.] He will live to be a hundred. You need not worry about that. [Mrs. S. has all of a woman's solicitude for a perfectly healthy husband.—S.W.S.*].....

"Phinuit exclaimed: I see you in such a pleasant home! All the surroundings so pleasant—lovely trees. Mr. Sutton will receive a 'call' soon from a good parish, and will accept it.... [I named several places.] I think it ends in ton—Winchendon sounds like it.... Vestry, church parlors, etc.—a comfortable support... it will be a permanent settlement.... [We came to Athol to a small struggling parish and small salary! No vestry, or anything of the sort.... The permanence of the settlement is problematical.*].....

"Phinuit turns his head, as if looking at a child beside me, and says: Yes, I know 'Kakie wants,' but Kakie must be patient, others want to speak to mamma. [She was very persistent

with 'Kakie wants' when here.]... You dear little girl, you want to get in mamma's lap, and you shall. [Phinuit makes the movement of lifting her into my lap, and for a moment I saw her distinctly lying in my arms, with the sweet look of demure contentment she used to have when I held her.] Phinuit said: You have a child here who came long ago. He is a beautiful spirit now, he does not get near enough for me to hear him, but I can see him. And there is another little one here, too, they call 'baby,' not long here, it never lived on earth. Mary C— has it. She does love that baby so, she and Hattie. Elizabeth is here, too, they love you and will care for your babies. [*Elizabeth*. Possibly an old lady I dearly loved, but I never called her or heard her called Elizabeth.*]

"Kakie wants the little bit of a book mamma read by her bedside, with the pretty, bright things hanging from it—mamma put it in her hands—the last thing she remembers. [This is curious. It was a little prayer-book, with cross, anchor, and other symbols, in silver, attached to ribbons for marking the places.... I read it... when she seemed unconscious, and *after her death* I placed it in her hands to prevent the blood settling in the nails. The last thing she remembered was my placing it in her hands! What does this signify?] [Mrs. Piper held her hands in just that position when she asked for it.*]"

Here is a specimen of what investigators have to contend with. That it can be got up deliberately on the spur of the moment, or is apt to be intended, seems hardly supposable.

March 3rd, 1894. (Pr. XIII, 501-2.)

"Mr. Charles Heywood, Gardner, Mass. (Associate Am.S.P.R.)

"R. H. present part of the time.

"Mr. Heywood accompanied me for a sitting on March 1st, 1894. There was no speech but apparently strenuous attempts at writing as by different persons. The oddities of spelling and writing were probably Phinuit's. The following is the complete record of the writing of March 1st.

"no light no light here [Spelt backwards and written forwards, *on thgil*, etc.].

"no liht liht [Spelt backwards and written forwards] no [written correctly].

"no liht can't stay y yes no liht [Spelt backwards and written forwards].

"can't stay [Spelt forwards and written backwards, *i.e.*, *yats tnac*, beginning with the letter *c* and writing from right to left]. here [spelt backwards and written forwards, the *h* in mirror-writing]. Phinuit [mirror-writing] followed by a stroke with an *r* perhaps intended for *Dr.* on tighl [or lighl]. too bad [spelt backwards and written forwards] bad dab oot. Dr. Phinuit [spelt backwards and written forwards, and some of the

letters mirror-writing]. Adieu [Spelt backwards and written forwards]. No use G. P. [followed by a scrawl suggesting *Adieu*]......”

Extracts from Letters from Mr. Heywood. (Pr.XIII,503f.)

GARDNER, *January 10th, 1895.*

“.....Phinuit made some remarkable prophecies at my last sitting. The minor predictions, many of them, were fulfilled, and I naturally expected a corresponding realization of the two great predictions up to which the lesser led; but the Doctor evidently took too much for granted. The big things failed to occur.”

GARDNER, *February 10th, 1896.*

“.....I send all which I can positively submit to strange eyes, and I beg to assure you that what is omitted is of a character which exhibits startling internal evidences of being communicated by the personality of my dead wife.... Phinuit's readings from locks of hair, gloves, etc., pressed against Mrs. Piper's forehead, were excellent so far as they related to the character of the persons and their circumstances, but his predictions were simply my own ideas of the *probabilities*, and in almost every instance have failed.... Favorite expressions often used by her [his wife when living. H.H.], *i.e.*, ‘Don't be stupid!’ ‘Now you are waking up!’ ‘Well, I should say I had!’ ‘Don't I?’ ‘Well I guess!’ ‘Dear,’ and particularly ‘Dear little boy,’ flowed from the pencil in such a familiar way that I felt the influence of her personality very strongly. Some little traits were shown in the impatient brushing away of loose articles upon the table, and the pounding of the table with the fingers when perplexed. When I saw that motion I exclaimed: ‘Ah! now I recognize you beyond a doubt!’ Little things like that seemed to supply the missing links in the chain of identity.”

From the Automatic Writing at Sitting of March 3rd, 1894.

(Pr.XIII,505f.)

“D.: ‘Charlie, I am Dorothy [a pet name of my wife] C-h-a-r-l-i-e, this is to you. Will tell you all soon. Wait for him’ [me, her.]

“G. P.: ‘The lady is’ [through?] [This was a fragment intended for somebody who had sat the previous day.] [Such interpolations are quite frequent. H.H.] Read [a scrawl, perhaps meant for ‘Charlie.’] [Daisy?] I am here [a scrawl, then ‘strong.’] C. H.: ‘What is that?’ G. P.: ‘Strong. I am and I saw her and in consequence right it for you.’ Hodgson and Heywood: ‘Ha ha! See how George spells “write”!’ G. P.: ‘Am I not right? [Presumably to D. P. B.] Well, do speak and I will help you. This was a mistake, if you please.....’”

The initials evidently refer to Mrs. Heywood, and are

probably those of her maiden name. They are spelled out below.

“C. H.: ‘Is this Daisy?’ D. P. B.: ‘Yes, and I love you and I want you to forgive me for not coming before. I tried so hard to reach you, dear Charley, you know—’ [Neither I nor my wife ever spelt my name ‘Charley.’—C.H., ’96] [Date of note. Sittings were in ’94. H.H.] C. H.: ‘Yes, I know, dear, but now you have come to me.’ D. P. B.: ‘Oh, speak to me! My cough is right all now [all right now.] Where is my picture, dear? Give it to me a minute.’ [My wife had no cough.] [I carry a photograph of my wife in my watch case. Taking the watch from my pocket I placed it in the hand, which rested upon it a few seconds, and then resumed as follows:] D. P. B.: ‘Do you miss me now? I see you always.’ C. H.: ‘I can scarcely believe this to be you, Daisy. Can’t you give me some proof?’

“ [Then followed an attempt to write a name. Probably ten minutes were consumed in this effort, but she seemed unable to write the whole name.... She finally *spelt it phonetically*, but I... failed to recognize what she was driving at, and remained in utter ignorance until the next sitting, when she was able to write the full name correctly, and imparted a bit of information of which I was entirely ignorant. She had intended to tell me the matter, and about a month before her death had started to do so, but something had turned the conversation.... In attempting to explain the matter at her first sitting, she referred me by name to a person who might readily have given me the needed information, but I felt unwilling to discuss the matter.]

“C. H.: ‘I can’t think what that means.’ D. P. B.: ‘Do, dear. Give it [the watch] to me a minute. Oh, how this helps me. I am still a little confused—fused—fused.’ [If this frequent sort of thing is fraud, it is pretty ingenious fraud. But how absolutely consistent it is with difficult communications from some source! H.H.].....

“ [Then follows a reference of an extremely personal nature, which afforded me a strong proof of personality. It was perfectly intelligible at the time, and it began with ‘I tell you this, but don’t let that gentleman hear me,’—evidently referring to Pelham, as Hodgson had left the room—sent out some time before by Phinuit.—*Abridged from original transcript.*—C.H. ’96.]

“D. P. B.: ‘Don’t feel strange with me, dear, for I love you and always did.’ C. H.: ‘Can’t you give me some further proof of your identity?’ D. P. B.: ‘I will... Am I dreaming? Where are you now?’ C.H.: ‘Right here, near you. I wish I might see you.’ D. P. B.: ‘I will try to have you see me as I am. Poor little boy—too bad—yes—do you recall—recall—can’t I help you when you go home. I say—don’t you hear me?’...

“ [When I professed ignorance of some of the circumstances

the pencil rather impetuously wrote 'Don't be stupid,' and then 'Don't be discouraged.')

"D. P. B.: 'A... is gone and I am glad of it. I am so happy for that. Now talk to me, dear. Don't you know the Sunday we went to the Point—' C. H.: 'Point?' D. P. B.: 'Yes [joyfully]. That is what I want to say: was it Sunday? And I remember it so well. P—oint Pines' [triumphantly]. C. H.: 'Oh, the Point of Pines.' D. P. B.: 'Yes.' C. H.: 'And that is what you were trying to say, is it?' D. P. B.: 'Yes, all the time. Do you remember the little place where we sat. I go there often, yet I don't see you there.' C. H.: 'Well, haven't you seen me there sometimes?' D. P. B. (joyously): 'Well, I should say I had!' C. H.: 'Oh, I recognize that expression! I know now that you are Daisy.' D. P. B.: 'Well, I know I am D.'—[a scrawl]. C. H.: 'Can you write your name?' D. P. B.: 'Yes, I'll give it to you—Bh-R-A-a. [Here the hand seemed angry at its inability to write, and covers the paper with dots.] Over. I wrote it. I wrote it. Do read. It is over here, turn' [hand fumbles among the loose sheets lying on the table covered with writing]. C. H.: 'Can you give me your middle initial?' D. P. B.: 'Yes, P. D. B.—do read—R—no more—A—that is not' [a scrawl]. C. H.: 'Will you give it me later?' D. P. B.: 'Yes, before I go I will write it in full. Yes. Now let me speak my mind. Do you go west?' C. H.: 'No. Didn't you like me to go West?' D. P. B.: 'Not a bit. You know how I felt. Don't try to fool with me now.... You want me to speak natural[ly]' [which was exactly the wish framed in my mind]. C. H.: 'You feel well and happy, then?' D. P. B.: 'Don't I—well, I guess! [one of her favorite idioms]. All burden that about.'.....

"[Then follows some advice upon a certain matter which events have proven to be invaluable. Any other course than the one advised would have been fatal to my welfare.—C.H., '96.].....

"D. P. B.: 'Where are those pants?' C. H.: 'Pants?' D. P. B.: 'Yes—those light things. I did not like them—too much like a negro.' C. H.: 'Negro, is that?' D. P. B.: 'Yes' [joyfully and flourishingly].

"[During the summer of 1891, the year before the death of my wife, I owned a pair of very light and very loud trousers, which afforded endless amusement to my wife and myself.... We called them my *coon pants*! But reminiscences of that sort, as may be imagined, were far from my mind during the séance.].....

"C. H.: 'And you don't consider yourself dead?' D. P. B.: 'I don't think I am dead—not much! I want to trouble you a little while longer. What about your hair? Yes, dear.' [The hand dropped the pencil and came forward to my head and fingered my hair.] C. H.: 'It's longer than it was when you were here.

That's the fashionable cut now.' D. P. B.: 'Looks well.' C. H.: 'You like it, don't you?' D. P. B.: 'Yes.' C. H.: 'Others do, too.' D. P. B.: 'I don't care whether they do or not. I do. Where is the cradle?' C. H.: 'It's in the baby's room.' D. P. B.: 'It's where I can't see it. I can't find it.' C. H.: 'If you go in there you can't fail to see it.... [suddenly recollecting] Oh, I know what you mean!' D. P. B. [energetically] 'Now you are just waking up!'

" [The hand, in the exuberance of its pleasure at my evidence of intelligence, swept watch, note book, loose sheet and pencils off the table on the floor. After they were replaced the writing continued.]

"D. P. B.: 'Too bad.' C. H.: 'Oh, that's all right.' D. P. B.: 'I know, but see what I did. Look here, do you remember the cradle you never got?' C. H.: 'Yes, and that's a very good evidence that Daisy is here. I remember very well. And you remember that promised cradle.' D. P. B.: 'Yes, I am now. Well, I guess I do.'

"..... C. H.: 'Will you be near me and help me in the future?' D. P. B.: 'Yes, I will. I promise. Ask him [G. P. ?] to help me.' GEORGE [?]: 'Yes, I will....' *Enter Hodgson.*

"HODGSON: 'Come, Dr. Phinuit, it is time to close the sitting.' D. P. B.: 'Who are you?' C. H.: 'This is Mr. Hodgson, the Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research.' D. P. B.: 'Do you know my baby? He is a very nice boy. You go and see him. He looks like me.' C. H.: 'Now remember your promise to write your full name.' D. P. B.: 'Yes, D. P. B. [indistinctly.] Now D. P. B. [in startlingly distinct capitals] Daisy—Park—Bradford. [The 'Park' scrawly; the 'Bradford' very plainly written]. Da [scrawl] Par—[oh well, this—me?] Forgive me for my wrongs.' C. H.: 'But there are no wrongs to forgive.' D. P. B.: 'Mistakes.' [Then, as if seized by desire to summarize rapidly the proofs of identity, the hand scrawled in coarse, hurried letters—'Point of Pines'—'the Seat'—'Don't take A...—no'—'My stomach is better—so is the baby']. C. H.: 'You remember what we dreaded for the baby?' D. P. B.: 'Well, yes, but no fear of them now. I must go.' C. H.: 'Good-by!' D. P. B.: 'No, don't say good-bye.' [And with this the sitting terminated.]"

April 4th, 1894. (Pr. XIII, 510f.)

"Sitter: Mrs. J. E. R. R. (Associate A.B.S.P.R.).....

"Mrs. Piper became first controlled by Dr. Phinuit.

"[Spoken]: That lady's a medium. You have a very wonderful light, but you doubt yourself sometimes.... Do you know Robert who troubled your whole life?... Never will any more. Yes, indeed, Robert was a great sorrow, and we are glad to reform him here.....

"Taken as a whole it would appear that the effort was made

by several of my nearest relatives to inform me of the death of the bad influence of my life, and to let me know that they knew a story I had never told to any one of them. I do not know whether R. E. W. is living or dead.

"Mrs. R. writes later:—

"DEAR DR. HODGSON,—What do you think of this? I have just received reply from England as to Dr. W., who you will remember George, through Mrs. Piper, said was 'there.' Well, he is alive, well, and stronger than ever. . . . I for years have not thought consciously of Dr. W. nor cared whether he lived or died, nor have I borne him malice for the *trouble*, as 'George' emphasized it, that his influence brought into my young life. Why then so strange a re-awakening? Why so false a test? . . .
"J. E. R. R."

Which is offset by this (Pr. XIII, 513):

"CARNEGIE STUDIOS, *March 23rd* [1895].

"DEAR DR. HODGSON,—When I had my sitting with Mrs. Piper, perhaps you remember that Phinuit broke off suddenly to say: 'There's a little child coming, it is still in the body, not born yet.' I asked if it was Dr. Moore's baby whose arrival I was then anxiously awaiting. Phinuit said: 'Yes, but he is not coming to stay,—he is guarded by a great spirit.' The baby was born a couple of weeks later, and died suddenly this morning.

"I have not the papers here but I think my recollection is correct. I have remembered it several times since the child's birth, but it seemed so healthy I thought it was all a mistake. It may seem worth while to note this without mentioning names.
—Cordially yours, J. E. R. R."

May 26th and 29th, 1894. (Pr. XIII, 525f.)

"Sitter: Professor C. E. Norton, of Harvard, at the house of Professor W. James. . . . Professor Norton has made the following statement:—

"..... First, that there was no question as to Mrs. Piper's good faith, or as to her delusion in respect to the nature of the influences to which she was subject when in the trance state. [She herself had no opinion. H.H.]

"Her conditions seemed to me analogous to those of an ill person dreaming a suggested dream, in which trains of dream to which the dreamer has been accustomed are modified by the special conditions of the moment.

"There was no evidence of acquaintance with any facts known only to myself, or which were remote and obscure.

"As to the origin of many of the phantasmagorias of her trance dreams, I formed a very distinct opinion, but many experiments would be required to test its correctness, and these I shall never make."

If the following was simply Mrs. Piper's telopsis of a lady with sore eyes, what was the reason for sending any "love" and giving the husband's initial? (Pr. XIII, 528) :

"Dr. K... on May 16th, 1896... made the following statement in the course of a letter in reply to my [Hodgson's. H.H.] inquiry on another matter.

".....I received from Mrs. P. a few words of communication from someone who claimed to be my Uncle G.... 'Give my love to L. and tell her I see the trouble with her eyes.' L. is the initial of my uncle's widow... I had but just returned from a year's trip abroad, and I knew nothing about my Aunt L... Later, when I reached my home, I found out that my aunt had been for some little time under treatment for some trouble with her eyes."

About November 30th, 1895. (Pr. XIII, 534-5.)

"Sitter: Professor Herbert Nichols.

"The following account, undated, was forwarded to me [Hodgson] by Professor James, to whom it was sent.....

"[Received by R. H. December 24th, 1895.]

"Just before coming away I had a wonderful sitting with Mrs. Piper. As you know, I have been a Laodicean toward her heretofore. But that she is no fraud, and that she is the greatest marvel I have ever met I am now wholly convinced. Think my interview more wonderful than any I have ever heard reported of her before.....

"Mamma and I one Christmas exchanged rings. Each had engraved in his gift the *first* word of his favorite proverb. The ring given me I lost many years ago. When Mamma died a year ago, the ring I had given her was, at her request, taken from her finger and sent to me. Now I asked Mrs. Piper 'What was written in Mamma's ring?' and as I asked the question I held the ring in my hand and had in mind *only that* ring. But I had hardly got the words from my mouth till she slapped down on the paper the word in the *other* ring."

CHAPTER XXXIII

HODGSON'S SECOND PIPER REPORT, 1892-5 (*Continued*)

III. The Thaw Sittings

THE sittings of Dr. and Mrs. Thaw are much like those of Mrs. Sutton. They had lost twin children, Margaret, aged six months, a year before the sittings began, and Ruth, fifteen months old, three months before. Much of the baby talk alleged to come from Ruth was natural to her age at death. Of course none of Margaret's could have been natural at six months; and at the sittings much talk was ascribed to both that would have been impossible to children at eighteen months, their putative age at the time of the sittings. Moreover, in the report of the sitting of March 12th it is definitely stated that the last one who died had only six words at the time of death three or four months before. The increase of vocabulary in that time seems to indicate a rate of development unknown in earthly conditions, or additions in Phinuit's, or Mrs. Piper's, impersonations. Yet the impersonations are too good and contain too much superusual knowledge to be merely faked. The whole thing is a puzzle.

Dr. and Mrs. Thaw are both of the mediumistic temperament, if that term may be provisionally allowed, and the sittings are among the most successful on record. Mrs. Thaw has told me of hearing the tappings about her bed which are alluded to in the sittings.

Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 536-7) :

“The record of one sitting... is omitted altogether, at the request of the sitter, as being too intimately personal, and containing much very private matter concerning the deceased. [As already suggested, perhaps unnecessarily often, this is inevitable, and most regrettably the case with the best evidence. H.H.]... The records should be read in detail to be appreciated, as the form in which the information is given is in most cases not less important than the matter.”

Unfortunately space imposes a most difficult choice between the full presentation of a narrow variety of sittings or a scunter presentation of a greater variety. I, of course, have tried to go *in medio*: no pun intended.

The notes in brackets are by Dr. Thaw, except where they bear my initials.

I have peppered more than my usual proportion of comments through these sittings. I hope they will be less of a nuisance than a help.

First Sitting. February 14th, 1892. Present, Dr. and Mrs.

A. B. Thaw, and Mrs. Holmes. (Pr.XIII,537f.)

".....[1.] A little child comes here to gentleman. Puts hand on his head. [Child always did so.] Light golden hair. [Correct.] [Dr. T. has hair in pocket; stands ten feet away.] Little boy. [Child was very generally mistaken for boy.]

"Phinuit [in a child's voice, for 'R' [Ruth, the baby. H.H.] : 'Tell mamma not to trouble so. [Here, and at times later, there seemed to be great physical distress and pain in abdomen, throat and head.] It pains me so here. [Hands on abdomen.] [Correct. Child had dysentery, with sore throat.] My throat hurts. The powder! Take it away. I don't like it. Take it away.' [Bismuth was given through entire illness of two weeks, and was always given with trouble.]"

Did the child's suffering continue, or would a child do this and what follows for evidential purposes? It may be worth while to repeat that "spirits" often declare that those in their world are freed from their earthly pains, but they also give indications of suffering pain as here. Some of them have said they did it for evidential purposes.

"Phinuit: 'Curly golden hair.' [Hair was very curly.] Phinuit [for R.]: 'I am not dead. I am not dead. I am not dead.' Phinuit: 'My head aches so! [To Mrs. H.] Sis! Put your hand on my head. Throat so bad! Hurt so!' [Pause.] Phinuit [for R.]: 'I can't tell why mamma don't speak to me! Don't put it in the bottle. Take it away.' Phinuit: 'Little girl! Long light hair. Eh—Eh—Eth—Ethie, Ethie, Ethie. [Changing sound of E.] She's trying to tell me. Net-tie. Ne-thie. [This appears to be feeling for the name Ruthie. See below. H.H.] Can't get it. There's something the matter. This little child hasn't learned to talk.' [Correct, except for a few words which were mentioned at later sittings.]"

And yet she did talk very precociously, or Phinuit talked for her, before and after this.

"[2.] Phinuit [for R.]: 'Take me up in your arms! The stars! Stars! When I saw the stars, then I knew I wouldn't stay. [A good deal for a child of fifteen months to know. H.H.] The book! I want the book. The book! I want mamma to speak to me. I am trying to reach my mamma.' [Phinuit has pains or distress here.] Phinuit: 'Never saw anyone so anxious to come. Trying to get through the veil. But can't do it.' [Some mumbling here.] Phinuit [for R.]: 'I've come such a long way to speak to you, mamma. They took all my things and put them in the box. [Correct.] I didn't like that. Oh, dear! There's papa too.' Phinuit: 'This is dreadful. This little girl will take me out with her. She's tearing me to pieces. [Great pain apparently.] See the little curls! Ethie! Ethie! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! [More suffering.] What do I see? I don't want Harry. [To Mrs. H.] [Pause.] Here come two! Baby and little girl. [Correct.] She's gone to get baby.' Phinuit [for R.]: 'She's here, too. And I'm not sorry.' Phinuit: 'Ellie—Ethie. [We tell Phinuit that the first letter of the name is R.] These children are crazy, trying to get to you. To reach through the veil.' Phinuit [for R.]: 'I've been to you once. [About six weeks after the death, Mrs. T. woke one night and heard a noise like light rapping on the foot of the bed, which lasted for several minutes. She told me about it in the morning.] I'll come again often. Some time you'll see me. See papa writing. Tell papa to go home and think about it. [Eighteen months old child! They develop fast "there"! H.H.] Tell papa I'll come to him, too. I'll touch him.' Phinuit: 'Ret-tie. Ret-thie. [Phinuit is given watch and chain that belonged to Dr. T.'s mother, who died thirty years before.] Here comes a lady. Grandma! She's here, too, with children. Grandpa in the body. [Mrs. T.'s father is living.] Never saw such a trouble to reach anybody. [Another pause.] ... Oh, dear! In the body. Another one, to be. Coming to stay with you. [See later in this sitting.] I've got something the matter with my teeth. [Baby was teething when she died.] ... Take me in your arms, mamma. [Suddenly.] And there's my picture! [Mrs. T. was painting a picture of Ruthie when she was taken ill.] It's good. It was the last chance. I watched it every day. And you never did better.' [A very precocious connoisseur! H.H.] ... Phinuit: 'Who's mother? Grandma. Hear the little one call Grandma.'"

If she was still "the little one," in comparison with her sister she had not been growing; they were twins.

"Phinuit [for R.]: 'Tell papa to think it over, and when alone I'll come again.' [And neither at eighteen months could naturally have said this. H.H.] ... Phinuit [impressively]: 'Friends, let me speak a word to you. Let me tell you there will be another that will stay. [Mrs. T. asks if there are any more.] One

now. Only one.' Mrs. T.: (Will she stay?) Phinuit: 'She will stay. One more! [Mrs. H. asks, 'Boy or girl?'] Phinuit: 'I'm a little boy. Three sisters! Two to stay and two to go, but not to die!' [Pause.] [Mrs. T. has since had two children, both girls, born one in October 1893, the other in September, 1895]... Phinuit [for R.]: 'Speak to me, mamma! Speak to me. I want to stay. Can't you think I'm here? Tell papa. [Watch is given again.] Watch. Grandma's. Put Sis's hand on my head. [Short pause.] Ruth! Two Ruths! Two of them. Mamma's grandma.' [Correct.]... Phinuit [for R.]: 'Great grandma. My namesake.....'

Do children of eighteen months know about great-grandparents and namesakes? Much of this is telepathy, but how about the dramatic quality?

"Phinuit [Loud]: 'Friend! HOWA — He's talking to me. I hear him whisper. He's coming nearer.' [Phinuit here gives a nickname for a friend recently dead. Nickname not known to anyone present. On inquiry his widow said it was the name commonly used by his mother and sisters, all dead, but not used by anyone living. A. B. Thaw.] [Compare with Mrs. Speer's case, p. 354. H.H.]

"[3.] H——. H——. [Giving name of friend.]

"(Mrs. T.: Does he know the babies?) Phinuit [speaking softly and with feeling]: 'Quite well, quite well.' [True.]"

Second Sitting. February 27th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 541f.)

"[R. Hodgson and Miss R. have first part of sitting; those present at last half are Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Thaw and Mrs. Thaw's brother, Mr. A. Dow, who writes shorthand.]

"..... Phinuit: 'Come here, little girl, come here. Tells me to pat you on the head. [To Dr. T.] That's it. She talks very sweetly and very softly. She comes here and says that—Who is B—Berthie—Bertie—B-E-A-R-T-A-I-C-E. [Living child Beatrice—her own pronunciation.] Ruth, Ruthie—Ruthie here—This little girl... she has brought another little girl. Little Marjery—Marjaret. You speak to papa too.'"

A good deal to ask of a six months' baby; and Phinuit always insists that she's "the little one" as compared with her twin Ruth. He also often represents her as walking.

"..... Here comes a lady to you. You have got her picture—a very large picture of her. [Correct of Dr. T.'s mother.] And she has come. She is attracted by the influence in the body. I will awaken her in a minute. Don't hurry me, please. The children don't like to be sent away. The little one is gone. Little Ruth is here with me, with little light curls all over her head. [To Dr. T.] She makes me pat your head. But two will

stay. Little Betty is going to stay in the body with you. And there is going to be one more that is going to stay. There will be two with you and two of us here. I can't quite'— [Broken.]"

"[To Dr. T.] 'This is your mother. This is her watch. She says, "Tell W—— [Dr. T.'s father] that the baby is all right." [Mother died in premature childbirth, but father was also dead at the time of the sitting.] [Why didn't she meet him then, instead of sending a message? H.H.] [But Dr. Thaw's then living brother was also named W——. See below.—R.H.] I don't know what that means. . . .' (Dr. T.: Are you all happy there?) E.: 'I am very happy. Oh, if you will only believe there is no death! I live and love you. Don't let these little things worry you. It grieves me. Will you cherish me in your memory as you always did, and think of me as I am? Watching over you. [To Mrs. T.] This dear little woman. [Placing hands on heads of Dr. and Mrs. T.] Who is L——? I don't know. I only love you. I will stay with you.' R. [Baby Ruth. H.H.]: 'Speak to me. Tell Betty [living sister. H.H.] I love her.' (Mrs. T.: How does Margaret look?) Phinuit: 'The dear little thing—dear little thing. There, pat her, and papa, we love.' M.: 'He used to take me on his arm. I see him. He can take me no more in the body, but in the spirit, if he will. You have carried me, you have seen me. You will see me again. Truly, truly, truly!' (Mrs. T.: What can we do to see you?) 'Mamma, dear! Mamma, dear! We'll be with you. Do nothing. Be patient. When your pillow is wet, I cannot rest. When you are cheerful, I am happy. Don't cry.—In the body. Dry away those tears, and don't fret. That's all right.'"

As said at the outset regarding the vocabularies of the children, this advice from a child of six months is of course highly incongruous, and suggests either manufacture on the part of Phinuit (whatever that may mean) or developments much more rapid in the other life than in this one,—or dreams with their mixture of true and false.

Third sitting. March 12th, 1892. (Pr.XIII,545f.)

"[Dr. and Mrs. Thaw. Mr. Alexander Dow writing shorthand.]
 "..... 'Here's the baby. Oh! I'm so fond of this little one. She wants me to tell you she's not afraid of me any more. She knows I talked to you in the body. You know what I mean? I explained it to Ruthie.' (Mrs. T.: Little Ruthie!) Phinuit: 'The little baby is Margaret. She is very delighted. She wants a posie—give her some posies. [Mrs. T. had brought some little flowers for the babies, at this time on the table in paper.] Posie, posie,—give one posie. [Taking flowers and sep-

'arating them.] That's for the little one.' (Mrs. T.: I brought them for the little ones.) Phinuit: 'That's for the little one. She wants some for the other one—just two or three. You don't know how the little one can speak now. [But if she had been growing so as to speak, how was she still "the little one"? Very possibly an entirely genuine dream. Perhaps pp. 428-9 may have some interest in this connection. H.H.] You know she takes the spirit of these things—the spiritual thing—and the spirit part is just as real to her as your life is to you.' M.: 'Come to me, Mamma.' (Mrs. T.: If I might see her!) Phinuit: 'What a bright face! She has grayish blue eyes—large, full and pretty. I call them blue, a grayish blue. What a very bright and pretty little mouth she has! [Correct description of M.] She loves you both. Do you know, I can get more from the children than I can from the old ones, because there is such a strong tie between you. [Has often been noted. H.H.]... She wants me to separate the posies and give some to the other baby. I will give her so many [separating flowers], and that one will have so many. Just the same for each little one.' R.: 'Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty. Where's the little blue flowers? Pretty, pretty, pretty.' Phinuit: 'Oh! That's a pretty baby—Ruth—Pretty, pretty, pretty. Do you love the babies?' (Dr. T.: What do you think, Dr.?) Phinuit: 'She says that. Baby, baby, babie. This little one says—Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty. BABY—Can you hear her speak? Do you hear her speak? Bettie—Bettie—Bettie—she keeps calling Bettie. Give me the little toy thing. I like that—it refreshes her. I never saw two brighter children. You know they have no more pain in the stomach.' (Dr. T.: Doctor, don't they ever suffer in the spirit body?) Phinuit: 'No more pain—no pain.' (Dr. T.: Do they grow up as we do here?) Phinuit: 'In just the same number of years, but in this world there is no time. Life goes on forever. That is, there is no death. I tell you, friends, just as sure as you live in the body, I lived once in the body. I lived in Germany and Paris and Marseilles. I know if those cranks weren't so stupid they could find me. [Referring to efforts on the part of the S.P.R. to find out about him.] Well! I hear Baby, calling baby, baby, baby.' [All these words—baby—pretty—Bettie—were given with just the accent Ruth gave when she was alive. *Pretty* was one of the first words, and she said it constantly about anything she liked. These were the only words, except Mamma and Papa and pussie.]"

Mrs. Thaw told me that the absolute resemblance between these ejaculations and those of her child while living convinced her that they were made by the child's surviving spirit. But here is the constantly recurring fact that the little one seems to have got a suspiciously large vocabulary in the few

months since her death—one perhaps as full as Mrs. Piper's. And yet similar things constantly happen in dreams, and some dreams contain truth.

“Phinuit: ‘Do you know she takes your hand and pats it like that [patting Mrs. T.'s hand] like that. You will see her just as sure as you live. The veil will be lifted so you can see these two little ones when you are partially dreaming. It will not be a dream. It will be real... [Pointing to Dr. and Mrs. T.'s foreheads.] I see a great big light. What is that light? What is that light here? [The mediumistic nature of the sitters? H.H.] You, friends, are going to make a change in your life. It is going to be the best change you can make. The baby speaks to me. [Very precocious intelligence from a child! Dream mixture again, but apparently veridical and prophetic, though possibly only telepathic! H.H.] It's in a different street—a different place entirely. It's a pretty place. I see the change. I see all the little details. I see it in detail, that I can't describe. [All correct.]

“‘Who is that lady that is with you? No, the stout lady. [Not stout.] She is very good to your little girl. [The living one. H.H.]... She has care of the little ones, and is cranky sometimes.’ (Mrs. T.: Do the babies remember her?) [She was the nurse who had charge of them all their lives.] Phinuit: ‘The little ones, the babies in the spirit world, remember her very well... Who's M—J—? Your mother told me to tell you.’ [All correct. Aunt of Dr. T.] (Dr. T.: Is she happy now?) Phinuit: ‘She remembers you when you were a little fellow. She was with you when your mother come out of the body.’ [Correct.]”

“Come”—not “went”—is very dramatic, as coming from Phinuit's side; and the bad grammar was not telepathed from Dr. and Mrs. Thaw.

“‘Ali— Who is Ellie? Who is Nellie? The baby calls that—she calls her Nellie. [Nurse spoken of before.] Nellie! That's a good memory for the little one, isn't it? Such pretty light curls! All over her head. Just as perfect a little girl as can be!... You will see her in the new house. She wants me to go there for you. She says there is going to be a better change for you. It's going to be near the corner [correct of new house], and you will go up to the upper room, up one flight front, and in that room you will see the babies come to you. This is a kind of—what do you call it? A sitting place. You will get the babies there. You stay there some twilight evening. They will come to you. You will hear some patter, patter of the little ones, and soon you will realize they are with you. I shouldn't be surprised if you saw—’”

Mrs. Thaw tells me she often heard the "patter, patter," but never saw.

"How funny your mother wears her hair! [Smoothing hair as Dr. T.'s mother always wore it.] Wears it so funny. She's the picture of modesty; she's the most modest looking woman you ever saw! You know that what you call death in the body is natural. You know that it is hard, particularly when those you love pass over behind the veil. But they are far more happy behind the veil than in the body. For it is God's will to take them, as they have lived. We tell you of these things, because it is right for you to know, and the instrument like the one I have here [i.e., the medium. H.H.] is to use to explain what we are in the spirit. But sometimes it is very hard to get the influences straight, and I tell you everything I can, and even then it is hard for everyone. . . . Look on it right. Don't let it worry you and affect your health. Little woman, keep straight. Don't be too much exercised, and keep perfectly cool. You will get all you want. It will be a help to you in the body. When you meet a friend and you want them to know your experience, you can explain it to them with perfect reason. Go on with your own experience. If they do not wish to listen to you do not bother them. Your mother is guiding me every minute."

Few people could stand this free communication (if communication it be) or want it. Some people stop it, as already indicated, by willing the medium to cease, which the medium seems always to do readily.

"But here's—well, wait a minute—Annie—Annie—no, Anna Eliza. That's the name. Comes. Anna Eliza. That's the mother, Eliza. Anna Eliza. I hear it. [Mrs. T.'s dead aunt. She was called Aunt Eliza, and it was unknown to us at the time that she had a first name Anna.] . . . They tell me I am smart enough to hear this all right. [Dr. T. offers suggestion.] I don't want any of your help, Ellen. [To A. D.] What the dickens is your name? A-l'—[Laughs.] (Dr. T.: What is it?) Phinuit: 'I know. I know what it is.' [Laughs.] (Dr. T.: Well, tell us what it is.) Phinuit: 'Oh, no. I know what it is just the same.' (Dr. T.: Tell us.) Phinuit: 'Well, it's a great long name, and it ends with e-r.' (Dr. T.: Good guess, Doctor!) Phinuit: 'Oh, I am guessing, am I? What a good fellow I am to guess! [Spells.] Al-e-x-a-n-d-e-r. How do you like that? You can call that what you like. You can give it a name. [Is this telepathy, or is Phinuit one of the best dramatic characters ever drawn? If he is, who drew him? Apparently it was not in Mrs. Piper's power to do it. H.H.] Do you know, if it hadn't been for your little girl I never should have found it out. The little curly headed one. She tried to spell it for me

but couldn't. [Children of eighteen months don't "try to spell" often in *this* world! H.H.] She told your sister [pointing to Mrs. T.], and she asked this lady—the lady the little one went to find—[Dr. T.'s mother in first sitting], and she tells her, and then she came and spelled it for me. Grace is with your little ones, and she makes me put your hand up there so—and she wants to be remembered to her papa in the body. [All true.] Who's L——? [Spelling diminutive.] Your mother just called that to me. She comes closer—closer. She wants you to tell I-d-a—it sounds like that—I-d-a. Oh! L——!' [Dr. T.'s sister's usual name.]”

Fourth sitting. March 18th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 553f.)

“[Mr. Perkins sitting. Mr. A. Dow writing. Mrs. Thaw in back part of room.]

“.....Phinuit to Mr. D.: ‘Aleck, you pay more attention to me and stop your writing.’ [He was taking notes. H.H.]... (Mr. P.: What hour was I born?) Phinuit [counting]: ‘Un, deux, trois, quatre [up to ten]. Oh, you were born at two o'clock. We begin at one, that's dark; then two.’ [After some confusion, not understanding whether night or day, decides at two at night.] (Mr. P.: Father thought it was eleven.) Phinuit: ‘Your mother tells me you were born at two, and she was there then and ought to know. If your father says you were born at eleven he makes a mistake, that's all there is about it.’”

Here is a remarkably dramatic passage. I do not mean melodramatic, but merely lifelike—the sort of thing not easy to invent.

“.....He says something about Bawldin—Baldwin. I don't know how you pronounce it. You know who he is? Well, he sends love to you, and says that you kind of misunderstood him, and it was too bad. You can make it all right now. And he says ‘Tell George he is a good fellow, but he didn't understand me; you must say so.’ [Mr. P. and friend B. had misunderstanding for several months before B's death.]... There's someone calling who speaks in a whisper. George will tell you something. [This friend's name, George Baldwin.] (Mr. P.: Well, I'll listen.) Phinuit: ‘Ask Fred. He's there with you; tell him I'm all right. [Verified afterwards. Fred, an intimate friend of G. B.] It was a cough that took me off, consumption, for I passed out with it [True] and you fellows were good to me, but you never quite understood me; you never did, quite. I... taught in the school... [G. B. taught in preparatory department of same school.]... It's not long since I came here. I'm so glad to see you. Look here! I want to talk to you. I tell you there's only a veil between us. There's a good time for you boys... I don't see you come here for a long time. I hope one of you will drop round and see me sometimes [*i.e.*, through

the medium. H.H.] I didn't think I was coming here—but woke up. I choked at first, but I'm better now. You wouldn't go to sleep if you had seen me when I first waked up. I didn't think I was going to wake up like this. You haven't got all your wits about you yet, and so you don't recognize your friends. I'll be with you; I'll help you out in all your little difficulties. I'll be with you. I mean well.' (Mr. P.: Will you tell me about them? There's one that passed out after you did.) Phinuit: 'This one talks in a whisper to me. Good fellow, means well. What a funny nose he has. He looks as if his nose turned up a little. You know what I mean.' [Correct.]"

Could anything be more absurd than the supposition that Mrs. Piper "got up" all this?

"..... [Mrs. T. gives mother's glove again] ... 'She's nearer to you [pointing to Mr. D., then to Mrs. T.] I can't make out which one she's more with, but she's nearer one of you.' (Mrs. T.: She's living with me now.) Phinuit: 'Oh, you live in one home, but I see the other in another home, and she lives with you [pointing to Mrs. T.] [Pointing to Mr. D.] She's very fond of you.' (Mrs. T.: Yes, he's better than I am.) Phinuit: 'What nonsense, he isn't better than you, don't be jealous.' (Mrs. T.: I'm not jealous.) Phinuit [rubbing Mrs. T.'s head]: 'No, and you are not going to begin in your old age, are you? You be a good girl. You'll be all right if you don't read lying down....' (Mrs. T.: What about Father's business?) [Phinuit immediately makes motions as of playing on piano keys. Mrs. T.'s father's invention, a typesetter, with keys like a piano.] Phinuit: 'It has keys. Keys with letters on them. [Correct.] [Mr. D. takes Mrs. T.'s place.] Oh, it's such a funny thing. Did he invent them? Well, he's a great man. There's going to be a spring addition that's going to be very useful, and after a few months of dullness it will be all right.... He's going to sell some of these things.... Add the spring part, and it will be good. All this long pull and dull time was for the best. [Long struggle to get the thing started.]... George Perkins. Do you know how I got his name first. One of his friends whispered me his name. George is a good fellow. Honest fellow. George is true blue. Don't tell that to him; he might get conceited.' (Mr. D.: I don't believe he'll get conceited.) Phinuit: 'Well, I'm only in fun.' [Mrs. F. takes Phinuit's hand] [i.e., the medium's. H.H.] (Are we going to do any good in our work?) Phinuit: 'You are going to make a change. Who's Emily? You're going to change your life. I'll be there. [Mrs. T. found on getting home that the Christian name of principal of the school they were starting was Emma. This we had never heard or seen, as the lady was not known personally to Mrs. T., and her acceptance... was not received by us until after the sitting.] ...

It's going to be splendid. It has to do with the mind. [Feeling Mrs. T.'s eyes.] The physical being of those who can't see. To benefit the blind, the ignorant. I don't mean the eyesight. [Dr. and Mrs. T. starting free primary school and kindergarten.] Margery will be there. Mamma, mamma, I love you. Don't cry. Ruthie will be there.' (Mrs. T. to children: Do you sleep there?) Ruthie: 'I sleep, I wake, I play. I wake, I sleep, I play.' (Mrs. T.: Won't they knock for me again?) R.: 'I'll go on Bettie's bed and tap, tap, tap for you. Don't cry. I live. I am here. Tell mamma I am here. Pat papa for me. Posie—posie—posie.' Phinuit: 'Speak to me, friends, I'm getting weak. Speak to me, I can't hear you.' (Mrs. T.: Good-by, Dr. Phinuit.) Phinuit [in a weak voice]: 'Speak louder, friends, I'm going.'

Sixth Sitting. May 10th, 1892. (Pr.XIII,564f.)

"Phinuit: 'Florence [Mrs. Thaw. H.H.], I'm glad to see you. (Well, we're glad to see you.) Good boy, doctor... Sometimes I come a long way to see you. Where's the tube? [Reference to phonograph.]... I had a long talk with Alva. He wants me to tell this to you and to Sabrina when I saw her. He caused her a great deal of sorrow, and he's sorry for it. [Sabrina is Mrs. Dow. Alva was her first husband, deceased. The statements made about him are true.—R.H.] Tell her about this, or you'll do him a great injustice. He's been in great suffering. You can help him out of this. (What can we do?) Get her to say that inwardly and in her very soul she freely and frankly forgives him. You'll be the means of saving his soul. I talked with him.' [Further remarks about the great distress of Alva and his desire to be forgiven, and to be helped in attaining a higher state.]...

"(How is W—— going to pass out?) 'He's going to sleep, and when he wakes he'll be in the spirit. Heart will stop. Kidneys out of order. He's out of order all over. It'll be one of the greatest reliefs to all concerned.' [Note.—At the time of sitting Dr. T. had no more reason to expect the death of W—— than at any time for two or three years, W—— being a chronic invalid with asthma... W—— died September 3rd, in sleep, of heart failure, four months later. In the sitting of May 22nd the time of death is put at 'six months, or a little less.']"

See his appearance as control in twelfth sitting, page 510 of this book. Sixth sitting continues:

"(Can you tell us about Dr. H—— to-day?) [Pause.] 'Hallo, doctor. I want to thank you for all the many kind things you've done for me. The children are all right. There's not one of them coming to me. What's that about the grave, the tomb? (I don't know.) Well, tell them not to worry about it. [Dr. H.'s wife was for nearly a year much depressed by the fact that

H.'s body lay in vault awaiting burial.] He says something about A—. [Spelling name of daughter.] She coming out all right, and I know it. She's going to stay in the body for the present. [H.'s daughter A— was dangerously ill at that time, but on our next visit was found to have passed the crisis.] I'm glad to see you, my best friends. The first time I saw you, you looked like great black specks to me. Now you look more like yourselves. [Speaks of the spiritual activities there], "a higher range of activities is carried on than in your universe. Words cannot express how beautiful it is—like the dawn in the body," etc., etc. [This long speech so characteristic of Dr. H. that Dr. T., wishing to know whether he or Phinuit was speaking, said:] (Can you tell me anything about Dr. Phinuit?) I'm talking to you myself, you rascal. I'm talking for him. (Well, you're trying to make us think he's talking.) I'm simply telling you what he says. I'm trying to imitate him."

Who made these dramatic touches, and the little ones which follow, from the seventh sitting, May 19, 1892 (Pr. XIII, 570)?

"[Dr. Phinuit listened to his own voice in phonograph, saying, 'Oh, you're a nice old fellow. You've got me on record.']

"[Phonograph says, 'I'm going out.'] So I am going out. Ha, ha, that's good."

Eighth Sitting. May 20th, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 570f.)

"[Mr. L. Dow sitting.]

"..... (How about Medium? She has a cough) 'My Medium? She has a cough, has she? Well, you have her put a half ounce of turpentine in a half a cup of boiling water, and inhale it. (What for her trouble under the arm?) Oh, that's poor blood. A tonic will scatter that. You give her two ounces of tincture of cinchona; four ounces of French dialyzed iron and four ounces simple syrup. Give her a teaspoonful one half-hour before meals.'"

And Phinuit knew no medicine! Was he Mrs. Piper?

Ninth Sitting. May 22nd, 1892. (Pr. XIII, 572f.)

"Sitter, Miss Ellen Heffern, nurse of Mrs. Thaw's children.

"..... She told me to get that. [Object given which the sitter supposed to be her mother's hair. It was, however, an *Agnus Dei*.] ... [Miss Heffern brought several articles to the sitting in a parcel. ... The *Agnus Dei* ... was wrapped in paper, and she supposed that this particular packet contained her mother's hair. ...—R.H., 1898.] Put that in *there*. Put it in there and wear it, [thrusting his finger down the neck of the sitter] just as she told you to. [When sitter insisted that Phinuit was wrong about this object he tore off paper and showed the *Agnus Dei*.] [True. Mother had told sitter to wear it.]"

Later, Dr. and Mrs. Thaw sitting.

All the following dramatic business (Pr. XIII, 575-6) strains the telepathic and divided personality theories hard:

" [Phinuit writes *Harry* twice, in mirror writing. (Harry is the name of one of Dr. Thaw's brothers.—R.H.) The hand was then seized by another 'influence,' and the following was written, during the course of which Phinuit made occasional remarks like these to the communicating intelligence; 'I told you if you'd come with me I'd show you your friends, you old idiot.'... 'He's as stubborn as a mule.'... 'Don't thump me,' etc.]... [Phinuit then struggles to 'get his hand back.'] I got it away. [To Mrs. T.] What are you worrying about? (I want to go to you.) What? (To the babies sometimes.) Oh, you *wicked, wicked* little thing, etc. [To Dr. Thaw. H.H.] Dr., can't you straighten her out better than that? You stop your worrying. You've nothing to worry about. Go to sleep.... (I want to see them so much sometimes.) Oh, you act like a baby. Come here, dearie, come along. Look at the little curly-headed one. [To Dr. T.] Your mother's got her. See her jump her. [Dandling.] Can't you see her, you stupid fools? (No.) *You* can see her, can't you, Hodgson? (No.) Humph. [The reader may be good enough to remember what was said earlier about the mixing up of Phinuit's remarks and the children's. H.H.] Tell mamma p-tee, p-sse, happy little Ruthie. Bring a posies. That's a spirit posy. Don't worry mother. Drama, she says. Ruth, drama, don't worry papa, don't worry *you* [to Mrs. T.] pt-tee, pt-tee. [Remember what Mrs. Thaw told me about these ejaculations. H.H.] [Phinuit departs—heavy breathing.] Pttee. Pttee. (Little baby. How do you do, baby?) Pt-tee. (Little Margaret with you?) Pt-tee. [Points upwards and to one side at picture with forefinger. Hand rises, finger points, trembles, and hand sinks.] "

Of this scene Hodgson says (Pr. XIII, 385):

"I was taking notes, sitting slightly to one side and partly behind Mrs. Piper, while Dr. and Mrs. Thaw were sitting in front of her, with their heads somewhat bowed. Phinuit apparently 'left,' and his place was taken by Ruthie, who began whispering *pttee pttee*. The hand rose and turned somewhat diagonally and extended the forefinger and pointed towards a picture on the far side of the room. The Thaws did not see this action until I drew their attention to it, when they looked up, and followed the direction of the pointing. The hand then trembled and sank. Dr. Thaw noted: 'During the last month of Ruthie's life it was a regular morning custom to bring her to the room in which this sitting was held—our bedroom—and she would always point, as hand did in sitting, with *one* finger

(unusual with a baby) and say "pt-tee, pt-tee," just as in sitting. This little incident had not been in either sitter's conscious mind since baby's death, six months before. Mrs. Piper had never been in that room until the actual time of sitting. Many other pictures in the room, two of which Mrs. Piper's hand could have pointed at more easily than the particular one always noticed by the baby."

But to return to the ninth sitting:

"[Phinuit returns.] Baby wanted to come. The old lady stood up behind her so she wouldn't fall. Don't be so impatient, little one, wait a minute, darling. Thank mamma for the posy. Bring the posy again another day. She has no pain—no teeth. I'm happy, happy. Don't cry any more. (And little Margaret?) Little one can't talk so well. Little Margaret, Margie, beautiful, they're just like flowers in blossom. (Why, they were twins. Why can't she talk as well as the other?) She doesn't talk so much. Her talk is different; she doesn't articulate quite so distinctly. I can understand it, but you wouldn't. Little da da da dada."

One of the mutually exclusive explanations so far suggested is that Margaret lived here six months less than Ruth.

"(Why did she put her finger up?) Pt-tee, Pt-tee. That's what she used to do in the body. Your mother says she had the baby do that so that you'd know it's baby."

Tenth Sitting, May 23rd, 1892. (Pr.XIII,577f.)

"[Present: Dr. and Mrs. Thaw. R. H. taking notes.]

"[Phinuit to Mrs. Thaw. H.H.] 'Well, little girl, you've got over your worrying. I'll go and find some friends for you. (I want to bring my little Betty in to you.) [Servant Nellie brings in Beatrice, Mrs. T.'s little daughter.] Ha! Nice little girl, come here. Here comes the baby. Two babies. Give me Ruthie's play-toys. [Rosary.] See the baby. It's too heavy for her. [Puts rosary round Mrs. T.'s head, between her and Betty.] See! That's little Margaret. Dad, Dad, Dad. Ptee, psey, Nanna, Nanna. [Stroking B.'s hair.] Pttee, pttee, pttee. [Phinuit leaves, Baby comes. Finger points toward picture.] Pttee—pttee, etc. There, there, etc. [Places B.'s hand on Mrs. Piper's head, strokes B.'s hair, etc., points toward picture again, 'Pttee, ptt-ee.' Places hand on Dr. T.'s head and pats it.] [Phinuit returns. Mrs. T. is sending B. away.] Ruthie wants the little one to stay.... Who's Elsiné? [Struggles after name.] That's W—, too. W— in the body.' (Who's speaking?) Dr. H.: 'George William... Andre Valliere says tell George I'm all right. I have seen Whiskers.' ['Alfred Howell's dog, then dead.—Dr. Thaw, 1896.]"

I retain this partly because I want to see my dog Laddie mentioned in Chapter VII, and his predecessor, Whiskers.

Eleventh Sitting. May 29th, 1892. [R. H. taking notes.]
(Pr. XIII, 579f.)

After a sitting with the Thaw's nurse, which was as Irish as that good woman herself

".....There were indications of 'change of control,' after which there was a long silence while Mrs. Piper's hand pulled as though at a mustache, moved her hair back from the forehead, and felt my [Hodgson's. H.H.] face over. I said 'Hallo, who's there? What's the matter? Why don't you speak?' Finally the voice came, very different apparently from Phinuit's: 'That's the funniest—I didn't think I could get—it can't be possible I've got here at last. Well! Well! Well. You've changed since I came here, tremendously. You don't know me, do you? I'm George Pelham.'"

For some time sittings had been arranged with persons unknown to G. P., whom (at his then stage of development?) he would not have been apt to seek. Later apparently he tried to be on hand to help everybody.

"This incident occurred about a fortnight after the sitting with G. P.'s father and mother. The series of stenographically reported sittings did not begin till the following November. A long conversation ensued, in which one or two obscurities in recent sittings were referred to, but dealing chiefly with G. P.'s experiences immediately after death, first impressions, anxiety to speak with friends, etc. Nearly all this was spoken into the phonograph, and scarcely any notes were taken. Unfortunately we found later that the phonographic record gave us only a few scattered words here and there.... When asking G. P. to talk into the phonograph, I said, 'You know what a phonograph is?' 'Of course I do. Why, Hodgson, you must think I've got very unintelligent since I came over here.'"

Telepathy and divided personality!!!

Twelfth Sitting. [Over seven months since previous one. H.H.]
January 16th, 1893. (Pr. XIII, 580f.)

"[Dr. and Mrs. Thaw sitting. A. D. taking shorthand notes.]

"Phinuit: 'That's Florrie. [Mrs. Thaw. H.H.] I'm so glad to see you. How are you? Where's the doctor?' (I'm here.) Phinuit: 'You're here too! I'm so glad to see you.... Here, speak to the baby. She has a gentleman with her. Who is—who is—I know that gentleman just as well as can be. That is the gentleman I told you was going to pass out of the body. That is W—. That's your brother W—. [See p. 506.]

[Brother assumes control. H.H.] Well, I never! Oh, hello! B-l-r. B-l-r. B-l-r. [Dr. A. B. Thaw is usually called by his middle name, Blair, by his relatives and intimate friends.—R.H.] Hello, Florence, Florence. How are you? [Phinuit while apparently repeating for W., interjects in his own character as follows. H.H.] He speaks kind of queer. [Then he repeats for W., or W. for himself. H.H.] I want to speak to you. Come here. Well, I never! I have seen you a great many times since I passed out of the body, but there is one thing I want to tell you of particularly. Listen to me. B-l-r. B-l-r. B-l-r. I can't get that name right. You listen to it and interpret the best you can. Look, here, I want to tell you, my brother, one thing—my brother. I wish I had my life in the body over again, I would do differently. (In what way?) In many ways, I assure you. Where is L—? L—. L—. Well, did you think I was coming here like this? (The Dr. [Phinuit. H.H.] told me. W—.) Why didn't you tell me? I had no sooner got out than I realized I lived again. But I didn't know this. Did you know this? Why didn't you tell me? You wanted to surprise me.... My sufferings are at an end.... I want you to think of me as being perfectly happy.... I think father was glad to see me, but you know he didn't think this any more than I did. [And this lifelike picture is telepathy is it? Or a secondary personality of Mrs. Piper? I am afraid the constant demonstration of the inadequacy of these notions may be leading me to remark upon it too often. H.H.] (What did he say about it? Do you ever talk about coming to see me with father?) Father has been here [*i.e.*, to the medium. H.H.] before, and he knew it, and he told me about it. But this is the first channel that has been open to me.... No more pain. I am glad to get out of it, thank the Lord! I wouldn't go back into the body for all the world and all there is in it. [Remember that he had been a great sufferer. H.H.].....

"Phinuit: [smoothing fur on Mrs. T.'s shoulder some time.] Pussie! Pussie! Pussie! [Ruthie used to do so with her mother's fur coat in the last month of her life, and say, Pussie, Pussie. This was the first time fur was worn at a sitting.... (H— wants to know about the verses he left.)... Phinuit [reporting for Dr. H.? H.H.]: As I go dreaming along I look back to you with a great deal of happiness. You were my ideals, you always will be.... When you sleep I oftentimes go to you and I shall never forget you. And do tell my family so."

These Thaw sittings, if viewed from the spiritistic side, strike me as full of impossibilities. And these Thaw sittings, if viewed from any other side I can see, also strike me as full of impossibilities. In other words, at present they seem absolutely unexplainable. We can only wait for time, or draw

our conclusions on the main question, if we must draw them, and can, from other sources.

In sittings with other people in later years, Phinuit apologizes for being interrupted by these children, and remarks upon how finely they are growing. He does not go into any explanations to his sitters. His remarks are very casual, and their significance would not be apparent to anybody unfamiliar with these sittings. I don't know or much care whether my friends Hodgson, James, and Newbold would call this "evidential." To me it seems enormously so. But I fear my use of the word is shamelessly untechnical.

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VOL. II

THE COSMIC RELATIONS AND IMMORTALITY

By

HENRY HOLT

Being a second edition of the author's treatise
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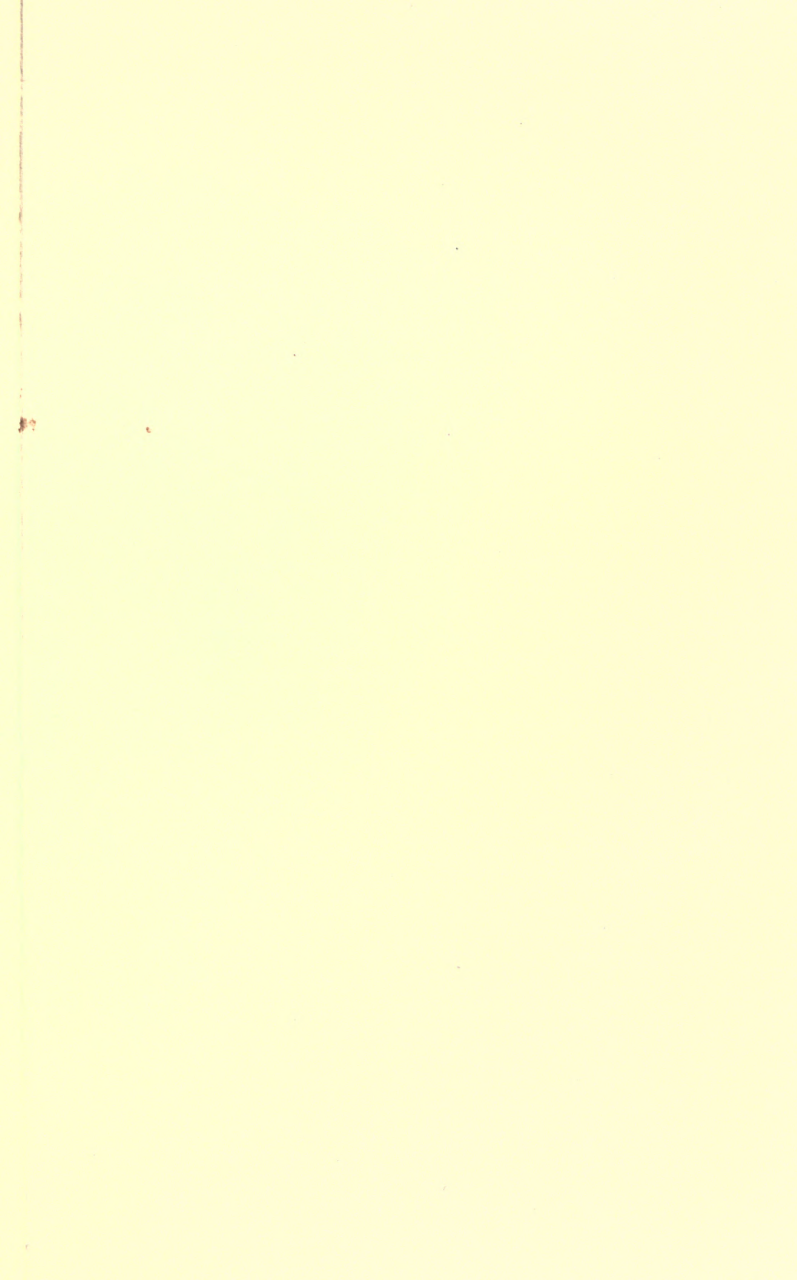
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BOOK II, CONTINUED



CHAPTER XXXIV

HODGSON'S SECOND PIPER REPORT, 1892-5 (*Concluded*)

IV. Hodgson's Conclusions

CARRYING to an extreme the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I will now give a few slices and some crumbs from Hodgson's masterly presentation of the considerations which led him, from a fuller knowledge than has yet been possessed by all other men put together, to put a spiritistic interpretation on Mrs. Piper's phenomena. I give these extracts, however, with considerable reluctance, because they cannot fall far short of being a positive injustice to the cause he had so much at heart, and to his presentation of it. To get the full force of his arguments sometimes requires pretty hard reading. Occasionally, to facilitate quotation, I transpose a word or two, or bracket in a phrase unencumbered with my initials, but never so as to affect the sense.

(Pr.XIII,323f.): "This recognition of friends appears to me to be of great importance evidentially, not only because it indicates some supernormal knowledge, but because, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, they seem to point, in G. P.'s case, to an independent intelligence drawing upon its own recollections. . . . At the outset of the communications from G. P., he was particularly anxious—I describe it as it seemed *primâ facie to be*—to see the Howards and his father and mother for the purpose of clearing up some private matters. . . . On April 29th came the explanation from G. P. about the difficulties involved in the act of communicating, and I believe that I emphasized the importance of his always recognizing any friend of his who happened to attend a sitting, no matter what other communications he might wish to make. From that time onwards he has never failed to announce himself to, and to recognize, with the appropriate emotional and intellectual relations, the sitters who were known to G. P. living, and to give their names in one form or another, with one exception. This exception, however, seems to me to be as noteworthy as if the

recognition had been complete. . . . At Miss Warner's second sitting . . . January 7th, 1897 . . . G. P. asked who she was. I said her mother was a special friend of Mrs. Howard.

"I do not think I ever knew you very well. (Very little. You used to come and see my mother.) I heard of you, I suppose. (I saw you several times. You used to come with Mr. Rogers.) Yes, I remembered about Mr. Rogers when I saw you before. (Yes, you spoke of him.) Yes, but I cannot seem to place you. I long to place all of my friends, and could do so before I had been gone so long. You see I am farther away. . . . I do not recall your face. You must have changed. . . . (R. H.: Do you remember Mrs. Warner?) [Excitement in hand.] Of course, oh, very well. For pity sake are you her little daughter? (Yes.) By Jove, how you have grown. . . . I though so much of your mother, a charming woman. (She always enjoyed seeing you, I know.) Our tastes were similar (about writing?) Yes. . . . Ask her if she remembers the book I gave her to read. (I will.) And ask her if she still remembers me and the long talks we used to have at the home evenings. (I know she does.) I wish I could have known you better, it would have been so nice to have recalled the past. (I was a little girl)."

"[R. H.] The very non-recognition seems to me to afford an argument in favor of the independent existence of G. P., as contrasted with the conception of some secondary personality depending for its knowledge upon the minds of living persons. . . ."

"There are thirty cases of true recognition [mine may make thirty-one. H.H.] out of at least one hundred and fifty persons who have had sittings with Mrs. Piper since the first appearance of G. P., and no case of false recognition. . . . The continual manifestation of this personality,—so different from Phinuit or other communicators,—with its own reservoir of memories, with its swift appreciation of any reference to friends of G. P., with its 'give and take' in little incidental conversations with myself, has helped largely in producing a conviction of the actual presence of the G. P. personality, which it would be quite impossible to impart by any mere enumeration of verifiable statements. It will hardly, however, be regarded as surprising that the most impressive manifestations are at the same time the most subtle and the least communicable."

At the first sitting of his most intimate friends, the Howards, on April 11, 1892, some six weeks after his death (Pr. XIII, 329f.),

"using the voice directly, he showed such a fullness of private remembrance and specific knowledge and characteristic intellectual and emotional quality pertaining to G. P. that, though they had previously taken no interest in any branch of psychical research, they were unable to resist the conviction that they were

actually conversing with their old friend G. P. And this conviction was strengthened by their later experiences. . . . At one of his early communications G. P. expressly undertook the task of rendering all the assistance in his power towards establishing the continued existence of himself and other communicators, in pursuance of a promise of which he himself [*i.e.*, his control? H.H.] reminded me, made some two years or more before his death, that if he died before me and found himself 'still existing,' he would devote himself to prove the fact, and in the persistence of his endeavor to overcome the difficulties in communicating as far as possible, in his constant readiness to act as amanuensis at the sittings, in the effect which he has produced by his counsels, to myself as investigator, and to numerous other sitters and communicators, he has, in so far as I can form a judgment in a problem so complex and still presenting so much obscurity, displayed all the keenness and pertinacity which were eminently characteristic of G. P. living.

"Finally, the manifestations of this G. P. communicating have not been of a fitful and spasmodic nature, they have exhibited the marks of a continuous living and persistent personality, manifesting itself through a course of years, and showing the same characteristics of an independent intelligence whether friends of G. P. were present at the sittings or not. . . . [From early in 1892] up to the last series of sittings which I had with Mrs. Piper (1896-7), in a sitting which Evelyn Howard had in November, 1896, and in a sitting which Mrs. Howard (just then returned to America after between three and four years' absence in Europe) had since my departure from Boston in September, 1897, the same persistent personality has manifested itself, and what change has been discernible is a change not of any process of disintegration, but rather of integration and evolution.

"But there were also failures [see Pr.XIII,331f.] which do not, however, seem to me to afford an argument against the 'identity' of G. P. I refer to prophecies and to descriptions of events occurring in our world after his death, and to attempts to find objects that were lost. . . . Nor, so far as I know, is there any indication in these groups of incidents that the wrong statements made depended telepathically upon the expectations of living persons.

"There is another type of incident yet [relating to the doings of absent people. H.H.] where G. P. made at least two notable failures and two notable successes. . . . These incidents point to a failure of supernormal power to see what is going on in our world as we see it, and suggest rather some form of perception of scenes in the subliminal consciousness, perhaps of telepathic nature. . . . On the whole this group of incidents appears to me to strengthen the evidence pointing to G. P.'s 'identity.'"

The failures were with average friends; the successes were

with his closest friends and his family. Hodgson very properly says (Pr. XIII, 335):

"That G. P. could get into some closer relation with his father and the Howards than with Miss M. or myself is intelligible; but it is not so obvious why Mrs. Piper's *secondary personality* should.....

"G. P. seemed to be able to distinguish much better than Phinuit which communicators were friends of a sitter, and which were, for the time being, outsiders, and he would, as it appeared, sometimes tell such outsiders to go away and not interrupt, and at other times make it clear that they were not connected with the sitter, and would give their messages in an 'aside,' as it were, to me."

(Pr. XIII, 341f.): "I know of several instances where other communicators have had the opportunity of frequent communication through Mrs. Piper's trance during a course of several years, and at many of these sittings I have been present. They have strengthened my conviction that primarily depended upon the communications from G. P., but the sitters regard them as too personal for publication. The best things can obviously never or very seldom be reproduced; if they could be, they would prove themselves, by that very fact, to fall short of being the most convincing. And hence all one can offer is a few dry bones instead of a living and breathing personality, to use the words of the lady who prepared the following account. I shall call her Mrs. M.....

"It is very difficult for me to explain—as Mr. Hodgson has requested me to—just what general effect the "sittings" have made on my mind. If I had never had a "sitting" with Mrs. Piper, and this report had been written by someone else, I am sure I should say: "There's not enough evidence here to prove that the living personality of the man called Roland ever reached his wife through Mrs. Piper's 'mediumship'; there is little beside coincidence, suggestions unconsciously made by the sitter to Mrs. Piper during the highly susceptible condition of her trance state, incidents that can be fully explained by thought-transference from living persons," etc., etc. I am quite sure I should never be convinced by any such report as this of the reality of "spirit return." Yet I am convinced of it, but it is because there is much in my "sittings" which *might* help to convince a stranger, which is of too personal a nature to quote, and perhaps the most convincing thing is the accumulation of little touches of personality which make the "sittings" so *real* to me, but which it would be almost impossible to reproduce in print. Peculiarities of expression in the writing and of manner in that wonderfully dramatic *hand* of Mrs. Piper's. Anyone who has had a *good sitting* with Mrs. Piper will know exactly what I mean. One feels the hand is alive with a distinct personality

very different from "Phinuit" (who has "controlled" the voice in all my sittings). The behavior of the hand when it is controlled by my husband or my brother is as distinct and as characteristic of the two men as anything of the kind could possibly be.

"There is a great difference in the *quality* of the sittings; at some of them no irrelevant matter would be written, and at others much which sounded, as I have before said, like the odd scraps of conversation one might hear over a telephone wire. I have generally found that the poor sittings were on days when either Mrs. Piper or I was not up to our normal physical condition."

Was all the dramatic arrangement of the following a put-up job? If it was, who was the great dramatist that did it? If it was not, what was it? Hodgson writes:

(Pr. XIII, 353f.): "The friend whom I have called Mr. Hart, to whom in the first instance G. P. manifested [in 1892. H.H.] . . . died in Naples on May 2nd, 1895. . . I heard incidentally on May 3rd [of] the death of Hart. My assistant Miss Edmunds went out to Mrs. Piper at my request to arrange a sitting for me for the next day. . . I did not tell Miss Edmunds the reason, and she made a totally erroneous conjecture concerning it. The announcement of the death however, with the place, and cause of death (inflammation of the heart), appeared in a Boston evening paper on May 3rd. At the sitting on May 4th, after a few words from Phinuit, G. P. wrote and gave several messages from friends, and then asked what he could do for me. I replied that I had something for him to do, but could not tell him what it was. He made a brief reference to his father and mother, and then to a friend of my own, and then came the following:—

"Hold, H. See all of these people bringing a gentleman. [R. H. thinks this is *unintentionally* written, and doesn't repeat the words aloud.]

"Read . . . do you see them, H.? (No.) He is coming here. I think I knew him. [R. H. can't decipher after *think*.] That I knew him. Come here and listen, H. He has been here before and I have seen him since I passed out. (Who is it?) John. "Do you see me, H.?" He says this. (No.) "What about my health, Oh George, I am here, do not go away from me," . . . not to you, H., to me. (Yes, I understand.) "I thought I should see you once more before I came here." (What is the full name?) John H. (Give me the second name in full.) Did you speak? (Write the second name in full.) Hart. (That's right, Hart, old fellow.) "Will you listen to me, Hodg. . . [Much excitement in hand, and letters jumbled over. G. P. writing throughout, but at times apparently much perturbation introduced.] George knew I was here and met me but I was too weak to come here and talk H." . . . Yes, H., but the dear old fellow is short breathered. . . "I expected to see you before I came here, H.

(Yes, I hoped to have met you in the body again) but you see I was failing. How are you?" What [apparently from G. P. to Hart.] "I brought Ge—— here first.... I am a little dull, H., in my head." (Isn't the *light* good to-day?) Yes, but it is I, H., my (you mean *you* are not in good trim, George?) No no I Hart no, H. I Hart (I see, Hart is dull, Hart can't do so well.) [H. is the initial of Hart's real name. 1898. This date, often repeated, is of additional annotations made shortly before publication. H.H.] [Thump with fist. Much thumping with fist during sitting indicative of assent at different times.] ... Will they send my body on to New York? (I don't know.) I hope they will. They are now talking about it." [I learned later that the desirability of taking the body to America was discussed.] ' "When I asked, 'Why didn't George tell me to begin with?' he replied, 'because I told him to let me come and tell myself.' This was like Hart, and so was the statement quoted above that it was he who brought G. P. first."

It will be remembered that G. P. first appeared to Hart as sitter. It is worth noting that as G. P. had in the "other world" no intimate friend in the habit of communicating, it took a month to put in an appearance here through Phinuit, but Hart, on arriving there, at once communicated through his intimate friend, the practised communicator G. P., to his other intimate friend Hodgson, and apparently was enabled or assisted by G. P., to communicate himself. This fits in with the general drift of suggestion. In time we may know what weight to attach to it. It certainly raises the sort of presumption that invites a faith that the "evidential" difficulties will sometime be explained. Hodgson resumes:

(Pr.XIII,357f.): "In my previous report on Mrs. Piper's trance (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII) in discussing the claims of Phinuit to be a 'spirit' and to be in communication with the 'deceased' friends of sitters, I urged that there were almost insuperable objections to the supposition that such 'deceased' persons were in direct communication with Phinuit, *at least in anything like the fullness of their personality*.... I am now fully convinced that there has been such actual communication through Mrs. Piper's trance, but that the communication has been subject to certain unavoidable limitations, the general nature of which I shall shortly indicate.... With the advent of the G. P. intelligence, the development of the automatic writing, and the use of the hand by scores of other alleged communicators, the problem has assumed a very different aspect. The dramatic form has become an integral part of the phenomenon. With the hand writing and the voice speaking at the same time on differ-

ent subjects and with different persons, with the hand writing on behalf of different communicators at the same sitting, with different successive communicators using the hand at the same sitting, as well as at different sittings, it is difficult to resist the impression that there are here actually concerned various different and distinct and individually coherent streams of consciousness. To the person unfamiliar with a series of these later sittings, it may seem a plausible hypothesis that perhaps one secondary personality might do the whole work, might use the voice and write contemporaneously with the hand. ["If you believe that, you'll believe anything." H.H.] . . . I do not, however, think it at all likely that he would continue to think it plausible after witnessing and studying the numerous coherent groups of memories connected with different persons, the characteristic emotional tendencies distinguishing such different persons, the excessive complication of the acting required, and the absence of any apparent bond of union for the associated thoughts and feelings indicative of each individuality, save some persistent basis of that individuality itself."

(Pr.XIII,360): "I do not find any evidence tending to show that the bond of continuity in the case of the most successful communicators depends for its existence upon the minds of living persons. . . . The mixtures of truth and error bear no *discernible* relation to the consciousness of the sitters, but suggest the action of another intelligence groping confusedly among its own remembrances. And as further light appears in this confused groping, the bonds of association appear more and more to be traceable to no other assignable personality than that of the deceased. It is not this or that isolated piece of private knowledge merely, not merely this or that supernormal perception of an event occurring elsewhere, not merely this or that subtle emotional appreciation for a distant living friend,—but the union of all these in a coherent personal plan *with responsive intellect and character* [Italics mine. H.H.] that suggests the specific identity once known to us in a body incarnate."

(Pr.XIII,361f.): "'Why,' they [objectors] will say, 'if incarnate persons are really communicating, do they not give us much more evidence? . . . Take the communications as a whole, and we find them coming very far short indeed of what we should expect from the real friends who once lived with us.'"

"It may well be that the aptitude for communicating clearly may be as rare as the gifts that make a great artist, or a great mathematician, or a great philosopher. [Why not a great medium? H.H.] . . . It may well be that, owing to the change connected with death itself, the 'spirit' may at first be much confused, and such confusion may last for a long time. . . . If my own ordinary body could be preserved in its present state, and I could absent myself from it for days or months or years, and continue my existence under another set

of conditions altogether, and if I could then return to my own body, it might well be that I should be very confused and incoherent at first in my manifestations by means of it. How much more would this be the case were I to return to *another* human body. . . . Now the communicators through Mrs. Piper's trance exhibit precisely the kind of confusion and incoherence which it seems to me we have some reason *à priori* to expect if they are actually what they claim to be. And G. P. himself appeared to be well aware of this. Thus he wrote on February 15th, 1894:—

“Remember we share and always shall have our friends in the dream-life, *i.e.*, your life so to speak, which will attract us forever and ever, and so long as we have any friends *sleeping* in the material world;—you to us are more like as we understand sleep, you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you, we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself asleep. [Is this the twaddle that so many friends say G. P. could not have talked? H.H.] This is just why we make mistakes as you call them, or get confused and muddled, so to put it, H. [R. H. repeats in his own language.] Your thoughts do grasp mine. Well now you have just what I have been wanting to come and make clear to you, H., old fellow. (It is quite clear.) Yes, you see I am more awake than asleep, yet I cannot come just as I am in reality, independently of the medium's light. (You come much better than the others.) Yes, because I am a little nearer and not less intelligent than some others here.”

(Pr.XIII,371f.): “The complex mass of manifestations falls into systematic order if we relate them to the supposed still existing personalities of the dead, and they fall into no systematic order in relation to the consciousnesses of the living. There are perturbations in the results which vary according to the invisible personalities who claim to be there, and not according to visible living persons.

“The sitter who hopes for a communication from a ‘deceased’ friend can scarcely expect to get it unless his thoughts and emotions are directed towards that friend with longing sympathy. [I got at least the semblance without any thought of who was to communicate, and shut off any communication that threatened to come from anyone specially dear to me. But perhaps I did not need any ‘longing sympathy,’ as Phinuit says I am a medium. H.H.] It may well be supposed that such a friend though living in ‘another world’ may be conscious of such an appeal, but it would be unreasonable to suppose that the ‘dead’ are perpetually waiting upon the living, whether the latter are longing for their presence or not. And it may even be that the state of mind of some persons is actually repellent to the efforts which their ‘deceased’ friends make to communicate, as I have witnessed, I believe, on more than one occasion.

"There are of course many cases where communicators appear who were not in the conscious minds of the sitters, and these taken together point as a group to the existence of independent intelligences.... [Once as] Mrs. Piper was coming out of the trance, the voice shouted excitedly, 'Tell Aleck Bousser [pseudonym]... not to leave them alone.' Miss Edmunds [the sitter] knew nothing of Aleck Bousser, but he was well-known to me.... I sent the message immediately to A. B., and received the following reply:—

"There certainly do happen to be some people I just was happening to have been debating about in my own mind in a way that makes your short message perfectly significant and natural. I am sorry thus to be obliged to feed your credulity, for I hate your spirits.'

"..... That Madame Elisa should select some significant circumstance in connection with living friends or relatives is intelligible; but to suppose that a fragment of Mrs. Piper's personality selects it is not intelligible,—it is not explanatory, and suggests no order."

Of confused communications from persons who had had long illnesses or disordered minds, he says (Pr. XIII, 375f.) :

"To suppose that the mass of facts associated in my mind, supraliminal and subliminal, with A., and bound by strong sympathy, should result in incoherencies of expression from 'A.' when contemporary communications from other persons were clear, is not explanatory. The circumstances suggest a confusion in the actual communicator A., and when we remember that his head frequently troubled him for some years before his death, and when we find a similar confusion manifesting itself in connection with other communicators who suffered for a long time under confusing bodily conditions, the facts begin to fall into order.... Prolonged bodily disturbance, especially if associated with mental disturbance, in the communicator while living, seems invariably to be followed by confusion in his early attempts at communication....."

"In all these cases the confusion persisted through varying conditions of Mrs. Piper's trance, and while clear communications were received from other persons; and yet, so far as the sitters' minds were concerned, there seemed no assignable reason why the communications were not clear originally, or did not soon become clear, if dependent upon living persons.... We get all varieties of communication; some of them, purporting to come from persons who when living were much mentally disturbed, suggesting the incoherency of delirium; others of them, purporting to come from persons who have been dead very many years, suggesting a fainter dreaminess; others, purporting to come from persons recently deceased whose minds have been clear, showing a corresponding clearness in communication...."

My own conclusion as to what might be anticipated in such cases, where the communicators when living suffered from prolonged bodily weakness or extreme mental disturbance, is a late induction of my own, forced upon me by experience, and strengthened by various statements of the communicators themselves concerning the causes of confusion."

(Pr.XIII,377f.): "Again, that persons just 'deceased' should be extremely confused and unable to communicate directly, or even at all, seems perfectly natural after the shock and wrench of death. Thus in the case of Hart (p. 517), he was unable to write the second day after death. In another case (Pr.XIII,440) a friend of mine, whom I may call D., wrote, with what appeared to be much difficulty, his name and the words, 'I am all right now. Adieu,' within two or three days of his death. In another case, F., a near relative of Madame Elisa (Pr.XIII,335), was unable to write on the morning after his death.¹ On the second day after, when a stranger was present with me for a sitting, he wrote two or three sentences, saying, 'I am too weak to articulate clearly,' and not many days later he wrote fairly well and clearly, and dictated also to Madame Elisa, as amanuensis, an account of his feelings at finding himself in his new surroundings. Both D. and F. became very clear in a short time. D. communicated later on frequently, both by writing and speech, chiefly the latter, and showed always an impressively marked and characteristic personality. Hart, on the other hand, did not become so clear till many months later. I learned long afterwards that his illness had been much longer and more fundamental than I had supposed.

¹ [NOTE.]—The notice of his death was in a Boston morning paper, and I happened to see it on my way to the sitting. The first writing of the sitting came from Madame Elisa, without my expecting it. She wrote clearly and strongly, explaining that F. was there with her, but unable to speak directly, that she wished to give me an account of how she had helped F. to reach her. She said that she had been present at his death-bed, and had spoken to him, and she repeated what she had said, an unusual form of expression, and indicated that he had heard and recognized her. This was confirmed in detail in the only way possible at that time, by a very intimate friend of Madame Elisa and myself, and also of the nearest surviving relative of F. I showed my friend the account of the sitting, and to this friend, a day or two later, the relative, who was present at the death-bed, stated spontaneously that F. when dying said that he saw Madame Elisa who was speaking to him, and he repeated what she was saying. The expression so repeated, which the relative quoted to my friend, was that which I had received from Madame Elisa through Mrs. Piper's trance, when the death-bed incident was of course entirely unknown to me."

(Pr.XIII,380): "There is often a confusion in result which

is not the confusion of the communicator's mind. ∴ Thus when 'Mrs. Mitchell' was requested to repeat words which we had difficulty in deciphering, she wrote:—

“‘No, I can't, it is too much work and too weakening, and I cannot repeat—you must help me and I will prove myself to you. I cannot collect my thoughts to repeat sentences to you. My darling husband, I am not away from you, but right by your side. Welcome me as you would if I were with you in the flesh and blood body. [Sitter asks for test.] ... I cannot tell myself just how you hear me, and it bothers me a little... how do you hear me speak, dear, when we speak by thought only? But your thoughts do not reach me at all when I am speaking to you, but I hear a strange sound and have to half guess.’

“[H.] Of such confusions as I have indicated above I cannot find any satisfactory explanation in 'telepathy from the living,' but they fall into a rational order when related to the personalities of the 'dead.’”

(Pr.XIII,382f.): “Much light seems to me to have been thrown upon Phinuit's mistakes and obscurities and general method of trying to get at facts, in what were on the whole bad sittings, by comparison of the results obtained from the various communicators writing directly or using G. P. as amanuensis; and I feel pretty sure that much of Phinuit's 'fishing' was due to the confusions of the more or less comatose communicators whose minds had let loose, so to speak, a crowd of earthly memories. And in cases where we should *a priori* be led to expect that the communicators would certainly not be confused, or, if they were confused, the confusion would not make much difference, Phinuit was particularly successful. These cases, in which there was also a little direct communication with the voice, seem to me to afford a special argument in themselves in favor of the 'spirit' hypothesis. They may be contrasted with the type of extreme failures which I have connected with chronic morbid habits or disruptive dominant ideas. The cases I refer to are those of little children recently deceased.”

This seems to me a very strong point. Its force will be realized by most of those who read the Sutton and Thaw sittings. Phinuit, “the preposterous old scoundrel,” is eminently “the children's friend.”

(Pr.XIII,390): “In very good sittings of the old type, the sitter's surname was rarely given. What is it, then, that in the G. P. communications happened to give the surnames of the particular group of persons known to G. P.? What is it that selected the thirty persons recognized as G. P.'s friends and knew their appropriate relations with G. P. living? Why should the supposed Mrs. Piper's telepathic power succeed so strangely with these G. P. recognitions, and be so failing and uncertain in

the case of so many persons who happened to be unknown to G. P. living? What was it that picked out the old associations of Marte and the club with Mr. Smith, and yet, with all this supposed telepathic capacity failed to recognize Miss Warner, who had changed so much that G. P. living would probably not have recognized her, but who knew well herself, as I did also, that she had met G. P. in years gone by? . . . It suggests the existence of something which has the perceptions and memories of G. P. . . . Otherwise we must make some such extraordinary supposition as that all G. P.'s friends were good telepathic agents with Mrs. Piper as percipient, and . . . that they showed this united telepathic capacity only as regards their relations with G. P."

(Pr. XIII, 367): "It will be obvious, I think, upon such considerations as these, and similar ones, that the confusion and failure which we find in Mrs. Piper's trance communications, are so far from being what we should *not* expect, that they are exactly what we *should* expect, if the alleged spirits are communicating."

Hodgson sums up his conclusions as follows (Pr. XIII, 391f.):

"The persistent failures of many communicators under varying conditions; the first failures of other communicators who soon develop into clearness in communicating, and whose first attempts apparently can be made much clearer by the assistance of persons professing to be experienced communicators; the special bewilderment, soon to disappear, of communicators shortly after death and apparently in consequence of it; the character of the specific mental automatisms manifest in the communications; the clearness of remembrance in little children recently deceased as contrasted with the forgetfulness of childish things shown by communicators who died when children many years before,—all present a definite relation to the personalities alleged to be communicating, and are exactly what we should expect if they are actually communicating under the conditions of Mrs. Piper's trance manifestations. The results fit the claim.

"On the other hand these are not the results which we should expect on the hypothesis of telepathy from the living. That persons who must be assumed on this hypothesis to be good agents otherwise, should fail continuously and repeatedly with certain persons as 'communicators'; that first communicators of a clearer type should show, especially when themselves professedly directly communicating, the peculiar strangeness which they do even to experienced agents who are familiar with the *modus operandi* of the communication; that there should be a special temporary bewilderment shown in cases immediately after death and that this should be followed in a few days by a comparatively complete clearness in various cases where there is

no assignable change in the agent (unless it were a *diminution* of his telepathic power); that there should be specific mental automatisms which suggest, not the mind of the supposed agent, or the mind of the supposed percipient, but the mind of the 'deceased' person; that memories of little children recently deceased should have a special telepathic agency,—such results we have no reason to expect from what we know or have reason to surmise concerning telepathic action between one incarnate living person and another.

“Further there are certain kinds of successes with particular communicators connected with their knowledge and recognition of friends, shown most notably in the case of G. P., but exhibited to some extent by others also (*e.g.*, Madame Elisa and Louis R.) which suggest the recollections and continued interest in personal friends living which we should naturally expect from the alleged communicators themselves, but for which there seems to be no adequate cause in Mrs. Piper's percipient personality.

“In general, then, we may say that there are on the one hand various *limitations* in the information shown through Mrs. Piper's trance, which are *primâ facie* explicable on the assumption that it comes from the alleged communicators, and for which we can find no corresponding limitations in the minds of living persons; and on the other hand, that there are various selections of information given in connection with particular communicators, which are intelligible if regarded as made by the alleged communicators themselves, but for which discrimination there is no satisfactory explanation to be found by referring them to Mrs. Piper's personality. With one class of *deceased* persons Mrs. Piper's supposed telepathic percipience fails; with another class it succeeds; and it fails and succeeds apparently in accordance with what we should expect from the minds of the deceased, and not in accordance with what we should expect from the minds of living persons acting upon Mrs. Piper's percipient personality.... I do not think that there is evidence enough producible to make this pointing a certainty. But, so far as it goes, it suggests that the 'natural grouping' of the facts affiliates them to the personalities of the dead.....

“If the information given at the sittings, both in matter and form, was limited by the knowledge possessed by the sitters, we should have no hesitation in supposing that it was derived from their minds, telepathically or otherwise; but enough examples are cited in this report alone to show that the information given is not so limited. We must then make the arbitrary suppositions that Mrs. Piper's percipient personality gets into relation with the minds of distant living persons, (1) who are intimate friends of the sitters at the time of the sitting (*e.g.*, Pr. XIII, 297, Hart's sitting and references to the studs and the Howards, etc.), and (2) who are scarcely known, or not at all known, to the sitter (*e.g.*, MacDonough messages, p. 340, and Aleck Bousser

message, p. 372). And many of these distant living persons had, so far as they knew, never been near Mrs. Piper. These cases then compel us to assume a selective capacity in Mrs. Piper's percipient personality, and not only selective as to the occurrences themselves, but discriminative as to the related persons; that is to say, attaching the various pieces of knowledge respectively to the fictitious personalities whom, if real and living, the events in question would have concerned. If now we widen this supposed percipient personality of Mrs. Piper, and differentiate its parts so as to cover all the various successes of the communicators described in this report, with the verisimilitudes of the different personalities of the 'deceased,' and so as to cover also all the types of confusion and failure, and so as to allow for the yet increasing number of new communicators, we reach a conception which goes as far as the 'spirit' hypothesis itself."

To the point touched before—the liability of the sympathetic sitter to be fooled—Hodgson contributes as follows (Pr. XIII, 396) :

"If the investigator persistently refuses to regard the communications as coming from the sources claimed, he will not get the best results. If, on the other hand, he acts on the hypothesis that the communicators are 'spirits,' acting under adverse conditions, and if he treats them as he would a living person in a similar state, he will find an improvement in the communications. . . . To describe it as it appears, the 'spirit' in the attempt to communicate seemed like a living friend wandering in his mind owing to an accident. To clear such a person's mind we should soothe him, not bother him with questions, but let him unburden his mind of whatever his dominant ideas were, remind him of strong associations that were dear to him, express sympathy, etc., etc.; but to ask him one question after another, to put him through a cross-examination and expect him to have all the answers ready at once, would obviously not be conducive to anything but a worse confusion. And having tried the hypothesis of telepathy from the living for several years, and the 'spirit' hypothesis also for several years, I have no hesitation in affirming with the most absolute assurance that the 'spirit' hypothesis is justified by its fruits, and the other hypothesis is not."

(Pr. XIII, 398-9) : "Since Phinuit's 'departure' [explained below] the voice has been used on a few rare occasions only, and almost exclusively by communicators who purported to be relatives of the sitters, and who had used the voice before Phinuit's 'departure.' . . . But there never seemed to be any confusion between the personality using the hand, whether this was 'clear' or not, and the personality using the voice."

This consideration and those before associated with it seem

to me more for the spiritistic hypothesis than any others which we have met so far.

I may have occasion to quote farther from this Hodgson report.

We have seen the explosion of the Imperator gang. We now have the honor to assist at its reconstruction. Make out of it what you can: it's too much for me. The puzzle is that the thing *worked*. Hodgson thus refers to Professor Newbold's sittings (Pr. XIII, 408f.):

"In the summer of 1895, when a friend of mine was having a series of sittings with Mrs. Piper... statements were made by G. P. denying the so-called 'obsession by evil spirits.' My friend referred to the alleged 'Spirit Teachings' published by W. S. Moses, and... later on W. S. Moses purported to communicate. ... He was confused and incoherent... gave entirely wrong names... concerning the real identity of the Imperator, Doctor and Rector mentioned in his 'Spirit Teachings,' and failed later... to answer test-questions. ... Later still, however, he did furnish some private information unknown to the sitters and afterwards verified.....

"I pointed out to G. P. the importance of making W. S. Moses 'clear.'... The final result was that W. S. Moses professed to get the assistance of his former 'controls,' who... demanded that the control of Mrs. Piper's 'light' should be placed in their hands. ... 'Imperator' claimed that the indiscriminate experimenting with Mrs. Piper's organism should stop, that it was a 'battered and worn' machine, and needed much repairing; that 'he' with his 'assistants,' 'Doctor,' 'Rector,' &c., would repair it as far as possible, and that in the meantime other persons must be kept away. ... Phinuit's last appearance was on January 26th, 1897. Later on, other alleged 'communicators' were specified as persons who would not injure the 'light'... and various persons who have had sittings in previous years with Mrs. Piper had opportunities of being present, and... were all struck by the improvement in the clearness and coherence of the communications. ... Most remarkable has been the change in Mrs. Piper herself. ... Instead of the somewhat violent contortions... when Phinuit 'controlled,' she passes into trance calmly, easily, gently; and whereas there used to be frequently indications of dislike and shrinking when she was losing consciousness, the reverse is now the case; she seems rather to rejoice at her 'departure,' and to be in the first instance depressed and disappointed when, after the trance is over, she 'comes to herself' once more in this 'dark world' of ours. ... Various attempts by these new 'controls' to describe contemporaneous incidents occurring elsewhere in this world have been notable failures. On

the other hand there have been a few cases . . . where opportunity has been given for tests purporting to come from recently 'deceased' persons . . . the results as a whole have been much clearer and more coherent than they were in similar cases formerly. 'Imperator' occasionally purported to produce the writing, not, however, as amanuensis for any other person, and seemed to be free, in a way that no other communicator was free, from 'writing' the disturbing thoughts of other communicators. [This accords with his claim to superiority. H.H.] The chief amanuensis now purports to be 'Rector.' G. P. would occasionally write a little, making some personal inquiries, etc."

Regarding Imperator and his companions, James says something which goes to the root of the whole business, and which, though it is episodic to the Hodgson narrative, may as well be considered here (Pr. XXIII, 3) :

"Dr. Hodgson was disposed to admit the claim to reality of Rector and of the whole Imperator-Band of which he is a member, while I have rather favored 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 marvelous 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."

"With all due respect" for Professor James's opinion, I think I do "see 'a' contradiction," and I see the contradiction because, with Professor James, "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."

If the Imperator band were merely, as James suggests,

“dream creations . . . consolidated by repetition into personalities,” and if in “her own waking capacity” “compared with Rector’s” she would “fall greatly behind,” how could she make anything “consolidated by repetition” so superior to herself? How can she do better as Rector than she can as herself? The whole scheme seems to me akin to the DuPrel and Myers scheme of making a man lift himself higher than his head by his own boot-straps; and beside it the spiritistic hypothesis seems simplicity and probability themselves. But this does not prove the spiritistic hypothesis the correct one, though it does add probability to the hypothesis of the cosmic soul with telepathy of varying degrees between its individual components.

Considerable study of reports of séances, and a little experience with Foster and Mrs. Piper, have failed to give me any reason to believe that Mrs. Piper, in either the normal or the trance state, manifests, *from her own mind*, a power of characterization equal, if not superior, to any other ever manifested on earth, and a fertility certainly unequaled. She has either been the mouthpiece of actual characters, or has made many more characters than Shakespere did, including the Rector whom James so praises—all of them individual, distinct, and vivid. I fail even to see any adequate reason why, in her trance state, she should, *of herself*, manifest powers so immeasurably superior to any that she shows in her ordinary state. The simplest individual, incarnate (or discarnate?), of course manifests *himself* in a way that the most skilful dramatist could not equal, and it may well be questioned whether it is not more rational to assume that the hundreds of alleged personalities dramatized in the words and gestures of Mrs. Piper are manifestations by the personalities themselves, than that they are creations of some as yet unknown kind of genius residing in some layer of Mrs. Piper’s consciousness, and getting its material from fragments among her own memories or those of other living persons, present or remote.

Hodgson closes his report (Pr. XIII, 409) :

“It has been stated repeatedly that the ‘channel is not yet clear,’ that the machine is still in process of repair; and it has been prophesied that I shall myself return eventually to America and spend several years further in the investigation of Mrs.

Piper's trance, and that more remarkable evidence of identity will be given than any heretofore obtained."

He did return and continue his beloved work for several years. We shall meet him again in the second instalment of Professor Newbold's notes heretofore unpublished. (Chapter XXXVI.) After that we shall know him only as an alleged denizen of the spirit world, and perhaps his testimony in that capacity was part of the "more remarkable evidence of identity" promised.

CHAPTER XXXV

PROFESSOR NEWBOLD'S REPORT

IN 1891-5 Professor William Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania had twenty-six sittings with Mrs. Piper, and investigated the details of seven others held on his behalf by Hodgson. They are reported by the Professor in Pr. XIV. The report is given as Part II, Hodgson's report in Pr. XIII being Part I. It is short and attractive in both material and editing, and therefore makes Part XXXIV of Vol. XIV peculiarly available for a reader who wants merely a good specimen at first hand.

Professor Newbold says (Pr. XIV, 7) :

"With regard to the origin of the information given, I have no theory to offer. I can frame none to which I cannot myself allege unanswerable objections. . . . Even without resorting to the assumption of a telepathic relation between the sitter and the 'medium,' no one who has seen how readily an acute 'medium' will construct an appropriate 'spirit' message upon the suggestions furnished by a sitter's looks and words will be easily convinced by any such record as I here offer.

"This is a legitimate objection, and to some extent impairs the value of the evidence. . . . The alleged spirits of those who had but recently died, or who had died a violent death, or who had been bound to the sitter by strong emotional ties, nearly always display great excitement and confusion."

This fact is of course not restricted to Professor Newbold's sittings, and it may make a little for the telepathic hypothesis, as, other things even, the sitter's vivacity would be greatest regarding those most recently living. But there are obvious reasons why it makes even more for the spiritistic hypothesis. Remember this when you come to the Hodgson control. Professor Newbold continues (Pr. XIV, 9) :

"Individual scraps of information may be ascribed with some show of plausibility to a telepathic or clairvoyant origin, the arrangement of these scraps into mosaics of thought, which,

however defaced, still often irresistibly suggest the habits, tastes, and memories of some friend deceased—for this I know of no telepathic or clairvoyant analogy. For example, the demand made by 'aunt Sally' that I should identify myself by expounding the significance of 'two marriages in this case, mother and aunt grandma also,' admits of no satisfactory telepathic explanation. The fact was known to me and might have been got telepathically. But why is the dream personality of the only communicator who died in my childhood the only one who seeks to identify me?"

In this case of "Aunt Sally" G. P. says (Pr. XIV, 34f.):

"'Your aunt . . . at first she could not make you out. . . .' [Here come confused statements.] Finally the hands stops writing and motions to me. After several changes of position, which seem unsatisfactory to G. P., I get on my feet and the hand feels around the lower edge of my waistcoat, pausing to write] excuse this uncanny procedure [finally presses firmly on median line about the lowest button of my waistcoat and writes] ask mot[her?] she remembers this, Will. . . . [My aunt died of the effects of an operation for the removal of an ovarian cyst].

"There is or was two marriages in the elderly lady's family. ['Sally' was gray when she died] which they do not seem to be able to unravel just now (I understand, Mr. Pelham.) O. K. . . . just say this for their satisfaction so they may be quite sure you understand them and that you are you. [I explain that my paternal grandfather was twice married, that his second wife had a younger sister whom my father married many years after his father's death; she is my mother. The elder sister is still living, and is therefore both my aunt and my step-grandmother.] Yes, yes, yes, O. K. now you know what the aunt grandma meant together: aunt and grandma if you recall were given at the same time. [This is a very interesting incident. My grandfather died more than forty years ago, only eleven months after his second marriage. We only recognize the tie of blood, and many persons do not know that my aunt is also his widow. The supposed speaker was another sister.]"

Regarding all this Professor Newbold asks (Pr. XIV, 9-10):

"Why does she allude in so indirect a fashion to the mode of her death? Certainly no stratum of my personality would have felt hesitation in alluding to so commonplace a matter as a laparotomy, or would have lacked suitable language in which to express the allusion. . . . Why was the faded personality of this almost forgotten maiden aunt evoked at all? I was not ten years old when she died, and she had been dead twenty years. . . . Why

were these dim memories so clearly reflected, while others, far stronger, produced no effect? Why were my memories, in process of reflection, so refracted as to come seemingly not from my masculine and adult point of view but from that of a spinster aunt who could not at first recognize me with confidence, and who, taking it for granted that her little nephew of ten had not been informed as to the precise cause of her death, expected him, although grown to man's estate, to convey a very obvious allusion to his mother for interpretation without himself knowing what it meant?.....

"Evidence of this sort does not suggest telepathy, it suggests the actual presence of the alleged communicators, and if it stood alone I should have no hesitation in accepting that theory. Unfortunately it does not stand alone. It is interwoven with obscurity, confusion, irrelevancy, and error in a most bewildering fashion. I agree with Dr. Hodgson that the description given by the writers themselves of the conditions under which they are laboring would, if accepted, account for a very large part of this matter. But, even after the most generous allowance on this score, there remains much which the writers cannot explain. Easily first comes their almost total inability to observe and report the phenomena of the material world, coupled with their reiterated assertions that they can and will do so. Second should be put, perhaps, the unaccountable ignorance which they often betray of matters which upon any theory should have been well known to them. [This tends to exclude telepathy. H.H.] In the third place, the general intellectual, as distinguished from the moral and religious, tone of the more recent communications is far lower than we would expect of beings who had long enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge. Concrete descriptions of the other world can be had indeed *ad infinitum*, but of organized, systematized, conceptual knowledge there is little trace."

Perhaps their opportunities are overestimated, and perhaps it is not in the system of things that such knowledge, even if possessed by them, should reach us.

"From such inconsistent material one can draw no fixed conclusions. But there is one result which I think the investigation into Mrs. Piper's and kindred cases should achieve.... Until within very recent years the scientific world has tacitly rejected a large number of important philosophical conceptions on the ground that there is absolutely no evidence in their favor whatever. Among those popular conceptions are those of the essential independence of the mind and the body, of the existence of a supersensible world, and of the possibility of occasional communication between that world and this."

Of course there could be no direct evidence of the existence

of a supersensible world, but I hope the presumption, even as presented in the first book of this humble treatise, is not too insignificant to be worth taking into account. I may say the same of the ultimate independence of the mind and the body as suggested in my early chapters. Professor Newbold continues:

“We have here, as it seems to me, evidence that is worthy of consideration for all these points. It was well expressed by a friend of mine, a scholar who has been known for his uncompromising opposition to every form of supernaturalism.”

When people say they don't believe in “the supernatural,” what do they mean? No intelligent person would mean that there is nothing knowable in the universe but what we already know. This has been contradicted by each new acquisition of knowledge, from the amœba's first recoil from a contact, down. The only other possible meanings seem to be the infrequent one that there is no intelligence but the incarnate one we know, and the more frequent meaning that human intelligence can have no communication with any other intelligence than the incarnate. Poets, musicians, and nature-lovers are not apt to admit the claim. An “opposition to every form of supernaturalism” is a pretty big undertaking.

Professor Newbold goes on (pp. 10-11) to say that his friend, who was opposed “to every form of supernaturalism,” “had a sitting with Mrs. Piper, at which very remarkable disclosures were made, and shortly afterwards said to me, in effect, ‘Scientific men cannot say much longer that there is no evidence for a future life. I have said it, but I shall say it no longer; I know now that there is evidence, for I have seen it. I do not believe in a future life. I regard it as one of the most improbable of theories. The evidence is scanty and ambiguous and insufficient, but it is evidence and it must be reckoned with.’”

The alleged spirit of a friend, “F. A. M.,” said to Professor Newbold (Pr. XIV, 14):

“‘Billie what are you doing here.’ [hand reaches up and feels my face, strokes, and grasps my beard, pats me appreciatingly, and writes] changed a little. [I had seen F. A. M. only once in about five years. Prior to that I wore a mustache only. On that one occasion we took dinner together and I then wore a beard. The hand throughout betrayed a great deal of emotional excitement which, as well as the affectionate expressions, was very unlike the F. A. M. whom I had known.]”

I have an impression that the controls generally show much more affection than their professed originals did in life. G. P. certainly did with me. It reminds me of a phenomenon I had often noticed: at the clubs, on returning to town after the summer, you can generally tell which men have been abroad, by the unusual effusiveness of their greeting. This seems to make for the genuineness of the controls. At a sitting two days later, says Professor Newbold (Pr. XIV, 16):

“While G. P. was writing Phinuit was talking to me [*i.e.*, the medium had two controls at once. See p. 462. H.H.] Several times he made remarks such as, ‘Now, don’t be in a hurry, you’ll have plenty of time to talk soon,’ which I could not understand. I asked him what he meant, saying that I was not in a hurry and never said I was. To this Phinuit replied that he was talking to a young man in the spirit who was in a great hurry to begin communicating.”

After much interesting matter, the young man says (p. 17):

“‘Do you know, dear fellows, you will ever be rewarded for helping me to reach you in this light and trying to free my poor imprisoning mind. [R. H. explains this remark to us. Writer is struck with his ready comprehension.] Yes... Yes, exactly, sir,—who are you?— I cannot touch you sir, or reach you, sir. [R. H. moves his head forward; hand feels his head.] Do not know you sir.’ [It is explained who R. H. is.]”

The idea of *Mrs. Piper* not knowing Hodgson strikes one as very funny. Those who call the whole exhibition fraudulent would at least admit this to be very good play-acting. The same young man continues (p. 17):

“‘Ever since then I have been trying to reach you, Dick. [Brother present. H.H.] I saw a light and many faces beckoning me on and trying to comfort me, showing and assuring me I should soon be all right, and almost instantly I found I was. Then I called for you, and tried to tell you all,—where I was... after all)) after all, sir,—put this)) after the word all) [N. guesses at meaning.] Not at all... after the) after the) [meaning understood, *viz*, comma after *all*.] Yes, I never used to write badly, what’s the matter with me now, Dick, don’t I write well?’”

Perhaps these trivialities may be more apocalyptic than they seem: for they indicate pretty strongly that there is something more than telepathy at work. The sitting concludes:

““ Oh, Dick, I did not mean to do anything wrong . . . stick . . . yes, sir, I will go in presently. (R. H.: You mean *out*.) Out, sir . . . Dick . . . love to Ma . . . Dick, God bless you and B. always . . . must I go . . . good bye . . . not good bye . . . not good bye. I'll see you again . . . fid' [find?] P [?] H. [Hand takes pencil again later, and writes Pistol.] [D. M.: Death resulted from a pistol shot.]”

Is this drama telepathy?

At a later sitting on June 26, 1894, Phinuit said (Pr. XIV, 25):

““ Oh, Hodgson, if you only knew what people said of you here! (What do they say, doctor?) They say you are a brute, Hodgson. I tell you that lady [a control. H.H.] won't come back for you now. Why did you speak so roughly to her. [H. expresses his regret and says it was necessary that she should go and she did not do so when asked, etc.] You ought to coax and not drive her away. George and I have been trying to coax her to come but her feelings are hurt and I do not believe that she will.”

Is this telepathy?

CASE IX. (Pr. XIV, 36f.)

W. Stainton Moses.

“ [At the sitting of June 19th, 1895, (Present: W. R. N.) George Pelham was telling me how the future state of the soul is affected by its earthly life]—It is only the body that sins and not the soul (Does the soul carry with it into its new life all its passions and animal appetites?) Oh no indeed, not at all. Why my good friend and scholar you would have this world of ours a decidedly material one if it were so. (Do you know of Stainton Moses?) No, not very much. Why? (Did you ever know of him or know what he did?) I only have an idea from having met him here. (Can you tell me what he said?) No, only that he was W. Stainton Moses. I found him for 'E.' and Hodgson. [E. was the alleged spirit of Edmund Gurney. Why couldn't he find Moses for himself? My old friend George Pelham seems to have succeeded Mercury as general messenger—about the last function I should have expected him to venture. H.H.] (Did you tell Hodgson this?) I do not think so. (Did he say anything about his mediumship?) No. (His writings claimed that the soul carried with it all its passions and appetites and was very slowly purified of them.) It is all untrue. (And that the souls of the bad hover over the earth goading sinners on to their own destruction.) *Not so*. Not at [all] so. I claim to understand this and it is emphatically *not so*. Sinners are sinners only in one life.

“ [The next day, June 20th, I said] (Can you bring Stainton

Moses here?) I will do my best. (Is he far advanced?) Oh no, I should say *not*. He will have to think for awhile *yet*. (What do you mean?) Well, have you forgotten all I told you before? (You mean about progression by repentance?) Certainly I do. (Wasn't he good?) Yes, but not perfect by any means. (Was he a true medium?) *True, yes, very true*. (Had he light?) Yes. (Yet not all true?) Yes, but his light was very true, yet he made a great many mistakes and deceived himself. [The reader is advised to have in mind these qualifications. H.H.] [At the close of the sitting I said:] (I want to see Stainton Moses.) Well, if I do not bring him do not be disappointed, because I will if I can find him.

"[On the 21st, I asked again about Stainton Moses.] I cannot bring Stainton Moses because he is not in my surroundings yet. (Can you explain this further?) Well, of course I cannot bring every known person here just when you wish. (How about your surroundings?) This is a large sphere. I have the doctor after him now. [To some forgotten question] No, wait patiently and I will wake him up when he arrives. (Is he asleep?) Oh, B—— you are stupid I fear at times, your mind is like a lightening... machine... I do not mean wake him up in a material sense. (Nor did I.) Well then, old man, don't be wasting light. (I'm not wasting light but I'm bound to find out what you mean.) Well, this is what I wish also. (Stainton Moses has been nearly three years in the spirit—a long time.) Yes. (Do you mean to say that he is not yet free from confusion?) No. (Do you mean that he will be confused in getting at the medium?) Certainly, a little, this is why I use the expression, wake him up.

"[On the 22nd, Phinuit said], do you know Billie, George is talking to such a funny looking man; he has a long double coat with a large collar and cape,—a long beard, large eyes with drooping lids, [fairly shouts with laughter] [i.e. Phinuit does. H.H.]"

And now who should turn up but our old friend Stainton Moses? The description just given, and what follows, left me with the impression of an almost comical figure of an eccentric recluse. That figure was not out of accord with what I knew before, or with the strong and almost majestic portrait of Moses after death, in Pr. IX. Judge my surprise, then, on getting over a copy of Moses's *Spirit Teachings*, to find the portrait of Moses which serves as frontispiece that of a man turned out by a very good tailor and very good barber, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. The book contains also a portrait of him at about G. P.'s age at death.

Since I wrote that last sentence, I have received an argu-

ment for spiritism beside which all others I know seem, for the moment at least, to sink into comparative insignificance, and all against it to impotence. I took the younger portrait to my wife, who is a remarkable judge of likenesses and draws them well, covered the lower part of the long beard with my hand, and asked her whose portrait it was. She said: "Hodgson." I said: "No: look again." She said: "It isn't George Pelham, is it?" I said: "No, but it's much more like him than Hodgson: it has George's softer and more contemplative expression, and lacks Hodgson's air of resolution." She answered: "Yes, perhaps you're right." The difference of expression prevented my being reminded of Hodgson at all.

The three most prominent alleged delegates, then, from the world beyond our present ordinary senses to the world of sense, are the alleged discarnate souls of three men who, when here, looked so much alike that a portrait of one of them was thought by an expert to be a portrait of either of the two others. The implication is so startling that at first I find it confusing, as perhaps the reader will, and he therefore may not think it banal for me to try to put it in terms.

Suppose a body of explorers to be divided in a storm. Communication would be restored by those having certain qualities of voice, and certain ingenuities in the construction and use of signals—fires, torches, heliographs, etc. The men having these qualities would inevitably have certain qualities of countenance in common, and the more the qualities required for the special means employed are peculiar, arduous, and pervasive of the entire character, the more alike the inevitable effects of character on countenance. It does not then seem a forced conclusion that if the methods employed were very peculiar and difficult, the few men able to use them would have extraordinary points of physiognomical resemblance.

Now if bodily death is but a separation of discarnate spirits from incarnate, and if communication between the respective bands is difficult—so difficult as to be possible to but a few, and through a few mediums, we would have in that regard just the conditions of our separated explorers—a few "spirits" able to communicate, and a few persons able to

act as mediums for the communications. Moreover, the few communicators would have in common a rare and marked set of psychical characteristics which, during their earthly careers, would have been attended by marked physiognomical characteristics in common—they would have looked alike. Now that characteristic of the men on earth was so marked in the faces of Moses, George Pelham, and Hodgson, that, as already remarked, an expert says that a portrait of any one of them serves well for either of the others. Does this not lead directly to a presumption that the communications alleged to proceed through Moses here, and from him and G. P. and Hodgson hereafter, the latter communications abounding in the characteristics which marked the men here, are really what they purport to be? Does telepathy or teloteropathy or a medium's divided personality offer credentials nearly as strong as this one? Is not the force of all apparent objections to the communications being what they profess, materially diminished by this circumstance? I confess that it throws a heavy weight into the spiritistic side of the scales that I have been holding with varying ups and downs for many years.

Since writing the foregoing, I have shown my wife another portrait, first covering an unusually heavy mustache. She said: "Well, I suppose it's another one of Hodgson or George. But of course I'm sophisticated in saying that, after what you have just told me about the first portrait. But according to the clearest judgment I can form, it would do for either George or Hodgson, or the original of the portrait you showed me before."

It was Foster!

Some hours later I showed her another portrait, asking her if it reminded her of anybody. "Why, Hodgson!" she exclaimed.

It was Stainton Moses—the frontispiece I have already described. I had, you remember, previously shown her only the younger portrait. She knew Hodgson, by the way, long before his death, and had not seen him during his last years.

The resemblance of the other men to Foster, of course adds to the probability of all being genuine communicators, but I have not learned of Foster's alleged spirit communicating from the other side. His failure to show up may have some-

thing to do with the fact that at his death all his faculties had disappeared in connection with softening of the brain. But one rebels at the idea that if there be a survival of death, his strange genius and kindly nature should not have a part in it—a greater part than that of commonplace souls.

I should add that the resemblance between these four men is more marked in the black-and-white portraits than it was in life. Hodgson was sandy-haired before he grew gray, and burly. His eyes were bluish. Foster was burly, dark-haired, dark-eyed. George Pelham was small and slight, with dark hair and light eyes. Moses was burly.

I have often wondered why, of all people who have died since G. P. reached maturity, he should have been the one to show up through, or be shown up by, Mrs. Piper. In habits and appearance he was an exceptionally unobtrusive personality. In a roomful of people he was perhaps the last one to impress a stranger or be engaged with a friend, except as his presence became noticed through his ingenious and tenacious support of some theory opposed to the convictions of the majority. If the room were not full, but shared with him by only a few congenial persons, his presence would at once be felt as of value. Had he lived longer, his literary and philosophical tastes might have made him widely known. He had a few close and warm friends in intellectual circles in both New York and Boston, but to the world in general he died unknown, and to the average members of the more intelligent polite world who were friends of his exceptionally prominent family—historic on both sides, he was the retiring, somewhat eccentric, comparatively unknown member.

If the men of his grade of intellect in New York and Boston had been called upon to pick out the one of themselves most apt to be determined by natural selection for the place he has filled in the annals of *Psychical Research*, he would have been as apt as anybody to be at the foot of the poll.

And now the mystery of his being placed by Nature in the first rank, has been provisionally explained: his resemblance to Moses, Hodgson, and Foster shows that he had the same qualities which made them leaders in that mysterious department on earth, and has continued either reflections of them

(with the exception of Foster) or their surviving personalities, as leaders since they departed from the sight of men. What, then, are the implications from their common resemblance and their common alleged communications after death with survivors?

One theory is that, although G. P., as above explained, did not usually impress himself at all, that type of man does so impress himself upon virtually everyone he meets that hardly one of them can sit with the "medium" who happens to have lately been first, without making her act as if she were herself the man of that type with whom the sitter had come into contact—or, more improbable still, that although Mrs. Piper had seen G. P. but once (when probably she didn't see him, being in trance most if not all of the time that he was present), after his death, years later, there was a period of still more years during which hardly anybody could be near her in trance without making her act and talk like G. P.

Between these positions on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the position that a surviving G. P., and not the sitter or her memories, was the cause of Mrs. Piper's phenomena, there seems as yet no other position visible. Regarding which is the less strained of the positions that are visible, the reader will have his impressions, as I have mine. But suspension of judgment is still in order.

To return to Professor Newbold's Piper-Moses séance. Phinuit continues (Pr. XIV, 37f.):

"George is shaking his fingers at me. He sent me after that gentleman. I found him in another part of our world. (Far away?) It would be a long way to you Billie but not so far to me. George had difficulty in having him come but they had a long talk and George made it all right with him. He didn't understand what we wished of him. (Who is he?) I don't know his name. George called me and sent me after him—you understand Billie—said: "You go and find him for me, doctor." (How did you know whom he wanted?) He said, "I want you to find a friend of mine who used to be a medium in the body," used the light, you know. Oh he has a great deal of light, more than anybody. (Do spirits have light too?) What d'you mean Billie? Spirits are all light. (I mean does a person who has light in the body have in the spirit also more light than others?) Yes indeed. (Tell me how George made you know whom he wanted.) He described him. (And his influence?) Of course.

(You know it's very hard for us to believe in spirits at all. Do you remember your life on earth, doctor?) Oh yes, but I've been here a very long time. (Did you believe in spirits while you were on earth?) [Phinuit gives a short derisive laugh.] Not much. Not I. (Then you should sympathize with us.) Oh, I can't put myself in your place.' [The above description of S. M. answers to the notion I had of him at the time, derived from portraits.]”

Professor Newbold had apparently seen portraits made under the auspices of a different tailor and a different barber from those concerned in the frontispiece of the latest edition of *Spirit Teachings*.

“ [G. P. writing:] ‘Here is Stainton Moses, do you wish to see him? (Yes.) Well, now let me give you a bit of advice. Speak slowly and distinctly, making sure that you articulate properly, or in other words well. (I know my articulation is very bad.) Yes, then he will answer to me all questions distinctly. You see he is talking to me now. Fire away. (Tell him I have read with interest his book, *Spirit Teachings*, but find in it statements apparently inconsistent with what you say, and I would like to know his explanation of the fact.) Believe you in me and my teachings? [Moses has taken hold, or G. P. repeats for him. His quaint phraseology peters out before the end of their interviews. H.H.] (I was much impressed with them, Mr. Moses, especially as your statements and Mr. Pelham's agree in the main. But how about the inconsistencies?) Contradict the genuine statements made by our friend Pelham, whom I am delighted to meet. (I did not say contradict, although it appears so. Can you explain them?) I do not understand your question. (Will you explain these seeming contradictions?) What are they, please sir? (You taught that evil spirits tempt sinners to their own destruction.) I have found out differently since I came over here. This particular statement given me by my friends as their medium when I was in the body is *not true*. (The second is that the soul carries its passions and appetites with it.) Material passions. UN—*true*. It is not so. I have found out the difference. (Thank you.) Not at all. (Would you like to make any other corrections in your book?) There are a few. One is I believe that our thoughts were practically the same here as in the body, *i.e.*, that we had every desire after reaching this life as when it... but I find that we leave all such behind, in other words it dies with the body. You will understand I do not mean thoughts, but only evil [thoughts]. [All this corresponds with G. P.'s statement to me, and several others. H.H.] (Are you willing to give me as tests the names of your ‘guides.?’) Guides, well I object to the expression. [He uses it himself freely four days

later. H.H.] (Indeed.) I do now, yet I did not before. (These names have never been made public since your death. If you are willing to give them I would be glad to know.) I will give you one. [I hand a new pencil. Hand turns and twists it some moments before writing.] Pencil—well, well—oh I see. (Who was 'Rector?') Dr. — (I repeat, Dr. —?) Yes sir. Rector applied for convenience instead of Dr. — (You mean the true name of the spirit Rector was Dr. —?) I do mean just this, but I had no authority to speak of Rector as Dr. — (But there was another spirit known as Doctor.) I was obliged to distinguish one from the other according to their wish. (Who was the spirit 'Doctor?') X— [X supplied by me, as the dashes alone were confusing. H.H.] (Indeed. No one will be told of this save Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson.) Thanks. (May I tell the latter?) Certainly sir, if he is reliable. (He is.) I'll ask Mr. Pelham... Certainly sir. X— was a very good man sir and was always with me. Have you these? Did you hear me? (Yes. Now are you willing to tell me the name of 'Imperator' also?) Well, I have never divulged this name to anyone. I'll think it over and let you know. [Moses professed to have divulged it to Myers. H.H.] (These names have never been made public and they will afford excellent proof of your identity.) I understand sir... I know Albert... I do—never mind... this had to do with... understand... (How about the physical phenomena produced through you?) It was not done by any effort of mine or on my part. (Could such be produced through this medium?) [They never have been. H.H.] Oh I do not know sir. Generally the intelligences have their own phases sir and work accordingly. (In your book, Mr. Moses, you made certain statements about some historical personages, such as Abraham, Moses, the Prophets, and Jesus Christ. Do you wish to modify any of these?) *Not at all* (All are true?) To the letter sir (You recollect nothing else in your book that you would desire to change?) *Not at all sir* (Have you any messages to send to friends?) I have had a wonderful experience here sir and I am extremely happy and I consider myself extremely fortunate sir to have been brought here by this gentleman... Spear [I spell it, s p e a r. Hand writes] e (Oh you mean s p e e r?) Certainly... letter... my thoughts are not quite clear, sir, yet... Speer... I have a friend... recollection of speer [Writing is growing dreamy. I say] (You mean Charlton T. Speer, the musician?) [Cf. p. 189. H.H.] [Excitement and pounding.] Yes, yes, why certainly, give my love to my affectionate brother worker in the body, my dearest love, *love*... yes sir, I do wish to give it very much this reaches every chord in my soul sir. (Do you remember Mr. F. W. H. Myers?) Oh I think I do sir. Are you he? (No. I am a stranger to you. He is editing and publishing some of your MSS.) *Good, good, good*... I think I do... thanks sir for giving me this informa-

tion regarding my book (I wished those names as proof of your identity.) [Question misunderstood] Certainly I am Stanton [only one stroke for n] Moses. (Do you remember Richard Hodgson?) No, I think not sir, are you he? (No. But he was a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research while you were.) [At or about the word 'Society' the hand displayed great excitement.] [It will be remembered that Moses broke with the society. H.H.] Of course I remember him. (He went to America.) Yes, I remember he went there some time ago. (You are now in America, near Boston.) Well, I longed to go to America and this will open up a great field to me. (Good-bye. Will you come again and speak to Dr. Hodgson?) I am of course a little strange here, yet nothing would give me greater pleasure than to prove to the world my identity I am sure. I was a great sufferer physically and I could not do altogether as I wished in consequence, yet I am strong and well here and as I can see through this light clearly I should be pleased to help you all. (You will come again?) Yes sir. (And then explain the reason for your mistakes?) Certainly sir. Oh I am so pleased to return.' [Further writing, on personal matters, by G. P. At the close of the sitting Phinuit returns. Speaks with difficulty] 'George has been teaching that man a lesson, showing him how to use the light.'

"[Sitting of June 24th, 1895. Present: R. H. and W. R. N. Mrs. Piper goes into trance easily, without the usual struggles. [Suggestive, as she is coming under the control of a powerful influence, that she should do so with special ease. H.H.] R. H. remarks that this is a new control. Her hands move aimlessly about, touching her eyebrows and temples with the finger tips and feeling Hodgson's face. Gasps, peculiar rattling in her throat, her face is very much contorted. [These are not "the usual struggles." H.H.] Ineffectual attempts to speak, finally gasps out] 'Moses [Hodgson encourages communicator. Head nods] (H.: I'm Hodgson.) [Head nods, she groans and grunts, hands move about. Right hand begins to write. R. H. asking questions] I am W. Stainton Moses I am he in reality. Oh my dear sir I am so very delighted to find this bright path to earth. (I'm very glad indeed.) I am here in every organ of a human body. (Yes, you're occupying the medium's body.) I am a medium also. (Yes, we know.) I did see my spirits plainly. How strange you look. Are you still in the life on earth? (Yes.) You must necessarily be I am sure. (Yes.) Do you remember one of our friends and fellow workers Dr. Wallace? (You mean Alfred R. Wallace?) Certainly, very well, my friend Wallace. (In the body?) Yes, give him my love. (I will certainly.) Also Myers (Yes indeed) whom I remember well. [Four days before, he said: "I think I do." H.H.] (Yes I certainly will) all right. I had a spirit once named Wallace. You never knew — did you? (No I didn't.) He was one of

my guides when on earth. (What name did you give him, *i.e.*, —.) Rector, and not Dr. as I had explained to some friend of yours. Rector was — (—?) *Yes* distinctly, he was Rector. (Who was Doctor?) Not Wallace, but a Dr. — whom I used to know at college. [R. H. pronounces and spells the name over.] *Yes* sir. It is very singular how the names of my former friends and guides run in my mind... run through my mind just now, at this moment. (Mr. Moses, I wish to tell you something that will interest you. Mr. F. W. H. Myers, whom you knew) quite (has been publishing a full account of your life experiences in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychological Research.) *Viz.*, S.P.R....good... oh glad I am to meet you here... I will help you in your work. (We shall be glad indeed. I wish to ask you one important question) let me clear up all my thoughts and I will help you. (Do you wish to write your own thoughts or answer questions?) I would like to become acquainted with these conditions. (Good.) Myers what about Myers. (Myers has been publishing a record of your experiences and has referred to Rector, Doctor and Imperator, but explains that the persons whom these names represented are not to be mentioned.) Private. (But I understand that Myers knows.) *Yes*, he *must*. (We are not going to publish them.) Do not. (But you understand if we tell Myers who Imperator is, it will be strong test of your identity.) *Yes*... Rector... I know... the name was taken expressly for distinction, *i.e.*, to distinguish one from the other, and Dr. was Dr. — whom I knew very well at college. (Could you tell us, if it will be kept private, who Imperator was?) I should hope so. Question, I did not catch sir. (Can you tell us who Imperator was?) Certainly, a young lady friend of mine. (Are you sure? I mean the famous communicator from the spirit world whom you spoke of as Imperator.) Oh no, but she in my spirit teachings is mentioned. (I mean the Imperator also mentioned in your *Spirit Teachings*.) *Yes*. *Yes*. Must I tell you who it was. (Let me explain. I wish you to use your own judgment. Mr. Myers knows) he does (and we do not know. Nobody in the United States knows. If you tell us and we send it to Myers privately, it will be a very good test of your identity, being information to him which nobody possesses on this side of the water.) Y—. [Initial supplied by me. H.H.] (Y—?) Certainly. (Y—?) *Yes*. *Now I know wherein I speak*. I never during my illness when being helped by him told or divulged his name to *anyone* and I only left it written (Y—) in my MSS. (Very good, Mr. Moses. This will be a splendid test) in or among my private papers. (Good. That's first rate.) No more sir. (You are getting exhausted, aren't you?) [Here the left hand becomes convulsed and rubs Mrs. Piper's right cheek in a manner characteristic of Phinuit.] I wish to change my position sir if you please. (Yes, do so.) Help me to remain here I wish very

much to continue my remembrances. (Yes, we shall be very glad too.) I remember Mrs. Speer very well.' [While the last sentence was being written Phinuit remarks to Newbold:] [Viva voce? H.H.] 'That gentleman's a nice fellow, he's a clergyman.' 'Give my love to all on earth....yes...who can deny my existence...oh my existence I say, who can deny that I exist? (We do not.) Stainton Moses. (Can you write your full name?) What Stainton...W...Moses always Stainton Moses and always will be.....'

"(Now we wish your explanation of certain things. What was the origin of this mistake about evil spirits taking possession of men and leading them on to do wrong?) 'Experience here has taught me the difference. This was more my own theory. (You mean that when you were in the body you misunderstood the communications?) Yes often, especially when I was not feeling well. (The thoughts of the communicating spirit got confused with yours?) I mean of course to go back to the body *i.e.*, to go back to my earthly experience....Yes and not so much that altogether as that I misunderstood. (You misunderstood yourself, so to speak.) Certainly, materially. (You had your own theory and misinterpreted the communicator's meaning?) Yes exactly, as I thought this very strongly I felt sure of having been told this. (Were all those physical phenomena that you got due to spirits?) No not all. They were due to material causes, etc. as well. (Do you mean persons in the body produced them?) Not at all, I mean to say that from the energy which they took from my own body, medium power etc. they were moved. (Were they moved by the action of spirits?) Action of spirits? Oh yes. (I'll state my impression. Certain spirits used the 'electrical' in connection with your body to produce the physical movements.) Yes, this is what they did. Objects etc. raps... (If you have anything special to say to us we shall be glad to hear it, but if not, we have something especial which we wish you to do for us.) Well [writing begins to look dreamy] I must say that I will have many things special to say to you, but I am forced to admit that this is all new to me now and it seems very strange indeed...I am (we shall be grateful to you for help in proving to the world the truth of spirit communications.) Yes, glad I will be to be able. (Can't read that word) enabled to communicate, giving tests etc. in my own language. (Do you think you could translate some Greek into English?) Do what? Greek... why I used to be as familiar with Greek as English. (Better wait for next time.) Well, yes. (Think up your Greek and the next time we will give you some to translate. Everybody knows that the medium does not know Greek and if you could translate some for us it would be good proof) what could a medium have to do with me and my Greek. [R. H. explains further that proofs must be got that the medium's manifestations are not fraudulent.] Well I suppose they said the same of me. (Mr. Moses,

aren't the conditions getting strange? Don't you think you had better go now and come to us another time?) Yes I do [scrawls] auf wiedersehen' (auf wiedersehen.)”

Professor Newbold comments:

“In this case we have the difficulties which attach to the spiritistic theory brought out in the highest relief. The general tenor of the communications, the allusion to Mr. Speer, the reception of the names of Myers and Hodgson, have an air of verisimilitude. The communicator then gives us, with the most solemn asseveration of their accuracy and with apparent consciousness of the importance of his statements to a cause which he had in life much at heart, three names which the real Mr. Moses must have known and which of all possible things would seem to be the hardest for the spirit to forget—the names of the spirit friends who, as he claims, opened his eyes while still on earth to the realities of the eternal life. And not one of those names is true or has the least semblance of truth! Furthermore, of all the points touched upon during the sitting this was the only one that was unknown to both the sitters—another item in favor of the telepathic theory. To my mind this failure on the part of the alleged Moses is an obstacle to the acceptance of the spiritistic theory which has not as yet been set aside and which must be satisfactorily explained before that theory can be regarded as meeting the requirements of the case.”

My theory, if you care to know it, is, as before stated, that we are not yet, if ever in this life, going to have absolute verification. But if the case for survival were before any court, the part of Moses' evidence relating to *Imperator & Co.* would simply be “stricken out” as self-contradictory, and the jury would be directed to decide on whatever evidence might be left. The fact of his self-contradiction would probably be held to weaken, but not to destroy, the rest of his evidence. This of course would include what is not self-contradictory, and that would have weight where it is backed up by such witnesses as are cited for most of the occurrences I have reported from Moses.

Moses was a man living more than most other respectable people of recent times, in imaginations and, probably, illusions. Such a man's testimony may be good or may be bad. A court would consider it when corroborated, but no court would pay any attention to it when respectably contradicted, especially by himself. Is it not possible that the physical researchers pay too much attention to that part of it in the *Imperator* case?

Professor Newbold's notes continue: CASE XIII. (Pr. XIV, 45f.)

Apparent Knowledge of Foreign Languages.

"..... At the sitting of June 22nd... I asked G. P.
 "(Will you translate Greek for me?) 'Certainly Greek. (You remember it?) I ought to. [I then said the first scrap of Greek that happened to come into my head:—Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς.] (Did you catch it?) No, not exactly, slowly. (Πάτερ), Parter... I say... Pae... Pater... pater... good (ἡμῶν) hemon... [illegible] he... hemon... urano is... and translation... Good... love [?] [illegible] Love [?] Love [?]... father is in... that is right... (All right but go ahead.) I cannot quite catch that B—... yes... Patience... well you have it B—. [Throughout, both Mr. O— and I frequently repeated the words and spelled them both in Greek and English.] Father is in... tois ou ou nois our... B—. Patience my boy... Father is in Heavens. (One word is left out, George.) Spell it slowly. (Greek or English?) Greek of course. [We do so, ἡμῶν.] Father is in the Heaven... I [do] not catch [it]... slowly now, speak those letters separately my boy... ae... emon. (Rough breathing, now, ἡμῶν.) Heaven... Yes... too bad old chap... [I read bad as 'hard.'] Bad I say, I'll catch it. [Hand points to O—.] Now you say it, let me see if it will reach me any better. [O— says it. Hand gesticulates and twists so as to get O—'s mouth close to outer side of hand just below the root of little finger.] My ear. [I explain he means that his spirit ear is located there.] Certainly, my ear... E M O... that is what bothers me... Father is... was... now... no... Father... our. [Quickly and with excitement.] O U R O U. [Then slowly and reverently, in capital letters.] O U R F A T H E R I S I N H E A V E N. (Good.) [We all shake hands over it.] (W. N.: We generally put it, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.')

[Excitement.] Yes, I remember that too. Well, if you only knew how difficult it is to catch the sound of your voices you would wonder how I could speak at all to you because I have difficulty in making you hear also, when a thing is very clear to me. (Shall we try another?) One more (Shall it be in Latin?) ... yes. (What pronunciation did you use, Roman, English, or Continental?) Roman. I asked for Greek, but never mind old chap... wait... I am not quite satisfied... But you mentioned the fact which I wished to explain. (Go ahead then and explain.) [Slowly.] W H O A R T I N... O K. fire away... [We have scarcely given the new sentence *Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito* before G. P. changes the subject by introducing two or three Latin and French words which he knows will be significant to me but not to Mr. O—. He then asks that Mr. O— should go out, and begins writing upon a topic which he does not wish him to know of.]

"This case is more significant than the others because it does

seem that the writer has some knowledge of Greek, whereas the familiar phrase before used might be picked up by anybody. It is also difficult to explain this translation by the telepathic theory. *The writer seems not to recognize the familiar words but to translate afresh from the words he hears; if it were merely reflected from my mind one would hardly expect it to take this new form.* [Italics mine. H.H.]

"In order to test G. P.'s knowledge of Greek still further I wrote a sentence, making the first three words give the keynote of the whole, using very simple and familiar words, and purposely choosing the thought from the group that was uppermost in the minds of the writers. The sentence was:—*Οὐκ ἔστι θάνατος· αἱ γὰρ τῶν θνητῶν ψυχὰι ζῶσιν ἀθάνατον, αἰδίου, μακάριον.* We first gave this to G. P. at the sitting of June 25th, 1895 [Present: R. H. and W. R. N.]. At our suggestion G. P. calls the alleged Mr. Moses to help translate it. The result is confusion worse confounded. Apparently the writers cannot hear what we say, *θάνατος* is at first written *fanois*. In this confusion words and sentences occur which appear to emanate from Moses, such as 'I could in time recall all the Greek I ever taught and why should I not,' 'It seems like awaking from a dream to recall this to mind.' When the writer finally gets the word *οὐκ* he translates it 'light,' apparently from association with the Latin word 'lux.' On June 26th and 27th, further unsuccessful attempts at translation were made. G. P. said that he remembered his Greek well enough when he was away from the 'light' but the effort of communicating confused him and drove it out of his head. On July 1st, at a sitting at which Dr. Hodgson only was present, and in the midst of a communication from G. P. upon another topic, the following interruption occurs:—

"'Who said there was no death? [Hand moves forward as though 'speiring' into the 'vacant space.'] Moses (Ask Moses what he means by that.) Well, you interrupt me. Well, I must say old chap (I did not mean to interrupt you.) No not you H... Moses... Ouk esti thanatos. Moses (that's first rate. Is this Mr. Moses translating?) Ouk esti thanatos. There's no death. Repeat it to me in Greek Hodgson for him. [R. H. repeats, says it is correct and suggests getting the rest of the passage translated.] Come H. Come here a moment. Hurry up H. [R. H. repeats the rest of the passage.]

"'Again... Good oh good may God preserve you always H., and keep you alive on earth until you have accomplished a thorough work. I'll help you in every way possible (Shall I repeat the Greek again?) Yes, something new... Yes he's listening... too fast H... wait... ready he has it very nearly... not the last H... no before... yes... not quite... got it. [R. H. had been repeating the first five words only several times.] I'll go now and translate it and return sir.'

"This promise was never kept and we heard no more of the

Greek. At later sittings other matters came to the front and Moses did not reappear to complete the translation."

But that sudden "Ouk esti thanatos," a dozen lines back, shows that there is a real mystery, and not a plain failure.

On the Piper manifestations up to this time, Podmore had an article in the same volume with Prof. Newbold's report—Pr. XIV, which he, if alive, probably would not write to-day. Like everything of his, however, it is well worth reading. I have space for but a few extracts.

(Pr.XIV,50): "Is it not conceivable that the whole of the information given in the trances may have been acquired by normal means, either by unconscious elaboration of hints undesignedly furnished by the sitter, or by a deliberate system of private inquiry?"

No, gentle spirit, it is not. The day when you wrote that is past. I find that I was crass enough, when I first read it, to write in the margin: "Comical." It was not so comical when written several years before.

Podmore's essay contains an interesting account of Alexis Didier, a clairvoyant of seventy years ago. He intimates that certain remarkable manifestations "only prove . . . that Alexis's Intelligence Department was up to date." Opposite this I find my comment: "This explanation is more credulous than faith in telopsis." While I have tried to keep an open mind, I have not succeeded in keeping free from similar impressions regarding some views of many critics, not only of telopsis, but of most of the phenomena described in the Pr. S. P. R. The genuineness of those phenomena has passed the examination of many of the best contemporary minds, and whatever may be their ultimate explanation, in regard to them in general it is too late for other fine minds to waste themselves over the hypothesis of fraud.

Podmore goes over the performance of several other noted telopists, and compares them with Mrs. Piper as follows (Pr. XIV, 78):

"On the almost inconceivable hypothesis that Mrs. Piper has obtained all this information fraudulently, we can but view with amazement her artistic restraint in the use of proper names; her masterly reticence on dates and descriptions of houses and

such concrete matters, which form the stock-in-trade of the common clairvoyante; the consummate skill which has enabled her to portray hundreds of different characters without ever confusing the rôle, to utilize the stores of information so laboriously acquired without ever betraying the secret of their origin."

"The consummate skill which has enabled her to portray hundreds of different characters without ever confusing the rôle." Here, while showing himself profoundly impressed with Mrs. Piper's telopsis, he barely touches, but with a master touch, upon what impresses me as of vastly more importance than all the other features of her manifestations put together. This feature has also been little more than touched upon by the other commentators with the exception of Hodgson, and later Sir Oliver Lodge. The neglect of it by so many who have paid close attention to the matter seems strange. But it is touched upon by all, just as the cosmic soul and its inflow, which seems to me the fundamental correlator of all the phenomena, is touched upon by all—and applied throughout by none.

The details of the so-called "evidential" matter bearing on the survival of death seem to me so nearly balanced for and against, that, so far, they are hardly worth taking into account—that is, hardly worth taking into account unless we include among them the dramatic quality. If that dramatic quality is regarded as a mere manifestation of human capacity (even when the question is begged by calling it subliminal), and that capacity in a woman otherwise of but average qualities, it is, to me at least, a marvel so overwhelming that, with one exception, the suggestions to account for it are by contrast less than pigmy. But that excepted suggestion is equally overwhelming: it is the so-called spiritistic manifestation as a function of the cosmic soul. Telopsis, telakousis, dreams, possession—the whole business—give evidence of it. And beside its solitary and majestic adequacy, the "evidential" obstacles to it often appear to sink into nothingness.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FARTHER EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR NEWBOLD'S NOTES

Introductory

PROFESSOR NEWBOLD has most kindly volunteered to place at my disposal the original notes from which he prepared his paper in Pr. S. P. R. XIV that served me as the basis for the preceding chapter. That paper embraced but a small part of the notes of the sittings: some of them were deferred because of private considerations which time has partly removed, and I have found not a little of the unpublished portion now available for publication, and well deserving of attention; but of course the best parts are, as usual, unpublishable because they are too intimate.

These notes are the only full ones (except those of my own sitting) that I have ever seen. Of course, compared with the parts selected for printing, the sittings as a whole are poor. But the long stretches of confusion and seeming twaddle have given me a stronger impression than I ever had from the more coherent and significant portions printed, that much of the matter does come, but under difficulties, from some source outside of either medium or sitter or other incarnate intelligences.

I shall have occasion to refer to these notes several times, and will allude to them as the Newbold Notes.

The deferred matter of the Newbold Notes is interesting mainly from the alleged appearance of George Eliot and Walter Scott as controls, and from more detailed expressions by the Imperator controls than have yet been printed in the Pr. S. P. R. To my taste the Eliot and Scott matter savors *very* little of the reputed authors. And yet assuming for the moment that our great authors survive in a fuller life, presumably they would have to communicate under very embarrassing conditions: for not only would they have to cramp

themselves to produce work comprehensible here, but that System of Things which I am forced to harp upon, would have to limit them lest their competition should upset the whole system of our literary development, or rather would have involved a different one from the beginning.

To me most of the Emperor matter is trash, but, as we have seen a couple of chapters earlier, Hodgson did not so regard it, and he was a man to be reckoned with; and if I were a clergyman of the Methodist Church, or perhaps some other, I might regard it very differently.

My first reading of the alleged George Eliot matter inclined me to scout it entirely. It is certainly not in all particulars what that great soul would have sent from a better world if she had been permitted to communicate anything more profound than we have been left to find out for ourselves, or even if she had had the commonplace chance to revise her manuscript. But on reflection I realized that, although the matter came through Mrs. Piper, it could not have come *from* her, wherever it came from; and that if George Eliot were communicating tidings naturally within our comprehension, and merely descriptive of superficial experience as distinct from reflection, and were communicating, through a poor telephone, words to be recorded by an indifferent scribe, this material would not seem absolutely incongruous with its alleged source, and to a reader knowing that the stuff claimed to be hers, might possibly suggest the weakest possible dilution or reflection of her. Yet she calls Emperor "His Holiness" and says he is "of God" and holds communion with God daily and passes along results, etc., etc.—all of it the sort of anthropomorphism that might be expected from the average medium or average sitter, but not from George Eliot.

And now, since writing the last paragraph and going through the notes half a dozen times more, I have about concluded, or perhaps worked myself up to the conclusion, that if a judicious blue pencil were to take from them what could be attributed to imperfect means of communication, and what could be considered as having slopped over from the medium, there would be a pretty substantial and not unbeautiful residuum which might, without straining anything, be taken for

a description by George Eliot, of the heaven she would find if, as begins to seem possible, she and Moses and Hodgson and the rest of us, have or are to have heavens to suit our respective tastes. But what would have to be taken out is often ludicrously incongruous with George Eliot, and taking it out would certainly be open to serious question.

Yet whatever may be the qualities, merits, or demerits of this "George Eliot" matter, what character it has is its own, and different materially from any I have seen recorded from any other control. What is vastly more important, despite the lapses in knowledge, taste, and style, which negative its being the unmodified production of George Eliot, it nevertheless presents, *me judice*, the most reasonable, suggestive, and attractive pictures of a life beyond bodily death that I know of: it is not a reflection of previous mythologies, it is congruous with the tastes of what we now consider rational beings, and might well fill their desires; and it *tallies with our experiences*—in dreams. Yet it is not a great feat of imagination, but in recent times no great genius has attacked the subject, and George Eliot would not have been expected to devote her imagination to it, which raises a slight presumption that what is told is really told by her from experience.

If I had to venture a guess as to how it came into existence, it would be something like the guesses I make below with a better basis of fact, regarding Scott, and would give some backing to a conception which perhaps we will find worth considering later (in my last three chapters)—that the future life is a continuation of the dream life we know here. In this case, I guess that somebody within range, possibly Mrs. Piper herself, had been reading George Eliot, or about George Eliot, and the muskmelon pollen had affected the cucumbers. Some real George Eliot influence may have flowed in too, though I don't state this as a conviction that any did.

I cannot say even as much for the Walter Scott matter, though I would say something of the same sort, which it is not worth while to repeat. The Scott dreams are still less characteristic of the alleged author, contain a much larger proportion of absurdities, and are in every way even less satisfying and suggestive. And yet the individuality of the style,

such as it is—its difference from the alleged George Eliot style, is obvious. The more I read of all this mediumistic literature, the more I am impressed, despite the wishy-washiness of most of it, with the fact that each control has “thon’s” own style, whether it is worth having or not, and has it to a degree whose creation would tax the most ingenious dramatists or novelists—perhaps even be beyond them. This is an important point, and I am not apt to do too much to impress it. I have just happened to read a criticism of a translation made many years ago—not the one soon to appear—of Gobineau’s *Renaissance*. The book is made up of imaginary conversations, something like Landor’s, between Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Michelangelo, and all sorts of contemporaries. The critic objected that the vocabularies of all the speakers were the same. This is a striking illustration of the difficulty of giving variety to characters. To assume that Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson and several other mediums themselves create the distinct individualities they portray, would be the height of absurdity. Now if they don’t, who does? That a variety of sitters, each with distinct recollections, should be able to do it, is far less absurd, but still presents grave difficulties. But supposing it true, who under the sun made Phinuit? Moses may have made Imperator and Rector, but not the Rector we have seen described by James. James and “sundry critical and fastidious sitters” made him, unless God did. Mrs. Piper certainly did not. My vote, if I must vote, is for James and the sitters. But I can’t vote that the sitters made G. P. and Hodgson (whom we will meet as a control later) or perhaps anybody that I *know* once had a personality.

Scott takes Newbold and Hodgson on imaginary journeys through space; describes the planets, calling the sun one, and speaking of “Heaven” as another; gets into Saturn without displaying any consciousness of its rings, talks nonsense about them when reminded of them by the sitter; says there are monkeys in the sun, and explains it away when challenged; vindicates his claim to being a Scotchman by saying “bonnie” once, and “good-morrow” habitually; and does give perhaps a *very* faint suggestion of Sir Walter’s narrative style, but none whatever of his sense of humor.

With our present knowledge, the rodomontade attributed to

Scott provokes a ready hypothesis. Whether the future will confirm it is another matter. Hodgson, the sitter, tells the Scott control that he had lately been much absorbed in Scott's life and letters. This, apparently, had telepathically set the medium going. Who composed the story of the journeys to the planets is also another matter: it hardly reads like Scott, and is not to be thought of as Mrs. Piper. But Hodgson was entirely up to it, and in the absence of farther knowledge, my guess would be that he involuntarily reeled it off telepathically through Mrs. Piper. This does not preclude my also guessing (I don't say believing) that a Scott influence of some kind—more than a reflection and Hodgson's memories—may have flowed in too. The style of the production is as far as possible from Hodgson, and much more suggestive, or rather I should say, less unsuggestive, of Scott.

Stainton Moses turns up several times, and apparently a result of his appearing in the Newbold sittings was the later appearance, through Mrs. Piper, of controls claiming to be the old Moses-Imperator gang. Imperator discoursed *ad nauseam* on Old Testament matters, denying many statements and taking others extra-seriously, harped constantly on Melchizedek, and hinted that Melchizedek and Mrs. Piper are "two of a kind." All this harping can hardly be attributed to Hodgson, Newbold, or Mrs. Piper. It seems as if the post-carnate Moses must have taken a hand: it is a very hard nut to crack. Imperator also uses "evolute" as a verb, and inflects it. And here is a very suggestive point. There are some half a dozen controls in the series of sittings from which I am now quoting—alleged to be persons living at various periods, and of various varieties and degrees of culture, and virtually all of them, even George Eliot, employ that noun "evolute," as a verb in place of *evolve*, although the two words have no legitimate meaning in common. That so many of the real persons the controls professedly represented should have been guilty of such a solecism, is out of the question. Plainly Mrs. Piper had an attack of it, just as she apparently had an attack of Walter Scott through Hodgson, and just as we all occasionally get an attack of some word or other; and she, as we all do, mixed it in with her dreams.

The later sittings of this series abound in predictions regarding the war with Spain then impending. The *details* had little if any relation to the events that actually occurred. One of the consequences was to be "the greatest purification and spiritual growth that the world has [will have? H.H.] known since the birth of Christ."

These controls generally indicated the primitive theory of Possession. Phinuit, despite his having once said to some control: "You come in by the hands and I'll go out by the feet," claims to go out and in by a spiritual umbilical cord, such as that by which various persons dreaming themselves to have left the body, still see themselves connected.

Alleged Communications from Sir Walter Scott

I have already expressed my guess as to the source of these.

The introduction of this Scott control was peculiar and suggestive. As already stated, Hodgson was absorbed in Scott's *Life and Letters*. On June 25, 1895, appeared (ostensibly) Hodgson's cousin Fred H—— (see Chapter XXIX) to the following effect. I introduce him for various reasons, but here especially for his assertion, at the end of the extract, regarding his residence. That seems to provide Scott with a topic.

June 25, 1895.

"Say, how you was, how was you . . . do you see me . . . H—— . . . (R. H.: Hello Fred, what's the news?) [Fred H——, cousin of R. H. killed in Australia about 1872 by fall in gymnasium fracturing spine.] Your mother, Aunt Margaret, is not at all well Dick (What's the matter?) Yes, write her a line, will you, . . . she had an abscess or something like it but is getting on a little better now. . . . (H.: Have you been there?) Yes, I have just returned from Australia (Did you have a good time?) Good time? Yes, I saw Annie [R. H.'s sister.] [N. makes some remark] who was that said yes [Hand H.H.] [pounds]. (H.: My friend here said something.) Not *much* (H.: Oh some spirit spoke to you?) Yes, said "say yes this way" [pounds again very heavily] How are you Dick any way how are you? (H.: First rate, taking a little exercise, bicycling lately.) What is that (Something like what you and I called 'boneshaking' riding on two wheels.) Oh, fly the garter, [a game at which F. H. was unusually expert] well I'll beat you at it. (H.: Have you got track of my affairs?) Got, well I should smile you have not half lived out your happy days (I wish I were over there with

you so that I might give proof of my identity) What! over here.... Well it is all right where you are.... Well Dick you dear old Bunt... Bump... Got it... t... yes... yes Bunto [?] Yes our word of... Well you do not really signify one... yet I recall it... hear... you are not so insignificant as a Bunit, Not at all. I do not say BUNT I do not... Bunyet... Oh there is the cow... Pull her tail Dick... [when boys F. H. once induced R. H. to do it and he was of course kicked over.] [Isn't this an out-and-out dream? H.H.]... Well you old Bunyet... yot... why can't you think... B (H.: You mean Bunyip the bugaboo of the Australian natives?) [Violent pounding and scrabbling] Did I not say yet... You look like one just now as I see you... yes... why did? (H.: How are they all in Australia?) First rate (Ella, Harry and all) everyone... yes... yes... (H.: My mother will not pass out now?) No—no—Star [They had spoken of this before] (Oh you mean you live in a star?) Yes, Mars.....'”

June 25, 1895.

After other communications handwriting changes, becomes small and proceeds slowly:

“‘ Scott, Scott, Scott, I am extremely happy to be with you sir... I just strayed in here (This is Sir Walter Scott?) Yes sir, I strayed [Then H—'s allusion to Mars apparently takes effect. H.H.]... for a moment lend me your attention when you wish to hear anything concerning Mars—do not forget to call for me. I am... I have met Mr. Pelham and I am enchanted with him, intellectually (Yes, he's a splendid fellow) very... wonderfully clever sir [of N] (This is a friend of mine Sir Walter,—Dr. Newbold) Pleased to meet you sir... Brain [we read this *Bone* and ask if he is writing Latin] No sir, Scotch BRAIN... a fine... (You mean he has a fine brain?) Yes, sir meaning Mr. Pelham. [Funny to descant on the brain of a post-material personage! Yet amid all the phantasmagoria appear many indications of second and sublimated editions of bodies, including brains, I suppose as vehicles for thought, just as they are here. H.H.]... well, naturally charming (Will you not come to-morrow and talk to Dr. N.?) Yes sir. I would be pleased indeed. (N.: I would be much indebted to you Sir Walter if you would.) Oh I should be most happy to do anything possible for you or the assistance [Does he mean this in the French sense? If so, it was not Mrs. Piper. H.H.]... any information regarding our existence. I am somewhat interested in your friend here whom I have heard mention my name upon several occasions. (H.: I have been much interested in your life and letters.) life and letters, indeed. (Yes, they have been recently published and I was especially impressed by that you wrote to a lady proposing marriage.) This might be why I am

so much attracted to you. (I felt a strong feeling for you.) I have clearly been in a way connected with you (In what special way?) Feeling, circumstances, etc. (In all this work?) I have also assisted you in writing your ideas. (You mean you impress your thoughts upon me?) Yes sir (I hope you will continue to do it) pardon...yes sir I will be pleased I assure you (Is not the light growing dim?) Yes sir—good morrow (Please tell Dr. N. to-morrow about Mars and the condition of your life over yonder) good morrow—Walter Scott. [With a dash a new sprawling script.]’”

June 26, 1895.

Present: W. R. N.

“To G. P.: (Send in Sir Walter.) ‘Yes certainly, with the greatest pleasure my boy... Well this is a cool reception (What do you mean?) Well I am only talking to Scott—We will leave the question of Pantheism [Hand beckons to invisible Sir Walter. Some initial convulsion,—then the Sir Walter Script begins, Hand writes steadily, uniformly, without show of emotion, in a very small faint script [Counter to the general Piper practice. H.H.], and when it raps assent does it in a gentle manner very unlike the vigorous blows given by other writers.]’”

“‘We turn our air ship towards the planet Mars and as we draw nearer and nearer, we begin to see objects and people. We then look again down upon the earth and then into Mars and see what comparison [N. doesn't decipher] comparisons... (comparisons?) No not s. leave it out... we can make as to its inhabitants with those in Mars a strange looking lot of people, very dark in color. They seem to be very intelligent yet not altogether like our friends on earth. They are more like the animal in shape (Do they stand upright?) Oh yes, are you not with me, sir (I'm simply writing my question so as to know the meaning of your answer) Oh pardon...well of course you have my idea, that we are sailing, you as a man on earth, I as a spirit in heaven, sailing through the spirit world together, only I am illustrating it to you as being in the sky, do you understand...yes sir... (Can you describe the inhabitants more closely?) Ah yes we see these people as it were half man half animal yet wonderfully advanced with their inventions (What are the canals in Mars?) I have described the roads, walks, the icebergs (You haven't described them to us) Oh not...no...you don't understand sir (I beg pardon for the interruption), not at all I say I have not...oh well I understand from my friend, Mr. Pelham that you have discovered canals. Yet they were termed...what did you term them (canals) Yes, but what meaning did you convey to the word (None at all, I simply use the word to indicate the appearance of the parallel lines seen on the surface of the planet) Oh spots on the sun—oh reflection only... reflection from the sun.’”

June 27, 1895.

"[G. P. writes, Ph. still talking.] 'How are you B— tell Ph. to keep quiet, you see I do not wish to be interrupted. I have many things of importance on my mind and wish to clear them. You forgot to call me back old chap. (I know it George, but the light went out before I thought of it.) I saw my friend Scott speaking to you. Did he make himself understood? (Yes indeed. What he said was very interesting and he promised to continue it to-day.) Oh and he will. He has a charming character and has had a wonderful experience of very long duration. . . . O U K . . . O U K . . . Now . . . Down . . . N o ? . . . yes . . . N O R . . . O U K [I keep repeating the phrase ouk esti thánatos and spelling each word from time to time.]'"

G. P. boggles over the phrase until W. R. N. suggests:

"(Go out and think it over or ask someone while Sir Walter talks) I do not need to do this. I will go out and recall, I never need ask. . . . I say, B— here comes Scott, Adieu. [Writing changes to characteristic Scott hand as used in former sittings.] [Was Mrs. Piper not only a great dramatist, but also an expert in changing handwriting? H.H.] Good morrow my friend I am now prepared to finish my discourse or description of spiritual beings, existences, etc. Do you remember where I left off? It was, that is to say we were, in the planet Mars. The lines by the way sir,—come with me again, are you ready— Well the lines or spots, so to speak, are not satellites. They are reflections from the sun. (Reflections of what?) [hand ignores the question and pursues the calm and even tenor of its way.] Well now we wish to see something of the habitations of the gentlemen who inhabit this planet. Their houses are similar to those on earth yet more modern and much less complicated in structure. Do you wish to speak to me sir as we pass? (Yes. Of what are they made and how?) They are made from various kinds of material such as brick, stone, etc. (These are the houses on the planet Mars of which you are speaking?) I am, yet we do not compare them exactly with those on earth. They are made according to natural causes and such atmospheric conditions as it is necessary from such materials. (Tell me more about the atmospheric conditions.) I think that I have done so upon other occasions sir, and were you the gentleman to whom I gave them? (Not to me, Sir Walter but to a friend of mine. I have read what you said, and I think you did not say anything of the atmosphere.) Well, pardon me sir, I will then. The planet, as we see it materially is rather cold. For instance there are icebergs and many of them on this planet i.e. on some parts of it; in others it is warmer and enough so to produce vegetation. There are some very beautiful trees, flowers, etc. (Is the climate

fair or cloudy?) *Very* fair, it is in the torrid zone. (You mean it is fair in the torrid zone of Mars?) Yes, this *only* (Are there inhabitants in other planets?) Such as Jupiter? Well let me ask what you are dreaming about sir [I misunderstand and think writer is reproving me for asking such a question of Jupiter since I knew well that he was not in a condition to support life. So I say] (I said nothing of Jupiter, Sir Walter; I merely asked whether there is life in any other planets.) There was a little misunderstanding I think, as we are now riding through the air. (I beg your pardon; go on.) We now leave the planet Mars and we wish to visit others. First we think of Jupiter. Well as we ride we begin to discern—[for pencil]—Thanks—something which to us looks like a dark jagged ball or rock. Well as we draw nearer we seem to discover smoke as it seems, then still more of the darkness. Now we are nearing the planet. As we draw nearer we begin to see sparks which reminds us of fire. Now we pass through a tremendously stifling atmosphere (Not stifling to you?) Oh no sir, I am the spirit or life, you are the material man whom I am taking with me as my guest. You seem choked, and yet you ask me to go on. Well, now we wish to pass through this fog of seemingly smoke, fire electricity, as Mr. Pelham terms it. I borrowed the phrase sir, [Electricity cut no figure in Scott's earthly life. Evidential touch! H.H.] and now we begin to reach the planet Jupiter. We pass around the surface peeping into it... onto it... and we see nothing of any importance except the continual sparks, so called, which conglomerate together and as yet are in a very unsettled state (Take me further.) This all seems to us strange and interesting. We see all in one mass a conglomeration of atmospheres which when settled in one body looks like a planet. (Then Jupiter is not solid?) Not at all solid. (Take me elsewhere, especially where there is life.) What is the general idea of Jupiter on your planet sir? (I know little astronomy Sir Walter, but I think Jupiter is believed to be a red hot solid surrounded by dense clouds.) But it is not at all solid as we can pass through it."

This is probably distinctly incorrect, but nothing else seems to be, so far as it goes. It is a little strange that he did not speak more definitely of the superficial aspects displayed in all the pictures.

There are perhaps a dozen pages of this sort of thing, going through the rest of the planets. We have room for only a scrap or two more. There is no more than a fortuitous correspondence with the little astronomy I know, and a proportionate share of contradictions, and it ends up with (Professor Newbold resuming) :

“ (Take me where there is life.) ‘Venus—(Good) so termed is inhabited [Medium’s head falls from the cushion. I say] (Wait a moment Sir Walter while I fix the head of the medium in place.) Yes sir [Hand stops writing until the head is again firmly set in place. Phinuit thanks me in stifled tones. I ask whether the light is going out. Hand replies] The light so called? No sir.... Venus you will remember on earth looks like a very beautiful and bright star.... We pass through a long... of light, so called sky and we pass on very rapidly until we begin—are you tired sir? (No indeed. Go on.) —to feel very much pleased with the atmospheric conditions.... We smell the most delightful odors possible for the human mind to understand or sense. Now all is life, light, the air is as balmy and soft as a spring morning on earth...insects of all kinds and descriptions, birds of every known [hand hesitates for some time and then writes] description (You had *species* in mind, had you not?) species, yes sir, this was exactly the expression which I wish to express or use—their plumage is to you something magnificent and indescribable. We see them flitting about from one place to another, apparently in space, yet as we move on we begin to realize that we are approaching something more tangible. Now we see the heavens aglow with light, the perfume heavenly. The atmosphere warm, balmy, beautiful, too much so to put in words and express. Now we feel a slight breeze and we are wafted through the outer rim as it were into a perfect little heaven by itself. Nothing ever realized on earth could compare with this. Now we see no one, i.e. no living being so to speak, only these beautiful creatures the trees like wax, the flowers like the true soul as it were, they are so really beautiful, the fields are one mass of green...yet we see not a man anywhere. We wonder where they all are, we travel for miles and miles, yet we see nothing but insects and birds i.e. living. We wish to ascertain why this is thus...yes sir... why... why... because of the marvelous atmosphere. They are sensitive to this and cannot survive it. (Did they ever exist?) Oh no, sir (You mean then that Venus is passing through a stage analogous to the carboniferous era on the earth?) I do, only it is more perfect and real at this stage...when the time comes for the flowers to decay they simply droop, wither and fall, then immediately others spring up and fill their places. Now we stop for a moment....Now we must go... pass... on and leave this beautiful godlike heaven [Would Sir Walter compare a place to a sentient being? H.H.] or planet as it were [my hand is resting on the paper. The writing collides with it, stops, feels it, finger by finger, writes:] What is that please, sir? (My hand.) Best not disturb me [I misunderstanding explain that I lift the writing hand while I turn the pages of the block book] Oh thanks not that sir; it was here [tapping the spot where my hand had rested] it’s all right sir, pardon me if you please.

“..... We move out of Venus, slowly, unwillingly, yet on we pass until we have reached the outer sphere again. Now we move on towards the sun, but at first we feel extremely uncomfortable... yet we begin to become accustomed to the atmosphere and now on we go... in our air vessel towards the sun... and as we move on we still continue to feel uncomfortable until we reach this planet, when the atmosphere begins to clear a little. Now we, excuse the mixture of nouns and pronouns, sir, we then reach the sun, and we feel cold (cold?) Yes sir we have passed beyond the limit of the former planets and we feel the various changes as we move. Now the extreme change takes place and we feel intensely hot... we do not wish to move on, so now we find this one center of heat (Can you a spirit feel the heat?) [Finger points deliberately at me, then hand writes,] You, yet I [I express comprehension] pardon, yes sir, yet I wish you to imagine yourself a spirit well now... (Sir Walter is the sun all fire, or has it a solid core?) The word is not familiar to me, sir. [I explain.] Oh, there is a solid body, sir, which I am now going to take you to see... Well now we move on towards this fire, now reach its borders and notwithstanding the extreme heat we pass through it and we find ourselves upon a solid bed of hot clay or sand. This is caused by gravity understand where we are we have now reached the limit, we find it very warm and deserted like a deserted island. We fail to find its inhabitants if there are any i.e. if it has any. Now we see what we term monkeys, dreadful looking creatures, black extremely black, very wild. We find they live in caves which are made in the sand or mud, clay etc.”

Touching this remarkable piece of Natural History, Professor Newbold says (Pr. XIV, 48) :

“In 1895, as the alleged Walter Scott was concluding a sitting he told me that there were monkeys in the sun. That night while writing up the sitting at Dr. Hodgson's rooms, ten miles from Mrs. Piper, Dr. Hodgson and I fell to laughing over this preposterous statement; so loudly indeed did we laugh that I finally cautioned Dr. H. that we would be wakening the whole block. The next morning the writer, without my saying anything about it, explained that he did not mean to say there were monkeys in the sun; the light of the medium was failing him and gave rise to this error. He meant to say that we would follow the light of the sun as far as the tropic of Capricorn and there we would see the monkeys flying in and out of sand caves. I do not see that this explanation betters the matter very much. A little later on, as the writer was professing to show me the moon, the hand suddenly stopped:—

“Excuse me sir, a moment. Who was the gentleman with whom I saw you seemingly laughing over my journeys with

you! Actually laughing...yes sir...and roaring enough to split the canopy of space. [I confess I was much taken aback by having my sins thus unexpectedly brought to light; I explained who it was and how absurd the statement about the sun had seemed to us. I begged the writer's pardon.] Not at all, sir, thank you sir...exceedingly kind sir. No intelligent spirit would convey for a moment this impression. Well now we have had a nice long trip, and we wish now to visit...no [hand strikes out 'visit'] leave the actual planets and visit our own planet, i.e. Heaven. Well, sir, come with me and I will take you through it with me."

The sun and heaven "planets"! Evidently Mrs. Piper had as bad an attack of the word, as she had of "evolute."

My eliminations indicated in the foregoing extracts from Sir Walter are of pure surplusage; yet you will agree that enough in all conscience is left.

June 27, 1895.

Sitter: W. R. Newbold.

"Phinuit speaks: 'There are a lot of great,—what do you call them,—famous, eminent men here but they are too far advanced in their sphere to come back through any light. Don't you believe these mediums when they say great men come to them. Don't you absorb any such mysteries. (But Dr. some great men have professed to speak through this light?) [Phinuit seems taken aback] Who have, Billie? (Well that gentleman who was here last time [Walter Scott. H.H.] He's a great man.) Oh that friend of George's. He's here now with George, waiting for you to get through talking to me. He's a writer you know. (What does he look like?) He has a high forehead, and hair drooped down over his ears, aquiline nose [I have examined three portraits of Scott with reference to this. In two the nose is unmistakably straight; in one it is possibly aquiline. H.H.], broad forehead, a little bit of hair on the sides of his face here [feels my cheek, stops, pulls at my beard]—you look as though you were covered with hair Billie—rest of his face is shaven. (What is his name?) I don't know. We call people here mostly by their Christian names, we don't use the other names much. (What is his Christian name?) Walter. ... Who was the other great man Billie that came through this light? (Darwin.) Darwin, who's he? (A great man Dr.—too long a story to tell.) ... I've been hanging around this light ever since it was a little one: ... I've been with this body ever since it came into the material; I've been following, following, following it all these years. (Had you been long in the spirit when you first saw it Dr.) No I'd just awaked in the spirit,—just been called [N.B. This is Mrs. P.'s 36th birthday.] Do

you know Billie, I've taken this body when very ill and treated it. (I wish you'd do as much for me Dr.) I can't belong to everybody Billie. . . . There are lots of people George talks about, he reaches them in thought but not in contact. A French gentleman asked me about George Washington, and whether I'd ever seen him. Do you know who he is, Billie? (Oh yes.) He said he was a governor or somebody. Is that true? (Yes he was a great man with us.) Well I never saw him.—Some [i.e. professional mediums] are not altogether frauds, they have good lights, but have too much imagination. Do you know what I mean Billie? (Oh yes.) Well, here comes George, but before I go I must give a message to these little girls' mother [Mrs. Thaw. H.H.] There are two little girls here with their grandmother—Ruth and Margaret and they wish to be remembered. The little one says "Pretty pussy.""

The foregoing contains nothing "evidential," but I hope to learn how capable seekers of the evidential account for it. If it is an attempt of the alleged "cunning" "subliminal self" of Mrs. Piper or somebody else, or of somebody's supraliminal self, to make an amusingly ingenuous Phinuit, it is overdrawn: for an educated French physician living early in the nineteenth century could not have had all this professed ignorance of Washington. The same objections hold against its being a genuine Phinuit, unless you apply the usual handy gloze of "dimmed and confused recollections." It seems simply an unaccountable dream jumble. "There are others."

July 3, 1895.

Present: R. H.

"[Sir Walter Scott writes.] 'I am with you, sir. Have you followed me all the way through our heavenly world? Do you grasp all I desire? (I try to realize as far as it is possible for mortal.) I am extremely anxious that you should disentangle every muddle should there be any, by questioning me. (Can you tell me about the planets beyond Saturn?) Oh yes, sir, all of them. You know they were distinguished one from another by names. . . . [illegible] . . . in Latin, such [?] as Latin . . . yes, which . . . I had no doubt you would understand me—printed or otherwise known as (Latin names given to the planets?) Yes, sir.

"The spirit is happy and eminent[?] on high
into all planets can instantly fly.

You have not got the meter right, sir (Oh, it's in meter.) Yes, sir. (You are quoting some poetry?) Yes, sir. (Try again.)

Realms

world?

with [?] its several [?] wings to various planets can instantly fly...yes, I... [illegible] it. The trouble is you do not catch all of my words, sir.

The spirit is happy and in...
ne, dwells in heaven on high

No, not right, sir.

Our spirit is happy in heaven on high

With wings ethereal...

... sir, you have it *our*.

(Our spirits are happy in heaven on high

With wings" is that it?)

to the various planets we fly.

Similar...yes, sounds so, sir. (Have you just composed these lines?) I brought them here in thought, sir. (You wrote a great many lines of poetry when you were in the body.) Oh yes, sir, yes, some very fair, and others *very* bad, I am sure."

Sir Walter goes on to write about the planets beyond Saturn, to the effect that Uranus has no inhabitants but fish, though Neptune, much less likely to be inhabited, holds a preternaturally intelligent and moral community of man-like dwarfs, who believe in the Trinity. They also "evolute." When they die, they go to a part of Sir Walter's "planet" heaven, "not far from us." He doesn't know whether the inhabitants of all the planets go there or not. If I remember rightly, he leaves only a third planet with human-like inhabitants to question about; but all inferior conscious beings he very liberally (and not unreasonably, *me judice*) declares immortal. He speaks of "Heaven" several times as a planet (instead of, like Boston, a condition) and constantly uses the primitive notion of going "up" to it.

Then he goes into descriptions of what is seen and heard there, vastly inferior to those we shall see later attributed to George Eliot, and of relations to friends there and on earth. But despite lots of drivel, it seems to possess a certain worthwhileness in sharing the experience that to wish for anything is to realize it, which is the most "heavenly" notion I have yet encountered, and which is (I'm a little surprised to find myself saying) so well illustrated in the George Eliot communications. All the wishes given by "Sir Walter" are, it should be superfluous to say, innocent ones; and in response to an inquiry whether he reads or studies, he implies that doing so would be superfluous, as he *experiences* anything in

which he feels an interest. That strikes me as rather heavenly too.

With these Scott sittings, as with the Eliot ones, I have had more noticeably than with others, one experience which perhaps I ought to own up to. At the first reading, as already stated, neither set seemed worth attention; but at each of the half dozen subsequent readings, not only has the Eliot set presented more and more points that seemed worth noticing, but even the Scott set has not seemed so utterly negligible as at first. The old-fashioned courtesy and diffuseness certainly suggest some Scott influence. This may all be because I *want* to find something in the utterances, and because therefore, do my best, I cannot divest myself of bias, and so must warn you against me. Yet my increased idea that there may be something in them may be due to better reasons.

Here is a suggestive episode, or "put-up job," as you please to look at it. Or you needn't look at it at all as explaining anything. I don't.

On July 8, 1895, Sir Walter Scott is alleged to be talking to Hodgson some impossible lingo about Neptune and its inhabitants, when

Present: R. H.

"[Hand points beyond. 'Who is this gentleman, sir (H.: Is it Mr. Phillips [pseudonym]?) No sir... Dr. A. T. M——. excuse [I introduce Sir Walter Scott and Dr. A. T. M—— to each other!] pleased to meet you sir. He wishes me to say that there's nothing serious in regard to the child's illness. Give this to F [pause] (to Fred?) F. H. M. sounds sir very like F H M (I understand.) thanks sir. I am very grateful ... good day,—never mind, I am pleased to do anything for you.'"

Scott when asked if they live in houses says, "Not at all." George Eliot says they do, and describes many. Other controls have done the same.

Sir Walter's fantastic stories of the planets make the sitter want to know what Phillips (pseudonym) the astronomer would say. He asks G. P. and Phinuit if they can get him, and on July 3, 1895, he turns up—rather absurdly it appears to me.

Present: R. H.

"[As Mrs. Piper began to lose consciousness, her head

peered forward as it were, her eyes seemed fixed, and she murmured 'Phillips—Phillips—I see Phillips—listen, listen—' In the front of your eye forms a lens which collects the rays of light which project from an object and it registers itself upon the retina. That's how you see me.' There may have been some additional words. Mrs. Piper then went into trance under what was obviously a 'new control' i.e. other than Phinuit. The attempts to speak failed; then the hands and arms made movements as if holding a telescope, looking through it, directing it upwards, turning it in a sweep, drawing it out, adjusting it, turning round the eye piece, working a side screw, etc. I suggest writing. Hand feels my head and fingers.] [Phillips writes.] [Scrawls.] Phillips [scrawls.] [Phinuit takes control. Hand becomes more perturbed. Ph. says,] 'there's a gentleman there. I saw him talking to the light of the medium.' [I give Phinuit a hat lining of deceased person to find details about while I am talking to Phillips.] 'What's the...help. [I hold the hand by the wrist gently but firmly and keep it near the table.] Oh thank you sir, Oh thanks. I used to study and teach astronomy. (Are you Mr. Phillips?) Yes, sir, Phillips. (I heard you lecture once in England.) [Much excitement in hand. Wild scrawls.] England—well—I know England very well...England. Oh England how sweet to hear the sound of England and be able to discriminate the difference between the immortal and the mortal. I wished to have had someone to see me (here?)... (Do you wish to free your mind of anything, or will you answer some questions?) Well, sir, I first shall have to become accustomed to the working of this magnet before I can express my thoughts scientifically (You think perhaps you'd better not try to answer technical questions at present.) [Perturbation] I feel like a person in mortal body having an attack of nightmare, sir. I am all in a whirl (Perhaps you'd better not stay too long.) No, sir. I wish to have you [illegible] understand...recognize me as being what I... [illegible] am, a scientific man... My thoughts are somewhat clouded, consequently I am not in the best possible condition to — [illegible] to you much valuable information... Consequently I prefer to wait until I can express myself naturally, sir. I'll bid you good day, sir. (I hope you'll come again, Mr. Phillips.) Most assuredly I will, sir, thanks.'"

Alleged George Eliot Communications

"George Eliot" comes in abruptly to Hodgson, on February 26, 1897. It is Professor Newbold's impression that she(?) first put in an appearance some time before, at an unpublished sitting of an old friend. Spiritists would account for it by her surviving personality naturally seeking him both

as an old friend and as a prominent psychical researcher and spiritist. Podmore would probably have accounted for it by the friend's having voluntarily or involuntarily telepathed his interest in George Eliot, and virtually everything that was said, to Mrs. Piper—to her “subliminal self” or unconscious self or something else that was hers. My guess would agree, with qualifications, with both views, expressed somewhat thus: Mrs. Piper being very sensitive, the sitter, probably without conscious intention, hypnotized her with his interest in George Eliot, and very possibly this invited and facilitated influences, perhaps unconscious, from George Eliot's surviving psyche (one is sometimes afraid to say “soul” these days). That influence did not “get in strong,” the expressions are very little like George Eliot, but without the influence that (today at least) I incline to think did come from her, the manifestation might have been even less like her.

However these alleged personalities may have been introduced to the medium, there may be much significance in their tendency, after being introduced, to return again, even when the sitter is changed, and to various sitters. If George Eliot was nothing more than a construction by a friend, through Mrs. Piper, why should she return to Hodgson who was no friend at all? Why should *he* summon up in Mrs. Piper even a recollection of the friend's George Eliot? Hodgson had enough else to do regarding friends of his own. Similarly, if the Emperor group is only the production of Moses, and the postcarnate Moses himself(?) a production of Newbold, why should they come to sundry other sitters? After G. P. is introduced with his friend “Hall,” he comes to pretty much everybody. None of them restrict themselves to their earthly friends. Later the controls purporting to be Hodgson and others connected with the Society present themselves to many sitters, but, so far as I can recall, unlike Phinuit and G. P., to none but those interested in the S. P. R. or to personal friends. Several of the controls have had no earthly association with some of their sitters, or memories in common with them. This does not look like telepathy from the sitter; and still less does the fact, which seems general, that the controls who appear to strangers are mainly or only those professing interest in promulgating knowledge of a future

state. Children never so appear, neither, so far as I recollect, do any women but George Eliot and Kate Field, who are also, so far as I can recollect, the only women-controls professing an interest in propagating the faith. All this is worth thinking over. Very consonantly with this, "George Eliot" says (February 26, 1897), in response to a remark of Hodgson's on her dislike of and disbelief in spiritism:

".....You may have noted the anxiety of such as I to return and enlighten your fellow men. It is more especially confined to unbelievers before their departure to this life."

This remark and G. P.'s persistent efforts seem to my untutored mind strongly "evidential."

At various times George Eliot is made to use these expressions:

"I was sent again because I was desirous of so doing;... Friend, it is impossible to convey to you the exact idea to your mind; in fact it is indescribable... I am not sufficiently strong enough to remain longer with you;"

And even the impeccable Imperator propounds:

"May he...abide with thee [*sic*] one and all."

Now these apparently straightaway and deliberate violations of grammar, of which these are not the only specimens I give, on the part of such personages, *may* be due to defective reporting, or even defective communicating; but at least they "must give us pause."

But to return to "George Eliot."

March 5, 1897.

Hodgson sitting.

"[G. E. writes:] 'Do you remember me well?... I had a sad life in many ways, yet in others I was happy, yet I have never known what real happiness was until I came here.... I was an unbeliever, in fact almost an agnostic when I left my body, but when I awoke and found myself alive in another form superior in quality, that is, my body less gross and heavy, with no pangs of remorse, no struggling to hold on to the material body, I found it had all been a dream....' R. H.: 'That was your first experience?' G. E.: '... The moment I had been removed from my body I found at once I had been thoroughly mistaken in my conjectures. I looked back upon my whole life in one instant. Every thought, word, or action which I had ever experienced passed through my mind like a wonderful panorama as it were before my vision. You cannot begin to imagine anything so real and extraordinary as this first awakening....

You must not think, my friend, from anything you may have heard or known of my life that I was not a thinker. Should you think this, you would be mistaking me altogether.' R. H.: 'I have always had the most profound admiration, not merely for your psychological work in fiction, but for your clear philosophical insight and originality.' G. E.: 'Thanks to you my friend. . . . A few days I had a feeling of remorse, but it did not last long. When this passed away I began to feel happier than I had ever been through the whole course of my earthly existence. . . . I immediately sang songs of love, realizing that I was a part of love itself. I cannot tarry much longer with you, my friend, but if you would have me say more of my life here, call for me in spirit, that is, in thought. . . . My life while in my body is filled with love to. . . . No woman on your planet to-day ever expressed more. Love is spirit; love is everything; where love is not, there nothing is. . . . I may not be visible, that is in body, but I am determined to blow the bugle so long as I can reach a friend. George Eliot is not one to be embarrassed by the loss of a word. She would cling to her friends for ever and anon. Many are the walks [talks??] she had in life, and many are those she is taking now, and one she must take is at this present moment.'

Here is a queer muddle which under one perfectly natural interpretation seems proof positive of spiritism. On the same day with the foregoing, Mrs. Piper in trance said: "I shall never be able to remember that," and then recited, as if attempting to recall, what seemed to be a couple of lines of verse, though Hodgson did not catch them clearly. Then "George Eliot" says to Hodgson: "I was speaking to a lady whom I saw passing over the boundary line; I was reciting poetry to her." Now Phinuit, in sundry places, insists that when he "takes possession," Mrs. Piper does go out, and "passes over the boundary." The converse would, if true at all, naturally be true of George Eliot, and the foregoing would seem to indicate an exchange of ideas between the two intelligences as they were passing each other. There are several accounts given of the experiences of Mrs. Piper's soul while in its alleged frequent temporary excarnate states, and of hers and Phinuit's changing places in her body. These rather material expressions *may* be statements in the only language we yet have, for spiritual happenings. Certainly that apparent allusion to an interchange of ideas *en passant* between "George Eliot" and Mrs. Piper is too incidental to be a piece

of deliberate deceit, and is so natural as to seem evidential. And of course the next thing we happen upon will point just as clearly in the other direction!

March 6, 1897.

“Is it not high time that the old dogmas were being rooted out, and this fear of passing out from the crude material disposed of altogether. The passing out of the spirit is like dropping off into a profound slumber for a while, then waking to a life that is real and not a dream or horrible nightmare. The life on earth at its best is nothing more. . . . I, at first, was fearful of leaving my body, as I oft times repeated to myself when alone, for where, oh where, am I going I know not. . . . When the final thought passed through my throbbing brain something within me seemed to say “all is well.” That was the last earthly thought I ever had. When my eyes were blinded and my ears ceased to hear, I felt a shadow of darkness passing over my whole frame. I was no longer conscious, but I was passing out, and yet I knew it not. This lasted for a few moments, and I awoke in a realm of golden light. I heard the voices of friends who had gone before calling to me to follow them. At the moment the thrill of joy was so intense I was like one standing spellbound before a beautiful panorama. The music which filled my soul was like a tremendous symphony. I had never heard nor dreamed of anything half so beautiful. . . . The voices of my friends sounded like the soft and mellow strains of a silver lute.

“Another thing which seemed to me beautiful was the tranquillity of everyone. You will perhaps remember that I had left a state where no one ever knew what tranquillity meant. Now my friend, for my own satisfaction, kindly state to me whether or not you can realize anything of this? . . . It is a satisfaction to us to know and feel from our crude descriptions you are in the least able to conceive anything of what it is like. . . . We are trying to enlighten our friends as much as possible and comfort them.’”

On March 13, 1897:

“I was speaking about the songs of our birds. Then the birds seemed to pass beyond my vision, and I longed for music of other kinds. . . . This thought, however, was only a fleeting one, when, to my surprise, my desires were filled. . . . Just before me sat the most beautiful bevy of young girls that eyes ever rested upon. Some playing stringed instruments, others that sounded and looked like silver bugles, but they were all in harmony, and I must truly confess that I never heard such strains of music before. No mortal mind can possibly realize anything like it. It was not only in this one thing that my

desires were filled, but in all things accordingly. I had not one desire, but that it was filled without any apparent act of myself. Every thought was complete; my mind was clear; my thoughts free. As you must know, this bevy of young girls remained before my vision until my soul had its desire filled. Then the panorama changed, and I actually saw their bodies take wings, [Hand indicates motion as of rising away] passing through the beautiful clear ethereal till they were lost to my vision.'

"(Do you mean that they moved swiftly, or that they seemed to be wearing wings?)

"They moved swiftly, the actual wings were not. Not only in this, my friend, were my desires filled... I saw everything I wished. I only had to think about it and it would immediately present itself.....

"I longed to see gardens and trees, flowers, etc. I no sooner had the desire than they appeared. I was standing in a flash in the center of one of the most beautiful gardens I ever beheld since the first thought of George Eliot. Such beautiful flowers no human eye ever gazed upon. It was simply indescribable, yet everything was real. There was no mistaking it, none whatever. I walked and moved along as easily as a fly would pass through a ray of sunlight in your world. I had no weight, nothing cumbersome, nothing. My body was light and free to move at my own will. I passed along through this garden, meeting millions of friends. As they were all friendly to me, each and every one seemed to be my friend... I then thought of different friends I had once known, and my desire was to meet some one of them, when like every other thought or desire that I had expressed, the friend of whom I thought instantly appeared.'"

Apparently a "spirit," like a thought, can be in any number of places at once. Why not—through telopsis, telakousis, etc.?

How much all this is like dreams! My motive in harping on this so often will appear in Chapters L and LIV. Meanwhile, please, yourself be on the lookout for similar indications.

"March 27, 1897. (A good deal of confusion, out of which appears) 'He [Rector. H.H.] will insist upon calling me Miss, but let him if he wishes. I am very much Mrs. Never mind so long as it suits him... I have met my mother, one friend whom I prefer not to mention.....

"I have a desire for reading, when instantly my whole surrounding is literally filled with books of all kinds and by many different authors... When I touched a book and desired to meet its author, if he or she were in our world, he or she would

instantly appear. [Is this purely incidental reiterated claim for female authors, by one of them, "evidential," or was Mrs. Piper ingenious enough to invent it? H.H.] . . . Then I wish to leave them all and pass on onto new surroundings. This I desire to do not alone, but accompanied by one of the persons who had so interestingly and mysteriously presented themselves. . . . We simply passed out from the present débris of books, papers, etc., to . . . (Confusion) I will be obliged to leave this until there is more light, friend.'"

March 2, 1897.

"Through some we may be able to speak directly, while through others we must send messages to our friends through a controlling spirit, and in this case it is never as clear. Neither can we see our friends as clearly. (Says of G. P.) He is going on with a higher life. We are sent here to fill his place and try and clear ourselves as he has done.'"

The change of the instrument below is a specially dream-like touch.

March 30, 1897.

"I wished to see and realize that some of the mortal world's great musicians really existed, and asked to be visited by some one or more of them. When this was expressed, instantly several appeared before me and Rubenstein stood before me playing upon an instrument like a harp at first. Then the instrument was changed and a piano appeared and he played upon it with the most delightful ease and grace of manner. While he was playing the whole atmosphere was filled with his strains of music.'"

On the same day "George Eliot" tells of meeting in prompt response to her wishes, great poets and musicians of the past, and hearing the latter play. But as she compares a woman's beautiful voice to a silver lute, which George Eliot was too good a musician to do, perhaps an initial f was omitted from the lute.

But probably it was not, because she keeps on comparing things with "a silver lute," which is a great deal more like Mrs. Piper than like George Eliot.

March 31, 1897.

"G. E.: 'I expressed a wish to see Rembrandt or any other artist of repute known to me when in the body . . . when, without any further effort on my part beyond expressing the wish, R— presented himself to me, and not only himself, but the most exquisite works of art. Beautiful landscapes, heads of many spirits well known to me as a mortal. They appeared before my

vision like a beautiful panorama, ever changing, and each picture more beautiful than the previous one.’”

April 2, 1897.

“(George Eliot.) ‘Very well now, after having had those wonderful experiences I thought I would further like to know whether I could hear a full symphony of musical instruments. . . . Now, friend, all I did was to express this wish and my eyes were opened as it were, and before me sat some thirty musicians, in fact, a whole orchestra and instantly they began to play, and the whole spiritual universe as it were seemed to be one beautiful symphony of music. They played for me the most beautiful selections of music I ever heard in my life, and the various notes were so distinct and clear that there was no mistaking that I was listening to a symphony in heaven. . . . The music was music, not a material sound of jumbling discords as those which are sometimes played upon your earthly instruments, but the most exquisite melodies produced from the instruments which were held before my eyes.’”

“April 7, 1897. ‘I listened to the harmonies of symphony, my whole spirit being in *rapport* with the delightful strains. I listened until desires were filled. Then I longed to be alone where I could think it over. The leader first acknowledged my presence as a listener, then each member of the orchestra. Then each one in his own turn smiled sweetly, bowed, and each one slowly vanished from my vision. They were gone. I was left as I desired, alone. . . . I have, of course, wished to know whether there were artists, musicians, trees, birds, flowers, love, friendship, hope, sympathy and tenderness as I had oftentimes experienced when in the body. . . . They exist each and every one of them. A most stern reality indeed.’”

George Eliot was a remarkably good musician. If she wanted an orchestra, she would have wanted at least sixty, and probably more than a hundred. Perhaps they do these things with more limited resources in Heaven? Such an incongruity as this, and the inane dilution of the writing, make a genuine George Eliot control hard to predicate, and yet this control, like virtually every other one, is an individuality, and is less unlike George Eliot than is any other control I know. Will difficulties of communication or any other *tertium quid*, make up the difference? I first read the record with repulsion, and now find in it some elements of attraction.

June 3, 1897.

“(G. E. writes) ‘Now then I had had other desires, among which was a desire to see some of the children whom we had heard called angels. . . . I expressed the desire in precisely the

same way in which I had done before. . . . I had no sooner expressed the earnest thought than they appeared as so many others had done before. A very large group of children ranging in years from one to twelve I should say stood before me in rotation. Friend it was to me one of the most exquisitely beautiful sights that up to that moment had met my vision. Then they began to smile. Such expressions of sweetness you cannot imagine. Their little faces were like golden beams of the most radiant sunlight. Their eyes beaming with delight and with the pleasure they seemed to realize they were affording me. They each one and in fact all of them together clapped their tiny little hands with delight. I then spoke to them and asked them to come closer to me and try and see if they could not let me touch them. They advanced towards me and one little sunny haired child placed a little golden harp at my feet. Another advanced and drew a slight ——— (line?) across the strings of it and as she did this the most exquisitely beautiful sounds seemed to arise and the whole atmosphere was instantly filled with music. I glanced about me and to my surprise those sweet children were accompanying those two younger ones by singing. . . . (Sitter: Are all very young children of the order of little angels?) No, I find they are not all. There are some who have not reached this realm. (S.: Earthbound children?) There are in some few cases. It is not so frequently the case however with children. They are generally accepted here at once and are not denied because of their lack of knowledge of sin when in their environment. It was the most indescribable scene I had ever witnessed. I am sorry indeed that such as yourself should not be allowed to come here for a time and witness just such scenes as I have described and then return to earth. (S.: But how dissatisfied we should be.) Exactly, but yet the experience would be worth all.' ”

Telepathy from the sitter will hardly account for the following, especially the strange turn at the end.

“I being fond, very fond of writers of ancient history etc. felt a strong desire to see Dante, Aristotle and several others. Shakespeare if such a spirit existed. [An odd bunch of “writers of ancient history”! H.H.] As I stood thinking of him a spirit instantly appeared who speaking said “I am Bacon.” . . . As Bacon neared me he began to speak and quoted to me the following words “You have questioned my reality. Question it no more I am Shakespeare.” ”

June 4, 1897.

“I had no sympathy with spiritualism, none whatever, and when I finally left the earthly life, of which I was extremely fond, I felt for the moment that I would like to hang my head in shame, in repentance for my incredulity. . . . Speak to me for

a moment and if you have anything to say in the nature of poetry or prose would you kindly recite a line or two to me. It will give me strength to remain longer than I could otherwise do. (R. H. recites a poem of Dowden's beginning,

"I said I will find God and forth I went

To seek him in the clearness of the sky,' etc. Excitement.)

G. E.: 'I will go and see G. and return presently (R. H.: Who says that?) I do (R. H.: I do not understand what you mean by G.) I do My husband. Do you not know I had a husband? (R. H.: Do you mean by G. Mr. George Henry Lewes?) [Hand is writing Lewes while I am saying George Henry] Lewes. Yes I do. Oh I am so happy. And when I did not mistake altogether my deeds I am more *happy than tongue can utter* (R. H.: I never dreamed otherwise than that you were altogether right.) Thank you very kindly for those warm expressions of consolation.' [As bearing on her feeling for Lewes not many months after his death, the foregoing does not correspond with some widely credited but unpublished allegations. H.H.] "

Meanwhile, April 1st (auspicious day!) Emperor has given "George Eliot" a first-class diploma. Nevertheless the phraseology is not that of Mrs. Piper or of Hodgson, who was sitting.

"(Rector writes) 'I, Emperor, do hereby in consideration of many kindnesses, bestowed upon us through the congeniality and influence of our friend and co-worker, George Eliot, henceforth and forever pronounce her worthy and capable to manage through her clearness of thought, this light, and I now place her at the head of our circle. She is to be counted as the leader of the band of lady communicators. She will in any and all cases take and deliver all messages taken from either our side or yours. . . . We will never allow so long as there is a mortal covering to this spirit [i.e. Mrs. Piper? H.H.] which we so easily remove from its abiding place, any other than the best and most pure spirits to enter. We are all a pure and high-minded band of spirits, and we have been attracted here through the earnest desire of a friend of yours, also by yourself, and since we see clearly your earnestness and sincerity in giving us the right, we were only too pleased to accept your offer and profit thereby. Do you at this moment know to whom we refer?' (H. suggests Pelham and Myers, with negative results. Then suggests W. R. N.) "

We now reach an intimation that Professor Newbold, having made the acquaintance of the Moses control, as we have seen, had asked him to bring back his friends of the Emperor group, and that they want him to take up the work.

“‘ Yes, it is so. He expressed a special desire that we should take up our work through this light, clearing up as much as possible all confusion and disturbances.....”

“‘ We are not in the region of earth, we are far beyond it. We find it difficult in reaching you clearly in consequence of our being so remote.... We were wandering about your abode several hours previous to your visiting here. We see some things which attract us there, and not ourselves personally, but friends and relatives of your own... (*in re* attempt to give messages in London).

“‘ Identical words are always difficult to carry. Our own work is carried on in this way in our own world in ideas, not in words, as we did of old when in mortal body.....”

“‘ (H. tries to explain the mechanism of writing. Writer finds difficulty in understanding.)

“‘ We hear oftentimes your voice in the same way, indistinctly, at times the words sound very distant, and we do not grasp what you are saying.’”

Imperator & Co.

This has brought us unworthy, again into association with His High Mightiness and his *entourage*—Rector, Doctor, Prudens, and, I believe, some more. They appeared soon after their godfather and possible father, Stainton Moses, had appeared to Professor Newbold; and, as explained by Hodgson in his second report (Chapter XXXIV), they ousted Phinuit, took control of the medium and of Hodgson too—mind, body, and estate, and bossed things generally with much benefit to everybody’s health and the communications from the other world. All of which reminds me that “God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform”; for while the gang are decent enough fellows in most ways, they have an amount of priggishness, pomposity, and defective grammar amid the most hifalutin talk, that all seriously interfere with a due appreciation of their virtues—at least on the part of the present scribe. The standard of taste they show through Mrs. Piper is not what they showed through Stainton Moses, as manifested in *Spirit Teachings* or in the Myers papers in the Pr. S. P. R. All this powerfully supports the theory that all these manifestations are a blending of medium, sitter, and apparently other rills from the cosmic ocean, which can be traced only in proportion to the indications left by them while incarnate, in the memories of survivors. The Imperator gang

have left no such traces, and their presentation through Moses seems to me to be plainly all Moses. They were the sort of people an Anglican clergyman would be apt to create, and Moses had a peculiar facility in creating archaic names—witness his orchestra. There is no indication that any of them ever existed on earth. He alleged, and probably believed, that after they introduced themselves under their nicknames, they gave him a set of names of people who had existed on earth; and for Imperator, hints of the Old-Testament Moses, St. Paul, and St. Augustine appear; but as we know, Moses' alleged spirit did not give the same names to Professor Newbold that he, in the flesh, did to Myers.

The Piper-Imperator gang seem to be the unconscious creation of Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, with perhaps some involuntary initiative and assistance from Professor Newbold. Hodgson seems to have been wrought up to do his share in creating them by involuntary telepathic influence on Mrs. Piper's dreams, springing from his spiritistic faith and his reading of Moses' writings. Moreover, apparently Mrs. Piper's dreams were colored by Moses' books, which, Professor Newbold tells me, Hodgson had given her. The unsuccessful struggles with the thee-and-thou form of expression were more apt to be hers than Hodgson's.

But now we are apparently approaching more ticklish ground. What was the Piper-Moses? Professor Newbold does not remember whether he had imagined Moses the quaint and mistaken figure that Mrs. Piper dreamed when Professor Newbold sat. It looks, however, as if he was that figure in Professor Newbold's imagination, and as if he was something of the sort in Mrs. Piper's too: for the then editions of *Spirit Teachings* did not, I believe, contain the portrait I spoke of in my last chapter. So far, then, the control was apparently Piper and sitter. There was quaintness in the language too, which may have been part of the unconscious construction of those two. *But* it rapidly disappeared at later sittings. *Why?* My gamble is that in the complex stream there was an inflow of Moses himself, and that as this rill became wider and deeper—"stronger" (in the terminology that has naturally grown up around the phenomena)—the language become more that

of the Moses personality. We see things like this in the present life: one of the family or a close friend comes in, and you say: "You've been with so-and-so": turns of thought and expression have flowed from one personality into the other. Nay, even something like teloteropathy shows itself in the same way. Your friend need not have been out at all, for you to say: "You're talking like so-and-so, or you're thinking like so-and-so." Yet in most of these cases, but by no means in all, the phenomena are due to memory.

There is more, however, to the guess I'm expounding. Moses had been dead some years when Professor Newbold and Mrs. Piper evoked him from the past, and for some time in their talks with G. P. and Phinuit, they had been imagining and desiring and sending for him: so when he did appear (Don't ask me for precise language here: consider all this symbolic if you want to) what came was very largely the Piper-sitter construction. And now arises a voracious guess, but see if it doesn't fit. It is a guess, not an assertion, that there was a Stainton-Moses surviving consciousness, and that it or he got wind of these proceedings, either through his own telepathic perceptions, or, if you please, through Professor Newbold's invitation through G. P. *via* Phinuit, to come and see him, and that he very naturally did so. Now I'd better leave the anthropomorphic metaphor (it seems rather tight-fitting for a postcarnate individuality) and get back to the cosmic ocean one. When the trickle of Moses consciousness got to the Moses stream of Piper-sitter consciousness, the trickle wasn't strong enough to dilute away the color of Piper-sitter language: but as more and more of the Moses consciousness flowed in, the Piper-sitter stream became not only relatively less, but positively less, because the consciousnesses from which it sprang were more and more impressed (the metaphor is getting mixed, of course) by the increasing Moses influence; and so the Piper-sitter stream gradually ceased to contribute to the alleged Moses stream, as the actual Moses stream increased.

Now contrast the talk of the alleged postcarnate Moses at the outset, in the last chapter, with this later talk (which I will quote a few lines below), after his stream had established a line of least resistance in the medium. (We have been led,

by the way, to the exact metaphor with which Spencer starts his exposition of psychic lines of least resistance.)

Now, if you please, anticipate the course of the Piper dream, and skip to Chapter XLIII and see how Hodgson, who was well acquainted with both medium and sitter, and so had lines of least resistance in both, made his first appearance as control; or turn back, if you please, to Chapter XXXI and see how G. P., who had a special line of least resistance in the sitter, made his. Bear all this in mind when you come in regular course to Myers and Hodgson *redivivi*.

This string of guesses regarding the controls is probably the most mature that I shall present. The present chapter is an insertion after the book was in type. But in fact the guesses are by no means consecutive in the rest of the work, as you will have seen, and will see. As the book progressed, the mind would of course revert back now and then, and brace up and qualify here and there. This is true, or should be true in any book; but it is specially true in a book whose material is so foggy; and mentioning it may be of occasional use in explanation. When you come to write a book on these subjects, you will find—perhaps have already written and have found—that it grows in the writing, even in parts after they are first written, more than a book on a subject that you—or somebody—knows more about before starting.

If I were to write the whole book over for the sake of consecutiveness, I should probably but repeat the same experiences on a larger scale.

And mind, I don't call all those guesses, beliefs.

On March 24, 1897, Moses wrote:

“ ‘I have passed through so many stages since I came to this life, that to return through the light of the medium and recall all the names of friends is an impossibility until, at least, I have become fully accustomed to everything, viz., light, medium, yourself, surroundings, articles, etc. It is a strange and interesting experience at first I can assure you. At first we see the imprisoned spirit of some friend on earth but very vaguely, and at the moment we wonder what it all means, and before we can realize where we are or to whom we are speaking, our thoughts become a mass, as it were, of confused half-registered and incoherent (pause) . . . It is not painful, however, to ourselves, but we see that it is distressing to those to whom we

are trying to speak. Why H., my dear fellow, you have no conception of what it is like, and how earnestly, truthfully, and sincerely we are struggling to reach our friends."

The following item bears on Moses's relation to telekinetic phenomena as explained in Chapters VIII-X. This could not well be given in those places, for lack of sundry explanations since incidentally arising.

February 18, 1897.

"(Rector) 'Now supposing the whole compartment were filled with ether from our own clime, I could enter, drawing meanwhile chemical energy from the medium, and act so strongly on some of your objects as to move them from one place to another, and I have done so with my medium here, now with me here [i.e. Moses]...it is not easy to act on matter in this way, and we are liable to be misunderstood, because persons to whom we manifest ourselves in this way do not accept our real presence;...I dislike, however, to make myself manifest in this way by the moving of objects; it must necessarily injure the medium more or less, besides giving the wrong impression of our friends.....'"

But let us return to Imperator and his followers.

The sort of George Eliot(?) that managed to get through Mrs. Piper was not affected as I am by them. She discourses thus of the great man(?) himself (Feb. 26, 1897):

"When his messages are confused and imperfect, he feels every pang of yours. Every feeling of regret or disappointment; yet as he is of God he accepts it and bears the sorrow patiently, enduringly, and goes through it all with your own soul. Yet he teaches them to be patient, not hurry, make every sound audible [presumably through the medium. H.H.], every expression as perfect as possible [here is George Eliot implying degrees of perfection! H.H.], assuring them that they will be able in time to deliver his messages clearly. Should you know what his work is, you would not feel your own. Every word, thought and deed of your own is understood by him. He sees your patience, he sees the struggle you are having with these messengers, your disappointments, the little despites [*sic!* H.H.], and all. When he appears himself, he is in constant communication with the Most High, and as he labors with the machine he only asks for help and goes on in loving trust in Him who governs all things wisely. He...is a saint and was a martyr of God when on the earth, and as you are enduring many things which in part make man a higher spiritual being, he despairs not. The road is rough and stony for you both, yet it is His Holy Will that it will not last long."

G. P. too was disposed to take Imperator seriously: he writes (March 10, 1897):

“How is His Holiness getting on, Hodgson? He is very high: farther from the earth than anyone who comes here. (H.: He talks as if his mind were different in some way from ours.) [I agree thoroughly. H.H.] Well if you could see him as I do, you would say it was. In what way does it seem different H.? He is nearer the sight of God. [H. explains that Imperator does not talk to him as straightforwardly as he would like, and does not go into detail.] He will in all probability if he returns a few times in succession. He is a good deal with your friend Moses and talks with him in the same way.

“[H. speaks of Moses’s lack of scientific training and of G. P.’s and G. E.’s possession of it, to which G. P. assents. *In re Imperator*] He cannot, neither can Moses, nor any of the rest of them give you the scientific knowledge which you wish Hodgson.... I know they are much higher and far beyond George Eliot and G. Pelham, but they cannot handle this machine as we can.... They are very high and religious and this is my path.... I know you will get better things of the kind you wish in time... but do not forget me. Yours ever, G. P. George Eliot is in England, working like... under the light.”

Next day (March 11, 1897) Rector thus dilates and dilates and dilates for Imperator:

“We are not near to your planet. We are far from it. You must accept our teaching, otherwise you will be lost. We come from a long distance to speak with you, friend of earth. We are called upon to do your bidding from the far off lands, and at a very late day.... When we return to your earthly plane we must, and do, take on more or less the conditions into which we pass. However, we are a goodly and honest band of spirits, who would under no circumstances, no matter how material or unpleasant the conditions, mislead or deceive you in the least. We are struggling as it were to make a clear pathway to your earth. For years and years a continuous line of communicators more or less near the earth has had access to this light. Unfortunately, in one sense it is true, in another it has been a very good thing. [“Good thing” is good in the midst of such lofty language! H.H.] It has been the means of convincing those who perhaps would have remained in darkness otherwise. Yet it does open the way for many interruptions that would not occur under other circumstances.....”

Of course such modest gentlemen as Imperator and his gang were entirely too high-toned to keep company with that

“preposterous scoundrel,” dear old Phinuit, who was a better gentleman than any of them. But they seem to have put up a job to make a prig of him. Rector says (March 19, 1897):

“‘We have removed the former leading control to a much higher plane, and he has passed on from the earthly condition to a higher sphere altogether. We have prayed and earnestly worked for his salvation, and although he has been oftentimes misjudged, he was not of the highest. We have allowed a spirit sent to show him a much higher and nobler life than he had known before. It is not wise to allow lower minds to receive communications from a spirit when first controlling, who brings all such into the conditions of the earth, earthy.’”

On May 24, 1897, the Muck-a-muck himself dilates some more:

“‘We propose to substitute instead of the rough, inharmonious and uncultivated dialect a softer melody.... Instead of permitting such messengers as some who have hitherto brought messages using such dialect as we have described we propose to keep all such in a state of penitence and servitude. We propose to render our services to all such and prepare them for the higher and better life rather than to permit them to return to thee or to other minds of exalted science.... We are referring chiefly to the earthbound spirit Dr. Schliville.... He was not exactly of the earth earthy but bound here by the attractions of earthly minds.... Say to thy medium the following [the medium was in trance, remember, and on waking had very little recollection of her dreams. H.H.] Take exercise in the open fields which God the Most High hath prepared for such. Cast out *all unpleasant thoughts*. Ask him to give help and it will be given. Say to her the pure in heart shall see God.... Let not the trials of life burden the soul. Ask Him to assist thee and throw thyself in all confidence upon Him and He will. Have faith in Him, cast thy burdens upon Him. Friend, light, strength, happiness and all good will, if these instructions are obeyed, follow; otherwise may God have mercy upon the soul.’”

“(June 1, 2, 1897.) ‘In regard to thy former acquaintance and assistant viz. Schliville he hath been taken by us to the higher and better life. No one could possibly need such help more than he did. [Messages from H.] It is well. We will take thy messages of kindness to him personally. We know well his condition. We know well the whys and wherefores. We understand it all. In him there was no intentional evil. Never. But he lingered for so long a time just beyond the realm of the higher life it oftentimes misled him, i.e. his condition, meeting with so many who were of the earth earthy, those

who never knew anything of God, those who as we have said were of the earth... explains a good deal.'"

Perhaps they did him good, and I am confident that even they couldn't spoil him.

April 27, 1898, Mr. D. writes:

"'Nothing but good exists here [In the medium? H.H.] now that Phinuit is removed. It was a mistake to leave him here so long. He did exist as we do, but he was earthbound, and deteriorated first of all by the light's being in contact with lower minds as it was at first, and that drew him to it strongly and held him there. But now since the elevation of the light [By Emperor & Co. taking charge and selecting the sitters. H.H.], only the best and purest conditions exist here.'"

Amen!

May 31, 1897.

"'† Friend we will caution thee once more to be wary. Trust few, love all [Now this really is good, and the rest of the passage is not more than half bad: all of which deepens the mystery. H.H.] Let all live, disturb them not. Each may have his or her own mind which lieth not with the power of mortal man to change. Leave all such to Him who governs all things wisely. Go not among pernicious circles unless thou canst do such good.... Let each one rest content and assist them not for the sake of cultivating curiosity. To the intelligent and pure in thought such as thou dost chiefly associate with throw all light possible.'"

On seeing the MS. (or rather TS.) of this chapter, my kind friend Professor Newbold asks whether, as the controls G. P. and (later) Hodgson take Emperor and his party seriously, I do not, in treating them in a spirit of levity, show less confidence in the G. P. and Hodgson controls than I really feel. I wish somebody would tell me how much I really feel. And if he tells me on Sunday, I wish he would tell me again at the end of the week. Sometimes I feel a good deal, and sometimes I don't.

This state of mind would seem to be a healthy mysticism, if such a thing is possible; and as knowledge accumulates, it will of course be outgrown, and give place to the same state of mind on new manifestations from the Unknown. A leading psychical researcher holds that it is a student's business to make up his mind on this subject, and stick to it until new discoveries change it. That, perhaps minus the qualifications

regarding new discoveries, is the state of mind of the dangerous mystic, and probably has impeded the usefulness of the eminent researcher who holds to it.

Imperator & Co. don't look to me as nearly genuine as the controls who are known to have lived. There seems the same difference that there is between a painting out of an artist's imagination, and a portrait from a real model.

Of course if Moses and Mrs. Piper and her sitters created them, they were not in the assumed "spirit world" for G. P. and Hodgson and "George Eliot," to become acquainted with, and so their allusions to them must come from meeting them in the medium's mind. I have already given my guess as to George Eliot's place there.

But whatever I may feel regarding the genuineness of the controls, does not traverse what I feel regarding their theological views and tastes: I have absolute confidence in the genuineness of the Pope, but in his theological views and tastes, he has the misfortune to differ from me, and even probably would endure that misfortune with equanimity if he were aware of it. Now the idea that as soon as anybody gets into the other world, he "knows it all," is about played out; and the fact that a control does *not* "know it all," and is subject to some of the aberrations he was subject to here, is to me no detraction from genuineness, but is even beginning to take on, in my perverted terminology, something of an "evidential" look, and to my homely emotions, rather a comforting one. I have several valued friends whose hands are rough and not always clean, who would feel very uneasy if they had to go to court, but who are going to Heaven if anybody is. Now if, according to the old conceptions, they were to go to the court of the Most High, it would take a miracle to make them at ease there. But miracles too are played out since evolution came in, and I expect to find, in the next world, these friends and my old friends G. P. and Hodgson, very much the same sort of good fellows they were here, with all their lovable faults, but somewhat relieved from their unlovable ones; and if their lovable ones include believing in such characters, real or imaginary, as Imperator & Co., so much the better for Imperator & Co., and not a whit the worse that I can see for the genuineness of G. P. and Hodgson. I know a good many

substantial people who believe in a good many characters whose existence is exceedingly doubtful, but that belief does not weaken my faith in the substantiality of those who hold it.

But G. P., and Hodgson later as control, profess to be seeing and talking with these people constantly! So did Moses when he was here, and he was genuine enough here. He may have been fooled, but if he was, he lost none of his own actuality. And if the controls G. P. and Hodgson are fooled in the same way, I don't see how it affects their genuineness, any more than it affected the genuineness of Moses incarnate.

"But it's not a very inviting state of affairs over there, if they could be so fooled!" Perhaps we hadn't better attempt to pass on the state of affairs from any one feature: its complexities and possibilities, even from the little some of us suppose ourselves to know, are beyond us.

But don't some researchers seem inconsistent in accepting the modern idea of the interchangeable fluidity of mind, and still applying a rigidity in questions affecting the controls that they would not apply even regarding living men? The whole subject, however, is, so far, little more than a mass of inconsistencies.

Miscellaneous Items

These notes contain an account of a haunted house, where the idea is given that controls can manifest in such places only when one of the occupants happens to be a medium. I have not made room to treat specifically of hauntings, but some little light may be thrown upon them incidentally in what I have been able to say of telekinesis and visions. That there is enough in the subject to justify more attention than it has received, I am confident.

The notes contain many declarations of the desire of "spirits" to open communication through anybody whom they find having "light."

There is abundance of such little by-plays from the controls as: "I heard you particularly well then," or: "Say that again, please!" I don't consider these "put up," and am crass enough to give them some "evidential" weight.

Some control, not worth while to hunt up again, says that the soul originates at the union of the ovum and the spermatozoön. The Law, I believe, regards that compound as a

human being having rights, and the control's dictum may have been telepathic or teloteropathic; but the dictum is somewhat arbitrary, and not entirely in accordance with what I have quoted and suggested in Chapter III.

The notes also contain some rather striking instances of the control "knowing better" than the sitter, but I have probably quoted enough elsewhere, though now while writing, for this belated insertion, what may be the last words of my long task, I wish that I had devoted more attention to that feature, and hope that some of my readers may. It is perhaps as evidential as anything we have, at least of inflow from the Cosmic Soul, which comes very near to meaning immortality—in some mode of life beyond our clear appreciation and our anthropomorphic preconceptions, and, not impossibility, beyond our broadest desires.

The following scraps are suggestive as well as amusing—suggestive mainly of chaos, however, it seems to me.

June 25, 1894.

"Present: R. H., W. R. N. Phinuit appears. As he comes H. calls into his [the medium's. H.H.] ear:

"One-ery, two-ery, ickery am
Fillazy, Follazy, nicholas jam
Queeby, Quawby Irish man
Tickle'em, Tackle'em—Buck.

[Phinuit recognizes Billie, but is puzzled by this token of H.'s presence] 'Billie, have you turned into Hodgson?' (R. H.: Hello, Dr., I was only playing a joke on you, and that's where you got left too.) [Phinuit laughs heartily and evidently appreciates the joke as well as anyone.]"

"[G. P. writes] 'How are you, H.—how are you my good friend [shakes hands] ... got something for you ... all right ... tell Dr. to keep quiet H. while I am hearing voices.'"

June 19, 1895.

"[Phinuit and W. R. N.] (You know, Doctor, most scientific men don't believe in you spirits at all.) 'I know that. But what do they think I am? Don't they believe in me? (They think you're just one of the medium's dreams. She gets to sleep and dreams she's a French Doctor.) Oh my [with infinite disgust], people had better say it again. I'm individually, distinctly, absolutely my own self, I have nothing at all to do with that woman: the body is light to me, it is illuminated. (Are you talking to the light?) I'm right inside the body. (But Mr. Pelham says he isn't.) You see my hand [holding

it up], that's my hand. When George comes I'll go out to keep the people away and hold the machine. When I take the hand[?] you can divide the light. He takes that part of the light and uses it. I'll tell you another thing. While George talks to you, if it was not for interruption I could talk at the same time. George's thoughts have no more to do with mine than yours have. (Can you read my thoughts?) I know your whole thoughts. [Elsewhere Phinuit denies this flatly several times, and here he goes on to compromise. H.H.] I can't tell the individual thoughts as well. [To George] You keep quiet, George, you'll have plenty of time to write. That George, he says you seem more clear than before as if your body was double and your mind was acting rapidly. Your spirit looks light. Do you see my friend Captain in the body, Billie? (You mean Prof. Lodge?) Yes. (No, I don't know him.) Won't you give my warmest love, and tell him I'd like to hear from him, like to have a message from him, and anything I can do for him I'd be glad to do, or give him advice. Here's George whistling around, he wants to write. [Hand has been twitching for some time. I ask Phinuit if George is coming in.] No, he's only walking around the light and just whistling and singing and talking to himself. (How does he make the difference between writing and talking?) He can talk closer than I can, he has no ties and no weight to hold him down, like this [indicating body of medium]. Very wonderful and bright, that fellow George. You tell the Captain and Fred I wish they'd send me a message besides what I see from their thoughts. I want everybody to be good and true to themselves; then there are no regrets here, but the soul is weak.'"

Last Clear Glimpses of G. P.

The following bits of chaff are not what some people consider evidential, though some other people may:

June 25, 1894. Hodgson and Newbold sitting.

"(N.: Mr. Pelham, I wish to find a lady to whom this book belonged. It is important.) [Shows book.] '...important... I'll see... [to H.] Would you do this for me were you here (R. H.: I think I would, George.) Do you think so H. would you, what rubbish H. you are too fond of your old body you old rascal but this is the time I caught you napping [H. and N. laugh.] (H.: Are you sure you aren't napping yourself, George?) not much... I like it when they get out of my way I don't mind much I would not have your body anyway, not much (N.: Well, I think it's a pretty fair sort of body.) Yes but this is a joke on him because I haven't one just now (H.: Well, you needn't talk, George, your body is a puff of gas, —a sort of gaseous mass.) Well I like it and I won't swop with you H. Adieu. [Phinuit reappears grumbling] I never

saw the like of that fellow George. There's another here trying to say something but he gave no chance at all. When he gets hold he keeps hold I tell you Hodgson. (R. H.: Dr. take this book won't you and find the person whose influence is on it.) All right, Hodgson, I'll surprise you both next time... she taught in the body. I'll find her Hodgson and talk with her and tell you all about her. Oh Billie I never saw a fellow like you. Oh you have so many here that want to talk to you. Every day there is a new one... a perfect crowd (N.: Give them my love Dr. and tell them I hope to come over myself and see them after a while.) [Phinuit bursts into a harsh laugh] Oh Billie don't you worry about that. That's just one thing you can be sure of. You can't *help* coming Billie no matter how much you want to [Continues chuckling] You've got to go through what we've all gone through. Never mind, Billie, you'll never be sorry you came.'"

June 17, 1895. Newbold sitting. G. P. in control.

"(How do you make a difference between writing and talking?) 'I do not understand. [Question repeated.] There seems... is no difference to me. I only know that I am writing by having been told so by Hodgson. (So that is purely accidental?) Certainly. Did you not see me bow my head to H—? (When H. went out?) Certainly. (But George you didn't bow, you waved your hand?) Don't you understand the difference between a fellow's head and feet for instance? (Did you try to bow?) Did. Certainly, bowed my head of course, so. [Hand rises and bends towards imaginary Hodgson.] (Well it did not look like a bow here.) What then? That's my head, you goose. [We both laugh.] (Well, in fact the medium's hand rose up and bowed or waved.) Well, I'll be hanged, if that doesn't get me... Well, I'll have to give this up as beaten... I am beaten. (Never mind, we understood.) Well, you are clever, if it looked that way... Well I am glad to know you any way. Question? (What is Phinuit about while you talk to the light?) Phinuit? He's talking to John H. and a little million others at the same time helping me hold them back and keep them from interrupting me.

"..... (What sort of conduct in this life prepares best for the other?) Conduct?... They should lead the best and highest, purest and noblest life when in the protoplasm body [If you don't believe (I'm not sure I do) that G. P. was talking, ask yourself: How does Mrs. Piper reserve this use of "protoplasm" for G. P. among all her characters? H.H.] or else there is a distinction after the ethereal ego leaves it, in other words they are earth bound or drawn to earth in thought more than they would be otherwise. For example, see how I have lingered, yet I cannot say that I am unhappy, because I wish to enlighten the world on psychological subjects as much as possible, and I

could not have done so had I been a perfect man. (Does not that seem rather hard?) hard, not to me. I enjoy it. (Suppose a perfect man wanted to do the work you are doing, what then?) Well, there are no perfect men. (No, but more perfect. Suppose they wished to come back?) Well, they would but not to the extent that I could for instance. Then that does not explain it all by any means. Some are... how can I say this? [Note as he goes on, the touch of modesty! This, of course, was "put up" by Mrs. Piper(?) H.H.] (Suppose you leave it until to-morrow, and think how to put it.) Some are more intellectual than others, some have greater and more interest in these subjects than others, some have more friends here than others, also some are more intense, have more feeling and are, in other words, more intense... have more intense feeling for friends than others, such was the case with yours truly—understand?"

June 21, 1895.

"[G. P. writes] 'I am here with you.... Say old chap, I suppose you think that I am only—[left hand has clenched a fist and is slowly approaching right]—tell John H. to keep out please. [N. grasps left hand and says 'Mr. H., George says kindly go out for the present as he wishes to talk.' Left hand relaxes; right hand writes, feebly], all right, to please you George I will.'"

April 23, 1897. Hodgson sitting.

"(Rector) 'We would warn you not to rely too much upon the statements made as tests so called by your friend George. He is too far away from your earth now to be clear in regard to tests, test conditions, etc. His spirit is pure, his mind sincere, his whole life here is one of honor and one to be respected by us all. Yet we would speak the truth and say his work in your field is *done*. No one whom we know is more active or more sincere, yet friend let us say once more that while his intentions are the very best, the conditions are such as to render it impossible for him to reach you as he would like. He has passed beyond.....'"

May 20, 1897. Hodgson sitting.

"..... No spirit should ever be allowed to use the voice of any medium unless they have passed beyond the earthly sphere (By so doing injury is likely to be wrought on the medium's physical?) Yes, unmistakable harm. Friend, we have nourished, tended and protected this body from the earliest moment of our attraction, also thine own. Let us ask if thou hast not seen greater improvement from thine observation (H. Says he has, both Mrs. P. and he are better etc. that he could not have stood the drain so long otherwise etc.) No friend it would not have been possible because of the conditions. They were so unsettled and inharmonious with the higher intelligences. It

was high time that the higher activities were called upon. Much harm had been carried on for many years i.e. to the physical due to the undeveloped condition of the leading control, yet to repeat the ancient adage, "No great loss without some small gain." Thou couldst have gone on for years with the same results had not thy friend (G. P.) appeared upon the scene to lend a helping hand yet he (Phinuit) was oftentimes misjudged and not infrequently perplexed by the baser and lower minds of mortals. . . . We never fail to offer up our thanks to Him for the privileges he allowed thy friend Pelham. . . .

"He is still holding thy interests at heart. He never fails to speak of thee and about thee in the most tender and endearing terms. . . . He is now going on to the higher and happier realm where in due time he will be well rewarded for his never ending patience, persistence and sincerity. (G. P. is represented as sending messages to his friends. H. replies in like manner and sends also love from W. R. N.) Friend thou knowest not the happiness these expressions coming from the human hearts of mortals will give to him."

June 8, 1897.

"(G. P.) 'I am still with you but oh so changed. I may not have the pleasure of seeing you in this way for a long time [i.e. much longer. H.H.] I am here now for the purpose of clearing up my own messages. . . . Give my love to Billie (Newbold) and tell him that his interests will always be mine. I am glad to see him so happy. (Messages to many friends) . . . I will try and reach you through the second light [Beginning of pass sentence] Do not accept anything as coming from me unless I give you this. I have been trying to tell Billie for some time and hope to yet. *He has light.* (I know it.)'"

G. P. reappears after a long absence.

Nov. 24, 1898. *Hodgson and Newbold sitting.*

"Give heaps of love to Billie and tell him I have a great deal to tell him and tell him how grateful I am. I have a great deal to thank him for (Apparently for work in earlier sittings under difficult conditions. W. R. N. tells H. all is clear sailing for him now. H. says I do not know that anything is absolutely fixed.) We do. We do but you do not, so we laugh ah ah ah. (Well, who is it that laughs?) I do. Q. does. Fred smiles and John H— grins. So we are all happy and pleased."

Hodgson's Family and Friends

A couple of lines back is an allusion to "Q," who can now be frankly designated as Hodgson's early love. She first appeared in Chapter XXIX. There also appeared his cousin Fred, who also "smiled" with Q and the other friends in the

above paragraph, and from whom a message is given in an early page of this chapter.

Hodgson refrained from publishing other alleged communications from these friends, and some from members of his family. Now that he is gone, and presumably past any care for reticence, his executor authorizes me to give the few that are accessible.

His second Piper report has generally been taken to base his conversion to spiritism on the G. P. utterances. It cannot be doubted that the withheld matter also had its influence in enabling him not only to overcome the negative implications of the Wilde and Myers letters, but to take seriously much in the manifestations of Emperor and Co. which seems to me preposterous. It must not be forgotten, however, that there was much else in those manifestations for which even such a critic as James had great respect.

Before you judge Hodgson, try to put yourself in his place. The following purports to be from a nephew:

May 27, 1897.

"We bring to thee a little child who is desirous of speaking. He is a relative of thine own. Come here Uncle Richard and tell me about those large, very large balls and where they are. (Those you had in the body?) Yes, and I cannot find any of them. They must all be lost in the garden. [Gives name of ALERIC—should be ERIC.] (Did you not talk to me before?) Yes, once, but not as I do now. I told brother Leigh to say my words for me. [H. Mentions cap, drum and horse, which are recognized with excitement.] My whistle.... My picture book. Richard and Robin were two brave men. They sleep in bed the clock strikes ten. (Who used to say that?) I did for Leigh.

"..... Grandpa is here and such a good kind man. He tells us long stories about God [Says he helps his sister Enid to write.] (Tell me more about the nursery book.) I forgot who tore it. I threw it down behind my little bed but I did not tear it Uncle Richard. I saw the Old Woman who lived in a shoe in it and do you forget Primrose Hill was dirty? What is that big black thing you wear Uncle Richard? (Where?) All over your pretty white body. (Do you mean my clothes?) Is that what you call it? Well, they must be very heavy clothes. (Perhaps you mean my heavy body?) Does it pain? (Because it is so heavy?) Yes, I think you cannot run very fast. (Not as fast as you. How do you move?) I walk about all over the gardens here, and sometimes I run very fast..... Mamma

wears a heavy thing like you. . . (All the people in my world wear them, don't they?) Yes. Why don't they take them off and come into this light place, Uncle Richard. . . Tell my Mamma I love her so much, also my sister. I cannot think any more now. Don't let her pull my hair when she brushes it. Nance. Goodbye. Catch me now. Aleric. A bright lad that but memories will linger."

The following claims to be from a cousin:

June 9, 1897.

"Do you recall her? (Yes, indeed.) She is here beside (What is her first name, Rector?) Ellen, E. V. E. V. Osborne as she speaks it if I heard it distinctly. Speak to her kindly. (Is this Mrs. Osborn or Miss Osborn?) Mrs. [?] (Is that Mrs.?) Speak kindly. [Question repeated] Miss. Miss. No Mrs. I do not get a distinct sound as yet. Wait a moment. Yes, Miss. (Miss?) Yes Miss. (Where did) I used to know the mortal man here. (Whereabouts?) I used to know Australia Well (Did you visit at our house!) Yes, help me to reach you and I will help you. (Is this Gertrude Osborn?) [Much excitement] Yes, Yes Yes Yes I know Miss [Q] I am with her now. [Excitement then calm.]

"Where and what place is this to which I have come and to which I am so strongly attracted. Oh friend you know very little as yet. What a change has come over me. Oh what a change! My soul lives, my body lies in clay. My thoughts go flying through a world of space. My soul is so free. I feel like a bird on its wings flying everywhere, seeing everything yet recalling few. Oh, what a beautiful place this is, so light, so really light, so very light and I am so free. Who will miss me? Ah, no one should. I have no pain. It was all a dream a huge delirium, I am *free*. Oh, do you know why I come here. I found the portals open. I glided through. But oh, it made my head whirl so terribly. I felt for the moment that I was going through it all again. I never was so free before. What can I say? what can I do? Oh, I hear them singing and all to comfort me. I am so free, I am so free."

About 1895 "Q" began ostensibly to manifest through Mrs. Piper, and Hodgson devoted a large share of his modest income to personal sittings. The reports of these were probably seen by only very few of his friends, but are, I understand, in the possession of the S. P. R.

Touching the appearance of Q after so many years in which, so far as we know, she had made only a couple of faint manifestations in Hodgson's early sittings, one ration-

alistic interpretation would of course be that during the period when Hodgson had no faith in Q's continued existence, and sought the love of "Huldah" for what he assumed to be the score or two of his remaining years, his mind did not contain much that would telepathically provoke from Mrs. Piper reactions simulating Q. When he first sat with Mrs. Piper, of course Q had enough of a place in his mind to awaken some reactions from Mrs. P., but after his disappointment with "Huldah," and amid the strong suggestions of a future life starting in the G. P. experience, that place greatly expanded: his mind followed the course through which "*on revient toujours à ses premiers amours,*" and Mrs. Piper echoed his stronger longings for Q.

On the other hand, the spiritist and teleologist would perhaps put the matter something in this way:—Life is a discipline. Hodgson's early loss of Q was part of the discipline. Q did not want to interfere with it, perhaps could not, before it had done a certain measure of its "perfect work," but in the fullness of time, she appeared.

If I had to form a tentative opinion, it would be in the shape of a guess that both these theories may be right—a guess which will have more meaning if you finish this book, than it can have now.

Whatever may be the interpretation, one friend to whom Hodgson showed the reports of the sittings, and for whose judicial-mindedness I can vouch, says that they were "most impressive and often very touching," and believes that it was really they, more than the G. P. sittings, which converted Hodgson to spiritism and, in the words of another friend, already quoted, "made him a saint."

If, then, in this pragmatic age, the sittings with Q are to be known by their fruits, their genuineness has heavy claims.

Plainly relations had ostensibly been resumed before the following. It is all that I find in the notes of that period now in possession of Professor Newbold. The fragment, however, throws many suggestive lights on the whole experience, even upon Hodgson's view of Imperator, and makes at least one of that personage's scoffing critics look upon him for the moment with respect.

Mch. 6, 1897.

"Q. writes. Refers to violets, little white lilies, pinks, and asks after large red flowers. Very red in color with little stripes through it. Assents to tulip. R. H. put in his room four days before, violets, pansies and one tulip, intending them for Q. The tulip wilted very abruptly.

"Imperator... I send thy friend to thee. May the blessing of God be upon her dear head, and God in His mercy protect thee, my friend, and keep thee in holiness. †L.S.D."

CHAPTER XXXVII

PROFESSOR HYSLOP'S REPORT

PR. XVI consists entirely of reports and comments by Professor J. H. Hyslop, late of Columbia University and moving spirit of the second American S. P. R. The reports are mainly of sittings with Mrs. Piper and experiments bearing thereupon. These accounts, like those of almost all mediumistic communications, contain little or no *verifiable* matter that cannot be explained by telepathy from some incarnate intelligence. But this consideration loses much of its weight in face of the standard question how a communication could be verifiable if the knowledge were not in some incarnate mind.

The communications almost all relate to the ordinary experiences of Professor Hyslop's immediate ancestral family—persons of more than average intelligence and character, living in an average Western rural community. This material is of course not in itself as interesting as that proceeding from London, Boston, and the universities in both the Cambridges. The rural material, however, is far from lacking in evidential and dramatic features, though for obvious reasons I do not draw from it as freely as from the other. In reading it, probably because of admiration of an occasional dramatic glow over the gray background, I for the first time realized that if the medium gets her material from the sitter's mind, it seems at least as probable that he works it into dramatic shape as that she does; and the alternative is not merely between the spiritistic hypothesis and the hypothesis of the medium having dramatic power more exact and comprehensive (not more poetic, of course) than that of Shakespere or Sophocles, but also the harder hypothesis (the difficulty increasing geometrically with each successful sitter) that, for all we know, each sitter is as much entitled to be credited with this power as the medium. The improbability of this may well be

weighed against the improbability of the spiritistic hypothesis.

Professor Hyslop has studied his sittings with an interest rivaling that of any other investigator, but the result, while of value to the student, is not stimulating reading for the average man. I shall extract a few specimens, however, for special reasons.

The first thing out of the ordinary which I come across, is a weakness in the stilted phraseology of Rector (Pr. XVI, 311): "May God be with *thee both*." Then Prudens takes a turn at the same thing (p. 312): "Good morrow, friends of earth. We greet *thee* again." Then Rector turns up again with similar grammar (p. 324): "Good morrow, friends of earth. We hail *thee* once more." And again (p. 335): "Good morrow, friends, we meet *thee* once more." All about as superfluous as ungrammatical!

I don't know whether to take this bad grammar as evidential or not. It is about on a level with their sentimental bombast, and tends to make them appear consistent individualities. So far as I know, there's nothing unusual the matter with Mrs. Piper's grammar, and certainly nothing with Professor Hyslop's.

But on this subject, G. P. and Professor Hyslop make some interesting remarks (Pr. XVI, 441): S. = Professor Hyslop. H. or R. H. = Hodgson.

"[G. P. communicating]: 'Mr. Hyslop and his wife is here, are here [S. points at the *is* and *are*] and... if I fail grammatically, H., it is owing to the machine. Hear. Cannot always make it work just right.' (R. H.: Yes, I understand, George.) [This consciousness of a grammatical mistake and the correction of it are no less astounding when you are able to watch the conditions under which they occur, than the readiness with which the change of personality takes place. Besides, they fit in so nicely with what we know of G. P.'s intellectual tastes and habits.—J.H.H.] [See Pr.XIII,363.]"

This passage referred to, in Pr. XIII, is as follows:

"G. P. [After a reference to Mr. Marte.] 'Cosmical weather interests both he and I—me—him—I know it all. Don't you see I correct these. Well, I am not less intelligent now. But there are many difficulties. I am far clearer on all points than I was shut up in the prisoned body. (Prisoned? imprisoning or imprisoning you ought to say.) No, I don't mean to get it that

way you spoke—perhaps I have spelled it wrong. Prisoned body. Prisoning. See here, H. “Don’t view me with a critic’s eye, but pass my imperfections by.” Of course I know all that as well as anybody on your sphere. (Of course.) Well I think so. I tell you, old fellow, it don’t do to pick all these little errors too much when they amount to nothing in one way. You have light enough and brain enough I know to understand my explanations of being shut up in this body [the medium’s now, his own alluded to above. H.H.] dreaming as it were and trying to help on Science.’”

Other controls have attributed bad spelling to the illiteracy of their mediums as well as to the general difficulties of the situation.

The first of the foregoing remarks by G. P. came during an interlude when Professor Hyslop’s father had been speaking. (It is most convenient in the accounts of sittings to name the alleged *dramatis personæ* as if they were what they purport to be. No opinion on that point need be inferred. Probably I’ve said this before, and probably shall say it again.) The following had occurred (Pr. XVI, 440-1) :

“(S.: Who is speaking now?) R. [Rector. H.H.]: ‘It is father who is speaking now. (Yes.) But he seems a little dazed.’ G. P.: ‘I am coming, H., to help out. (R. H.: Thanks, George, we shall be glad.) How are you? (R. H.: First rate. We shall be glad to have your help.) All well...?’ [This interruption by G. P. during a few moments’ respite for my father is an interesting feature of the case.—J.H.H.]”

I copy this bit partly because it illustrates a frequent occurrence—the apparent dazing of the control—perhaps by the novelty of the situation, perhaps by the clamor of other controls around him, perhaps by fatigue of either control or medium, perhaps by slackening of the trance—and the intervention of somebody, most frequently G. P. or Rector, to help things along. Professor Hyslop’s remarks on the subject I think worth careful attention (Pr. XVI, 211f.) :

“In these sudden interruptions G. P. appears as an intermediary to interpret, correct, or transmit something which Rector, the amanuensis does not ‘hear,’ and by signing his own initials to the message, or statement, he reveals just the evidence of another personality and independent intelligence which would be so natural on the spiritistic theory, but not to be expected *à priori* either of the telepathic hypothesis or of its combination with secondary personality.”

"The statement of my father on May 29th (Pr.XVI,419), 'I am speaking to some other man who is speaking for me,' might possibly imply the presence of G. P., though possibly Rector was intended. But on May 30th my cousin, Robert McClellan, gives G. P.'s full name—George Pelham (pseudonym)—and remarks that he is assisting. A moment later, right in the midst of a communication from my cousin, whose messages were badly confused, G. P. suddenly interjects the statement: 'Look out, H., I am here. G. P. + [Imperator] sent me some moments ago.' (Pr.XVI,428.) Then again a few minutes later, while Rector was struggling to get the name McClellan clear and could only get McAllen, G. P. shouts out, so to speak, as an intermediary to aid Rector, 'Sounds like McLellen. G. P.,' and my cousin acknowledges its correctness by saying: 'Yes, I am he.'

"At the close of my cousin's communications G. P.'s presence and influence are evident in the sentence declaring: 'The machine is not right, H.,' which Dr. Hodgson took to refer to the need of a fresh pencil, and he accordingly gave one. This occurs in the interval between the departure of my cousin and the arrival of my father (p. 429) [*i.e.*, in Pr.XVI. H.H.].

"In the same sitting (p. 434) the name of my half-sister was given. There was considerable trouble with it on Rector's part, as he stumbled about between the false attempts 'Abbie,' 'Addie,' and 'Nabbie,' until G. P. suddenly interrupted him with the statement: 'Yes, but let me hear it, and I will get it. G. P.' He then gave the name 'Hattie' and followed it with 'Harriet,' when I acknowledged that it was nearly correct, alluding to the 'Hattie' in particular, but without saying so. I asked that it be spelled out. Then immediately was written: 'Hettie. G. P.,' spelling it in capitals, and I expressed satisfaction with it, recognizing that this was the proper nickname for Henrietta, which she was always called. But as if still uncertain about it, the fact being that father never called her 'Hettie,' G. P. continued: 'Ett[?] Hettie. G. P.'.....

"Again in the sitting of June 6th, before my father appeared, and just as Rector had explained how we should ask certain questions when my father should announce himself, G. P. suddenly interjected a greeting and some questions directed to Dr. Hodgson, the colloquy being as follows:—'H. — how are you? I have just been called upon to lend a helping hand. You see I am wholly isolated from you. (R. H.: Good, George, were you here last time?) For a few moments. I helped a man named Charles, but I did not get a chance to say How de do, H.? (R. H.: All right, George.) I am going after the elderly gentleman. Look out for me. (R. H.: We will.) Got those theories all straightened out yet, H.? (R. H.: Pretty fairly.) I am going. Auf wiedersehen. G. P.' (p. 468) My father then appeared with the appropriate message, 'I am coming, James.'.....

"Another sudden interruption, signed by G. P.'s initials,

occurred on June 7th. It was in the midst of the confusion incident to the attempt at giving the name of my stepmother. My father, evidently appreciating his difficulty in the situation, remarked: 'I feel the necessity of speaking as clearly as possible, James, and I will do my best to do so.' G. P. probably fearing that my father was not yet clear enough to do what he wished, suddenly cautioned him with the advice: 'Wait a bit,' and as Dr. Hodgson interpreted the word 'wait' as 'said,' G. P. repeated the phrase, signing it: 'Wait a bit. G. P.' Father then proceeded with his explanation of the mistake about my stepmother, all the parties on the 'other side' assuming, apparently, that he was clear enough for the task.

"In all these interpositions of G. P. the marks of an independent intelligence are very indicative. There is in them nothing like the character of either the inexperienced communicator or Rector, the amanuensis, nor is there any definite resemblance to either secondary personality in general or to intercommunication between two personalities in the same subject. They are the interference of a spectator and helper on his own responsibility, when he sees that he can effect a clear message that is misunderstood or not clearly obtained by Rector. Such dramatic play, involving the personal equation of the real individual G. P. as known when living, and here kept distinct from that of Rector and others, is a characteristic not easily explicable on any but the spiritistic theory, especially when it includes the transmission of evidential data."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MR. PIDDINGTON'S REPORT ON MRS. THOMPSON

ABOUT the time we have been considering, in 1899 and 1900, there took place at Hampstead, London, England, with Mrs. Edmond Thompson, a series of sittings which are reported in Pr. XVII and XVIII. Mrs. Thompson has not given nearly as many sittings as Mrs. Piper, or any professional ones; consequently the range of her phenomena is not as wide, but I don't know a more entertaining piece of literature from which to get an idea of mediumistic phenomena (or from which to get a couple of hours' good reading) than Mr. Piddington's admirable account of Mrs. Thompson's sittings. Part XLVII of Pr. XVIII is well worth the interested reader's procuring. It was preceded in Pr. XVII by reports of the same medium from Myers, Dr. van Eeden, Messrs. J. O. Wilson and Piddington, Dr. Hodgson, Miss Alice Johnson and Mrs. Verrall, which, though excellent, are much briefer and less studied than the one in Pr. XVIII: so our limited space can probably be best utilized by quoting mainly from Pr. XVIII.

At the period reported, Mrs. Thompson, daughter of an architect and wife of an importer, was a little over thirty years old, in fine health, a good mother and housekeeper, fond of bicycling and the theater and the other amusements of young English ladies in comfortable circumstances, and without any external characteristic indicative of her extraordinary powers—powers which Myers declares (Pr. XVII, 69), and few if any students will differ with him, constitute "a trust placed in the hands of individuals selected by some law as yet unknown." Yet this vigorous, sprightly, common-sense young woman was in the habit of seeing writing on walls, pictures in crystal balls, "spirit-like" visions; of writing automatically, and, without the slightest provocation, tum-

bling into trance and delivering heteromatic messages by pen or voice.

Of the crystal ball visions Myers says (Pr. XVII, 70) :

"Sentences sometimes appear; which, oddly enough, look to Mrs. Thompson (who alone has seen them) just like scraps of coarse printing;—as though a piece of newspaper were held beneath the ball."

This is exactly my own experience in dreams. The sentences are not incoherent, but have had no significance that I remember.

So far as I can recall, the Pr. S. P. R. contain no report of physical phenomena from Mrs. Thompson. But Podmore, in *The Newer Spiritualism*, published in 1910, says that this was due to the objections of Mr. Thompson, who, in 1910, was no longer living, and whose death was regarded as removing the ban of secrecy. Podmore thereupon gives accounts of manifestations by her of virtually the whole range of physical phenomena, including even materialization and elongation, but not levitation. He uses reports prepared by Mr. F. W. Thurston, M.A., at whose house, in 1897 and 1898, most of the sittings occurred (*New. Spir.*, 186f.) :

"In a dim light in which we could just distinguish one another," Mr. Thurston's dead sister Clare distributed flowers, touched the persons present, and used "the direct voice" which

"as her power increased...gained strength and *timbre*... loud but sweet, and with a mannerism of utterance noticeably distinct from that of Mrs. T.... All this while Mrs. T. was in full consciousness, but she kept exclaiming that she felt 'all hollow'; and another thing she noticed was that whenever 'Clare's' fingers touched anyone she distinctly felt a pricking sensation in her body, very similar to her experiences when she had been placed once on an insulating stool and charged with electricity, and persons had touched her to make sparks come from her....."

"While my sister 'Clare' was still touching my hand and talking to me, 'Nelly's' voice was suddenly heard by her father's side, saying, 'I am here'; and both father and mother were in raptures to feel the touch of the vanished hand of their little daughter caressing them."

This is corroborated by Mr. and Mrs. A., who were present. Touching materialization and even elongation, though I

have suggested considerations in Chapter X that may account for them, my judgment is in suspense, and the attribution of them—in the dark as usual—to Mrs. Thompson, detracts just a shade from my confidence in her heteromatic speech and writing; but even Podmore does not let her physical phenomena prevent his saying of the other phenomena (*New. Spir.*, p. 198):

“There seems, indeed, little doubt that Mrs. Thompson must be placed in the same category as Mrs. Piper, and that the explanation that will eventually be found to fit the facts in the one case must be applied to the other also.”

Hodgson had six sittings with Mrs. Thompson in 1900. There was nothing in them as interesting as I shall report from other sitters, and he thought that there was fraud. This was during his skeptical period, before the G. P. manifestations converted him to spiritism.

Touching these sittings, Mr. Piddington remarks (Pr. XVIII, 105-6):

“I am not at all surprised that Mrs. Thompson's trance should not have impressed Dr. Hodgson as genuine. So easy, and sudden, so entirely unannounced, as a rule, is the transition from the medium's waking to her entranced state, and, except on rare occasions, so free from any, at least apparent, physical discomfort, and so alert her attention and behavior during the trance that to one accustomed to Mrs. Piper's trance Mrs. Thompson might well appear to be shamming.¹

“But not only to one accustomed to the deep and dramatic form of trance displayed by Mrs. Piper might Mrs. Thompson's trance be unconvincing, but also to one who, having had but little experience of mediumistic trances, was biassed by preconceived notions of what a trance ought to be.

“[NOTE.—¹ In his recent work, *Hypnotism: Its History, Practice and Theory*, Dr. J. Milne Bramwell maintains that, in some cases where only the very slightest hypnosis has been induced, and even where no certain trace of it has been detected, suggestion yields therapeutic results as striking as in the case of patients who have been deeply hypnotized. Thus the view that the exercise of supernormal faculty need not be accompanied by either profound or even slight trance [Foster apparently had none at all. H.H.] would fall into line with Dr. Bramwell's observations if, with Myers, we attribute both response to curative suggestions, and supernormal faculties generally to the activities of the subliminal consciousness.]”

Other authorities have expressed themselves as follows—first, Sir Oliver Lodge (Pr. XVII, 62):

“It has been the wish of Mrs. Thompson herself that everything, whether favorable or unfavorable, should be impartially published. . . . Anything in the nature of suppression, either of suspicious circumstances or of hostile criticism, would be resented by her.”

Myers prefaced his accounts of her sittings (Pr. XVII, 69):

“For what follows, therefore, I claim entire genuineness. I believe that there has been no attempt whatever to exaggerate any incident, but an honest desire on the part of both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to utilize for the benefit of Science a gift which they fully recognize as independent of personal merit.”

Also Dr. van Eeden, in his report on Mrs. Thompson, said (Pr. XVII, 78) that certain facts “excluded all fraud or coincidence,” and (p. 80):

“To explain all these morbid phenomena as the work of the unconscious or subliminal mind, or of a secondary personality, often seems forced and insufficient. Moreover, considering the matter philosophically, are the terms: ‘unconscious,’ ‘subliminal,’ ‘secondary personality,’ clearer and more scientific than the terms demon, spirit, or ghost? Is it not often a simple question of terms? What difference is there between a secondary or tertiary personality and a possessing demon?”

Mr. Piddington (Pr. XVII, 136):

“I fail to see how any hypothesis involving conscious fraud on Mrs. Thompson’s part can provide a solution.”

Miss Alice Johnson (Pr. XVII, 163):

“I had, and have still a distinct impression of her entire sincerity in the matter.”

Mrs. Verrall (Pr. XVII, 218):

“That Mrs. Thompson is possessed of knowledge not normally obtained I regard as established beyond a doubt; that the hypothesis of fraud, conscious or unconscious on her part, fails to explain the phenomena, seems to be equally certain; that to more causes than one is to be attributed the success which I have recorded seems to me likely. There is, I believe, some evidence to indicate that telepathy between the sitter and the trance personality is one of these contributory causes. But that tele-

pathy from the living, even in an extended sense of the term, does not furnish a complete explanation of the occurrences observed by me, is . . . my present belief."

Mrs. Thompson's principal "control" is, ostensibly, her daughter Nelly, who died as a baby, and has been growing up into as amusing a little minx as there is on record—as amusing in her way as Phinuit is in his. I simply believe that it is not in human capacity to turn out either of them day after day off-hand. Nelly has a pal, Elsie, a friend of the family, who died when six years old.

An appearance was frequently put in, too, by the alleged spirit of Mrs. Cartwright, the proprietor (not teacher) of a school attended in girlhood by Mrs. Thompson. She was a remarkable contrast to Nelly, and almost equally amusing in her own way, as the following passage from Mr. Piddington illustrates (Pr. XVIII, 132):

"The following effort of a modern lady novelist might have been written by Mrs. Cartwright, and would certainly have met with her approbation:—'The burnt child is proverbially a dis-senter from the form of religion established by Zoroaster.'"

The following extract from Mr. Piddington's report appears to indicate either remarkable dramatic power on the part of the medium, or distinct personalities communicating (Pr. XVIII, 173):

"Mrs. Cartwright and Nelly spoke in turns, and a most amusing scene ensued, Mrs. Cartwright casting reflections on Nelly's way of doing her work, and Nelly bobbing in and out to mimic Mrs. Cartwright's pompous and platitudinous manner and diction, and to complain of her dictatorial airs. Nelly, as usual, wound up the sitting, and put in a parting shot:—'Mrs. Cartwright thinks I'm illiterate.' 'She always thought life not worth living, if you weren't obeyed.' 'Mrs. Cartwright says I'm to come before I talk "insipid nonsense" (mimicking Mrs. Cartwright's voice and accent). Her compliments come thick and fast.'

"Mrs. Thompson remarked on waking:—'I've been back to my old school at Wenlock, where Mrs. Cartwright was. I saw Mrs. Cartwright.'

Isn't this exactly like a dream? Compare Mrs. Piper's seeing G. P. so that she picks out his photograph.

Mr. Piddington farther comments (Pr. XVIII, 132):

“Two grammatical slips made by that otherwise immaculate stylist, Mrs. Cartwright... occurred at the sitting which had been enlivened by the tiff, and at which Nelly, who was very sore, complained that Mrs. Cartwright had criticised her culture:—‘Mrs. Cartwright says I’m illiterate.’ Nelly’s grammar, it is true, is not above reproach, but, in spite of her choice diction, no more is Mrs. Cartwright’s. I had handed to the medium a cap, and Nelly failed to give more than one, though that a very essential, fact about its owner, so Mrs. Cartwright undertook to come to the rescue, and expressed her intention as follows:—‘With regard to that cap, Sir, I’m not prepared with any information about it; but I will [*sic*] be able to fathom it out for you.’”

And later, speaking of Archbishop Benson, Mrs. Cartwright says (Pr. XVIII, 133):

“‘It is only us [*sic*] higher spirits who do not have to make use of material objects in order to obtain information.’”

Mr. Piddington continues:

“Though Nelly’s speech is slangy and incorrect—in keeping with her character, for she is half Puck, half *gamin*, though entirely lovable—not only is Mrs. Thompson’s language vastly more refined and accurate than Nelly’s, but the ‘Mr. D.’ control [another of the many cases where a woman’s secondary personality(?) is a man! H.H.], who has occasionally spoken with great fluency and ease in my presence, talks as good English as one can wish to hear. The occasional mistakes of Mrs. Cartwright are not at all difficult to reconcile with the theory that she is the spirit of a middle-class woman of imperfect education (it should be borne in mind that she was not a teacher, but the proprietress of a school), who piqued herself upon her superior command of language; but it is not quite so easy to explain them if she is a secondary personality; for if ‘Mr. D.’ can be made to speak correctly, why not Mrs. Cartwright also?.....

“There had been a break in the trance... Shortly before the medium was re-entranced she said she thought Mrs. Cartwright might be coming to control. Later on Mrs. Cartwright did control; but she was preceded by the control whom I call here ‘Mr. D.’ This control spoke only a dozen words, and disappeared. Nelly then came on the scene for a moment to say that Mr. D. had made a mistake, and added that Mrs. Cartwright would explain better than herself what had happened. Mrs. Cartwright’s explanation was that she could not explain Mr. D.’s sudden and confused intrusion; and then the matter dropped. But the episode was an interesting one to witness, for the change of controls was effected very rapidly and with complete ease,

only a moment's silence between the going away of one and the arrival of the next; the medium displayed no symptoms of physical discomfort, and the alterations of personality, occurring as they did within the space of a minute or two, brought out into strong relief the distinctive features of these the three principal controls. Mr. D.'s intrusion was most lifelike and natural, his behavior and slight discomposure were just like those of a person who has entered a room by mistake and found a stranger in it."

Compare sundry changes of control in the Piper trances—sometimes just as easy, sometimes difficult. This easy appearance of controls is at variance with much that has been said about the extreme difficulty of communication. As far as we have got, pretty much everything seems to contradict pretty much everything else. But there may be reconciliation when we know more.

On December 4, 1899, Nelly said to Dr. van Eeden (Pr. XVII, 99f.):

"'If you say, "Now, Nelly," I'll come if I can.' Van E.: 'Will you come in my dreams?' Nelly: 'But you've got curtains round your bed. [This is a telopsis in Holland or telepathy from van E.'s mind. H.H.] I don't like them. They are old-fashioned now.' [Bed curtains are becoming rare in Holland. Van E.'s sleeping-room being at the same time his study, he has a drapery hanging before his bed.] Van E.: 'If you saw better you would see why I have curtains.' Nelly: 'Because it's got a thing to hide it. Because you don't want all the people to see. You are funny.' Van E.: 'What's the matter?' Nelly: 'I don't know.' Van E.: 'I put the curtain up at night.' Nelly: 'I don't know if I am in the right house. It's got a shiny floor. There's a cupboard with little drawers.' [There is a cupboard with little drawers in van E.'s house and a floor with mattings.] ... Nelly (to Mrs. Verrall): 'Perhaps I'll talk secrets when you go away. I shan't call you doctor (to van E.), though the old gentleman does. I can't oblige you and call you doctor. You have not enough bottles, you don't smell enough of disinfectants. [Van E. does not practise medicine much now.] ... Your real name is foreign savant. I'll forgive you for saying Spain to mother.' [On walking away from the house with Mrs. Thompson after his first sitting, when his nationality had not yet been discovered, van E. had talked to her about Spain, not without some intention of seeing if Nelly would follow up a wrong hint.]"

Dr. van Eeden soon thereafter returned to Holland.

Here is an extract from

Sitting of January 5th, 1900. (Pr.XVII,112-3.)

"Present: Mrs. —, Mrs. F., Hon. E. Feilding, and J. G. Piddington.

"Nelly (to J. G. P.): 'Tell Dr. van Eeden he kept calling me last night (*i.e.*, Jan. 4-5). He was inside those curtains... I went to him and I think he knows it. He told me so, and he is waiting to hear if you send my message. He was asleep. "Now, Nelly, you come to me and remember," he cried out. His wife was stout... He was in bed alone, not with his wife, he was by himself. He had had a hard day's work, yet was sufficiently awake to call me.'

"J. G. P. sent a transcript of the above to Dr. van Eeden and received the following reply:

" 'WALDEN, BUSSUM, Jan. 10, 1900.

" 'Dear Mr. Piddington,

" 'In the diary of my dreams I find on January 3rd that I had what I call a "clear dream" with full consciousness on the night of [Jan.] 2-3, between Tuesday and Wednesday. In those dreams I have power to call people and see them in my dream. I had arranged with Nelly that I should call her in the first dream of this sort, and I did so on the said night. She appeared to me in the form of a little girl, rather plump and healthy-looking, with loose, light-colored hair. [Note that at sitting on Nov. 29, 1899, Nelly had described her hair as black and curly, in van E.'s hearing.—J.G.P.] She did not talk to me, but looked rather awkward or embarrassed, giving me to understand that she could not yet speak to me; she had not yet learned Dutch. This was the second dream of the sort after my stay in England. The first occurred on Dec. 11. In this dream I also tried to call Nelly, but it was no success. Some grown-up girl appeared, who spoke Dutch, and as my consciousness was not quite clear, I had forgotten that she was to be English.

" 'The particulars are true. I slept alone, in the bed with the curtain, or rather drapery, hanging before it. I was extremely tired, and slept deeply and soundly, which is always a condition for that sort of dream.

" 'The mistake about the date does not seem very important, as it was probably the first sitting you had after Jan. 3. [It was the first sitting since Dec. 18, 1899.—J.G.P.]... Tell Nelly next time she was right about my calling, and ask her to tell you again when she has been aware of it. But let her not make guesses or shots. I shall try to give her some communications.

" 'Yours very truly,

" 'F. VAN EEDEN.'

"Nelly made no reference to Dr. van Eeden at sittings held on the 10th, 12th, and 16th of January."

Sitting of January 18th, 1900. (Pr.XVII,113.)

"Present: Mr. J. O. Wilson (pseudonym) and J. G. Piddington.

"At end of sitting J. G. P. asks Nelly: 'Have you been to see Dr. van Eeden?' Nelly: 'No. I haven't. This is a mixture. Dr. van Eeden has summoned me twice, and Elsie,'—(here J. G. P. interrupted Nelly to ask who 'Elsie' was, not having heard her mentioned before) 'a little girl that used to talk before I came—Elsie Line came to me and said "Old Whiskers in the bed is calling you."' J. G. P.: 'When was that?' Nelly: 'It was before the sitting with'—(Nelly then proceeded to describe the personal appearance of a lady and gentleman, both unknown by name to Mrs. Thompson, who had attended the sitting of Jan. 16). 'Both times was before that' (*i.e.*, before Jan. 16). 'I said: "Bother Whiskers! you go instead of me"—and very likely she did go. I hope he didn't think she was me. You want my description. I haven't red hair. It's as light as mother's—not red—more look of brightness like mother's—and then I've nicer eyes than mother... dark, wide open eyes. I'm fat, and look as if I was seven; I am older.'

Unless the brat got knowledge and a vocabulary in the other world a great deal faster than they can be acquired in this, she was not genuine.

But on November 29, 1899, she had said (Pr. XVII, 90):

"'I'm going to materialize one day for father to show him the color of my hair—black curly hair, not light like mothers'... J. G. P. several months later pointed out to Nelly the inconsistency of these two descriptions, and Nelly explained that the description given on January 18th, 1900, should apply to 'Elsie.'¹

"[NOTE.—¹ After reading the proofs of this record, Mrs. Thompson... told me that the personal description ascribed by Nelly to Elsie is not in accordance with the facts; for Elsie... had colorless lightish brown hair cut short and straight across her forehead. Elsie died at about six years of age. Nelly, who died when only four months old, had very dark brown curly hair, most unlike her mother's.]" [Such hair often grows light later. H.H.]

Here is an account, badly mutilated in necessary condensation, of a suicide, which *might* all be telepathic *if* one could account for its dramatic quality on that basis:

Sitting of June 2nd, 1900. (Pr.XVII,104f.)

"..... Van E.: 'You have not told me the principal thing about this man' (parcel). Nelly: 'The principal thing is his sudden death [R.] [= Right. H.H.]. I can tell you better when she

(Lady X.) is not there. It frightens me. Everybody was frightened, seeming to say "O dear! good gracious!"... This gentleman could shoot. He was rather an out-of-doors man. What a funny hat he used to wear. Round with a cord around. He had a velvet jacket. You have a velvet jacket too, but not real velvet, and like trousers [R.]. But that gentleman had real velvet jacket. [References to dress. D.] [= Doubtful. H.H.] I can't see any blood about this gentleman, but a horrible sore place: somebody wiped it all up. It looks black [the bullet wound probably]. I am happy because that man is happy now. He was in a state of muddle. And when he realized what he had done, he said it is better to make amends and be happy.' Van E.: 'How did he make amends?' Nelly: 'When any people want to kill themselves he goes behind them and stops their hands, saying, "just wait." He stops their hands from cutting their throats. He says, "Don't do that: you will wake up and find yourself in another world haunted with the facts, and that's a greater punishment." He's got such a horror that anybody would do the same thing, and he asks them to stop, and it makes him so happy. [He cut his own throat, but recovered; and afterwards shot himself.] (To van E.) You don't seem to have any whiskers. I don't see your head properly. Someone covers up your head. He covers up your head to show how his own head was covered up. O dear, isn't it funny? You must not cut off your head when you die. [The suicide's head was covered up when he was found dead.]... How do you pronounce Hendrik?' Van E.: 'Very good, it is Hendrik.' Nelly says good-by to everybody, and to Lady X., 'I like you.'... [*Note by van E.*—I did not quite remember the name of the suicide, and thought it might be Hendrik. A few days later I dreamt about another friend of mine called 'Sam,' and I called out, 'Sam! Sam!' in my dream. I remembered then that the name of the dead man was also Sam, or Samuel.]"

At the next sitting Nelly says (Pr. XVII, 108):

"'This matter (the suicide of the cap-man) was all in the newspapers. But he is sorry, because there was a mis-statement of facts in one newspaper. This grieves him, because it was already bad enough for his friends. [The facts of the case were misrepresented in the newspapers to the detriment of the deceased man's friends, but van E. could not find out what particular newspaper was more to blame than the rest.] He wants to know why his life is to be talked over in a foreign country.'"

Sitting of June 7th, 1900. (Pr. XVII, 108f.)

"At Mrs. Thompson's house. Present: Mrs. Thompson, Dr. van Eeden.

"Since the last sitting on June 5th Mrs. Thompson has had a

peculiar cough quite unusual to her. It was like that of the suicide. [Mr. Myers writes: 'Mrs. T. independently told me that this huskiness began when she first saw van Eeden on this visit of his to England, and continued throughout his stay, and went off half-an-hour after his departure. She had no cold.']"

For forty years I have remembered a similar cough that bothered me for some days when a sensitive was visiting me, and the sensitive was bothered by it too. I did not think of the coincidence until I read this. I cannot attach any meaning to it now.

"Nelly: 'That gentleman that made my mother have a sore throat, he came and tried to make mother write. He wanted to say something about the name of that place.' Mrs. Thompson showed van E. what she had written on a sheet of paper after the last sitting on June 5th, in a state of trance. It was *Notten Velp*. [First name unknown to van E.] [Then where did Mrs. Thompson get it? H.H.] Velp is a well-known village in Holland. Van E. does not know if his friend had ever been there.

"(Mrs. Thompson's hand tries to write with pencil on paper. Writes: 'Wedstruden' again. Long silence. Mrs. Thompson seems very restless, feeling her throat with her hands.) Nelly: 'He wants you to speak Hollands, Hollands.' (Van E. speaks a few words in Dutch, asking if his dead friend heard and understood. After this comes a very expressive pantomime, during which Mrs. Thompson takes van E.'s hands firmly as if to thank him very heartily, making different gestures.) Nelly: 'He understood. I was not talking through mother then. . . . He could not talk better. All the time he is nearly in possession of mother. That's what makes my mother's throat so. (Rummaging in the parcel) [of the suicide's clothes. H.H.] I am trying to get a fresh place in the parcel. What's "Vrouw Poss" . . . "Poss." Van E.: 'Vrouw Post—Ik versta je.' [This was the exact pronunciation—the final 't' being but slightly sounded in Dutch—of a name very familiar to van E. Vrouw (= Mrs.) Post is a poor workwoman who used to come to his house every day.] (When van E. repeated the words and said 'ik versta je' (I understand) Mrs. Thompson laughed very excitedly and made emphatic gestures of pleasure and satisfaction, patting his head and shoulders, just as his friend would have done.) Nelly: 'He is so glad you recognized him. He is not so emotional usually. What is Wuitsbergen . . . Criuswergen?' [This is very nearly the right pronunciation of the word Cruysbergen, the old name of van E.'s place, Walden. Van E. writes: 'It is remarkable that it was not at all like the pronunciation of the word as if read by an English person, but as if heard. This name is still

in use among us, and my dead friend used it always...']
 Van E.: 'Ih weet wat je zeggen wil, zeg het nog eens.' ('I know what you mean, say it again.') (Nelly tries again and says 'Hans.' She then says that she is going away for two minutes. Mrs. Thompson awakening says 'I smell some sort of anæsthetic stuff like chloroform. I can taste it in my mouth. I was dreaming about being chloroformed, and your trying to wake me up.') ['This is very remarkable, the taste being probably that of iodoform, which was used in healing the wound in the throat of my dead friend. Mrs. Thompson, in reply to inquiry, said that she did not know the smell of iodoform.'—*Note by van E.*]

"4.45. Trance came on again suddenly in the middle of conversation. Nelly: 'That gentleman *was* pleased and delighted.' Van E.: 'Why does he not give his name?' Nelly: 'It is like Sum, Thum, or like Sjam. Not quite this. Please, do you pronounce it properly.' Van E.: 'Yes, indeed, it is Sam.' Nelly: 'That is it. He says it sounded like Sjam through his bad throat...'. Mrs. Thompson appeared now to be completely under the control of van E.'s dead friend, and began to speak in a low hoarse voice.) Sam: 'Head muddled mine was. When I was regrettable—thing. I must know where friends. Success for me.' Van E.: 'Zeg den naam van je vriend.' ('Say your friend's name.') (Different gestures to show that the words must be drawn out of the mouth and pressed into the head, gestures expressing great difficulty.) Sam: 'Max... Frederik make progress. People shall read and read and re-read and your plans shall be carried out after you. [This points clearly to van E.'s social plans.] *Truth.* Do not (...?...?) away the truth. I shall talk in our own beloved Dutch. In the sleep helps to clear out that woman's head.' Van E.: 'Welke vrouw?' ('Which woman?') Sam: 'This woman. (Mrs. T. presses her own breast.) I shall speak more clear. (Hoarse voice.) Why try and make me live? Not come back.' (Van E. asks, always in Dutch, after the friend, who imitated his suicide. Violent gestures of disquiet and horror. Mrs. T.'s hand takes the cap and shows it.) Sam: 'When I was in England greatest disappointment. I went to England just before. [He never was in England.] Did you think dreadful of me?'... Nelly: 'Did you understand what was "Wedstruden"?' Van E.: 'O yes. But what is it in English?' Nelly: 'I cannot find out.' (It must be understood that van E. spoke the few Dutch questions without translating and got answers immediately.)"

Dr. van Eeden says (Pr. XVII, 81f.) :

"During the first series of experiments, in November and December, 1899, I felt a very strong conviction that the person ... was living as a spirit and was in communication with me

through Mrs. Thompson. . . . But when I came home [to Holland. H.H.], I found on further inquiry inexplicable faults and failures. If I had really spoken to the dead man, he would never have made these mistakes. And the remarkable feature of it was that all these mistakes were in those very particulars which I had not known myself and was unable to correct on the spot. . . . I came to the conclusion that I had dealt only with Mrs. Thompson, who . . . had *acted* the ghost, though in perfect good faith.

“‘ But on my second visit, in June, 1900, when I took with me the piece of clothing of the young man who had committed suicide, my first impression came back, and with greater force. I was well on my guard, and if I gave hints, it was not unconsciously, but on purpose; and . . . the plainest hints were not taken, but the truth came out in the most curious and unexpected ways.

“‘ The following described very exactly both his character and his attempt at suicide. “‘ He would not show me any blood on his neck, because he was afraid I should be frightened.” This is quite like my dead young friend. He was very gentle and always tried to hide his mutilated throat in order not to horrify children or sensitive people.

“‘ Up to the sitting of June 7th all the information came through Nelly, Mrs. Thompson's so-called spirit-control. But on that date the deceased tried, as he had promised, to take the control himself, as the technical term goes. The evidence then became very striking. During a few minutes—though a few minutes only—I felt absolutely as if I were speaking to my friend himself. I spoke Dutch and got immediate and correct answers. The expression of satisfaction and gratification in face and gesture, when we seemed to understand each other, was too true and vivid to be acted. Quite unexpected Dutch words were pronounced [Mrs. Thompson, I believe, did not understand Dutch. H.H.], details were given which were far from my mind, some of which, as that about my friend's uncle in a former sitting, I had never known, and found to be true only on inquiry afterwards.

“‘ And here, I think, I may make a definite and clear statement of my present opinion, which has been wavering between the two sides for a long time. . . . Every phenomenon or occurrence of a very extraordinary character is only believed after repeated observation. . . . At this present moment it is about eight months since I had my last sitting with Mrs. Thompson in Paris, and yet, when I read the notes again, it is impossible for me to abstain from the conviction that I have really been a witness, were it only for a few minutes, of the voluntary manifestation of a deceased person.’ ”

Sitting of February 1st, 1900. (Pr.XVII,126-7.)

"Mrs. Thompson, Medium. Present: J. G. Piddington, alone.

"..... Nelly: 'When in the Express Dairy I nearly controlled mother then. Express Dairy near the Marble Arch.' J. G. P.: 'Why did you?' Nelly: 'Because I wanted to be preparing her to tell you about all these things.' [After trance Mrs. T. told J. G. P. that when in a tea-shop at the end of Park Lane earlier in the day she had been nearly entranced.]"

In one of Mrs. Verrall's sittings came this strange and significant circumstance (Pr. XVII, 201):

"Nelly said that a piece of hair which I gave her when she was in my house was the hair of a very delicate baby, so delicate that it 'makes mother's hand cold'; Mrs. Thompson's hand, which she gave to me, had suddenly become very cold.¹

"[NOTE.—¹ On another occasion, when speaking of a person who had died suddenly from an accident, in full vigor of health, Nelly drew my attention to the heat of Mrs. Thompson's hand, due, according to her, to the extreme vitality of the person in question.]"

Cf. Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, bottom of p. 412.

Sitting of July 16th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,145f.)

"Mr. and Mrs. Percival's first sitting. Mr. Myers recording.

"[P.] [This series in Pr.XVIII, it will be remembered, is edited by Mr. Piddington. H.H.]... A book that had belonged to W. Stainton Moses was handed to the medium, but nothing came of this except that the medium's hand wrote 'William Stainton,' and that subsequently Mrs. Cartwright said that she saw little chance of getting at Moses, who was in a different part of the spiritual world. She also denied all knowledge of the Imperator group.

"Mr. Myers asked what had first interested Mrs. Cartwright in the subject of spirit communication, and she replied as follows:—'I abhorred the subject of Spiritualism when on earth. Yet I could not help thinking about it, and I made up my mind that the first thing I would do on the other side was to see whether there was any truth in it, and then, if possible, come back and tell people it was all nonsense.' Mrs. Cartwright's meaning is clear enough, but her manner of expressing it suggests that she must have had more than a drop of Irish blood in her veins."

Later Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XVIII, 149):

"Nelly intimates that skepticism is not confined to this side of the veil, and that in her efforts to forward the cause of

psychical research she has to incur the invidious charge of being a Paul Pry. If my memory serves me well, Phinuit likewise has complained of the odium into which his inquisitiveness into the affairs of strangers has brought him."

Mr. Piddington also remarks (Pr. XVIII, 166-7) :

"I believe that Nelly has sometimes spoken of things which the normal Mrs. Thompson would not have mentioned to me. . . . Some of the more marked instances of Nelly's artless *épanchement* occurred in the earlier sittings when Mrs. Thompson and I were comparative strangers to one another. I do not mean to suggest that Nelly was very much of an *enfant terrible*, but she told some tales out of school for which a child less privileged and one not removed from the sphere of material punishment would, I fancy, have had to suffer. . . . But about Mrs. Benson's relations and my own she has expressed opinions the reverse of complimentary and in a style quite foreign to Mrs. Thompson's courteous nature."

Sitting of January 11th, 1901. (Pr. XVIII, 176-7.)

"[P.] . . . A control which purported to be Professor Sidgwick appeared for the first time, and then the control whom I call Mr. D. spoke and wrote for about half an hour, and brought the sitting to a close without Nelly reappearing. When Mrs. Thompson awoke she said:—'I'm sure that was Mr. D.' I asked why. 'Because I feel so different,' she replied. I then asked if she remembered anything, to which came the answer:—'No. Oh! yes, I do. I remember hearing Professor Sidgwick stuttering, and I thought to myself he might have dropped the stutter when he got to heaven. He was dressed in just ordinary clothes.'" [All this is just like ordinary dreaming. H.H.]

Mr. Piddington points out (Pr. XVIII, 180) that

"while Dr. Hodgson believes as the result of his long, acute and searching investigation that Mrs. Piper 'is entirely ignorant of what occurs during trance' [she certainly remembers during the "waking stage." How about recognizing G. P.'s portrait? H.H.], the same cannot be said of Mrs. Thompson. Again 'Phinuit is, or pretends to be equally unaware of the knowledge possessed by Mrs. Piper, and of the incidents which happen to her in her ordinary life.' Nelly neither is, nor pretends to be similarly ignorant."

Mrs. Thompson's Account of a Teloptic Vision.
(Pr. XVIII, 183-4.)

"May 24th, 1900.

"On Monday, May 7th, 1900, about 7.30 in the evening, I happened to be sitting quite alone in the dining-room, and thinking of the possibility of my "subliminal" communicating

with that of another person—no one in particular. I was not for one moment unconscious. All at once I felt someone was standing near, and quickly opened my eyes, and was very surprised to see—clairvoyantly, of course—Mr. J. G. Piddington. I was very keen to try the experiment: so at once spoke to him aloud. He looked so natural and life-like I did not feel in the least alarmed.

“I commenced:—“Please tell me of something I may afterwards verify to prove I am really speaking to you.” J. G. P.: “I have had a beastly row with ——” [naming a specified person]. R. T.: “What about?” (No answer to this.) J. G. P.: “He says he did not intend to annoy me, but I said he had been very successful in doing so, whether he intended to or not.” After saying this he disappeared, and I began to wonder if there was any truth in what I had heard from—what appeared to me to be—Mr. Piddington. I did not like to write and to ask him if it was so. On May 24th, I had an opportunity of telling him, and was very surprised to hear it was the truth. I also told him I had guessed at the subject of the “beastly row.” My conjecture was quite accurate.

“(Signed) ROSALIE THOMPSON.

“P. S.—People often ask me how I talk with Nelly: just as I talked with Mr. Piddington on May 7th. I seem to see and feel what they are saying. The lips appear to move, but they make no audible sound. Yet unless I speak aloud they do not seem to understand me. I have tried Nelly when she appears to me by asking mental questions, but she does not understand unless I speak aloud and very clearly. R. T.’”

Mr. Piddington thus supplements Mrs. Thompson's statement (Pr. XVIII, 184):

“Writing to Mr. Myers on May 30th, 1900, I expressed myself as follows:—

“I entirely indorse Mrs. Thompson's account. I made her describe the incident *in full* before saying whether the story corresponded in any way with actual facts.

“One point I think Mrs. Thompson has omitted from her account. I feel nearly certain that she described herself as having been aware that the quarrel was conducted by correspondence, as was the case, and not *vivâ voce*. The correspondence took place between April 28th and May 1st. Mrs. Thompson's experience was on May 7th. . . . I think it highly improbable that Mrs. Thompson could have had any knowledge of the “beastly row” in an ordinary way, and of the fact that my correspondent professed to have had no desire to annoy me, and of my observation thereon, impossible. I do not remember, and have no means of recalling, what I was doing about 7.30 P.M. on May 7th—probably dressing for dinner.’

"It was this experience of Mrs. Thompson's which compelled my belief in her supernatural powers. At the time I saw no way of getting round it and I see no way now. But to my great regret I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose all the circumstances. The case must accordingly lose much of its evidential value, and I therefore cannot hope that it will produce on others the same conviction that it has on myself."

Prof. Moutonnier and Mrs. Thompson
(Pr. XVIII, 194-200):

"[P.] Professor C. Moutonnier, formerly Professor at the *Ecole des hautes Etudes Commerciales à Paris*, sent to Mr. Myers the following account of how he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Thompson, and also a record of a sitting which he had with her.....

"On February the 10th, I received from Prof. C. Richet an invitation to attend some psychical experiments which were to take place at his château at Carqueiranne, together with Professors Myers and James... I was then on a visit at my daughter's at Monte Carlo, with my family, quite unaware of Mrs. Thompson being at the same place, as I did not know her, either by name or sight.

"On the 1st of March, between 10 and 11 A.M., I was sitting on a bench with my wife, in one of the most retired spots of the gardens... I saw coming up to us three persons, a gentleman accompanied by a lady and a little girl, eleven years old. The lady addressed us in English (without knowing our nationality) as old friends, and in such a familiar way as only those already acquainted with the subject could take any interest in her conversation. She told us, *ex abrupto*, and without being questioned, that she came from a château at Carqueiranne belonging to Professor Richet, where she had been staying for some time with the Professors Myers and James... that she had been guided to me by her little spirit-girl, notwithstanding that her husband insisted on going by another alley; and that, as soon as she perceived us, she saw written before her eyes the word "Carqueiranne"... Great was her surprise when I told her we were intimate friends of Professor Richet, and greater still my joy on learning that she was one of the two mediums I was to meet at Carqueiranne.....

"Our next meeting took place on the 13th of March, at the same spot and the same hour... After about a quarter of an hour chatting on different topics, Mrs. Thompson—without losing consciousness—was all of a sudden taken hold of by her spirit-girl, who spoke through her in the following manner and terms, written down word by word as uttered from the lips of the medium:—

"1. "The lady who is standing back of you says that you have a ring of hers, and you should give it to me.

“2. “She mentions that *Long Henry* wants to send a message to the one who was a little girl.

“3. “*The lady* had white hands, long fingers, and fingernails like nut-shells.

“4. “You have something that belongs to *Harry* in your pocket.

“5. “*Long Henry* was very weak, and suffered from the stomach, which caused him to stoop a little.

“6. “It seems to me that he died in a foreign country; you remember when you last saw him, he wore a kind of a black coat and a black tie.

“7. “*The lady* died and she left a little girl, and she is going to have the ring, but in a long time to come.

“8. “There is someone related to *Long Henry*, and he asks if you are still teaching, as you could not very well take care of the babe and do two things together.

“9. “When *the lady* died she left a little carved box, you know, to put trinkets into it; you don't know but the *painting lady* knows all about it.

“10. “*Harry* says that you have a *stud* that belongs to him. It is not to make you feel bad; but he is very funny, you know; he is rather reserved, dignified, and wants to be somebody.

“11. “He was very fond of stretching out his legs, when he was seated; he liked also sticks and had some very funny ones.....

“13. “It seems to me that he died very unfortunately, when his prospects were at the highest. It was as if it were a premature death.

“14. “He knew you to be very kind, but never thought you would have done so much for his babe, as it was a very weak and miserable one.....

“17. “You have *some hair* in your pocket; I wish you gave it to me.

“18. “There is a *Marie* connected with it. The hair was first brown and then chestnut color.

“19. “*The lady* died; she was quite well and was not to die.....

“21. “There is also a *George* connected with it. He is in a foreign country and alive.....

“23. “It seems as if '*the hair*' had been in the hands of another medium; there is an influence of a stout lady.....

“25. “*Harry* says that the chestnut hair was that of his darling wife.”.....

““ *Explanatory Notes.*

“1. The ring mentioned here was *my daughter's*.....

“2. *Long Henry* was an intimate friend of ours.... He was very tall and liked my granddaughter—then a little child—very much.

“3. My daughter's hands were of a beautiful shape, white, long and tapering.

“4. I had in the left inside pocket of my coat a little picture of *Harry*—my son-in-law.

“5. . . . *Henry's* health had always been very poor, and his tallness caused him to stoop a little.

“6. When we last saw him in Paris—at luncheon—he wore a black cut-away coat and a black necktie.

“7. Both my daughter and her husband died leaving a girl—then six years old, their only child.

“8. The person alluded to by *Long Henry* is myself. I was then a professor at the *Ecole des hautes Etudes Commerciales at Paris*.

“9. After my daughter's death we found many little boxes, where she kept her jewels. I, of course, was ignorant of the fact, but my other daughter, her sister (mentioned by the medium as being the *painting lady*, and who is in reality an artist painter) very likely knew all about it.

“10. On the very day of the séance I had on my shirt, hidden under my neck-tie, and invisible to anyone, a diamond stud belonging to my son-in-law. I must say that I was quite unaware of having it on that day. *Harry* was rather a dignified and very ambitious man.

“11. Like all Americans when at leisure, he used to take an easy position. He was very fond of *sticks* and had kept one of the funniest you can imagine in a trunk in Paris that belonged to him.

“13. He was only 41 years old when he died, and he had indeed a great future before him; being very intelligent, active and ambitious.

“14. He died first and his little girl, my grand-daughter, was then very delicate and weak.

“17. I had in the left inside pocket of my coat wrapped in paper and in an envelope a lock of my daughter's hair.

“18. My daughter's hair was of a chestnut color.

“19. My daughter *Marie* caught the influenza from her sister and was taken away in the course of five days by the dreadful plague, February, '92, in the prime of her life, at the age of 29.

“21. The person mentioned by the name of *George* is the Christian name of my other son-in-law, *Mr. Healy* (the husband of the *painting lady*) who lives at Chicago and is still there. [This is probably G. P. A. Healy, one of the few American painters whose portraits hang in the Uffizi collection. H.H.]

“23. Never did my daughter's hair go out of my possession.

“25. The hair, as said before, was my daughter's.

“ *Psychometry, clairvoyance, mind-reading, telepathy* say the men of science; but I would rather call it *spirit influ-*

ence, a tie of union between all the worlds of the universe. . . . The message was given in a child-like way, and with the genuine accent and pronunciation of a child.' ”

The remaining extracts in this chapter are from Mr. Pid-dington's report:

(Pr.XVIII,213): “Nelly had said that she got ‘an influence connected with the lady at your house called Dorothy.’ In spite of my denial of there being any person so named connected with my wife, Nelly stuck to her statement, and the next day I discovered that the name of a hospital nurse who had come to attend my wife the day before the sitting was Dorothy.”

(Pr.XVIII,216-7): “The next sitting at which I was present was on December 18th, 1899. Towards the close of it I asked Nelly for more news about Dorothy. Nelly was annoyed and testily replied:—‘Oh, don't bother me about Dorothy. She's a very unimportant person; only a kind of servant.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘if she is so unimportant, why did you get a message about her?’ ‘Because,’ answered Nelly, without the least hesitation, ‘because she has a little dead brother, who wanted to send a message. We call him Bob—Bobby. He's got something wrong with him in the neck and ear, and it made his head a little bit sideways.’

“I wrote to Sister Dorothy to inquire if there were any truth in this statement. Her reply was to this effect: that she had no dead brother named Bobby, but she remembers a little boy in her hospital of that name, rather a pet of hers, who had a diseased bone in his neck.

“Let us suppose that a little spirit-child, Bobby, was cognizant of Sister Dorothy's presence in my house. He tells Nelly during the séance on November 29: ‘A lady connected with that gentleman has got Sister Dorothy at her house.’ Nelly repeats this information in a parrot-like way: misunderstands the use of the term ‘Sister,’ and imagines that because Bobby talks of ‘Sister Dorothy’ Bobby must be Dorothy's brother.”

(Pr.XVIII,219-20): “Nelly, who is ready enough at all times to volunteer the statement that she is ‘getting things out of people's stomachs’ [See solar plexus, p. 137. H.H.]—which is her definition of the telepathic theory—would not offer that explanation here. The source of her information she maintained was a spirit-boy, who had apparently dropped in as it were at a sitting, attracted thereto by the presence of someone at whose house his ‘Sister Dorothy’ was staying.

“Altogether the incident is a most complicated and perplexing one: hard to account for in my view by telepathy alone. The way in which the details dribbled out suggests the haphazard interchange of information between intelligences like

ourselves rather than the successful ferreting out of facts by means of the purposeful exercise of a telepathic faculty."

(Pr.XVIII,222): "Nelly at least does her work more or less blindly and automatically. More than this, I believe she regards the whole thing as a game or puzzle which it is good fun to solve. Nelly is no glum archangel; she never displays any consciousness of being engaged on a serious mission, nor indulges in prayer, pious ejaculations, or sanctimonious discourse; and is, in fact, a downright, unsentimental, *débonnaire* being. She is prepared to play the game under what she considers the proper rules; but if these are overstepped... she protests and is inclined to sulk."

(Pr.XVIII,214): "For a short time after his death Nelly denied with obstinacy that Mr. Myers was dead; though the fact was of course known to Mrs. Thompson, and although the Sidgwick control was represented as perfectly cognizant of it."

(Pr.XVIII,231-7): "One curious point about the script is that Nelly will not accept any responsibility for it... Thus on January 3rd, 1901... Nelly said:—'You don't think Mr. Myers is so ill; he's much worse.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but you wrote to the contrary.' 'I don't care what I've written,' retorted Nelly; 'don't put it down to me.'... January 8th, 1901. 'It's not me that writes. It's always somebody else that's writing. Not me, even if I tell you so.'....."

The Sidgwick Script

"... But it cannot be said that Mrs. Thompson's automatic script presents any specially interesting features as a general rule. It is not the chief method of communication as in Mrs. Piper's case. Still to this rule there is one exception, and that a most important one... a control which purports to represent the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, whom Mrs. Thompson had met several times. This control communicated directly by the voice, but also by means of writing... On December 20th, 1900... Mrs. Benson brought with her to the sitting a paper-knife that had belonged to her brother... On January 11th, 1901... a good deal of script was done... purporting to come from the Percival control. Across this script and intermingled with it were written in a different handwriting, though in a handwriting showing no trace of resemblance to that of Professor Sidgwick, the words 'Trin y Henry Sidg.' The first five letters seem like an attempt at 'Trinity,' and suggest that a reference was intended to Trinity College, Cambridge. On another page... was the word 'paper-cutter.' This was written I should say in Mrs. Thompson's natural hand... No paper-cutter had been presented to the medium at this sitting, and it is therefore fair to conclude that the appearance on the same sheet of paper of an

obvious attempt at the name 'Henry Sidgwick' and of the word 'paper-cutter' was not accidental.....

"I asked Nelly if Mr. Gurney was present. Nelly made the cryptic answer:—'About the trio.' 'Who are the trio?' I asked. 'Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney, and Mr. Myers,' replied Nelly. 'Henry Sidgwick is here.' The Sidgwick control then made its first appearance, and, though the words spoken were few, the voice, manner and style of utterance were extraordinarily lifelike: so much so indeed that, had I been ignorant of Professor Sidgwick's death and had happened to hear the voice without being able to tell whence it was issuing, I think I should have unhesitatingly ascribed it to him.

"The next sitting was on January 21st, 1901, and directly trance came on and before the sitters entered the room, Nelly began:—'Where's Henry Sidgwick? He's coming to talk after the sitting.' As soon as the sitters left the Sidgwick control made an ineffectual effort to speak. Nelly then came to the rescue and gave the following message:—'Mr. Piddington, he *can't* talk. He wants to write himself, when you're not thinking of him.... She will write it at 4.30.' 'Who,' I asked, 'will write it? The medium?' 'Yes,' said Nelly. The Sidgwick control then took Nelly's place; and again the impersonation was most extraordinarily lifelike. The only two occasions on which I have been *émotionné*, or have experienced the slightest feeling of uncanniness during a spiritualistic séance, or have felt myself in danger of being carried away, were during these two manifestations of the Sidgwick control. I felt that I was indeed speaking with, and hearing the voice of, the man I had known; and the vividness of the original impression has not faded with time.

"After Nelly had explained that her mother was to be prepared to receive an automatically-written message the same afternoon at 4.30, the Sidgwick control spoke as follows:—'He's not with me.' (The 'He' undoubtedly meant Mr. Myers. This sentence and the next were spoken with great emotion.) J. G. P.: 'Is he resting?' H. S.: 'He's not within range at all.... Alice* will know that it's me [sic] that's written it. She'll recognize it. She'll know it's my writing. Tell her to compare it with the others.'

"'Didn't Frederic Myers leave it to the Society? The books—not those for you—I will write it. You always thought me old and shabby, but I'm shabbier now.'

"The final sentence was apparently got out with immense effort, and then the personation stopped with a snap. It was

*Pr. XVIII, 238 says: "Miss Alice Johnson... (as Mrs. Thompson knew) has been Mrs. Sidgwick's private secretary for many years, and therefore had every opportunity of becoming... familiar with Professor Sidgwick's handwriting."

just like the swift and unexpected withdrawal of a magic-lantern slide."

Shortly after was given much writing, ostensibly from the Sidgwick control. Several fac-similes of it are given in Pr. XVIII, 238-43. Mr. Piddington continues:

(Pr. XVIII, 242): "[P.] Mrs. Sidgwick, in a letter addressed to Sir Oliver Lodge, speaks of 'the unmistakable likeness of the handwriting'; and Mrs. Benson in a letter addressed to me after examining the various sheets containing the script, says of them:—'The more I look at them, the more I am struck with the likeness.'

"I showed specimens of the script to one or two people who were well acquainted with Professor Sidgwick's handwriting, without of course giving any hint of what answer I was expecting, and asked them to cast just a cursory glance at them, and then say whose handwriting it was. In each case the answer came without hesitation, to the effect that it was Professor Sidgwick's writing.... As evidence for identity the script, remarkable though it is, seems to me worth little or nothing. I am not much of a dreamer, and at best am not a vivid one, and I am about as poor a visualizer as could be found, yet in my dreams I have more than once dreamt that I have received letters from a friend or acquaintance, and in the dream-letter the characteristic handwriting of my dream-correspondent has been depicted to the life. If so poor a visualizer as myself can in sleep summon up so clear a picture of another's handwriting, it is reasonable to suppose that Mrs. Thompson in trance enjoys at least an equal capacity, and there seems to me to be but a small step between such capacity for visualization and the power of making a graphic reproduction of the visual image."

All the difference in the world: for Mrs. Thompson did not know Professor Sidgwick's handwriting. Does Mr. Piddington mean that she got a telepathic vision of it from him (P) or a teloteropathic one somewhere else? Even Podmore says of these writings (*New. Spir.*, p. 203):

"They bear a very striking, and indeed quite unmistakable, resemblance to the writing of Mr. Henry Sidgwick. Mrs. Thompson states that she had never seen his writing. But, of course, there may have been opportunities for her to see it unconsciously."

Isn't this a little "thin," especially in view of some recent reason to doubt that observations lie latent?

Wasn't it Mr. Piddington's business to prove that she had

seen the writing, or is the whole burden of proof on the proponent of the extraordinary?

(Pr.XVIII,243): "In spite of Nelly's denial of responsibility for any of the automatic script, there is one instance where it is extremely difficult to suppose that she was not the author of it. . . . A lady had entered the séance-room . . . and after Nelly had made one or two slight references to her, the following sentences were written:—'Don't ask me any more questions. I hate the blue blouse.' The lady in question was wearing a blue blouse. Now, throughout this sitting there was not the slightest indication that any control other than Nelly was concerned in the communications; and, even apart from that fact, the context indisputably shows that the 'I' must refer to Nelly. The phraseology, too, is characteristic of her. . . . The simplest explanation . . . is that she wrote, instead of spoke . . . in order to avoid giving offense."

(Pr.XVIII,246-51): "The dominant note of a large proportion of Nelly's prophecies is their gloom, their appalling gloom. I have noted in all 25 predictions in the series of sittings under discussion, and out of these eleven are of a lugubrious character. . . . The most inspiring one that I can find is to this effect, namely, that someone who is dead would have been better off (*i.e.*, would have come in for money) had he lived. Nelly takes the most dismal views of people's health. On several occasions she has shown anxiety to number my days; not that I've ever allowed her to get so far, because happily I have foreseen what was coming (I have learnt to recognize the sympathetic voice and manner with which she prophesies evil things), and stopped her in time. . . .

He gives several of her prophecies and concludes with the following very wise remarks:

"This ends my list of Nelly's gloomy forebodings, and so far for not one of them can success be claimed. One is almost tempted to deduce from them a law ('Nelly's law'), that if anything unpleasant is foretold it is sure not to come off.

"I may be accused of treating this part of the subject with undue flippancy. If my flippancy will only induce a flippant attitude in the victims of pessimistic prophecies, its object will have been attained. . . . The bad effects that predictions can produce on nervous people are too obvious to need insisting on. A man sound in body and mind might listen unmoved to a prediction of the date and cause of his own death, mock at it, and disregard it. But illness comes and upsets the healthy bodily and mental balance, and what then? The prediction which sounded so absurd a few months back has now become rather disturbing, until at last it grips the man's imagination and thus

may well secure its fulfilment. Or, another possibility, X. is told that he will be involved in a bad carriage accident. Some time after he is out driving, the horses are frightened by a passing motor-car, the prediction suddenly flashes across X.'s mind, his nerve is momentarily shaken by the recollection, he loses his head for an instant, and an accident results, which, but for the paralyzing effects of the prediction, would have never occurred."

Mr. Piddington does not take much stock in Nellie's prophecies. Here are a couple of average specimens:

(Pr.XVIII,257): "On December 20th, 1900, Nelly predicted who would be the sitter at the next sitting. 'I'm going to see you with that spectacled gentleman the next time. I don't know who it is. Put it down for the truth.'

"I put it down for the truth, and took no measures either to help or to impede the truth coming true.

"Unhappily, instead of a spectacled gentleman, the next sitter was a lady wearing pince-nez. Nelly pointed out the failure herself: 'The gentleman with the spectacles—I told you he was coming. You see it isn't a gentleman with spectacles on.' She was not in the least disconcerted, nor did she try to explain away the non-success of her prediction. In fact the failure of her predictions does not seem to worry her; I suppose she has the good sense to set no great store by them."

(Pr.XVIII,258-9): "January 3rd, 1901... Nelly said:—'Mr. Ernest Bennett—you know who I mean. I'm talking to you (*i.e.*, J. G. P.).... He's going to tell you a lot of things.... What made me think of it (this in answer to a question asked by J. G. P.) was I saw a lot of people dressed up like ghosts, and then I could hear you and Mr. Bennett laughing—and then—and then you seem to have indigestion after.' J. G. P.: 'Is it future or past?' Nelly: 'After; it's what you've got to come to.'.....

"I went straight home. Being overtired, and as a consequence of the over-fatigue suffering from indigestion, I lay down on my bed.... I had been resting some twenty minutes or so when Mr. Ernest Bennett called to see me. I had no idea he was going to call, nor did I know any particular reason why he should.... Of course, as soon as I was told that Mr. Bennett had called, Nelly's prediction came into my mind.... Mr. Bennett at once explained the object of his visit, which was to tell me of his experiences at a haunted house in the West of England.... I had not any notion what he could be coming to talk about; and also when Nelly spoke about Mr. Bennett and people dressing up as ghosts it suggested nothing to my mind.... Mr. Bennett... expressed the opinion that one of the alleged phenomena was due to a servant's practical joke.....

"I think Mrs. Thompson either knew or knew of Mr. Ernest

Bennett, and if so, I cannot attach much importance to Nelly having said: 'Then I could hear you and Mr. Bennett laughing.' Mr. Bennett will, I hope, forgive me, if I say that, as a rule where he is, there too is laughter, and often 'laughter holding both her sides.'

(Pr.XVIII,261-2): "There is one string on which Nelly harps with such persistency that I grew to listen for the familiar twang at each sitting. Babies—babies who died at, or before, or soon after birth, are a subject of irresistible attraction to Nelly....."

"It may be that the explanation must be looked for in the particular circumstances of the life-history of the real Nelly. Mrs. Thompson's daughter Nelly died when only a few months old, and her own brief span of earth-life may perhaps account for her interest in 'the fate of the unbaptized.'... I think I am justified in saying that with Phinuit, too, *infantum animae* are a favorite topic, though, by the way, he and Nelly are far from representing them as *fentes in limine primo*.... I suppose that nothing has been more abhorrent to the modern conscience than certain eschatological teachings about the fate of unbaptized children; and it is conceivable that the insistence both of Phinuit and of Nelly upon the presence of babies in the same spheres of existence which the adult dead inhabit should be traced to a common desire to protest against this damnable dogma."

Sitting of December 1st, 1899. (Pr.XVIII,263.)

"..... There was a break in the trance, and the second part of the sitting Nelly opened with these words:—'What was that dead baby associated with the hair-lady? It was not properly born.' Dr. van Eeden said:—'I don't know'; and for the moment Nelly dropped the subject. But a few minutes later she reverted to it, saying to Dr. van Eeden:—'I wish you would think about the dead baby. The hair-lady has the entire management of the dead baby.'

"The 'hair-lady' was not dead, and so could not have the management of a dead baby, even had there been a dead baby to manage, and, so far as Dr. van Eeden could discover, there was no dead baby which could be said to be associated with either the lady or her husband."

Sitting of January 5th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,263-4.)

"..... Nelly said to Miss Gordon:—'This all comes through a little girl who died long ago—your sister. She is now grown up.'

"Miss Gordon never had a baby sister, or a sister who died young. A brother died two hours after birth."

Sitting of January 25th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,264-5.)

"..... Nelly said:—'I couldn't find the lady (*i.e.*, Miss Clegg) anywhere. I could only find a brother of this gentleman (*i.e.*, Mr. Wilson) who died when he was quite a tiny microbe baby.' A brother of Mr. Wilson's had died within a few hours after its birth."

Nelly on Physical Phenomena. (Pr.XVIII,265-6.)

"Mrs. Piper has never, I believe, claimed to produce physical phenomena: and among a certain school of psychical researchers this failure to sound '*toute la lyre*' of mediumship has been counted unto her for righteousness. Having a sneaking affection for physical phenomena, I am glad that Nelly has the courage of her opinions and boldly proclaims their feasibility, and further lays claim to having produced such things herself."

Cf. quotation from Podmore, p. 603.

Sitting of November 29th, 1899. (Pr.XVIII,266-7.)

"Nelly: 'That gentleman [*i.e.*, Dr. van Eeden] has been to a materializing séance.' Dr. van Eeden: 'When?' Nelly: 'A short time ago. There is a strong influence of somebody cheating all the time: taking off clothes and so on: fraudulent throughout.' This statement was not applicable to Dr. van Eeden; though it would have been to myself, the recorder.

"I then asked Nelly to tell me what she thought about materializations: were they occasionally genuine? In reply she gave this message from Mrs. Cartwright:—'Whenever a spirit materializes it is quite a *spontaneous* thing.'

"Nelly proceeded to explain this by saying—'It can't be done to order once a week'; and added, 'Mrs. Cartwright dictated that bit.'.....

"Very soon after this Dr. van Eeden asks Nelly if she can appear to people in dreams, and gets the reply:—'I never tried except with Mother. I'm going to materialize one day for Father to show him the color of my hair: black curly hair, not light like Mother's.

"'Mr. Thurston's sister came and talked at Mother's house. She was materialized. (This was quoted as an instance of a non-fraudulent materialization.)

"'Mrs. Corner *once* was properly materialized—about three years ago—at a lady's house.'"

We shall meet Nelly again.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE THOMPSON-PIPER JOSEPH MARBLE SERIES

A SERIES with Mrs. Thompson and later with Mrs. Piper, by a lady whom Sir Oliver Lodge, who edits them, gives the pseudonym Mrs. Rupert Grove. Sir Oliver calls the sittings "interesting and distinctly evidential." He farther says (Pr. XXIII, 255-6) :

" Mrs. Grove herself is an intelligent lady of middle age, open-minded as to the genuineness of psychical phenomena of all kinds, but in her own judgment tending towards skepticism, which it requires frequently renewed experience to counteract. Such renewal of experience, from time to time, she has had through her husband, who has been more or less familiar with such things for years. But his attitude to them is unimportant, since he does not enter into this series except by incidental mention. He knew Mr. Marble slightly, since he also had lived for some years in the same neighborhood; but he had at that time no knowledge of the great and affectionate intimacy between Mr. Marble and his future wife. He is still living, and I think I am right in assuming that he knows about it now and has learnt not to resent it. Nevertheless the possibility that he might dislike it is another reason for anonymity."

Statement by Mrs. Grove, Made 14th June, 1907, with Reference to Incidents before the Sittings. (Pr. XXIII, 256.)

" " Mr. Joseph Marble and his sister, Mrs. Kate Sandford, were neighbours of each other and also neighbours and old friends of my mother, near Ashton; and he had a small " works " not far from Stalybridge. Both were well-read, clear-headed, somewhat skeptical. . . . There was a strong and very deep affection between us, unknown to anyone else. Some years after my marriage, when I had gained a little experience of psychical matters through a few visits to a medium in 1896, I often spoke to them separately, but especially to him, on the subject, trying to make him realize and see things as I was beginning with a good deal of hesitation to see them; but without success. He listened

as he would have listened to anything I told him, but more with amusement than acceptance.

“Mrs. Sandford was equally incredulous, and said, rather distinctly, that she did not like such things. So I never really expected to get communications purporting to come from them.

“Nevertheless, in two sittings with Mrs. Thompson, during the Spring of 1900, about three years after Mr. Marble's death . . . communications seemed to come from Mr. Marble. . . . His sister (a widow) was then alive.”

Notes of those sittings follow immediately. After them are given notes of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in 1906, after Mrs. Sandford's death.

Mrs. Grove's First Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, in 1900.
(Pr. XXIII, 257f.)

“(Control ‘Nelly’ speaking.) ‘There's Mr. Myers. Yes I'm very happy to get things for other people. (I gave the medium a Scotch plaid tie to hold which had belonged to my deceased friend Mr. Marble.) What makes me say Stalybridge?’ Mrs. G.: ‘Good.’ N.: ‘I dont know where it is, a horribly smoky place. . . . A stout good tempered influence with this, easy comfortable jolly. . . . Its as if he wants to cough; can't breathe very well.—Joseph Limestone. [The real name is Marble.] . . . You know, Alice [Mrs. Grove. H.H.], it seems as if he says he always doubted about people coming to talk when they were dead, but he knows now it is true. . . . I can't understand the relationship, because there is such a bond of love between you as doesn't exist between ordinary people. Beloved Alice, that's what he says—he wants you to comfort someone that's left crying for him—he wants you to tell them that it was a sort of shock—he didn't seem to be ill long. [His illness did not last 3 days.] In spite of all he loves he doesn't want to come back. He's waiting for Alice. He says there is no separation of love in Heaven. Does *he* mind? But you did so straightforwardly tell him [*i.e.*, Mr. Grove]. My poor little woman, how sorry I was for you. He says he told you not to wear a bonnet, he always liked to see you in a hat. [True.] You will let him kiss you now, you used to screw yourself up from him. He said he ought to have been more patient. He can see the truth of your heart now. . . . He said sometimes you were your own self and other times you weren't. But he says neither of you wronged anyone else. . . . He says you were nicest to him in the train—it was the only time you were yourself. . . . He seemed to be doing something he ought not. It seems as though he doesn't like to tell me. Perhaps he can write it.’ [All this is entirely intelligible and correct. The hand of the medium now writes matter fairly appropriate, with his real surname, Marble, written in full and cor-

rectly.] ... 'Why did I take it so hard? The knowledge of all we were to each other ought to keep me till we meet and are united.' Mrs. G.: 'Then what about my Rupert?' [Her husband. H.H.] N.: 'Oh! there are no jealousies and no relationships, but souls united. He is sure Rupert won't be cross at souls united. He seems to say "Alice love me just this once," and seems to be trembling and trembling. It seems to commence by your going in the train.... Oh God—but he does not believe in God does he? [In a Piper Sitting, six years later, he is represented as saying, through Rector, 'I do believe in God now.']. ... Do you know what a passionate love on one side and a sisterly love on the other—that's what it is. He hasn't any patience with Platonic affection.'"

Second Sitting of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Thompson.
(Pr.XXIII,261f.)

"N.: '... Have you been painting a picture, Mrs. Grove? because he sees you with a pinafore on a painting—he used to watch you painting.' [True, and also true that I had been recently painting a picture.] Mrs. G.: 'Can you tell me what the picture was?' [Really a portrait of him from a photograph.] N. (Long silence): 'You seem to be copying off another.... All the Elliots know him. He only loved one Elliott; [Elliott was my former name] but you mustn't be jealous—he once loved an Alice Elliott—You're not cross are you?—He didn't marry her. [This was Mrs. Grove herself. H.H.] ... You won't be cross will you, but you know his heart seems to go out to her more than to anyone else. [Nelly never seemed to know my former name, or to suspect that this really referred to me.] ... He says he is not in the same house "Nelly" is in. When he is there, which he hopes to be soon, he can talk to her without getting in a muddle.' [This is probably intended to signify that he is not yet at the same stage of progression as the reporting control.] ... (Writing continued.) 'My dear Alice tis not that I am unwilling, but I am now though not then convinced that we are both best to leave our loves. This life has brought me the joy and happiness I so often sought but sought in vain. I was so deuced selfish in my love but now I see it is better left alone—and try my dear Alice to forget me as you used to pretend so well to do.... I have suffered for the wrong I would have done to others but now it is best for me not to communicate in this or any other way. I love you still but only by giving you this proof in our case is best left alone—for one year. Remember in one year I will give you all the proof, nay more, but dearest dont ask me now. I never thought I should attempt in so rubbishy a manner to demonstrate the truth of your own strange belief. but I live I live, and that is sufficient for now, and more, much more, than anything I ever thought of....' [The whole of the above is extremely appropriate.]

“Notes by O. J. L.

“All this J. M. business is extraordinarily good. It is really more life-like than the subsequent quieter Piper impersonation, some six or seven years later. At that time, however, the attempt to give evidence, here foreshadowed, is really made: and the Control shows some knowledge of what was said *here, e.g.,* by writing that ‘he does believe in God now.’ (Cf. *ante.*)

“The substitution on one occasion of ‘Mr. Limestone’ for Mr. Marble is characteristic of the ‘Nelly’ control, and recalls the substitution of ‘Happyfield’ for Merrifield, as reported in Vol. 17, p. 208.

“After this the same Control sent occasional messages through other mediums, to whom Mrs. Grove occasionally went anonymously, hoping to get some more evidence. These communications are hardly worth reporting; but as no clue of any kind was given, they seemed beyond chance, since they clearly had reference to the same personality and incidents. But of course they were—like most of this series—well within the scope of telepathy. [Was the dramatic character? H.H.] . . . The few incidents outside the scope of telepathy . . . were obtained through Mrs. Piper—from whose script on this subject I now extract portions. . . . In the interim, between 1900 and 1906, Mrs. Kate Sandford, sister of Mr. Joseph Marble, had died.

“The main difference between the communications received through Mrs. Thompson, as reported above, and the communications which follow, obtained through Mrs. Piper, lies in the fact that one was conversational and therefore easy, whereas the other was hampered by the difficulty of deciphering a more or less illegible script. . . . For part of Mrs. Grove’s time I was present and assisted with the reading, but the presence of an outside person is naturally perturbing, and hence the opportunity for referring to intimate matters was not so complete as during the previous voice sittings with Mrs. Thompson alone. Another difference seems to be due to the fact that at the later date communication begins not directly with Mr. Marble himself but with his now deceased sister; and the presence of this additional communicator exerted another restraining influence—not only on the other side, so to speak, but even I thought on Mrs. Grove.

“Anxiety to communicate in an evidential manner if possible, and genuine affection, were manifested now as strongly as before; but the tone was somewhat more sedate, and more what may be called ‘religious.’ Probably most of this is due to the intervention of Rector, but it is represented as indicating some progress in the communicator himself.

“Let it be remembered then that the remaining communications are obtained, not as heretofore through Mrs. Thompson by the voice, but through Mrs. Piper by writing.”

Sitting of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Piper in November, 1906.
(Pr. XXIII, 265f.)

"[O. J. L.]...I take the beginning, and then a bit out of the middle: the beginning of Mr. Marble's appearance, as a communicator through Mrs. Piper... is very hazy and confused at first, but, as soon as it is properly established, this impersonation will be recognized as fairly consistent with the... representation through Mrs. Thompson... obtained six and a half years previously. The opening words of the following record purport to be from Mrs. Sandford:—

"I am well and happy in this life, so is my brother Martin who greets you with great love. [This name Martin [for Marble. H.H.] seems to be merely a muddle of Rector's.] Kate and Martin [?] are both here to greet you. He asks me to remind you of a ring which you had a long time ago.' Mrs. G.: 'I am glad to meet Kate again, but I do not know Martin.' K.: 'Speak to me...' M.: 'Don't let me get confused—that sign. No one could recall better than myself that ring (not read) but myself would remember that ring.' Mrs. G.: 'No.' M.: 'I am really near you now, and so glad to have found my way here... Do you remember anything about Hall?' Mrs. G.: 'A hall we used to pass in walking, where the Jeffersons lived?' M. (Excitement in hand): 'Not far from that hall.' Mrs. G.: 'Do you mean Casford Hall? Yes I do. I told Rector again and again. Halsford Hall. M. There is something on his mind R[ector explains. H.H.] which he is anxious to recall with the lady present.' M.: 'Dance.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes yes.' M.: 'Together at Hall, at Hall. Not so?' Mrs. G.: 'No, not there' [but if he meant another hall it would be right]... M.: 'Do you remember Singing?' [or possibly a portmanteau attempt at Sunday morning.] Mrs. G.: 'Singing? Yes, very badly.' M.: 'I remember well. Sunday ming [clearly meant for either evening or morning.] Repeat. Not singing. I was going to progress and go on in this life. He thinks she does not hear him.' R[ector explains again. H.H.]... Mrs. G.: 'I want you to say something that I may know it is you.' M.: 'Oh yes. Yes, you used to sing occasionally sing when I came to your house. You sang evening evening the last time I heard you.' O. J. L. (Again putting in his oar): 'Very likely.' M.: 'Yes you did. I think, friend [all this seems to be through Rector. H.H.], you had better leave the lady to speak.' O. J. L.: 'Shall I go away?' R.: 'I think so, friend.' O. J. L.: 'May I bring a friend two days hence?' R.: 'You may bring him.' O. J. L.: 'Farewell then, Rector.' R.: 'God be with you.'

"(Mrs. G. was now left alone with Lady Lodge and almost at once the conditions improved.)... M.: 'le. Yes, I am he. I am Marbl I am so glad and so very happy to see you again. I never shall cease to love you, never, never, shall cease to love NEVER. I

am now nearer you than ever before, and yet progressing all the time.' Mrs. G.: 'I must progress too.' M.: 'Yes, you must; but you are growing better every year; yes, every year. Dear Kate [His sister. H.H.], she loves you too, and she longs to help you in that life. Ask her to do so.' Mrs. G.: 'How shall I get her to do this? Do you mean pray?' M.: 'Yes, and she will always hear you. So shall I. I see and know when you think of me. Do you remember you said you could not in that life? You do understand now so much better.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, I do, but I did not understand then.' M.: 'It hurt me then, but I understand it all now. I never loved more. I see the ring I gave you. I do so well. I was attracted to it, and how could I help coming back to you? ... I longed to return, to return. Do you understand?' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, I do.' M.: 'I tried, Alice, to love many times—a good many times, but could not, but I could not.' [This is intelligible also, but the explanation would be long.]

"Mrs. G.: 'Is Kate here?' K.: 'Yes I am here dear. Joe feels so bad to think that he could not understand what you said better. He says he does understand you about the last dance at his house, and going home with you. I understand also all that. I never knew when I was in the body....' [This is true. She did not know of the terms of affection we were on. Nor indeed did anyone.] ... Mrs. G.: 'Can you tell me whom you have met in your world?' [This question was intended to extract a reference to her husband, who long pre-deceased her; but, instead, a curious introduction of a deceased friend, well known to both, occurs.—O.J.L.] [Was it probably from the sitter's mind then? H.H.] K.: 'Do you remember a friend of mine named Weston?' Mrs. G.: 'No I do not.' K.: 'Do you remember Bet Best Westn, Alice?' Mrs. G.: 'Yes quite well; lots of them, the Wests.' K.: 'Do you? I have seen her and her father, also Best.' Mrs. G.: 'Is it a gentleman or a lady?'

"K.: 'Don't you remember him? A gentleman. He asked me the other day if I had really spoken to you. I told him I had tried to do so; and he said, ask her if she remembers me at all.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, well. Can he give his Christian name?' K.: 'He will. Jim.' Mrs. G.: 'I remember you well.' K.: 'Jim West.' [This was exactly the name he always went by: he died young. He was a very intimate friend.]"

Extracts from Further Sitzings of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Piper.
(Pr. XXIII, 272f.)

"After this Mrs. Grove had a sitting without my presence, and the following is a small part of the record. She kept a copy of all her own remarks, and I have read it.—O.J.L.

"Mrs. G.: 'Ah, at last the right name. Why did you call yourself Kate before?' K.: 'Because I did it for Rector's understanding. I am with you dear Alice. I see and understand all your inquiry, so does Joe.... Alice he loves you dearly, etc.'

(Then he was represented as saying.) M.: 'Have you any idea of my joy at meeting you? I feel it must mean much to me as life goes on. . . . My sister has been so patient and kind to me. She has helped me to find you dear, as she came to this life after I did. [Correct.] Pray for me always, etc.'

"M.: 'Now dear I am not sure that I can give you further proofs of identity, because I am Marble. . . . I love you dearly. I always did, and my life would be a barren waste, he says a barren waste, without your prayers and love.' Mrs. G.: 'A barren waste? I thought you were happy.' M.: 'Oh yes, I am absolutely happy. I understand so much better now.' Mrs. G.: 'What should I pray for?' M.: 'For a re-union of our souls, for my peace, and for me to be able to reach you in this meager and simple way. . . . Do you love me, and do you understand how blind I was? Forgive me.' Mrs. G.: 'You mean your incredulity [Regarding God and the future life. H.H.]; but you cannot make people believe.' M.: 'Yes, but I was so stupid, I would not believe dear. Now I understand I am sorry I did not.' Mrs. G.: 'Does it make any difference?' M.: 'Only I feel I hurt you dear.' Mrs. G.: 'Not much.' M.: 'But I did not have the opportunity, did I really dear?' Mrs. G.: 'No. It is time to close now.' R."

If you remember Mrs. Piper's identification of the portrait of George Pelham, you will be doubly interested in the following (Pr. XXIII, 276-8):

"[O. J. L.] Sitting lasted from 11.10 to 1.10.

"After lunch I took eleven photographs of men, and asked Mrs. Piper if she had ever seen any of them. She looked over them, hesitating on the one representing Mr. Joseph Marble for some time, and then picked that out and said she had seen that man somewhere, but she could not remember where.

"Next day, in the evening, I tested Mrs. Piper again with another set of photographs of men, partly the same and partly different, but containing among others the critical one. This time, however, it was looked at without comment and without interest, and no remembrance of the appearance seemed to persist. She remembered the fact of having recognized one before; but when asked to do it again, she picked out, after much hesitation, a different one as a possibility, and said that she thought it had been found in America, that the memory evaporated in time, and that it was strongest within an hour of the sitting. The test made the day before had been made about an hour and a half after the sitting.

"And this is the record of the second of the two waking-stages, five months later: the 'Joe' here referred to is Mr. Marble, who had been represented as communicating during the sitting:—

" Waking Stage of No. 14.

"..... Help Joe make it completely clear. I do not know what I had to do with it... Fine looking man, his name is Joe. Mr. Hodgson keeps pushing him in the front row. He was a large man and then all of a sudden he went out. He was a nice looking man. (A number of men's photographs were now placed in a row before her: she immediately pounced on one without the slightest hesitation.) 'That is the man I saw.' ... [The selection was correct; the photograph was one... of the late Mr. Joseph Marble.]

" An Hour or so Later.

"(I now again put the photographs in front of her. She looked at them as if for the first time, and said) 'I do not know the photographs.' (She then hesitated long over the right one, saying she had 'seen him somewhere,' but finished up by saying) 'No, I do not know.'"

With these recognitions of photographs, and Mrs. Piper's of G. P., compare Miss Rawson's vision on p. 646.

CHAPTER XL

THE THOMPSON-MYERS CONTROL

WE now come to the manifestations from the alleged post-carnate Frederic Myers, who had died January 17, 1901. I can give but scant specimens. Myers was perhaps the leading English spirit in the S. P. R., and everybody interested in Psychical Research—the skeptical as well as the credulous—was looking with great interest for manifestations professing to come from that spirit in a postcarnate state. As usual, they are a terrible jumble. Myers was not a demonstrative person. He had not, like Hodgson, salient characteristics of manner or expression. In that respect the communicating personality resembles him. His absorbing interests were the S. P. R., poetry, and classical literature. In those respects, too, the personality resembles him. He was an intimate friend of Mrs. Verrall: so the resemblance presented through her is of little “evidential” value. The same is true of Mrs. Thompson, and, in a less degree, of Mrs. Piper.

Probably the appearance of the Myers control has been by far the most instructive of all experiences regarding the influence of the medium upon the messages. Whatever the source of the manifestations, their characteristics depend largely on those of the medium. Mrs. Verrall is a classical scholar, and the alleged Myers communications through her abound in classical allusions, and occasionally are in one of the classical languages. Mrs. Holland is a highly educated lady apparently without any specialties, and she reports the everyday cultivated Myers. Through Mrs. Thompson he sometimes speaks direct, and sometimes is ostensibly reported by a bright child—Nelly, and then shows little outside the range of such a child’s comprehension. It is noteworthy, however, that Nelly often reports in a distinctly parrot-like way things which seem to be, and she sometimes says *are*, given to her by older (?) persons. Mrs. Piper’s reports of

Myers correspond to her education, and have few of the special qualities shown through Mrs. Verrall.

All this corresponds with the guess I have reiterated that the flow of the cosmic soul through each of us, whether it comes as a fragment of inspiration of any kind, including dreams, or as a personality, is determined by the personality through which it flows. Therefore the different aspects of an alleged control presented through different mediums do not appear to me much of an argument against the genuineness of the control.

Myers's first alleged appearance as a control is recorded in some extracts from the "Note-book of Miss Rawson's trance utterances, as recorded by the Experimenter in charge (who is anonymous but known to me)" [Sir Oliver Lodge who edits the report]. A little prefatory matter is desirable.

Messages Obtained Through Miss Rawson. (Pr.XXIII,292f.)

"[O. J. L.] Doubtless a great number of communications ostensibly purporting to come from Mr. Myers have been received through many mediums... For the most part I regard these as valueless,—as not even plausibly lifelike... But on the spiritistic hypothesis it must be admitted as likely that Miss Rawson—a lady well known to Mr. Myers, whose hand sometimes writes while she remains conscious—would be one of the channels of communication employed by a posthumous Myers-like activity.....

"Dec. 22, 1900. Message from H. S.[idgwick? H.H.], with F. W. H. M. himself present, less than a month before his death (unimportant).

"Jan. 11, 1901. Message from H. S. 'Tell Myers to tell my wife not to put in the whole of the last chapters of the book she is finishing. She will know the passages she feels doubtful about. Tell him it is really I who am here.'

"[O. J. L.] This was spoken with hesitation and stuttering just as in life; 'last' was a difficult word and repeated twice. [Cf. the stuttering communications through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson. H.H.]... [Myers was alive then; he died on Jan. 17.]

"Jan. 23, 1901. H. S.: 'I have not seen my dear friend Myers yet, but I am more thankful than I can say that he has come here. The circle above has been waiting for him, and will with great joy welcome him.' [O. J. L.] (What is the work of the circle above?) S.: 'It is to attest his work, to make a school above to correspond with the school on earth. His wonderful

power of organization will not be lost here. The world is not so ready as he thought. We shall work together again.'

"Jan. 26, 1901. F. Myers (very faint voice): 'I am at rest; my body is laid where I wished, and my soul is free. I told you if possible I should return. Little did we think when, not a month ago, I stood beside you, telling you that all my happiness was on the other side, that I should again stand beside you, having obtained that happiness. I thank you a thousand times for making [this] meeting... possible, for it confirmed what I had been told, which I was never quite certain of.... Later I can do more. I am supremely happy.'"

If I judged Myers rightly, that touch about his body is as evidential a thing as I know, though technically not evidential at all. The whole passage is wonderfully like him.

"Jan. 30, 1901. F. W. H. Myers: '...I shall return through Mrs. Thompson.....'

"The control said later that F. M. could not speak because he was not inside the medium; he pushed her along.....

"Feb. 9, 1901. F. W. H. M.: 'Really, really this is delightful... I never thought to meet you here. It was all true—we had not deceived ourselves. Thank you for giving me the power to come... They don't know how one consciousness can merge into another.' [We are fast finding out. H.H.].....

"Mar. 17, 1901. London. Edmund Gurney: 'It will be no advantage to my friend to be kept down for communication with the groups he prepared. What we want for him now is to rise, and to forget the earthly things. He can't help any more. His life was given to it, and that must be the help. He was allowed just to say that he continued... but it will help nobody that he should be called back, and made to hover near the earth. In fact it will only make him earthbound. So tell all those who tried to persuade him to come, ... to receive the messages that will be sent now and again, but never permanently.'

"Another control: 'The mistake Myers made was, he thought the finite could control the infinite; so he gathered groups and did his best to train them into working order, to carry out his design. This was not a good thing to do—mapping out work to do under different conditions which he did not understand... I have seen Myers, he is perfectly happy; he finds many of his theories difficult to work.....'

"March 19. 'Myers is here, but will not be able to speak himself. I shall speak for him. He is not so near, and not so real as he was. This means that he is soon leaving the earth plane and going to rise higher. He is being personated right and left. He is being used as a peg to hang innumerable hats and coats on. He came to thank you and to say that as you

prayed for others at a sitting when he was present, so he hopes you will pray for him now.’”

Meanwhile on February 19th he had appeared at a sitting of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge with Mrs. Thompson. But these appearances were not reported until 1909, in Pr. XXIII. Sir Oliver says (p. 200):

“‘Myers’ was represented as controlling and speaking for part of the time, but the sittings began with the ‘Nelly’ control, and when the Myers control is not manifestly intended to be speaking, the words may be taken as emanating either from Nelly or from one or other of Mrs. Thompson’s ordinary controls. . . . Nelly began talking about Myers, about whose death she had been for some time incredulous. Indeed she had declared that she could not find him anywhere and did not believe that he had come over. . . . But now she was just beginning to admit the fact.”

First Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, February 19th, 1901.
(Pr. XXIII, 200f.)

“Notes by O. J. L. and M. L.

“[Nelly.] 6.30 P.M. ‘I was allowed to go on his birthday to see him. They will have plenty of work to do, for he has promised to send messages to 74 people. All the people said he was dead, but I did not believe it; and though I saw him, I thought he only came over for his birthday like in a vision. But I see him now. It is the truth, it is the truth (excitedly). Let us see if he can talk sense. He was talking on the platform with you. It was at a station by a race-course. [I had met him at Liverpool; seen him off from the landing stage to America. But this is unimportant.] He will come when he is more wakened up—before 9 o’clock. You be ready at 25 minutes to 9. He will be awake by then. He would rather think and realize for a little space by himself. He is sensible, for a spirit. Before you came, mother was praying. She said “Come and tell the truth for truth’s sake.” . . . (There was an incipient attempt at a Myers control. . . . Then another control said) [which reads like Nelly. H.H.] Do you know he feels like the note-taker, not like the spirit that has to speak.’ . . . (A short interval of apparent discomfort, and then ‘Myers’ purported to communicate) ‘Lodge, it is not as easy as I thought in my impatience. Gurney says I am getting on first rate. But I am short of breath. Oh, Lodge, it is like looking at a misty picture. I can distinctly feel I ought to be taking a note of it. I do not feel as if I were speaking, but it is best to record it all. Tell them I am more stupid than some of those I had to deal with. Oh, Lodge, what is it when I see you? . . . Sidgwick knows I am with him.

He said that he saw me in the morning of — Oh, dear, it always leaves off in the interesting places. I can hear myself using Rosa Thompson's voice. I want to convince Sidgwick. He says "Myers, now we are together, you convince me that I am sending my messages, and that she is not getting them from us some way." [Professor Sidgwick had also always been skeptical. H.H.] He still wants me to show him. . . . It is funny to feel myself talking when it is not myself talking. It is not my whole self talking. When I am awake I know where I am. . . . O. J. L.: 'Do you want to say anything about the Society?' M.: 'What Society?' O. J. L.: 'You remember the S.P.R.' M.: 'Do not think that I have forgotten. But I have. I have forgotten just now. Let me think. You know, Lodge, when you have wanted a thing thirty or forty years, and at last got it, you do not think of much else beside. Let me think, and bit by bit give it you. I used to get better evidence when I let them say what they wanted to say. They [apparently referring to G. P., Sidgwick, etc. H.H.] tell me it was my best love that Society. They will help me. . . . I was confused when I came here. . . . before I knew I was dead. I thought I had lost my way in a strange town, and I groped my way along the passage. And even when I saw people that I knew were dead, I thought they were only visions. I have not seen Tennyson yet by the way. I am going to be bold and prophesy already. I am going to see you in April. I am going to know who I am by then.' O. J. L.: 'And will you then read what you wrote in the envelope?' M.: 'What envelope?—I shall be told. [See p. 667. H.H.] Ernest does not mind now. What do they mix me up with him for? (Jocularly.) Do they think I want to shine in his glory? [This was evidently a reference to the 'Times' obituary notice, which I had written, but to which someone in the 'Times' office appended a supplementary statement that F. W. H. M. had been a joint translator of Homer together with Walter Leaf and Andrew Lang; whereas it is public and general knowledge that this was only true of his brother Ernest.] I wanted you to do for me what I did for Sidgwick.' [i.e., write a notice in the Society's *Proceedings*.] O. J. L.: 'I am going to; and so are Richet and James.' M.: 'Ah, Richet: Yes, Richet knows me; and James will do it well.' . . . [Nelly seems to control. H.H.] . . . 'He says "Brothers I have none excepting Lodge." He wants Lodge to be President if he dare spare the work; but he says "Do not rope yourself, but keep the group, keep the group together. It will soon take care of itself."' O. J. L.: 'We are trying to get Rayleigh.' M.: 'That will be splendid, but that is too good to hope for. I think it will be you.' [Nelly seems to resume control. H.H.] 'Thank you for being helpful to him. You have helped him.' [And Myers to resume. H.H.] 'Man's sympathy is more helpful than anything else, and with sympathy everything slips into place. Among the things which are not evi-

dential you get things which are. They must take it all. Those that seek only the evidential things will not get them.' [See my remarks on this, p. 377. H.H.] [N.?]: 'There are so many he would like to help. He promised, and he will have to. When he comes in April he will remember a great deal more. He will remember what he wrote for you in the envelope.'

Anybody who thinks the fogginess and confusion with which the Myers communication starts, is a put-up job will waste time in reading farther. Anybody who thinks it looks like spiritism will perhaps find that impression deepened.

"[O. J. L.] The impersonation at this sitting was really a remarkably vivid and lifelike one. . . . Indeed, it would be difficult for me to invent an experience or a communication more reasonable and natural under the supposed circumstances. . . . The necessity for still 'convincing Sidgwick' struck us as amusingly characteristic; so did several other little traits, such as that Myers 'felt as if he ought to be taking notes'—a point on which F. W. H. M. was always specially insistent. And as to his temporary forgetfulness of the existence of the S.P.R., though it will probably be pounced upon as an absurdity by scoffers, and though it was of course quite unexpected, yet even that struck us at the time as humanly natural and interesting. And indeed so it does now. (Compare Rector's statement in Pr.XXIII,148: 'Some things, when dissolution takes place, go so completely out of one's mind that it takes time to recall those incidents. . . .')

"This was in February, 1901. A further communication was promised for April, but no opportunity for another sitting came until May 8th, and then it came quite unexpectedly and without being arranged for."

From O. J. L.'s Note-book, 9 May, 1901. (Pr.XXIII,205f.)

"After dinner Mrs. Thompson spontaneously asked Mrs. Lodge to take her up into my study, saying as she went upstairs that she felt only half-conscious, and as if she were going off."

"The sitting was dim and unsatisfactory. . . . and at the end Mrs. Thompson was much agitated; not exhausted, but weepy; saying how much she disliked the idea of coming back to consciousness and leaving the conditions in which she had just been. She said she had no recollection of what had been said. . . . She also told me, before the sitting began, that of late she had been quite unconscious of any communications, that is to say, she could not remember their contents, but that she was under the impression that during the last month or so she had had three or four trances when no one was there. . . . and that once she found herself waking on the floor with a feeling of great satisfaction and contentment.

"She further said that the sudden cutting off of all attempts

at communication had been a great blow to her and seemed to upset her physically to some extent. Also that she had been promised something for her birthday, April 22nd,—evidently connecting it with me. 'Nelly' had indeed promised me a sitting in April, [as recorded in last sitting] though not for any particular date. But it seems she had expected it on the 22nd. However I had no sitting in April—nothing till this May 8th.

"Additional Note written on 11 May, 1901.

"The above was dictated before copying the notes, and gives my contemporary impression of the sitting; but on reading over the notes I find them better than I expected."

Second Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, May 8th, 1901.
(Pr. XXIII, 206f.)

Notes by O. J. L. and M. L.

"(Nelly speaking.) 'Professor Lodge, what is that umbrella they have put up and made it all dark? . . . (Further indications followed that she had tried to communicate but found it dark.) [This evidently refers to the suspension of sittings; Mrs. Thompson, for some private reason, having declined to sit for the last few months, and only doing it now as a special favor, and because she felt internally urged to do so.] I have not seen Mr. Myers, not once; I have not seen him since they put that umbrella up.'

"[O. J. L.] Nelly then appealed to me to . . . receive her statements sympathetically and not with an undercurrent of suspicion, explaining that such undercurrent befogged her. . . . I asked her not to regard me as in any way hostile, and she said 'No, I do not feel like that to any of the Marshall family.' My grandmother and my wife's father were both Marshalls, though no relation whatever to each other, nor to Frederic Myers's relations of that name. . . . Then followed some convulsive movements and a sort of internal colloquy of which only fragments were audible. They appeared however to indicate a confused conversation between Nelly and Mr. Myers, Nelly asking him to come in, and Mr. Myers saying that he had been told not,—that he had understood the communications were suspended for a time. But this was only an impression gathered from the confused mutterings. A further impression was that Mr. Myers mistrusted the presence of a third person and was being reassured by Nelly that it was only Mrs. Lodge.

"N.: 'It's only Mrs. Lodge whom you love.' M.: 'No I don't love her.' N.: 'It's only Lodge's wife, who will help.' M.: 'More than I anticipated much more.'

"With other barely intelligible fragments of internal colloquy."

Are the above conversations mere telepathy or the "cunning" of a secondary personality? How like a dream it all is!

"[O. J. L.] Ultimately the conversation with me began again but in a very halting and indistinct fashion, no marked personality at all, somewhat as if Nelly were half giving messages and half personating Mr. Myers, and doing both badly and with difficulty. The following however are my notes of what was said:—

"N.: 'Mr. Myers is worrying about something connected with Mr. Sidgwick, something that was not understood or that was not put down. He [H. S.] had some Jews in College and he could not do it on a Saturday....' M.: 'I thought I knew better than be such a miserable failure. I thought I would come and read it. [Apparently or possibly meaning the sealed letter.] [Cf. p. 667. H.H.] I wished you would all write to me. I was so far away. I pined to hear from you all. My philosophy did not help me much. I feel just as lonely. Lodge, it is just as they say, you grope in fog and darkness.....'

"[O. J. L.] Further indications that the conditions under which he was were not altogether to his liking, not at least when trying to communicate; and also further statements that he could not very clearly realize the conditions on that side when he was trying to communicate, and that now he was wishful to pass on and up and not stay to redeem his promises. [And yet to Miss Rawson he had pronounced himself "supremely happy." H.H.].....

"M.: 'What are you doing in this place? [Apparently meaning strange and unfamiliar surroundings, the temporary house in Birmingham which I had taken, and which he had never seen.]...I seemed to be taken from all my pain and suffering into light. I hardly like to tell you what I wanted to do, it seems so selfish now, but I wanted to go and talk to Tennyson, whom I idolized. But I was told that I must suffer for my promises [i.e., to communicate before leaving the earth neighborhood? H.H.], and then I could have what I wanted. I wish I had not been taken so far: it makes it difficult to communicate.'

"[O. J. L.] Then—referring, as I thought at the time, to Mrs. Thompson's trance which she had told me of, when she woke up and found herself on the floor.....

"M.: 'I did not throw her on the floor. It was Talbot—Talbot Forbes. It was not I. I wanted her to know I was there, but Talbot only wanted her to tell his Mother. [These good people will appear in our treatment of Cross-Correspondences. H.H.] Why does she [meaning apparently the Medium] pray to me and beg me to come, when she knows I want to be cleansed from earth first?... They keep on calling me. I am wanted everywhere.... But I want to concentrate in a few places, or in one

place, and not to be split up. Do appeal to them not to break me up so, and leave me not clear in one spot. I am only one now, and the noise of you all calling makes me feel I cannot. Someone is calling me now. What did Miss Edmunds want with me? On Friday she called. [Were all those dramatic touches telepathy? H.H.]... Tell Richet I shall meet him in Rome. I shall speak to him in Rome on the third day of the Congress. I heard them describing how I died, and I could not stop them. [Referring apparently to some unpublished Piper sittings in America.]... Moses—Stainton Moses. They mixed the deaths up—his death and my death. It applies to him and not to me. [Apparently referring to some unpublished and to me unknown account of the death-bed.]*... I have gone back from where I was that night. I could hear what she (the Medium) was saying, and keep a check on it, but now I cannot hear what is being said: I can only think the things, and false things may creep in without my knowing it. Have you ten days work in a week?... [Nelly?]: ‘Do you not think, Mrs. Lodge, he has ten days work a week?’

“ [Then an abrupt change. H.H.] ‘Professor Lodge, do you know I have seen such a funny thing. I have seen Mr. Myers talking as if to a stick right through Mother’s body; and while he was talking to it someone came up and touched it, and it all got confused, and he could not think why it went funny. [How like a dream! H.H.]... I wish Mother was not so wicked; because when Mr. Myers wants to go to sleep and be quiet, Mother will not let him. She will call him.... When he wants to go to sleep and be quiet she keeps him back. She must not do it. [Remember the prayer on p. 640? H.H.] [I promised to give her the message; which I did after the trance, and she then admitted that she thought of him frequently and urgently, but that she would try to refrain.] Do you know last Monday when I went to Dr. van Eeden’s house; he called for me and we went. Mr. Myers came and told me he was calling. We both went, yes, on Monday. He has got an impression that Mr. Myers helped him to call me. Mr. Myers said “Let us go and see ‘old Whiskers’ in his little bed and laugh at him.” He is much more lively when he is talking to me, and much more wakened up than when he is talking down that stick. [Cf. *Proc. S.P.R.* Vol. 18, p. 201.] But he does seem worried, he gets no rest. Someone has called him in a glass bottle—yes, a crystal.... He thinks it will help a great deal if he can understand how the cheating things that are not cheats are done. It is not cheating, and yet it is not him doing it.... There was no stick that went through anyone’s body there. He says that others tell him it was just the same with them. Sometimes when he thought they

* Probably this and Sir Oliver’s remark a couple of lines earlier, refer to a Piper-Myers account of his death, which, I am told, was untrue. H.H.

were communicating they were not, and yet they knew about it. He says he is finding out how honest non-phenomena are to be accounted for. Apparently dishonest phenomena are phenomena of extreme [interest?] apart from the spirit which purports to be communicating.' [This last part was slowly recited by Nelly, like a lesson not understood by her.]”

Perhaps several suspiciously precocious features in Miss Nelly's vocabulary and turns of expression, can properly be accounted for by following up this hint.

Further Notes on the Thompson-Myers Sitzings.

(Pr.XXIII,214.)

[L.] “The rather strikingly worded complaints and requests recorded above (Pr.XXIII,210), as received through Mrs. Thompson, ‘They keep on calling me. I am wanted everywhere. . . . Do appeal to them not to break me up so. . . . How easy to promise and how difficult to fulfil. Make one appeal to them to let me be at rest for two or three weeks,’ also correspond with something to the same effect independently received through Miss Rawson three months earlier; and constitute what may be fairly considered another cross-correspondence. This message, received on Feb. 7th, 1901, purported to come from Edmund Gurney, who was represented as speaking through Miss Rawson as follows (Pr.XXIII,223):

“While waiting for a friend to come in to begin the sitting, Miss Rawson suggested that we should sit in the dark and she would perhaps see something. The lamp was turned down and she at once saw a bright mist in corner of room, out of which gradually emerged the face of a tall man with mustache, blue tie, black coat: he advanced towards her waving his hand and evidently most anxious to communicate. She repeated the alphabet and he waved his hand at the right letter. She spelt out Edmund Gurney.

“The friend then came in and the sitting began.

“E. G. at once controlled the medium. ‘I have come to warn you for my friend to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. At every sitting “Call Myers! Bring Myers,” there's not a place in England where they don't ask for him; it disturbs him, it takes away his rest. For God's sake don't call him. It is all right for him to come of his own accord. . . . His heart is tender and when he hears them call, he tries to come. If they leave him to rest, in time he'll come back again more strong, but if they call and call it will take away the power and help and everything else.’”

(Pr.XXIII,216): “[L.] Those who interpret the parables in such a way as to imagine that dignified idleness is the occupation of eternity. . . without any call for future work and self-sacrifice. . . will probably some day find themselves mistaken.”

CHAPTER XLI

HETEROMATIC SCRIPT: MRS. HOLLAND

WE will soon find Myers again in the heteromatic writing of "Mrs. Holland." This name is assumed for an English lady resident in India whose psychic interests are so disapproved by her family that she does not wish her real name published. Pr. XXI, 166-391, contains an account by Miss Alice Johnson of her experiences.

In 1893 Mrs. Holland began crystal-gazing and heteromatic writing. Ten years later she read Myers' *Human Personality*, and her interest in her psychic experiences was greatly stimulated. She wrote to Miss Johnson (Pr. XXI, 171f.):

"September 14th, 1903.

"[Ten] years ago I first tried automatic writing, having seen a reference to it in, I think, the *Review of Reviews*. My hand began to form words almost immediately, but only short sentences of an uninteresting kind, and the questions I asked were not answered.

"The next time I tried (these attempts were always made when I was alone), verses were written, and since then, though I have often discontinued the practice for months and years, and tried to give it up altogether, any automatic writing that comes to me is nearly always in verse, headed—

" 'Believe in what thou canst not see,
Until the vision come to thee.' "

"The verses, though often childishly simple in wording and jingling in rhyme, are rarely trivial in subject. Their striking feature is the rapidity with which they come. I once wrote down fourteen poems in little over an hour, another time ten, and seven or eight are quite a common number to come at one time. When I write original verse I do so slowly and carefully, with frequent erasures: automatic verse is always as if swiftly dictated and there are never any erasures. I am always fully conscious, but my hand moves so rapidly that I seldom know what words it is forming.

"..... I copy one set of verses.... I wrote it down as quickly

as it was possible for my hand to move, and was surprised afterwards to find that it had a definite form of its own. It is exactly as it came to me, not 'polished' or altered in the least.

“ I whom he loved, am a ghost,
 Wandering weary and lost.
 I dare not dawn on his sight,
 (Windblown weary and white)
 He would shudder in hopeless fright,
 He who loved me the best.
 I shun the paths he will go,
 Because I should frighten him so.
 (Weary and lacking rest).

‘ I whom he loved am a shade,
 Making mortals afraid,
 Yet all that was vile in me,
 The garb of mortality,
 My body that used to be,
 Is mouldering out of sight.
 I am but a waiting soul,
 Pain-purified, seeking its goal,
 Why should he dread the sight?

“ If I showed him my white bones
 Under the churchyard stones,
 Or the creatures that creep and rest
 On what was once my breast,
 He who loved me the best
 Would have good cause for fright.
 But my face is only pale,
 My form like a windblown veil,
 Why should he dread the sight?

“ Should I beat on the window pane,
 He would think it the wind and rain,
 If he saw my pale face gleam
 He would deem it a stray moonbeam
 Or the waft of a passing dream.
 No thought for the lonely dead,
 Buried away out of sight.
 And I go from him veiling my head,
 Windblown weary and white.’

(1896)

“.....Automatic verses do not deal much with facts, but once when I was staying in Italy, in an old palazzo I had never before seen, the day after my arrival, and before I had been into the garden, the impulse to write came on me, and I yielded to it, without however ceasing to take part in the conversation of two

friends who were with me. One of them, who knew about my automatic writing, asked me to read what had come to me. I did so:—

“‘Under the orange tree
 Who is it lies?
 Baby hair that is flaxen fair,
 Shines when the dew on the grass is wet,
 Under the iris and violet.
 ’Neath the orange tree
 Where the dead leaves be,
 Look at the dead child’s eyes!’ (1901)

“‘This is very curious,’ said my friend, ‘there is a tradition that a child is buried in the garden here, but I know you have never heard it.’”

These heteromatic poems appear to be but extreme illustrations of the “inspiration” that poets have generally claimed for themselves. The author’s modest deprecations seem to me unjust to her own.

Mrs. Holland continues (Pr. XXI, 173f.):

“I have said that automatic verses do not deal much with facts, but once, when I was sensitive after illness, I experienced a new form of automatic writing, in the shape of letters which my hand insisted on writing to a newly-made acquaintance.

“The first of these letters began with a pet name I did not know, and was signed with the full name of someone I had never heard of, and who I afterwards learnt had been dead some years. It was clearly impressed upon me for whom the letter was intended, but thinking it due to some unhealthy fancy of my own, I destroyed it. Having done so I was punished by an agonizing headache, and the letter was repeated, till in self-defense I sent it and the succeeding ones to their destination.

“They generally came when I was trying to write ordinary letters; I never ‘sat for them’ or encouraged them in any way. I never read them over, feeling they were not meant for me, and the recipient, beyond telling me they referred to matters known only to this one person who was dead, and that the writing of them, especially the signature, bore a marked resemblance to that person’s writing, preferred not to discuss the subject. I have never seen the writing in question.

“As I regained perfect health I tried to free myself from this influence, for it used to give me cruel headaches and was very exhausting.... If my hand was not actively employed at these times it would clench itself, and make the motion of writing in the air.

“Since then I have felt on three other occasions that some

unseen but very present personality was striving to transmit a message through me to a well-beloved. In every case the communication was utterly unsought by me, and came as a complete surprise to the recipient, who was always a recent acquaintance, never one of my friends. My attention was always enforced, as it were, by a severe pain in the head, which vanished when I had delivered the message.....

"I have never been in surroundings that encouraged this interest, I have never been mesmerized, I have never attended a séance, for the idea of anything connected with paid mediumship is peculiarly disagreeable to me. I only discovered by accident, five years ago, that I have the clairvoyant faculty."

Miss Johnson comments (Pr. XXI, 175-6):

"There is no means of ascertaining to what extent these early writings were veridical....."

But with only a decent confidence in the honesty of the people concerned, there is a very astounding degree of veridicity in the facts that the first letters referred to matters known only to this one person who was dead, and that the writing of them, especially the signature, bore a marked resemblance to that person's writing. While (see below) we are not permitted to see anything evidential that may be contained in these communications to an absent "sitter" (if you will tolerate the hibernicism), they are, at least to non-technical me, among the most evidential things I have met. They are a hard blow to the telepathic hypothesis, and the more I have studied the records, the more the teloteropathic hypothesis has been losing strength with me.

Miss Johnson continues:

"From an evidential point of view, the interest and value of Mrs. Holland's script depends to a great extent, as will be seen under Cross Correspondence [Chapter XLVII. H.H.], on the indications of telepathy manifested—at first quite unexpectedly—between herself and Mrs. Verrall....."

"Though many of the sensations and experiences connected with the script are probably subjective in origin, it may be that certain idiosyncrasies are correlated with veridical phenomena....."

"From the psychical point of view, her first reading of *Human Personality* formed an epoch in Mrs. Holland's life, and thenceforth her automatic writing was colored largely by the influence of that book. She had not known Mr. Myers during his lifetime, nor could she remember afterwards that she had even heard his name before she read the book. But her own ex-

periences and her own temperament had specially prepared her for the reception of it, and the personality of the author strongly appealed to her.

“Under these circumstances it was not only natural but almost inevitable that a great part of her writing should now purport to be inspired by him, or—to a less extent—by the two friends to whom his book is dedicated, Mr. Gurney and Dr. Sidgwick. [It was not published until after the deaths of all three. H.H.]”

In Mrs. Holland's script, claims of individuality are very much the rule, and each control has his own handwriting though it does not generally correspond with the handwriting of the alleged controls before bodily death.

In Stainton Moses' automatic script, it will be remembered, each control was declared to have had his own handwriting—in some cases beautiful, and in one case where the facts were known, uniform with the writing of the alleged control before death. But in the other cases there was not extant any writing made by the controls in their lifetime, supposing them ever to have lived.

In Mrs. Piper's script, individualities are constantly asserted, though the handwriting is generally a scrawl of letters half an inch high, unlike any normal handwriting.

On September 16, 1903, nearly three years after Myers' death, and his first alleged appearance through Mrs. Thompson, was apparently the first appearance of a Meyers control through Mrs. Holland. Mrs. Holland's manifestation was, says Miss Johnson (Pr. XXI, 177-8),

“a curious example of the efforts that seem so often to be made by the subliminal self to keep the supraliminal in ignorance—at least for the time being—of the sense of what is being produced.”

That depends upon how you look at it. Meyers, as his control intimates later, would have called it the effort of the control to speak, for evidential purposes, in cryptic ways that the heteromatist's individual subliminal never would have used.

“It is written on two sides of a half-sheet of paper; the first side begins with the initial ‘F.’ and the second ends with the initial ‘M.’; the whole passage is divided into four short sections, the first three ending respectively in ‘17/,’ ‘/1’ and ‘/01.’ January 17th, 1901, was the date of Mr. Meyers' death, mentioned

in *Human Personality*; but the simple device of separating these initials and items from one another was completely effective in its apparent object. I read the passage a good many times before I saw what they meant and I found that the meaning had entirely escaped Mrs. Holland's notice."

This refers to the script containing the notorious stanza (Pr. XXI, 192) which excited the derision of the Philistine world of both continents, and disturbed not a small portion of the enlightened world:

"Friend while on earth with knowledge slight
I had the living power to write
Death tutored now in things of might
I yearn to you and cannot write."

17

Why it excited so much adverse comment I cannot clearly make out: for what is the stanza but a demonstration of what it claims, "I . . . cannot write," unless it be also a demonstration that the tired shade, or befogged subliminal, or impotent group of world-soul elements, or what you please, could not criticise either? But the more I read and ponder, the more puzzled I am over the general reluctance, in which I have my share, to let the "what you please" contain the essential elements of intelligent individual personality. Of course we apply the term to a good many things, and let it connote a good many things. One thing, however, the most influential recent writer, James, seems to regard as essential to, and to a great extent sufficient for, the notion of personality—namely, the "stream of consciousness," and surely the poor ghost, or echo, or whatever it is, seems at least that. The main question is whether the "that" is not Mrs. Holland herself. I'm tempted to ask what difference it makes if it is, provided it is Myers too.

I said "poor ghost" with reference to this single manifestation. He, or whatever it is, often claims happiness and emancipation.

Here is the rest of that script (Pr. XXI, 192-3), with the rest of the date alluded to by Miss Johnson, 17/1/01, between the sections. The 17 is at the end of the section given above. Of course Mrs. Holland's "subliminal self" fixed the figures that way!(?) What traditional faiths people will swal-

low—those opposing supernaturalism as easily as those professing it! Isn't it about time to let brother Du Prel and his subliminal self go, along with alchemy and astrology?

"It may be that those who die suddenly suffer no prolonged obscuration of consciousness but for my own experience the unconsciousness was exceedingly prolonged.

|1

"The reality is infinitely more wonderful than our most daring conjectures. Indeed no conjecture can be sufficiently daring.

|01

"But this is like the first stumbling attempts at expression in an unknown language imperfectly explained so far away so very far away and yet longing and understanding potentialities of nearness."

M

Now as to the above date. On the hypothesis of the strictly individual subliminal self—as something in the agent or medium that enacts or apes reflections telepathically cast upon the soul as upon a mirror, by its own recollections or by other minds, why should said self not only make dramas for these reflected personalities to act in—make a mental portrait appropriately talk and argue, rejoice and mourn, and get mad and break things; but also try to mystify and mislead the supraliminal consciousness whose annexed subliminal consciousness mirrors it? Doesn't it force the note harder to make a mere piecemeal reflection do all this, than to accept its being done by a real personality?

And does this probability not increase when that personality professes motives for hiding its utterances in enigmas, because so doing gives more evidence of purpose and ingenuity than straightforward utterance might? That probability is not conclusive: there is too much to be explained on the other side; but is it not evidence of a purposeful personality rather than of a telepathic reflection?

The script I have just quoted, Miss Johnson does not give until fifteen pages later than her comment on it, and then after numerous extracts that appear chronologically later in the entire script, and that would have had light thrown upon them by this specimen had it been placed in its chronological position. This seems bad editing, but it is not necessarily so, and I allude to it only for the sake of illustrating

one of the difficulties which make handling this sort of matter a fearful task to the editor and even to the reader. This special difficulty arises from the complexity and incoherence of the matter, so that often the best way to handle it is to follow a topic right through, and then begin again with another topic and do the same. Yet the result is that the first topic reaches the chronological end before the second one reaches the chronological beginning.

Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 178) from the point to where I transposed the piece with the Myers stanza:

“Two days later came: ‘1873. 30 years ago. C m r d e A b i g Youth.’ I read the first five enigmatic letters as ‘Comrade’ with two vowels left out; the other four, ‘A b i g,’ seemed meaningless. Long afterwards in glancing through *Human Personality* (Vol. I., p. 7), I came on this sentence: ‘In about 1873 . . . it became the conviction of a small group of Cambridge friends that the deep questions thus at issue must be fought out. . . .’ It was then clear that the nine mysterious letters were merely an anagram for ‘Cambridge.’ Mrs. Holland was quite unaware of their meaning till I pointed it out to her.

“The same writing goes on: ‘It has been a long work—but the work is not nearly over yet— It has barely begun— Go on with it—go on— We were the torch bearers—follow after us— The flame burns more steadily now. E. G. 1888.’

“The year 1888 was the date of Mr. Gurney’s death, a fact also stated in *Human Personality*.”

Note that the control seems to use it rather as a birth-date—into the alleged new life. Note also the strong resemblance between this Gurney and the Piper Gurney of the Lodge sittings *ante*.

“[J.] Here, and in other similar passages, the reference is unmistakable, and there soon begins to be apparent a struggle between the supraliminal self of the writer and the supposed influences. The supraliminal self is obviously afraid of being led into attaching too much importance to the writing. It is aware that some of the names are derived from its reading, and both resents and resists their incursion into the script. It doubts the use of the attempts and is not very willing to persevere with them.”

Whereupon the script remonstrates and encourages (Pr. XXI, 179):

“(September 19th, 1903.) You should not be discouraged if what is written appears to you futile— Most of it is not meant

for you— You are the reporter—the recorder—and need not be the critic. . . . Don't be in too great a hurry.

“ (September 21st, 1903.) Do not feel that criticism need act in the least as a fetter—don't let it hinder you at all. . . . Nothing is unimportant, however much it seems so—

“ There is no effort unavailing—

“ You fail—yet save another's failing.”

Myers was a poet, remember.

“ (November 25th, 1903.) Do try to forget your abiding fear of being made a fool or a dupe. If we ever prompt you to fantastic follies you may leave us. But we only wish you to give us a few passive patient minutes each day. It's a form of restless vanity to fear that your hand is imposing upon yourself, as it were.

“ [J.] The 'Gurney control,' who expresses himself rather strongly and brusquely, writes: ‘ (November 14th, 1903.) I can't help feeling vexed or rather angry at the half-hearted way in which you go in for this—you should either take it or leave it. If you don't care enough to try every day for a short time, better drop it altogether. It's like making appointments and not keeping them. You endanger your own powers of sensitiveness and annoy us bitterly—G.’

“ [J.] The 'Myers control,' on the other hand, makes his appeal to the sympathies of the automatist: ‘ (January 12th, 1904.) If it were possible for the soul to die back into earth life again I should die from sheer yearning to reach you—to tell you that all that we imagined is not half wonderful enough for the truth. . . . If I could only reach you—if I could only tell you—I long for power and all that comes to me is an infinite yearning—an infinite pain. Does any of this reach you—reach anyone—or am I only wailing as the wind wails—wordless and unheeded?’ ”

A very large part of the script is just reiteration of these themes. Many of the alleged Myers manifestations through Mrs. Holland are anxious and gloomy, and thus are the entire opposite of the manifestations of an enfranchised and beatified Myers that we saw through Miss Rawson, and shall later see through Mrs. Piper. It is impossible to see how a consciousness can be interested in anything subject to variations, without a feeling of regret when the variations are in the unfavorable direction, and of a regret intensifying with the variations. An unvarying happy Heaven would be an enormously self-centered and stupid one, though there's no apparent reason why, to be sufficiently interesting, it would need pains and sorrows as terrible as the worst we know here. In

fact many of the worst would disappear with death; and as to dishonor, one sometimes sees reason to question whether survival of death may not be granted only to the souls that somehow merit it—that survival may be an achievement. Query: Would mere good nature and kindness and sympathy, and love of children, be enough for the achievement, in spite of one's sometimes appearing a fine old egotist and *farceur*? If not, please account for friend Phinuit. Somehow I think he and Falstaff must have made out the achievement.

This tempts to another speculation that fits in with the oft-noted apparently fragmentary character of the alleged post-mortem personalities. Why should more of a personality survive than is fit to survive? That would probably leave a good many of us very fragmentary indeed, whether the standard of fitness be substantially the same as here, or a new one. This suggests a possible explanation for the otherwise unaccountable stupidity of the controls in some directions and their brightness in others. Hodgson recognizes all his friends, but cannot translate *Veni, vidi, vici*. Myers is about as apparently absurd. Perhaps they don't need language there—if there really is a "there"—but converse telepathically by thought alone, and only are able to use language exceptionally with us? Yet it would be pleasant to have a memory of everything worth while here; and not doing so seems to make, on the whole, against spiritism. Stainton Moses forgets not merely a language, but the names Emperor and his gang told him they bore on earth, and gives Professor Newbold different ones. Did Moses forget the old ones, or lie about one set or both? There's no indication of his ever having lied, in the flesh, except as his "possessions" are to be accounted for.

Myers shows lack of memory of languages, but apparently only where his medium doesn't know them; but there's that envelope which he left with Sir Oliver Lodge for the express purpose of giving its contents, and he gave something else! (p. 667). It seems a hopeless muddle of contradictions. We can only work and wait. Miss Johnson says:

"In these utterances, taken by themselves, there is clearly nothing to suggest more than a dramatization by her subliminal self of personalities that had attracted Mrs. Holland's interest

through the normal means of reading a book. The question whether anything more than this is really represented in them will be considered later on. Meanwhile I am bound to emphasize the large part played by Mrs. Holland's normal knowledge in the construction of the various rôles."

"The construction of the various rôles." What a dramatist Mrs. Holland must have been, not to speak of Mrs. Piper! I wonder if any one of the commentators on these ever tried to write a novel, not to speak of a play. I doubt if anybody who has would be quick to say that Mrs. Holland constructed the rôles. But after all, what is a rôle—a personality? How many items enter into it? One?—a flash of recognition on the street that revolutionizes and irradiates a young man's universe? Millions?—those that become familiar in long intimacy? Must a personality be something that can be put on a scale, and will register pounds and ounces; or can it be met and enjoyed, or dreaded and suffered, in a dream? Is the clod who takes away your daily ashes a personality, while Malvolio and Rosalind are not? All that we know of a personality is that it is a capacity to produce certain effects upon us, and if there is any effect that a personality can produce upon us waking that is not produced by the personalities of our dreams, I do not know what it is. The only distinction I know is that this personality we know when we are awake can make abiding changes in matter *outside* our brains, while the personalities we know when asleep apparently cannot; but they can produce changes *in* our brains—in our convictions, habits, hopes, as enduring as any we know.

Perhaps our habitual conceptions of personality may be so definite because they are so limited; perhaps we may be on the brink of wider conceptions which will materially affect our views of our cosmic relations. Possibly those conceptions will grow a little clearer even during our present investigations.

The more I question regarding the probability of the sensitives dramatizing—creating—the "personalities" which profess to speak through them, the more it seems to me that we are making out of our preconceptions the notion that they are not real personalities, and that if we could be the standard clear and unprejudiced "intelligences from another planet," we would simply take these manifestations for the personali-

ties they appear, be their degree of development or manifestation what it may. Yet as Miss Johnson continues (p. 180) regarding them, she presents the extreme of the opposite view. Perhaps the wisest conclusion yet open to us is that sometimes they are real personalities and sometimes not.

“They came into existence first shortly after she had read *Human Personality*, and it will be seen that passages from this book are clearly to be traced in the script; there is little or nothing in the characterizations that could not be derived from it directly or by inference by an intelligent and sympathetic reader. There are, moreover, a certain number of features that an intimate friend of Mr. Myers’ would see to be uncharacteristic or positively incorrect. Further, the personalities become suddenly more vivid and realistic at a later date, after Mrs. Holland had seen the portraits of Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney and Dr. Sidgwick in Mr. Myers’ posthumous work, *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, and glanced at parts of the book itself, as described below, Pr. XXI, p. 245; and again after she had seen reviews of the *Memoir* of Dr. Sidgwick early in 1906.”

Very well—so far as concerns the mere material for the characterizations, but what made the characterizations themselves, and made them active, and endowed them with motive, will, repartee? Is it banal to suggest that they appear to have been made by the same agency that, independent of her will, made her poems? The influence of the books may have merely opened her mind to such impressions from the cosmic inflow, or the controls if you prefer.

Of course, *mere facts* mentioned in *Human Personality* were presumably in Mrs. Holland’s subliminal consciousness, and therefore are not necessarily to be referred to an outside control. But I have reached a vague impression that the division between the “subliminal” and “outside controls” may be one of those divisions that we are constantly making as crutches to our halting intellects, and to whose vague and provisional character I have so often called attention. Most of our classifications, from the more or less exact sciences with which we started together, to the misty impressions among which we are now groping, are of this nature.

We are in a universe of vibrations, which the very etymology of the name universe expresses as *one*. We split off a set of vibrations, and call them matter; from that set we

split off minor sets, and call them resistance, light, heat, sound, and so on; these minor sets we farther split into external vibrations and resulting nerve vibrations; and then we are at the end of *that* string. But parallel with the nerve end of it we find another, reaching we know not where. This we split into impressions, sensations, emotions, volitions. Impressions we split into those *outside* our consciousness, *i.e.*, in other consciousnesses, and those *inside* our consciousness; but yet we have lately found them very interchangeable. The agencies moving those outside into the inside, we split up on the one hand into other people—the agencies we know, and on the other hand, those we don't know, which we again split up into hypothetical divine inspirations, "controls," "spirits," and what-not; and here we lose the second string.

Now for my guess-work, and of course it will be full of paradoxes; with farther knowledge some of them may disappear; but guess-work is our only way—successful only once in many times—of finding clues to farther knowledge. Well, as all the groups we have been splitting off are parts of one thing, I guess (or is it more than a guess?) that the subliminal and the controls are parts of one thing—are in a sense the same thing. To give the first guess more definite shape, I go on to guess (or is it more than a guess?) that, as so many have guessed before me, the universe abounds in impressions, visions, ideas, God knows what. Sometimes they surge in upon a heteromatist. They stir the will or some sort of impulse to write, and the impressions tumble pell-mell upon the paper; and when they come in a coherent mass with enough qualities like the mass we call a human mind, or the more special mass we call a special human mind, we call them, depending upon the size and quality of the mass, a human being, or a soul, or a phantasm, or a control, or anything else prompted by the circumstances. One mass of them shows itself as the heteromatist, another mass as the control, several masses as several controls—Gurney, Myers, Imperator, perhaps each an echo of the heteromatist or of a previous heteromatist, pretty substantial, but not half as substantial or enduring as Ariel or Apollo or Colonel Newcome or Mr. Pickwick. And all four of *them* are more substantial than I am or you are, unless you happen to be—who, in this genera-

tion—Admiral Togo? A generation ago I should have said Spencer or Bismarck or Tennyson.

All this provokes the fantastic speculation whether a genius cannot generate an *actual* psychic personality, as he can a physical one. But this harks back to the relatively primitive parthenogenesis. The suggested process, however, is presumably in its primitive stage, if indeed there is any basis at all for the seemingly extravagant notion. And yet things that may have seemed equally extravagant have been found to contain germs of truth; and a very similar fantasy is to-day an article of "faith" with the majority of Christians, including some of the best minds. Compare all this with my earlier suggestions regarding personality, and then come back with me to where there is a little less fog.

Now that's my somewhat turgid and somewhat fantastic guess. Vague? Of course it is: we are dealing with vague things. Paradoxical? Of course it is: we are in the land of paradox. But to my poor thinking or guessing, it fits the facts as well as the other guesses and the other paradoxes, and I have the presumption farther to guess that the progress of knowledge is going to be in the direction of giving just that guess farther shape.

The subliminal self, then, I have again, from a different standpoint, come around to guessing to be so much of the Cosmic Soul as any individual may at the time have sufficiently in hand to call his own soul—or so much as he may have in hand even if he can't call his soul his own. And as to one's own soul (though this is an episode): if there is any significance behind the universe, and reason for it—any purpose, I keep on guessing, as I have in other connections, that such significance, reason, purpose, is in the arrangement that constantly produces individuals who gather in and unify portions of the Cosmic Soul, and get out of them experience and growth and discipline and morality and sympathy and altruism and love—all making up happiness.

Well, this, and more which will come later, is what has been growing more and more definite to me, as invisible vapor grows into a cloud, as I have been studying alone these strange things we are now studying together; and I expect the cloud to grow more definite as we go on. To me it has seemed

to reflect some light into our dark places, and I expect it to reflect more.

I hope I need not apologize for this additional attempt to describe it, or for other attempts that I am apt to make as we go on. However much they may bore you, the impression will become none too definite if you think it worth while to go on at all.

After writing the foregoing guess, on turning back to the Proceedings, I met one of those expressions with which the literature of the subject abounds, where a substitution of cosmic soul for subliminal self would, it seems to me, aid to an explanation. The passage in no way influenced my guess: for that was settled long ago. Miss Johnson says (Pr. XXI, 179):

“Meanwhile the various ‘controls,’ aided and abetted by the subliminal self (of which they may, indeed, be fragmentary manifestations), appear to be exerting great pressure on their side by various arguments and artifices to encourage the writer and persuade her to go on.”

Would not “fragmentary manifestations” of that size and that nature seem to come more naturally from a cosmic soul than from a subliminal self, unless the latter is taken to be merely a name for an inflow of the former? The job of manufacturing and working them—*extempore*, so to speak, which Miss Johnson attributes to Mrs. Holland, is, like Mrs. Piper’s job, too big for any human capacity, and the invention of a subliminal capacity doesn’t fill the bill.

So here from a different point and by a different road, we come to the same goal whither the strange phenomena, at least as seen through my eyes, are always sending us.

Let us return to Mrs. Holland and the groups of impressions that fell upon her script. On the foregoing quotations from the Gurney and Myers controls, Miss Johnson comments (Pr. XXI, 180f.):

“As usual, varieties of hand-writing are associated with the different controls, though they are not always used consistently for the same one. . . . The ‘Gurney control’ was a more bold and upright style. . . . Of this style Mrs. Holland wrote: ‘When the writing changes from very sloping to upright, I always get the impression of a younger and more brusque personality. The initial “G.” often comes then.’

"..... On November 18th, 1903, the 'Myers control' begins in pencil, then writes: 'Take a pen,' and the writing goes on in ink, 'That's well—a pen is best when I am here—pencil for the upright vehement writing,' viz., that of the 'Gurney control'; and henceforth these two controls generally—but not invariably—use a pen or pencil respectively.

"There is no resemblance between their writings and the actual hand-writings of Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney, nor—so far as I am aware—is there any reason for associating ink specially with one and pencil with the other. It appears to be simply a sort of subliminal device for keeping the two personalities distinct; nevertheless they often tend to merge into one another,—the suggestion being that two influences—real or imaginary—are present at once, or that one is being gradually displaced by the other."

A very natural suggestion! And why all this ingenuity to make the influences "imaginary," whatever that may mean in the connection, I cannot quite make out. I admire the ingenuity, but cannot help thinking that it forces the note, and also thinking that if Miss Johnson had not inherited Fechner and Du Prel's "subliminal" *via* Myers, she would not have worked it out from the phenomena themselves.

Do not all things "tend to merge into one another," especially all minds, to a degree not dreamed of before we became familiar with telepathy?

"A similar subliminal device is manifested on Jan. 6th, 1904—thus described by the script: 'Two influences—that was why the pencil slipped from your fingers and flew across the room then.... Don't you notice a new feature to-day—that every few minutes we make you take another pencil. It's easier for us, and it marks the change for you.' Mrs. Holland notes... 'At the end my hand felt shaken and pushed as it did when I first began to get these writings, scrawling wildly till it was stopped. The [word at the end of the script] "stop" was from without entirely. I was willing to let it scrawl on and over to the next page if the impulse continued.'

"On May 23rd, 1907, Mrs. Holland writes of this occasion: 'I still recall clearly the curious sensation that accompanied the word "stop." My hand seemed to be taken, the wrist turned towards the left and then drawn off the paper. It is the only time I have ever felt "uncanny" in connection with script....'

When something definitely opposes a person, isn't it, I ask again, very apt to be time to let Du Prel and his subliminal go?

"Mrs. Holland says in her preliminary account—already quoted—that she used to have with the impulse to write or speak

a severe headache which vanished with the fulfilment and cessation of the impulse. In two of the cases described in the fuller account which I omit, she seems to have partially lost consciousness. Thus, in the first: 'I shut my eyes. It seemed to me that the pencil scribbled wildly, like a child pretending to write. . . . My right arm seemed the only part of my body that was not asleep, and I was only conscious of Mr. D. saying now and again, "Wait a minute," when he slipped fresh paper under my hand. Then the influence suddenly passed; I opened my eyes feeling refreshed and alert, my headache was absolutely gone.' Again, in the second case, when the impulse took the form of speech: 'Though I spoke English, I felt as if reading aloud from a language I could pronounce but not translate. It seemed to come from my lips only. I was perfectly conscious; I watched the effect of mingled moonlight and electric light on the deck before me. . . . My voice went on, but I did not grasp the sense of a single sentence.' In continuation of the same incident, next evening: 'I began to describe an elderly man, his character, manner and appearance, down to minute details, and this time I understood what I was saying, but the words came without being chosen.'

This emphasizes the resemblance of these experiences to dreams. It reminds me of some of my own dreams when I read printed slips that seem, independently of me, to grow as I read them.

Messages from the Myers and Gurney controls similar to these which aroused the foregoing speculations, make a considerable part of Mrs. Holland's script. There is also considerable veridical telepsychosis and cross correspondence. Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 193):

"The next passage, written on the same day, begins with the date 1888 (the date of Mr. Gurney's death, also stated in *Human Personality*), and the initials F., E., and H. S.—obviously intended to represent Mr. [F.] Myers, Mr. [E.] Gurney and Professor [H.] Sidgwick.

"September 16th, 1903, 11 A. M.

"[M.] 1888 F. E. H. S. [in monogram.]

"Believe in what thou canst not see

Until the vision come to thee

What though the work may seem all wrought in vain

What though the labor seems to bring no gain

Take courage and be strong to work again

There were three workers once upon the earth

Three that have passed through Death's great second birth

Their work remains and some of lasting worth
 Long dead and lately dead shall be as one.
 1888. 1888.

[illegible] Forgotten?"

The following from the Myers and Gurney controls give a good idea of the situation:

(Pr.XXI,203-4): "[M.] My dear [J.: Here again no name is written, but a long irregular line is drawn.] Perhaps a letter to you will be easier than a sustained account—I have so little strength as yet for this form of communication—

"I know it will soon be three years since I 'passed over passed on'—but I feel still in early stages of development as it were—The obscuration of consciousness was prolonged in my case to an abnormal period— Nearly the whole of the first year was hidden for me—I was entranced as it were— That accounts for some failures of compact does it not. It is all so far more difficult than one imagines— Even granting the strength requisite to reach the threshold one can but fall helplessly upon it—spent—and one's message stilled—"

(Pr.XXI,205-6): "[G.] It's no good— He needs such congenial conditions or else he fails altogether— For one reason he really belongs in spiritual development to a higher level—a higher plane—and if he were there you under present conditions would not be able to receive even the faintest impression from him— Earth bound isn't quite the word I want but I do not know how else to convey to you the condition of those of us who are able to send messages— Understand it's not bound *by* earth it's bound *to* earth by love—memory powerful interests—F[rederic Myers. H.H.]'s mind is prepared for the higher planes—it is strong feeling—great attachments—that keep him on this level—and that prevent him from sending the messages he is so anxious to send— It was a tremendous effort to him to appear—in your mind's eye the way that he did a fortnight ago—and it has weakened the message ever since—

"[J.] This passage shows that the man seen by Mrs. Holland in a mind's-eye vision on November 7th, as described in her script of that day, quoted above, was identified by her at the time as Mr. Myers. I have already explained that this was a misrecognition. (See Pr.XXI,189.)"

Later still, the Myers control writes:

(Pr.XXI,213): "[M.] (Wednesday, January 6th, 10.45 A.M.) I have thought of a simile which may help you to realize the bound to earth condition which persists with me. It is a matter very largely of voluntary choice— I am as it were—actuated by the missionary spirit and the great longing to speak to the

souls in prison—still in the prison of the flesh—leads me to 'absent me from felicity awhile.'"

(Pr.XXI,218): "[M.] The appearance of the simulacra [*sic*] does not necessarily imply that the spirit is consciously present. It may project the phantasm from a great distance. More usually however it is present. On two occasions only I myself have been able to perceive the surroundings I so desired to see—once [illegible] at a Meeting and you all appeared to me as *flat* cardboard figures seen through a gray mist— The next time was a few weeks ago at home.

An odd fantasy for Mrs. Holland to create for herself!

"I would try so hard on the anniversary [the third of his death, H.H.] that is only nine days away now if I could be sure that you really wished and desired my eidolon without any fear or reluctance—

Eidolon is a very natural word for a Grecian like Myers. I wonder if it was natural for Mrs. Holland!

"Any terror would distress me unspeakably.

"In my present state thoughts pain me more than wounds or burns could do while I lived— It is part of the stage through which I pass an evolutionary phase."

(Pr.XXI,246-7): "[M.] If one could only find a *stupid sensitive* but the very quickness of the impressionability that enables the brain to perceive an influence from afar renders it an ever present danger to the message that is trying to be impressed. Anxiety to help—fear of unconscious cheating or of self-deception all cramp the hand and impede the willingness to give time and a *quiet* mind to this—

"It becomes increasingly hard for me to realize the effect of Time and Space upon your conditions— For me they have been annulled—I am obliged to remember now to recall what potent factors they are upon the body.

"[G.] Names? Names and proofs are the very things we must withhold [*sic*] from you because your brain which you cannot or will not lull to a proper state of passivity—will spin its *own* web round whatever is presented to you— For *truth's* sake we must be veiled and ambiguous— A garnet among the sedge which grew in the mires— [J.: This somewhat crude punning on the names Gurney, Sidgwick, and Myers, was not noticed by Mrs. Holland till I showed it to her later.]"

(Pr.XXI,230): [November 26th, 1903.] [M.] "The nearest simile I can find to express the difficulties of sending a message—is that I appear to be standing behind a sheet of frosted glass—which blurs sight and deadens sounds—dictating feebly—to a reluctant and somewhat obtuse secretary. A feeling of terrible impotence burdens me—I am so powerless to tell what means

so much— I cannot get into communication with those who would understand and believe me.”

There is much more of this sort of thing scattered all through.

The following is a strange passage to assert, as some authorities would, to be manufactured by Mrs. Holland from shreds of forgotten knowledge: it looks so much more like what it purports to be—a communication from the disembodied Myers.

(Pr.XXI,210): “[M.] Nothing was written by me yesterday— The time when I may hope to write a continuous narrative—or to send evidential messages by your hand seems as far away as ever.

“ Four years ago we were talking together one evening at my house Podmore was there I remember and Barrett I think Piddington and Lang but I am not sure—It was about a letter that had lately been received by Hodgson and which [illegible scribbles]

“ [G.] It’s no good— He can’t manage more than a few lines—and your dislike to *names* makes it all the more difficult for him. You can’t help it I know.”

Yet Miss Johnson says that she has reason to “believe that no such meeting took place at that date.”

The following telopsis through Myers (?) has an interest for us as introducing Mrs. Verrall, of whom we shall see considerable.

(Pr.XXI,212): “[M.] She is not very tall—a slender figure often dressed in green—dark hair—rather pushed from the forehead—straying a little from the centre parting—very mobile brows—pince-nez when she writes— A strong chin—mouth thin-lipped but sympathetic—a *strong* face but not a *hard* one— Mind admirably well balance [*sic*]—Hands with long fingers—but the palms well developed— No foolish impulses—but no fear of sudden actions which seem the outcome of sudden impulse— Age—32—33—I forget— What importance has age to me now—

“ [J.] This description may be the first emergence of the idea of Mrs. Verrall’s personal appearance and character which seems to have developed further in March, 1905, soon after the first experiments between Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Verrall began.”

The following remarks of Miss Johnson seem to me to contain evidential matter far more than well-checked-up facts

can. Unfortunately they anticipate what knowledge we shall get, and some we shall not get, of Mrs. Verrall's script.

(Pr.XXI,239-40): "The reader who compares the general character of the two scripts can hardly fail to notice the emotional nature and the note of personal appeal in the utterances of the Holland-Myers as contrasted with the calmer, more impersonal and more matter-of-fact tone of the Verrall-Myers.

"If Mr. Myers really knew what was going on and if he was really concerned in the production of the scripts, it would be natural and appropriate that he should attempt to impress the two automatists in these different ways. Mrs. Verrall, a personal friend and trained investigator, was already familiar with scientific methods and in close touch with other investigators. She did not require urging to go on with her writing, from which some important evidence had already resulted.

"Mrs. Holland, on the other hand, was in an isolated position [in India, with a family opposed to her heteromatic writing. H.H.]; she was conscious of the superficially trivial and incoherent nature of her script, and could not tell whether there was anything in it beyond a dream-like *réchauffé* of her own thoughts. She would naturally shrink from exposing this to strangers and thereby appearing to attach an unreasonable degree of importance to it. We may suppose then that the control realizes her situation and tries to impress on her a vivid realization of his own,—his intense desire to provide evidence of survival. The reiterations in her script as compared with Mrs. Verrall's,—a point brought out rather strikingly in the summary,—denotes perhaps that a more strenuous effort is required in her case, in order that she may be persuaded to disregard her own feelings and risk misunderstanding for the sake of a remotely possible good."

"We may suppose," etc. Yes, but if we do, what becomes of that precious "subliminal"? This sort of thing is inevitable, and consoles me a little for my own constant wobbling.

The following refers to a matter of crucial interest:

(Pr.XXI,242-4): "[M.] Under other conditions I should say how much I regretted the failure of the envelope test and I do regret it because it was a disappointment to you—otherwise it is too trivial to waste a thought upon—. . . Imperfect instruments imperfect means of communication. The living mind however sensitive—intrudes its own conceptions upon the signalled message—

"[J.] The reference here is obviously to an experiment with a sealed envelope left by Mr. Myers with Sir Oliver Lodge. As members of the Society are aware, various statements had been made in Mrs. Verrall's script during 1904 about the contents of

this envelope. It was opened on December 13th, 1904, and its contents were then found to have no resemblance to what was alleged about it in the script. An account of this experiment was printed in [several publications. H.H.]... All these facts being of course familiar to me, I concluded that Mrs. Holland had most probably seen one of the newspaper accounts of the incident... I asked her if she thought she had seen any reference to it. She answered very decidedly that she had no recollection of ever seeing or hearing anything about it till that moment. I asked if she thought it possible that she could have forgotten it, if she had read it. She thought this impossible, as she would certainly have been greatly interested in it."

At first sight, this is the most staggering blow the spiritistic hypothesis has received, unless it be the discrepancy between the names for their ante-mortem selves given by Imperator and his companions to Stainton Moses, and by him to Myers and others, and those given by the Piper-Moses to Professor Newbold. I have no desire to minimize the force of this discrepancy, but I have given some considerations that ought to be regarded, in connection with Professor Newbold's experience, on p. 547.

Regarding the Myers envelope, the council of the S. P. R. said, in the *Journal* for January, 1905, p. 13:

"It has, then to be reported that this one experiment has completely failed, and it cannot be denied that the failure is disappointing. Considering, however, how very few experiments of this kind have ever, so far as we know, been tried at all, and how great, on any hypothesis, must be the obstacles to success, it would be unreasonable either to relax our efforts on account of this single failure or because of it unduly to discount the other matter contained in Mrs. Verrall's script which there is any reason to regard as evidential."

Dr. Hodgson died on December 20, 1905. On February 6, 1906, the Myers control wrote, through Mrs. Holland (Pr. XXI, 283):

"A great loss for you on your side [of death, of course. H.H.] but a gain on the other. He may prove a communicating power soon."

A strange form of expression for Mrs. Holland to fall into! The dramatic quality of it is striking. It is Myers, not Mrs. Holland. To do the subject justice, it is essential always to be awake to the dramatic quality of the alleged communica-

tions—a remark perhaps banal after what has been said already.

I find that I am getting to use "banal" almost as frequently as Mrs. Piper used "evolute" in the Newbold Notes, Chapter XXXV. I hope the circumstances excuse me.

Miss Johnson thus writes (Pr. XXI, 286-7) of what she is pleased to call Subliminal Recrudescence, but when a recrudescence takes the shape of a veridical vision, that term hardly tells "the whole truth." The matter is enormously interesting as illustrating the genesis of visions—and dreams.

"Two incidents occurring at about this period illustrate in a striking manner the possibility of recrudescence of memories that have completely lapsed from the normal consciousness, and show at the same time the practical difficulty of proving a person's ignorance of almost any event in the past, and the consequent necessity for caution in attributing knowledge of any such event to a supernormal cause.

"In the first case, Mrs. Holland had heard of the incident only a few months before it was represented to her through a hallucination; but she had paid so little attention to the recital that apparently she forgot it immediately afterwards. In the second case she had been deeply interested at the time in what she heard; but the event had entirely faded from her memory before she reproduced it—nearly twenty years later—in her script.

"In a letter dated December 19th, 1905, Mrs. Holland describes an apparition recently seen by her as follows:

"On Wednesday evening [Dec. 13th], at 9.30...when I came briskly into a small and very brightly lighted room, I saw the figure of a very tall, thin man, dressed in gray, standing with his back to the fire. He had a long face, I think a mustache—certainly no beard—and suggested young middle age; but at my second step forward he was gone. I had been thinking only of a business letter I was about to answer, and cannot explain the tall gray figure at all. I have seen nothing of the kind since 1901. I have gone into that little white sitting-room many times since, at all kinds of hours, often hoping to see the gray figure again, but I have not been fortunate."

"The description suggested Mr. Gurney to me, but I made no comment on it to Mrs. Holland. On March 11th, 1906, she wrote:

"Do you remember the tall man in gray I saw here one evening in the winter? The other morning I went into a small room next my own, thinking only of putting away an evening dress. The tall figure in gray was lying on the bed in a very flung-down, slack-jointed attitude. The face was turned from me, the right arm hanging back across the body, which lay on the left

side. I started violently, and my foot seemed to strike a small empty bottle on the floor.

“The figure was gone in an instant, as before, and though I looked carefully I could find nothing on the floor to even suggest the bottle I had kicked.

“I know this house has no story even remotely connected with a suicide or an over-dose of any drug, so I don't understand it at all. I had not been stooping or tiring my eyes in any way.”

“On March 29th, Mrs. Holland wrote to me that the date when she saw the second apparition was either February 27th or 28th [1906. H.H.].

“Mr. Gurney died from an accidental over-dose of chloroform, probably taken for neuralgia or insomnia, on June 22nd, 1888. I was at first much puzzled to account for the details of the second apparition, since the manner of his death is not, of course, mentioned either in *Human Personality* or in the obituary notice of him in Mr. Myers's *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*. Later, however, I found from my notes of my first interview with Mrs. Holland on October 6th, 1905, that I had myself told her the main facts. On May 28th, 1906, I saw her again and reminded her of this. She said she had entirely forgotten it (as I had) and was doubtful if she could remember it even when reminded of it; and that she took very little interest in Mr. Gurney, being mainly interested in Mr. Myers.”

Note that the death was in 1888, the first vision in December, 1905, and the second in February, 1906, that she had never seen Mr. Gurney, and seen only a portrait that presumably was not full length, and that the sensation of kicking an empty bottle on the floor was an extraordinary element of a vision.

This may be as good a place as any to repeat the story which Myers told me in 1894 of the circumstances which gave him his first conviction of the personality's survival of death.

Gurney died on a Saturday night, in a hotel, while he was on a journey. Myers knew nothing of it before Monday. On Sunday, while in church, he suddenly got a mental impression: “Your friend is still with you.” So far as I remember, he said he was little affected by it, and continued his attention to the service, until it was repeated several times; and by the time he left the church he could think of little else. I think he told me, but cannot be certain, that he was then and there reminded of a post-mortem communication pact that he had made with Gurney, and I am as near

certain as it will do to be of anything but the main fact, that he then and there expected to learn that some friend had died.

I regret that I made no notes when Myers told me, taking it for granted that he had made some cotemporaneously with the event, and would print them. I have found none, however. Yet I have no hesitation in repeating what he told me and probably told many others: for there was no seal of confidence.

We shall see more of Mrs. Holland in connection with a Hodgson control and Cross-Correspondences.

We have now, through Miss Rawson, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Holland, had a somewhat systematic account of Myers' early appearances as a control. It does not seem well to follow the thread systematically, but we shall see more of him incidentally through Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Piper.

And getting all these ladies into a paragraph reminds me of somebody's expression a dozen years ago to the effect that all the hopes of immortality offered by the S. P. R. hang on the dreams of one hysterical woman! This was absurd at the time, and its absurdity has been growing.

The connection, however, directs attention to one circumstance that may be found, in time, to mean something. Despite some exceptions, the great mediums of the third quarter of the nineteenth century were men—those of the last twenty-five years have been women.

CHAPTER XLII

HETEROMATIC SCRIPT: MRS. VERRALL

WE now turn to the heteromatic scripts produced by Mrs. Verrall, wife of Professor A. W. Verrall of Cambridge, and herself lecturer in Newnham College. The whole volume of Pr. XX is devoted to a very thorough examination of them by Mrs. Verrall herself.

To any person of scholarly sympathies, the book suggests the proverbial "liberal education." It is not uncomplimentary to the volume to name that aspect of it before its aspect as a contribution to Psychological Research: for the phenomena themselves are of moderate interest beside most of those described in these pages, but their evidential value is high, and their implications most important, and, as already intimated, the treatment of them is pervaded by wide scholarship, and is charming.

Mrs. Verrall's account of her experiences is in part (Pr. XX, 7-16):

"My experiences in Crystal Gazing during the years 1889-1892 were recorded and published in the *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII., p. 473, et seq. With a few doubtful exceptions the pictures so seen were purely fantastic. With Planchette or a table, if I have sat with a second person, I have usually obtained movements, though the results were seldom of any interest; but till recently I was quite unable to get any movement with Planchette when sitting alone, or any writing with a free pencil, except a few letters repeated in meaningless combinations, *e, v, r*, appearing and reappearing as 'every, very, ever,' and so on. It is probable that the letters of my surname, the word most frequently written in ordinary life without conscious effort, were responsible for the words produced.....

She says that after several unsuccessful attempts, on March 5, 1901:

"I took the pencil between my thumb and first finger, and after a few nonsense-words it wrote rapidly in Latin. I was writing in the dark and could not see what I wrote; the words came to me as single things, and I was so much occupied in recording each as it came that I had not any general notion of what the meaning was. I could never remember the last word; it seemed to vanish completely as soon as I had written it. Sometimes I had great difficulty in recognizing what was the word I wanted to write, while at other times I could only get part of it. When I had filled one sheet of paper, I turned up the electric light and read what had been written, before going on to the next sheet. On this first occasion, March 5, 1901, my hand wrote about 80 words almost entirely in Latin, but though the words are consecutive and seem to make phrases, and though some of the phrases seem intelligible, there is no general sense in the passage.

"Till the end of the month, with a very few exceptions, I continued daily to write fluently in Latin, with occasional Greek words. The writing was not intelligible throughout, but it improved and was very different from the mere rubbish with which it began. Whole phrases were intelligible, and in spite of blunders of every description the general drift was often easily apparent. The actual writing was my own normal handwriting . . . the script usually filled one page, that is, it consisted of from 70 to 90 words, but occasionally the impulse to write continued after the page was full and I then took a second piece of paper. The end of the impulse to write was often signalized by the drawing of a long line. After the first two or three times of writing I never read what had been written till the end, and though I continued to be aware of the particular word, or perhaps two words, that I was writing, I still retained no recollection of what I had just written and no general notion as to the meaning of the whole.

"Whether I write in light or dark, I do not look at the paper. I perceive a word or two, but never understand whether it makes sense with what goes before . . . when the script is finished I often cannot say, till I read it, what language has been used, as the recollection of the words passes away with extreme rapidity.

This corresponds with the evanescent memory of dreams, and the following emphasizes the resemblance.

"I am sometimes exceedingly sleepy during the production of the writing, and more than once I have momentarily lost consciousness of my surroundings.

"[NOTE.—It is not easy to describe the writing without seeming to assume a personality on the part of the supposed writer, of which I am very far from being convinced. But it is convenient to use such expressions as 'the supposed writer,' 'the control,' or 'the scribe' to represent the motive power which

seems to the owner of the writing hand something quite separate from his normal personality.]

"On November 24, 1902... I got very sleepy and lost consciousness, I think, in the middle: the writing was very violent when I again realized what I was doing and more 'automatic' than usual. Here, too, as in the earlier case, there purport to be more communicators than one, and there are certainly differences of hand-writing. When this writing was over, I was left with a feeling of fatigue, and some discomfort in the right arm; I mention this as it is the only occasion on which anything like a disagreeable feeling was associated with the production of the script.

"The next time that I went to sleep... I had arranged with two friends that they should sit with a Planchette at the same hour. I slept only for a moment, and when I woke went on with the automatic writing just as before. The words then written were: 'It has helped them and you will get a message now plain to read.' This latter statement was correct; a message written by their Planchette was perfectly intelligible to me, and introduced names quite unknown to the Planchette writers.....

"Once... I certainly continued writing during my sleep; I was interrupted by an unexpected visitor who found me writing. The hand-writing of the script thus produced is not my own, but bears a likeness to that of Dr. Sidgwick.....

This is very suggestive of Professor Sidgwick being a genuine control: for it's a sort of cross-correspondence with the fact of his writing through Mrs. Thompson. Cf. *ante*.

"On five occasions—besides those... not included in this paper—I have tried to obtain writing at a time when someone else was also 'sitting'... On four out of these five occasions it seemed that there was some interest in the results."

These experiences of Mrs. Verrall appear very faint beside the gorgeous oriental lights and sounds and thaumaturgy of Stainton Moses or even beside many of the homely but vivid experiences of Mrs. Piper; but probably to many they carry more conviction; and the subjects with which they deal, despite their quiet trappings, are of serious importance.

Mrs. Verrall got a few drawings which reminded her of the meaningless pictures often seen in crystal gazing, and suggesting to me the phantasmagoria preceding sleep. In fact her whole experience, like so much in the experiences we are studying, seems closely allied with dreams.

The handwriting varies a good deal, as in Moses' case and Mrs. Holland's, but has much less definite connection with

individualities. In fact there is not always a claim of individuality in a writer, though there generally is, and a few times signatures are given.

Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 28) :

“It is quite common for the first two or three words written on each occasion to have no connection with the rest of the script; they seem to serve as a sort of start, while the thing, whatever it is, is getting under way. It is seldom that two or three unintelligible and disconnected words are found, except at the beginnings.”

Mrs. Piper's script was apt to be just the reverse of this. Mrs. Verrall's was incoherent while she was getting up steam; Mrs. Piper's, while steam was giving out. Mrs. Verrall's preliminary nonsense corresponds to the preliminary raps so frequent in telekinetic telepsychosis. Her interpretation, however, is not analogous to “getting up steam,” but she says (Pr. XX, 29) :

“A parallel is to be found in some experiments made by my daughter and Mr. Bayfield in table tilting, when it was common for the first few words to have no connection with what followed, and often to be in a different language.... This introductory rubbish often served to prevent the sitters from following what was being produced by the table, and we usually found the results better when the attention of the sitters had been distracted. Possibly some similar object is attained in the case of the automatic writing by the production of a few words of sheer nonsense which serve to occupy the attention of the conscious self, and so leave the subliminal self more free to act.”

Again a contradiction to the cases where concentration of the sitter's mind helps the results.

The languages were mainly Greek, Latin, and English. Mrs. Verrall knows French substantially as well as English, and German, Italian, and Spanish fairly well, but there was barely a trace of any modern language but English. It seems fair to infer that the languages appeared about in proportion to the degrees in which they occupied her habitual attention. Greek and Latin she taught, English she used presumably for most of her writing—personal and for publication; the other languages she used incidentally. All this, so far as it goes, looks as if the script were but the echo of herself.

On the other hand, she says (Pr. XX, 36):

“The vocabulary and phraseology as well as the grammatical construction of the ancient languages used in the script are not such as I should myself employ if I were deliberately writing those languages.

“A considerable number of words occur which are not extant, and the meaning of which is not obvious either from the context or the form. Many of these are probably pure inventions, but some of them are used with a curious persistence, even after investigation has shown that they have no existence.”

My guess is that her mind was at work, and also a larger mind, of which her mind may be a part. The larger the mind, so long as its processes can be guessed at by human standards, the more apt it would be (wouldn't it?) to coin words from the mass of roots floating about in its consciousness, and make original constructions, many of them nonsensical. We all do this in dreamy moods or in following rhythmic sounds like those of a railway train. She says (p. 48):

“The sententiousness of dreams—verbose enunciation of the commonplace—appears often, *e.g.*, ‘Not yet is the fullness of time—reaping follows the full sheaves,’ . . . ‘Many harvests go to the fulfilment of the crop of promise.’”

The similarity to some dream effect appears on almost every page. This is interesting in this connection (Pr. XX, 103-5):

“There is no doubt that the script expects that information may be conveyed during my sleep to supplement what comes by automatic writing. . . . There is no reason to think that in my case the expectation aroused by the writing produces any effect on my dreams.

“There has been no general moral advice [Shades of Imperator and Moses! H.H.], and such ‘philosophical’ talk as occurs seems to refer to particular philosophical views and to be meant for evidential matter rather than to have any ethical or didactic intention. . . . Parts resemble records of a dream.”

Note the identity of the following experiences with those of “the condition between sleeping and waking”:

(Pr. XX, 65-7): “The first part of the writing of March 1, 1903, consisted of scraps of hexameter lines, the sort of rubbish that one might produce when half asleep. . . . It is not easy

always to distinguish... classes, as the reader who has followed me so far will understand, seeing how dream-like and confused are the utterances of the script."

(Pr.XX,59-62): "I have hardly ever made a pun in my life; I do not easily see analogies between words, and I am seldom amused by comic puns or interested by the ancient oracular play upon words. But it is otherwise with the automatic script. It is fond of punning and especially of punning upon names; it is indeed quite like an ancient oracle in its desire to find a meaning in a name, as well as in its complete disregard for the laws of philology.... The scribe adds the comment 'you write nicely, though there is a lack of sense owing to your want of faith.' [This note is very frequent. H.H.]... I have... no interest in derivations, no sympathy with fanciful symbolism of any sort. ... This is one of many cases where there seems no point of contact between my normal self and the productions of the scribe. ... Another characteristic of the script not shared by my normal self is a tendency to break out into verse.... I am capable, however, of producing some kind of verse, when in a condition between sleeping and waking."

(Pr.XX,75-80): "The script of June 27, 1901, was signed as follows: Two drawings of curved objects; then the words 'or a gourd.' Then three drawings representing apparently (1) a gourd, (2) a cross, (3) the horns or ears of an animal; then the words 'Moses not the prophet'; then a line between two brackets and the name 'Johann.'... Another suggestion has been made to me that in the Latin cross, taken in conjunction with 'horns' and 'Moses not the prophet,' are to be found allusions to W. Stainton Moses and his well-known 'control' Imperator. In that case there seems no explanation for the gourd or the name John.... My script on July 21, 1903, stated plainly that a certain cross—here described as a decorative Greek cross—was the mark of Rector.... But Dr. Hodgson had no recollection of any such drawing. I therefore supposed the conjunction of Rector's name and a cross to be a reminiscence of my knowledge of the Stainton Moses phenomena....."

"That the distinction between the Latin cross of Imperator and the Greek cross of Rector—not consciously observed by me was recognized by my subliminal self is clear, not only from the statement that the decorative Greek cross is the sign of Rector (July 21, 1903, *posuit signum suum ipse*), but also from the conjunction in the script of August 26, 1902, of the Latin cross with the capital I, which obviously stands for Imperator."

Mrs. Verrall seems to tend strongly to account for the script as an echo from her own mind in all cases where that is possible, but there seem to be not a few cases where it is not—here, for instance (Pr. XX, 82-3):

"The owner of the Greek cross, whether we call him Rector or not, is a specially successful communicator and seems to have a particular interest in Mrs. Piper and Dr. Hodgson; the owner of the transverse cross, on the other hand, makes efforts to produce evidential matter, but with very little success."

She by no means is an advocate for "the script" in any particular, *e.g.* (Pr. XX, 85):

"When the hand remarks that 'this is a clue,' or that 'this is verifiable,' after producing something quite vague or hopelessly confused, we can only express a pious hope that the future may justify the writer's claim. Only on three of the eleven occasions when success was claimed in this way was the claim justified."

But this (Pr. XX, 87-92) looks very much like outside agency:

"Three times the script asserted that it had made an effort to which I had not responded, and twice it complained in more general terms that it had wanted to say something, but had been prevented by me. . . . On the first occasion . . . my arm ached before I sat for writing, as it had done earlier in the day, and it is likely that with more experience I should have recognized this aching as a desire on the part of my hand to write; that is probably the explanation of the opening words of the script: *veni hodierno nondum parata eras*, 'I came to-day but you were not yet ready.' On another occasion, when I wrote in obedience to an impulse, May 3, 1901, the first words were a question as to why I had not written the day before when the hand wanted to write, and a warning that it was difficult if I refused. I felt a strong desire to write the day before while I was at a committee meeting, but naturally had not been able to yield to it. On two of the five occasions when I apparently failed to respond I was entirely unaware of any special sensation. . . . There are a very considerable number of remarks throughout the script addressed to me and urging me to 'go on,' or to 'wait for a result,' or to 'try again,' or to 'leave off now.'

"At first the script expressed a good deal of impatience with my stupidity, wilful or otherwise: 'I should like to speak, but you will not let me'; or *o mora, ingrata tibi canam*, 'O the delay, I should waste my words on you'; or again, 'how can I? help, can't you, combination is the best.' Once after reproaching me with not writing earlier, as it had long wanted to tell me something, it went on: 'you cant hear tonight. Your head is full.' Yet the next day it began: 'Why did you stop yesterday? It was interesting. But you did not understand.' In time, however, the scribe seems to have realized that the difficulties were not created wilfully by me, for its impatience unmistakably lessens with experience, and though it still tells me sometimes that the fault is mine, it seems to recognize that the fault is not

intentional. 'This is not right, but you can do no more,' is the latest expression of reproach, a very considerable modification of the incisive remarks of earlier days. . . . Six weeks later the script began with one of its rolling mysterious sentences that, like the poetry of dreams [Here they are again! In any such comments which may seem trivial, I have a purpose that, if not obvious, will appear in time. H.H.], appear impressive until you take a nearer view, though here, judged with the context, it may not be wholly meaningless: 'Unused of old forewarned but not exempt—none is. But we learn like you. It is hard.' Then it goes on in Latin: *monstro tibi quod vix possim; incredibile sane verum quidem. quod si credas maiora sequuntur*, and concludes: 'That is all I can do. You understand better tonight. Go on.' And henceforth, though the encouragement is still sparingly bestowed, the reproaches almost entirely cease. . . . An attitude of belief on the part of the person addressed is constantly recommended by the script. Patience is desired, perseverance is advised, careful recording of all that is written, even if not intelligible, is often urged; but the most frequently recurring injunction is to 'believe'—not to attach credence to a particular statement, but to have confidence, generally speaking, in the authenticity of the phenomena, and to allow the mind to assume a receptive attitude. . . . Although I was not aware of any particular change in my attitude between the end of August and the end of September of that year, the script seems to have been satisfied, for on Sept. 22, 1903, after referring to certain events which would—and did—occur, it went on: 'Then this writing of mine to you will bring conviction. Not to you—you have it.' Since that time no further reference to my skepticism was made till on August 14, 1904, it reproached me for not opening the 'sealed envelope' in the words: 'And you will not look—Faith is not yours.' So far as I have been able to ascertain, these remarks of the script do not correspond with any subjective feeling on my own part. . . . Looking through [my] diary I find there is recorded in it a distinctly increasing tendency towards what I suppose the script would call 'belief,' that is, to a disposition to attach value to the communications of the script and to attribute them to some external cause rather than to my own subliminal self."

Such unquestionably has been the general experience of the most active members of the S. P. R. And yet on the next page (Pr. XX, 93f.) the cautious writer says:

"The directions as to writing are positive and negative; I am told not to write for a certain time or to write regularly, or to write on some special day. . . . I have no reason to see in them anything more than the reflection of the impression which I may very well have had that the writing was poor, or that I had

been doing a good deal of it lately. . . . Twice . . . out of four times the direction to write during a certain period proved fruitful."

Probably this was not materially more or less than the average chance.

Dreams are usually built from trivial circumstances, and while perhaps not experienced in the subliminal consciousness, are reported in the script.

(Pr. XX, 121-3): "A cradle with a phial of unguent holds the infant god. To-day the Holy One of Holies asks and obtains light for the faithful. Who in the Council of God beholds the glory? or Who in the Council beholds the glory of God?—with tinklings all is joyous; let the bystanders too sing. . . . The script was written . . . on the Festival of the Purification, or Presentation of Christ in the Temple, 'Candlemas Day.' Some of the associations with this day are certainly represented in the script, though the opening phrases, at least at first sight, are more suggestive of a Nativity than of the Purification. . . . On the whole I am disposed to attribute the whole performance to vague recollections suggested by the date at the head of the paper. It is true that the Festival of the Purification is not a Nativity, but it is also true that I am completely unlearned in matters of ritual, and had certainly never thought of distinguishing between their appropriate ceremonial. . . . A brother of my mother's was born on February 2, and I have all my life been familiar with a miniature painted by his mother, representing him as a child with two doves. It is possible that this early association of a birthday with the Feast of the Purification may be responsible for the introduction of the child and cradle into the script. It is possible also that the notion of a birthday was introduced by telepathic association with Mrs. Forbes. I was writing simultaneously with her, and I found subsequently that February 2 was her husband's birthday; so that the date February 2 undoubtedly was associated in her mind with birthday ceremonies."

Speaking of a long Orphic Greek passage, she says (Pr. XX, 128):

"I can only repeat that I cannot conceive myself under any normal circumstances using the words or entertaining the ideas of this curious fragment. Till my attention was attracted by the script, I had no knowledge of Orphism beyond what must be acquired in the course of classical reading by one who has always been interested in Platonism, the Platonism of Plato, that is to say, and not Neo-Platonism or any other imitation or modification, ancient or modern, of Plato."

The following (Pr. XX, 135-7) is the exact opposite of Stainton Moses's impression:

"But I should be giving a thoroughly false idea of the contents of the script if I allowed it to be supposed that the greater part, even of this verifiable matter, appears in the form of communications from supposed discarnate spirits. The information is for the most part stated without any color other than is made inevitable by the personal form of the phraseology. 'Tell So and So,' or more frequently, 'Someone ought to remember this.'... Often the incident is related without any suggestion of its connection with other portions of the script or any clue to its meaning... That an intimate connection exists between the contents of the automatic writing and my own mind... is shown in the languages used, in quotations from authors known to me, in allusions to literary and other subjects familiar to me, and in many other ways... The manner of expression seems to show that the script is referring to my own actual knowledge, exactly as a third person might do; there are also some cases where the script shows revived memories beyond the range of my conscious recollection; there are a few traces of reference to things thought of by me just before writing; and there are some traceable connections between my dreams and the automatic writing."

Here (p. 139) is another comparison with dreams:

"I have... watched carefully to see if in the automatic writing, as often in dreams, I could trace reminiscences of recent events or impressions. But to my surprise... in the whole 306 pieces of writing I can find only five occasions where the writing distinctly refers to something that had occurred shortly before its production."

It is hard to determine the general experience regarding some features of dreams. Touching this one, my dream experiences correspond with Mrs. Verrall's regarding the writing; they are shaped very little by actual events whose connection is traceable.

The connection of the writings with dreams does not seem to have been more intimate than that of any other set of these strange phenomena. Though the writing occasionally said something about truth to be ascertained in dreams, apparently nothing came of it.

(Pr. XX, 156): "I think beyond dispute that the script was influenced by the desire of my husband unknown to me, that it should produce a certain phrase consisting of three Greek words,

for it seems to have made a large number of attempts—with varying success—to reproduce these words.”

Before her absolute candor, it is reasonable to accept her estimate that half these would-be evidential references to her husband in the script are correct. This circumstance seems to indicate that the main influence in the script is external: for if it were all mainly the product of Mrs. Verrall's subliminal self (please try to remember the sense in which I use the term), the proportion of successes would probably be larger. Assuming that Mrs. Verrall's view is correct, what seems to be proved is some feeble telepathy between Professor and Mrs. Verrall, and a faint echo of Mrs. Verrall's first impression by the script.

On the other hand, Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 184) of the following cases:

“No one of these cases taken alone is of much evidential value, but the three taken together perhaps show some reflection in the script of thoughts and actions telepathically or otherwise not normally conveyed.”

This is a much more moderate view than I take. To me the passages very strongly indicate telepathy, unless some other communication has escaped attention.

Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Dew Smith (“Alice”) were in the habit of sitting simultaneously, but at a distance, in search of correspondence in their script. Here is Mrs. Verrall's account slightly condensed (Pr. XX, 183-4):

“(a) June 21, 1903 (Switzerland). ‘What is Alice doing? She has found a house now—ask. A little house near a wood, with a sunny garden on one side.’ I had not seen Mrs. Dew Smith since April and knew nothing of her intentions: at the end of July, on returning from Switzerland, I heard from her that she had been wanting to find a small house in the New Forest with a garden, but had no particular house in view.

“(b) Aug. 31, 1903. ‘Tell Alice from me the pen (or pin) will be found and can then be given back. But she is too anxious.’ I was uncertain whether the word was pen or pin, and asked Mrs. Dew Smith when I saw her on September 1, whether she had lost either a pen or a pin. She said that she had not. But the next day she remembered and told me that on Aug. 31 she missed a little parcel of pens which she valued and about which she had written to make inquiries. The pens were eventually found, but not till some months later.

“(c) Dec. 23, 1904. ‘Now give this message to Alice Dew. Her plan is a good one and she should carry it out at once: I know there is some disapproval but that will pass. She is quite right in her view. Tell her that. Tell her with emphasis. She is to do it & not be deterred by their criticism. She sat alone last night late but I could not make her hear. She will remember the little tinkling bell. That will prove my truth.’ In a letter of December 27, Mrs. Dew Smith told me... that for the last six months her mind had been full of a plan for building a cottage... and that all her friends opposed her plans and criticised the scheme.... She... said that not being alone she had only once since leaving town made automatic experiments. She had unusual difficulty and obtained nothing.... She also said that she had a strong impression of hearing a little bell outside the house one evening... but was not sure that it was on the evening mentioned.”

There’s possibly a little touch of prophecy about the pens.

October 9, 1892, while Mrs. Verrall was away from home, the script gave (Pr. XX, 189) :

“‘To the dark tower came who? ask him who? and where? The tower was dark & cold, but we all loved it. He will remember write regularly—there is truth in this.’”

And on Mrs. Verrall’s return it appeared that Professor Verrall had been reading Browning’s *Childe Roland*. There are many similar telepathic indications. The success with their daughter and Mrs. Sidgwick and her brothers was not so great, and so with other friends (p. 203), all of which corresponds with the degree of intimacy, but, on the other hand (pp. 198-9), with energetic members of S. P. R. the proportion rises again, and it is highest with Hodgson, probably the most energetic of them all. This suggests an effect from their deep interest in the subject and constant occupation with it—a sort of telepathy.

Mrs. Verrall’s enthusiasm and ingenuity enable her to find many more indications of verification than my slow wits can recognize; but that fact, however viewed, does not affect the suggestions coming from the proportions in the various classes of allusions named above.

There were many apparent prophecies that came to nothing, but some were more successful. Here is one (Pr. XX, 322-3) :

“On September 4th, 1901, at the end of a long piece of writing, the script, in quite a different hand, wrote: ‘Madment Maidment Evan awnsley November 1857.’ And on September 7th it wrote: ‘MAIMENTISWITHIN. on the right-hand side as you look—the window is behind, so it is not very plain to read. But he knows it.’

“On September 30th, or possibly September 28th, I went with my hostess to a shop in Winchester, and noticed the name ‘Maidment,’ not outside the shop, but on a paper bag hanging up inside the shop on the right-hand wall. The shop-window was behind me, when I was within the shop, but the name was quite plain to read. At the time I did not connect it with anything; it was only after my return from Winchester that, on reading through the copies of the script and finding the words ‘Maiment is within,’ I remembered having noticed the name Maidment within a shop at Winchester. I then remembered the reading of a letter from someone called Rawnsley, but the date ‘November 1857’ has no discoverable connection with this or any other incident known to me.”

Mrs. Verrall gives several other instances. She prefers to call them “anticipations” rather than prophecies.

Mrs. Verrall’s account of the psychology and physiology of the writing seemed to deserve so much space that there has been little left for its substance. But we shall have a little more when we come to the subject of Cross-Correspondences.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE PIPER-HODGSON CONTROL IN AMERICA

IN December, 1905, Hodgson died, and we come now to what profess to be a series of manifestations from his post-carnate self. The principal ones appear in three papers in Pr. XXIII, and are admirably edited; the first by Professor James, the second by Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Sidgwick, and the third by Sir Oliver Lodge. Wherever the strange material came from, this account we are about to consider is one of the most remarkable productions in all literature. I grieve at the necessity of condensing it. Those who care for the strange, perhaps instructive, and certainly moving experience of reading it complete, can obtain it in Pr. Part LVIII.

In considering these reports, we shall be aided by a better knowledge of the manner of man Hodgson was. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1855, graduated at the Melbourne University, which subsequently gave him an LL.D., went to Cambridge to study philosophy, and took honors in 1881. Mrs. Sidgwick says, in a memoir in Pr. XIX, 356f.:

“It was characteristic of him that, having thus qualified for a degree, his friends had some difficulty in persuading him to take it, because the ceremony involved kneeling to the Vice-Chancellor, and he did not wish to bend the knee to any man.”

He studied for a time at Jena, then lectured in University Extension courses in England, and upon Spencer at Cambridge. Mrs. Sidgwick says (p. 357):

“But he was not consciously a follower of Herbert Spencer or of any other philosopher. Indeed he was always a man of great independence of mind, with an almost inconceivable dislike of following others. It was, I suppose, to give relief to this feeling, and as a symbol of his desire to take an independent line, that he adopted while at Cambridge an evening dress suit of brown cloth instead of the ordinary black one. This becoming but eccentric costume he discontinued after some years,

realizing, doubtless, that it was not worth while expending energy in diverging from custom in unimportant details."

At Cambridge, while a student, he formed an enduring friendship with Henry Sidgwick, and was one of the small group whose names appear in the first published list of members of the S. P. R.

In 1884 the Society sent him to India to investigate Madame Blavatsky, and his report in Pr. III showed her up completely. It was especially while in India that he became an expert in conjuring tricks. He also became an expert in handwriting.

His work was almost entirely destructive of fraud and error (see paper on *Mal-observation and Loss of Memory* in Pr. IV, and one on *Imitations by Conjuring of Phenomena sometimes attributed to Spirit Agency*, in Pr. VIII), until he met Mrs. Piper's phenomena in 1887, when he went to America as secretary of the American S. P. R. As we have already seen, he began observing those phenomena with the skeptical mind developed by his experience of fraud and error, soon accepted their genuineness, and ended by giving them the spiritistic interpretation.

Abundant reasons will appear for obtruding a word regarding my own acquaintance with Hodgson. It began through common friends in Boston not long after his arrival in America. I always knew him as full of life, work, and amiability, but there is one feature of his life which is of great importance in connection with his work, that involves a reference to the less cheerful side every life must have.

Hodgson was received hospitably by some of the most conservative people in conservative Boston; but he was not a conservative man, and, as Mrs. Sidgwick has indicated, did not wear conservative clothes. Moreover, his work was not of a kind that appeals to conservative people, and was associated with general vague ideas of fraud. The result of all these influences was that not a few places in Boston which at first knew Hodgson, gradually came to know him not. I have stated this fact to give due weight to the contrasting and, in our study, most important fact that, as he reached his conviction of the relations of humanity with a broader and better life after this one, his character began to grow, until

he came to hold a broader and higher place in the regard of his neighbors than he had ever held. One of the best known of them, who had lost touch with him, but recovered it, said to me of his change of belief (which was not entirely indorsed by the speaker): "It made him a saint." At the Tavern Club he grew from a man viewed perhaps at times a little askance, into one of the best beloved—in fact, from the printed record of the memorial meeting, where noted men of ordinarily studied speech unreservedly poured out their sorrow at their loss of "Dick," and their joy in remembering him, it might well be inferred that he was indeed the best beloved.

Yet, though a saint, he was, as Mr. Piddington hints below, of his church militant, and when he came to believe that the ostensible words of Emperor and his companions, especially those relating to the well-being of the medium and the preservation of the light, had a more than earthly sanction, if anybody went counter to their injunctions, he let nothing impede the full expression of what he felt to be righteous indignation. He regarded himself as high priest in a sacred temple, and, despite his great and many virtues, was not entirely exempt from faults against which all priesthoods have had to struggle. Yet he was a very modern and genial saint; he was no ascetic; nothing human was alien from him; he had perfect health and enjoyed all things, but was temperate in the things where men are least apt to be temperate. He was a very valiant trencherman, but when the Emperor gang put him on a vegetable diet, he stuck to it religiously, though copiously; and he submitted, too, to other mortifications of the flesh and spirit which the guides in whom he believed enjoined upon him. But no mortifications checked the buoyancy of his nature. Mr. Piddington notes (Pr. XIX, 363f.):

"He died playing a game, and in the circumstance of his death there was nothing inappropriate,—I had almost said that it was characteristic."

"Society in the conventional sense had no attractions for him [but he was made at home in some of the best and least accessible. H.H.], and each summer found him a delighted and a welcome guest among a circle of intimate friends in the Adirondack Mountains or at Bar Harbor. At Putnam's Camp in

the Adirondacks especially he could indulge to the full his pleasure in the companionship of children. He loved children—big and little—and they him. With them he became a boy again. He led their games, and the first to tire was never Hodgson. When he died, the first thought of more than one parent was not of their own loss, but ‘What will our children do without him?.....’

“Once his mind was made up, he became constitutionally unable to appreciate another point of view, and his strong convictions were accompanied by an almost righteous indignation at the perversity of the other fellow.... If he played, or wrote, or talked for victory with excessive zeal, I do not believe for one moment that egotism was the cause. *He knew* his side was in the right, and his plain duty was to make that side prevail: a refreshing trait in the indifferent days when we lazily incline to hold that there is so much to be said for any side of a question that it matters little which gains the day.... He must, so it seems to me, have had his moments when with the Psalmist he might have cried: ‘Of thy goodness slay mine enemies: and destroy all them that vex my soul.’ But, mark you, as with the Psalmist so with him: his enemies were always the Lord’s enemies too.....

“Still there was a very tender side to his character, which perhaps came out most fully in his intercourse with those who, raw from some recent bereavement, came for hope or consolation to him.... To such as these he gave lavishly of his time, his counsel and his sympathy.... Many of them poured out their hearts to him without restraint; and he, though naturally a man of deep reserve where his innermost emotions were concerned, would, repaying confidence with confidence, reveal to them his own most intimate experiences and convictions, in the hope of thereby lightening the darkness or assuaging the bitterness of their despondency. And he won not only their confidence but their gratitude also, and often their affection.

“His failings, such as they were, were the outcome of his intense earnestness. His virtues were those of a noble type of man.”

And yet, despite the tenacity Mr. Piddington attributes to him, he changed from one of the most destructive critics of the spiritistic hypothesis into one of its most powerful supporters.

This happy, helpful, saintly soul is alleged to speak to us through Mrs. Piper, from the emancipated and illuminated life that he had looked forward to with eagerness—such eagerness that he was impatient to leave even the life here which, in spite of his share of disappointment and loneliness,

his temperament, and latterly his faith, had made an exceptionally happy one.

This impatience of his brings up something that I shall have more to say about later—there being possible a degree of certainty regarding a future life that would interfere with the usefulness and happiness of this one. Hodgson's certainty had no such bad results, but probably the reason is that this very certainty kept him hard at work, though it was in the effort to unravel the mysteries of the life he believed in and longed to escape to. Not all who might have that certainty could find similar occupation, and what amounted to such a certainty has disinclined myriads of men from any occupation at all.

On December 20, 1905, while Hodgson was playing handball at the Rowing Club in Boston, his heart failed and he fell dead. Eight days later, says James (Pr. XXIII, 2-4):

“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 *primâ facie* a particularly happy conjunction of spirit with medium by which to test the question of spirit return.....

“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?...*”

James farther says (Pr. XXIII, 4):

“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 centers of association."

Conviction of Hodgson's survival depends less upon what Hodgson is alleged to say than upon conviction that Hodgson says it—that the qualities that go to make up the personality, speaking or writing—the ideas, interests, tastes, emotions, manners of expression under various circumstances, are Hodgson's. But James would probably not have regarded these as the "unmistakable indications" that he wanted. He did not get them, and I do not believe that it is part of the system of things that, even if there is postcarnate survival, we, at least in our present stage of development, are going to have "unmistakable indications" of it. Hodgson living, or any other man, could report incidents in the past incorrectly, could have odd bits of ignorance and odd bits of knowledge; Hodgson going through the presumably vast change of death would, it seems, almost inevitably have his recollections much interfered with; but there or here, what characterizes a man most and longest is not his accurate memories. Accidents or disease, even often including that result of either denominated secondary personality, may blot out not only the "verifiable memories," but all the memories except those required for the mechanical functions of existence; and yet whatever the blotting out, the remnant of the individual left is generally recognizable as the one he was before. This recognition is often enormously helped by the visible man. To attain it without such help would strengthen the evidence of identity, and to attain it in spite of the communications coming through a visible body different even in sex from that previously occupied by the person recognized, would, other things even, be evidence stronger still. But what has come under these circumstances, James did not accept as "unmistakable." Moreover in all these cases the visible body may be assumed to be *acting* the alleged personality, so whatever alternate possibilities may be framed, in the case of medium and alleged

communicator, we are driven back to the fundamental question: Is the medium acting the communicator, or is the communicator actually existent and expressing himself through the medium? This question every reader is going to decide for himself. We may not all of us be able to act as judges or counsel, but we are all of us supposed to be capable of sitting on the jury.

In making selections from James's presentation of this case, I am, for the reasons stated, not going to pay special attention to the evidential or non-evidential character of any communication. The matter over which, under that title, the sitters, supervisors of sittings, and editors of records have labored most, seems to me at length demonstrated by their labors to weigh the least, or rather to have its weight about evenly distributed in both scales. I shall later, however, present additional considerations tending to show that it does not legitimately control the issue at all.

Outside, however, of the verifiable matter to which the term "evidential" has been unjustifiably restricted, there are other considerations worthy of attention. James says (Pr. XXIII, 5):

"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."

But is not the force of all this negated by the fact that Mrs. Piper has done just as well with many other alleged communicators, often persons from whom she had no material at all, as with Hodgson? The cases already quoted will be realized abundantly to demonstrate that fact. And James farther says (p. 5):

"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 avail-

able than is the case with the other spirits who have professed to control Mrs. Piper."

No: in the respects which to many will seem most important, Hodgson was no better communicator than the Thaw and Sutton babies. That, as well as the considerations in my preceding paragraph, certainly tends to show that Mrs. Piper's work did not depend on previous knowledge, and if it did, the reader will judge whether it was possible for her to use it as she did.

James goes on to say (p. 6) :

"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."

Such things of course count, but, as I am beginning to insist, in view of the failures in the same direction, they don't count much, and in view of the other considerations—not so much of what is said as of how it is said, they often seem not to count at all. I go so far as to say that, to judge as far as one can from printed records, if the control had been persistently lying, there would have been a feeling that, despite his truthfulness on earth, it was Hodgson who was doing the lying.

James begins the record (Pr. XXIII, 6-7) :

"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."

This dramatic power, or else manifestation of individuality, exists in spite of the notorious scantness and imperfection of the communications. From the scant material on hand, there could even be "hypothetical cases" constructed, lawyer fashion, which would be entitled to as much weight as real ones—and perhaps they could be constructed equally well for and against.

To avoid constant circumlocution, I will provisionally

write as if Hodgson were really speaking. Indeed, I doubt if I could persistently do otherwise: for the utterances are so natural that all the editors of the Pr. S. P. R. unconsciously fall into that way of expression.

Hodgson had difficulty in recalling names of persons when he well remembered circumstances concerning them (Pr. XXIII, 42), and this while the sitter remembered them perfectly. Now if the medium was simply reading the sitter's mind, why did she not read those names, which were probably the most distinct things in it? On the other hand, however, if it was really Hodgson's spirit communicating, does not his forgetfulness of names correspond with the oft-alleged benumbed condition of the faculties resulting from the transition to the spirit state? May not this condition correspond somewhat to that produced by advancing years, when proper names are the first things to disappear from the mind, even while it still appears to be gaining accretions of other things? January 8, 1906, he answers the remark, "You are just the same as ever," with, "Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time"; and January 23 he says, "I am not strong."

They generally speak of the difficulty of communication. Thus on January 8, 1906, the second sitting, between two and three weeks after his death, he says (p. 9):

"Exceedingly difficult to come very. I understand why Myers came seldom. I must leave. I cannot stay."

Compare George Pelham's remark to me regarding communicating through a medium: "I find it difficult to get anything through this protoplasm."

James says (Pr. XXIII, 7) the first alleged appearance of Hodgson

"was at Miss Theodate Pope's sitting on Dec. 28th, 1905 [the eighth day after Hodgson's death. H.H.]... 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.']

Was all this a "put-up job"? And if so, who put it up, and why?

"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.'"

Do spirits require a supply of oxygen, or is the expression metaphorical for something not accurately communicable to our intelligence? It occurs several times. Frequently the "spirits" say they are tired, especially in the transition from the body. The expression "choked" may be purely metaphorical, yet it hardly reinforces my faith in spiritism. Lombroso says (*After Death—What?*, 197):

"In a séance with Delanne in Algiers, Richet was favored with several apparitions of an Arab phantasm called Benny Boa, who disappeared by sinking through the solid earth, then reappeared, pressed the hands of the spectators, and in response to a test with a solution of baryta showed that he breathed out carbonic acid gas, a thing that would assuredly have been impossible in the case of a mere semblance of a living being (as certain critics would suspect), nor could it have been arranged beforehand by a trickster."

This story is not stimulative of faith either. But to proceed with the sittings (p. 7f.):

"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.]....."

"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 practising.’ 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.’ (R. H.): ‘If you ever find this in your world, never believe in this world!’ Miss P.: ‘I shall look for it, you may be sure.’ (R. H.): ‘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.”’ (R. H.): ‘No, I do not mean that.’ Miss P.: ‘What do you mean?’ (R. H.): ‘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.’ (R. H.): ‘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.]... Did you receive my lines to Miss D.?’ [Referring apparently to the verses at the previous sitting.] Miss P.: ‘Good, that is most interesting.’ (R. H.): ‘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—?’ (R. H.): ‘Yes. Ah, ah, ah,’ (which written words indicate laughter). Miss P.:

'What does that mean?'—(referring to the 'ah, ah'). (R. H.): 'I am amused at you. Yet? found them?' [*i.e.*, the verses, in any previous copy. H.H.] Miss P.: 'No, I haven't.' (R. H.): 'It will take the remainder of your earthly life, and then you'll fail.' Miss P.: 'You are just the same as ever.' (R. H.): 'Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time.'

"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. Emperor 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?... [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' [*i.e.*, mediumistic capacity. H.H.]. [Correct.—W.J.] Miss P.: 'Yes. Is this your own?' (R. H.): '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.]... Ask her if she knows anything about my watch being stopped. Do you? I must go out and get a little breath.' [Again, do spirits need oxygen? H.H.] [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: '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.....'"

Is this an inadvertence somewhere, or has the alleged spirit-plane its "death," as our plane has?

Note that this "proving" was a very dominant interest throughout, as it seems to be with the controls generally. Where did Mrs. Piper get it all?

" 'Something on my mind. I want Lodge to know everything. I have seen Myers. I must rest. [After an interval he

comes in again:—]... 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.’”

The Ring Incident. (Pr.XXIII,13f.)

“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 [pseudonym. H.H.] is not Margaret.] Miss P.: ‘Who is Margaret?’ R. H.: ‘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?’ R. H.: ‘The undertaker got it.....’

“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....] You gave it me—’ Mrs. L.: ‘Yes, Dick, where is it now?’ R. H.: ‘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.’ R. H.: ‘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?’ R. H.: ‘Oh dear no! not at all.’ Mrs. L.: ‘Then why did you speak of her?’ R. H.: ‘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.’ [Note the term “living” as applied to himself. H.H.] Mrs. L.: ‘That is true, but what was the motto in the ring?’ R. H.: ‘All will be clear to me in time. Do not ask me test questions now.....’”

His failure to remember it is one of the most knock-down anti-evidential arguments, but it is equally anti-telepathic. His never speaking of the ring to other friends, the Jameses, and Mr. Dorr, seems very “evidential.”

"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.] R. H.: 'I certainly had it on that day.' Mrs. L.: 'You told Miss P. the undertaker got it.' R. H.: '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 it 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.'"

These absolutely individual sentences with all their spontaneities, inter-plays, and fitnesses, and thousands of others like them all come from "alternate selves" of Mrs. Piper, do they?

"Mrs. L.: 'Why do you think a man stole it?' R. H.: 'I saw it on a finger.... I put it 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... [a description of the house and man. H.H.]. 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."

But, please, what is a "control"? And why does one want to be taken for somebody else? Is this explanation "naturalistic"? It seems to my poor wits to grant the whole

case, and reminds me of the deniers of telepathy availing themselves of it to explain away spiritism. Or does he mean a control faked by Mrs. Piper? If James had not already grown past that, he gave indications that he had later.

"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."

But why should there be "control-cunning"? Is it anything like commentator-cunning?

James proceeds, without any "cunning" (p. 16):

"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."

And why should it not be even "quite erroneously"? Nearly all the reasoning I have seen on these matters is vitiated by the entirely gratuitous traditional assumption that if a soul survives death, it enters at once into measureless wisdom. Hodgson (?) and the rest seem pretty much the same sort of people that they were here, and I for one am glad of it. James continues:

"Mrs. Lyman's [pseudonym, remember. H.H.] own impression of the incident is as follows: '... 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 ["Trance machinery" is good, but is it entirely consistent without the rest of the explanation? H.H.] seems to make an impression and tends to recur—and again he thinks that someone 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."

James resumes (Pr. XXIII, 17):

"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."

Regarding this ring incident, Podmore got so far as to say (*New. Spir.*, p. 217):

"The interpretation of this incident, as Professor James has pointed out, is ambiguous. It is consistent either with the theory of fishing and general cunning on the part of the trance intelligence playing a new part, or with the theory of a living Hodgson, still half-mazed by the great change and without full control of his reason or his memories."

James continues:

"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. (Pr. XXIII, 18f.)

"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.' R. H.: 'Remember that I told Myers that we would talk nigger-talk—Myers—talk nigger-talk?' Hyslop: 'No, you must have told that to someone else.' R. H.: 'Ah yes, James. I remember it was James, yes, Will James. He will understand.'

"Mr. Hyslop immediately wrote to me—I being in California—inclosing the record and soliciting corroboration. I had to reply that the words awakened absolutely no echo in my memory. Three months later... it suddenly flashed across me that... I had... 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.'... I regret to say, however, that the subsequent developments of the incident have deprived it in my eyes of all test value... 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."

"Test value" apparently has a highly technical meaning with the psychological researchers—so high, some plain people might think, as to deprive the term itself of all value. If a control uses an exceptional term once, it is legitimate to experience a "thrill"—to feel in the presence of the "old friend" represented by the control. But if the control happens to have used the same term during life in Mrs. Piper's

presence, it ceases to be his term, but becomes "a part of the stock of Mrs. Piper's trance vocabulary"! This too in face of the fact that, according to my best recollection, never again, so far as the records show, is the vocabulary tapped for that particular term. The technical objection may be sound—presumably it is, from such a master as James, but I confess that, as evidence, it seems one of those trifles of which *non curat lex*.

As to Mrs. Piper's "trance vocabulary," I wonder if James died believing she had one. I don't expect to. Barring certain transient mannerisms such as we all have, I have not seen in the reports the slightest sign of a trance vocabulary. Her vocabularies are substantially the vocabularies of the controls, even sometimes to the extent of foreign languages, of which she knows none herself.

In Pr. XXIII, 19-20, James says:

"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 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."

Who that has lost a close friend has not felt this in some connection?

There may be those not absolutely devoid of reasoning capacity with whom the evocation of these cross-plays of emotion weighs more than all the "evidential" matter either way.

The Huldah Episode. (Pr. XXIII, 20f.)

"During the voice-sitting of May 2nd, 1905 [obvious misprint for 1906: Hodgson was alive until near the close of 1905. H.H.], 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 anyone to read them.....'

"The name 'Densmore' [pseudonym] was then written.... 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... 'Can you tell me at what time this lady wrote letters to you? Was it lately?' R. H.: '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.”

Note this second allusion to himself as living, and as in the same sense as his surviving friend.

“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?’ R. H.: ‘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]?’ R. H.: ‘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.] . . . 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 [“known in the ears” is a very evidential indication of it. H.H.]. I must leave.’

“On June 5th . . . 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?’ R. H.: ‘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.’”

In time the lady wrote Professor James:

“‘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.]”

“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.”

In face of all the evidence in existence at this late day, that may still be a “reasonable conclusion,” but I wonder if James himself would now call it “*the* reasonable conclusion.” Why should, and how could, Mrs. Piper fake out her memories into this lifelike dramatic form? That’s a consideration whose

weight has been unfelt by many whose interest was concentrated in "tests." Yet it is perhaps the strongest test of all.

And by the way, as I learn directly from several sitters, this Emperor group have stuck their noses into the love affairs of many of the habitual sitters who had love affairs during their time. As actual personalities or as Mrs. Piper echoing the sitter's desires, they have advised proposals and acceptances, happily sustained many failing hopes, and made many bad messes and disappointments, including Hodgson's; and yet despite that, he kept up his faith in them to the last. Though on January 27, 1906, the Hodgson control suddenly says to Professor Newbold (Pr. XXIII, 23-4):

"'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?' R. H.: '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.: 'Was it *Jessie* Densmore?' R. H.: 'Yes, Good.' [Mr. Dorr, who was present, here interjects:] 'Do you mean the name was *Jessie* Densmore, Hodgson?' R. H.: 'No, no, no, no.' [Jessie was the first name of R. H.'s Australian cousin, 'Q.'—W.J.]... W. R. N.: 'Dick, it comes back to me as a cloud.' R. H.: 'She was a Miss Densmore; I loved her dearly....' W. R. N.: 'I'm not sure you told me her name.' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: 'Heaven knows! It has gone from me and I shall soon go myself.'"

Again the impossibility of summoning up names when other things are clear. No man of my age needs to have it explained.

Does his remark, "I shall soon go myself," refer to the frequent statement that spirits move on to higher planes, or that he was getting tired, or what? Whatever it is, it is a touch of nature—due of course to some double back-action mechanism hypothesized by the psychologists in Mrs. Piper!

James continues:

"Dr. Newbold... 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. . . . October 24th, 1906. . . . I ask: W. J.: 'Did you make anyone your confidant?' R. H.: 'No, though I may possibly have given a hint of it to Newbold. . . .' W. J.: 'She denies any knowledge of the name Huldah.' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: '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.] R. H.: 'Do you remember a lady-doctor in New York? a member of our Society?' W. J.: 'No, but what about her?' R. H.: 'Her husband's name was Blair. . . . I think.' W. J.: 'Do you mean Mrs. Dr. Blair Thaw?'"

Another of those queer lapses of memory absolutely inconsistent with telepathy from the sitter, and absolutely consistent with the fazed condition of a "control." Hodgson knew the Thaws much better than James did. So, for that matter, did Mrs. Piper herself: she needn't have *faked* all this uncertainty.

"R. H.: '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.] [Italics mine. H.H.]"

Why does he not say from Mrs. Piper—her trance memory or trance vocabulary or alternate personality or subliminal something or other? Simply because he *cannot*, I venture to think—because the most natural and least strained thing to do is exactly what he has done. That does not *prove* it the correct thing, though.

"W. J.: 'Do you remember the name of Huldah's present husband?' [To which R. H. replied by giving his country and title correctly, but fails to give his name.]"

That fits too with what I have said three times in as many pages.

James, who had been as intimate as anybody with Hodgson

and his circle, could not find a person, except a sister of the lady, who had ever suspected Hodgson's state of mind, but, James adds (Pr. XXIII, 25) :

"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."

But there's getting to be a portentous accumulation of these things to be interpreted in the less obvious way. Though there are, of course, big arguments against the obvious way.

The Pecuniary Messages. (Pr. XXIII, 26f.)

The American branch of the S. P. R. never paid its expenses, and twice, in time of trouble, Hodgson's salary was eked out by friends. One of these, at a sitting, the surviving (?) Hodgson reminded of a funny story the occasion had suggested; and the other, *whose identity Hodgson had never known*, he warmly thanked at the first sitting with him after Hodgson's death. Professor James says (Pr. XXIII, 27) :

"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."

It looks to me almost as if I must have overlooked something. What does James mean by "her controls"? Is not one control as good as another, and the Hodgson control good enough? This is apparently the second time in this report where, so far as I can see, James uses "control" to disprove a control, a sort of thing, however, which nobody with his reserve of opinion could avoid without much borous circumlocution, and which illustrates the almost unescapable verisimilitude of these communications.

James, in summing up the first part of his report, says (Pr. XXIII, 28-9) :

"(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. [And what more natural than that "the Piper-organism" should do just those things? And its own limitations? Cf. my remarks in Chapter XXXVI on the Piper-George-Eliot and Piper-Scott, and on p. 637 on the Myers control through various mediums. H.H.] 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. . . . I admire greatly Hodgson's own discussion of the Piper case [which I abstracted in Chapter XXXIV. H.H.], 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."

Troubles of the American Branch of the S. P. R.

In the second part of the report, James describes some features of the chaos in which Hodgson's sudden death left the affairs and records of the Am. S. P. R., and the serious difficulties—partly of personal temperament—encountered in the labors of certain survivors who worked uncompensated purely in the interests of science. He says (Pr. XXIII, 31f.) :

"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.... 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."

It has hardly been so with my little experience as sitter, and considerable as reader. A sitter is more distracted by the non-essential *res gestæ* than a reader, especially as those non-essentials are generally eliminated by the editors.

“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 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 [or anywhere else in direct human interests. H.H.]; 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.

“The common-sense rule of presumption in scientific logic is never to assume an unknown agent where there is a known one.”

Yes, provided the known one is up to the job. But, for one, the more I read of these manifestations, the less the whole string of “fraud, subconscious personality, lucky accident, and telepathy,” as James puts it (see below), seems adequate, except under the association of the subconscious self and telepathy with the cosmic soul. Under the ordinary meaning of the terms, the attempt to use these explanations is beginning to strike me as ludicrous, and his dwelling on them so much more than on the “dramatic probability,” the inevitable effect of early preconceptions. But if the stock explanations are all inadequate, that does not prove the truth of spiritism.

But James goes on (I hope he and you will pardon my interruptions) :

“Our rule of presumption should lead us then to deny spirits and to explain the Piper phenomena by a mixture of fraud [He has contradicted the fraud possibility time and again? H.H.], 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.”

Logic has explained away Shakespeare and Napoleon. It can very easily be overdone, and more than once in reading

the Pr. S. P. R. I have thought it has been. James seems to agree: for he goes on to say:

“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. . . . 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. . . . 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.”

These statements stagger me: for, so far as I know, there never has been shown in any clear case of hypnotism a degree of those capacities at all comparable with Mrs. Piper’s.

If Mrs. Piper’s is a “fair degree of virtuosity,” I would like to be put on the track of a high degree: for, in a pretty wide reading, I have found no degree of it, or no allusion to a degree of it, to be compared with hers; and the nearest to such a degree has been that of other mediums. Yet my reading is nothing beside James’s. But I cannot help believing that this passage is heavily seasoned with his impulsive generosity to a side which he was gradually coming to oppose, and to which he still felt an habitual allegiance. He continues (Pr. XXIII, 35-7):

“When I connect the Piper case with all the other cases I know . . . 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 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. . . . 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.

"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. . . . 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.'"

God save me from a heaven where there is no "chaff and slang"! I should fail to recognize some of my best friends among the loftiest souls who have escaped the flesh, Hodgson not the least. However intense the interest heretofore taken in a future world, I doubt if it has ever been thoroughly healthy, or ever will be before we get our conceptions of that world off stilts.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 37-8):

"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.'

"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 to be unjust to the total significance of her mediumship."

To me the temptation is directly opposite: she never mixes up the "stock remarks" of her many controls, and any man (or spirit?) gets into a regular way of speech in regularly recurring circumstances.

"[J.]... 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."

This does not seem inconsistent with the genuineness of the controls. Assuming them to be what they purported, they had no new experiences to speak of in common with the sitters; the circumstances of their "meeting" day by day were virtually identical; even "the weather" was no longer a topic of common interest and varying detail. As the stock of common topics becomes exhausted, why shouldn't the variety of conversation diminish? In going over this with a person of somewhat similar experience, I elicited the remark: "Why, we've almost got down to a little litany."

Moreover, all the controls speak (whatever their observations may be worth) of their general tendency to get farther and farther away from earthly interests, *and* the medium's sensitiveness was decreasing with advancing years.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE PIPER-HODGSON CONTROL IN AMERICA (*Continued*)

The Oldfarm Series. (Pr.XXIII,38f.)

JAMES next gets back to the records in the sittings relating to Oldfarm, Mr. George B. Dorr's place at Bar Harbor, Maine, where Hodgson had often been a summer guest.

I was there many times, including a fortnight in 1894 with James, Hodgson, and Myers, and about everybody mentioned as being there in the Hodgson sittings, and although I shall not quote much of the record, I add my testimony to its wonderful verisimilitude.

But there is little that is "evidential" about it in the sense that most of the psychical researchers go in for evidence: it was nearly all in Mr. Dorr's mind. The same is true of about all the "evidential" manifestations of the Hodgson control (except Miss Bancroft's lights, cf. *infra*): the material was nearly all in some incarnate mind, and careful and exact and unfoolable scientists want us to believe that each of those minds, as Mrs. Piper's mind, using that material, could draw Hodgson as well as Shakespere could have drawn him.

Perhaps it is "unscientific" to make extracts from it, but why did those scientists go to the trouble of printing it all? Their reasons must justify our going on with it.

"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?'

"R. H.: '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]. [... 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! . . . And I remember your mother's calling me out one Sunday morning to see the servants go to church on a buckboard. . . . I can see the open fireplace in the living room. . . .' G. B. D.: 'Do you remember where you used to sleep?' R. H.: 'Out in the little house just out across the yard, where we used to go and smoke.' [... 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.] R. H.: 'I remember the bathing and the boats and a walk through the woods. . . .' G. B. D.: 'Do you remember whether you used to bathe off the beach, or off the rocks?' R. H.: 'We used to bathe off the *rocks*; I'm sure of that. *I can see the whole place.*' [... My bath-house was not on the beach, but on a point running far out into the sea, very bold and rocky. . . .—D.] R. H.: 'I can see the little piazza that opened out from your mother's room and the whole beautiful outlook from it, over the water.' [... The piazza . . . only familiar to my mother's more intimate friends, is not a thing which would occur naturally to anyone 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 Old-farm. 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."

Again the paradoxical memory that I trust I have adequately explained! If Mrs. Piper was merely echoing Mr. Dorr's mind, apparently she could have got the names more definitely than anything else.

"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 have experienced it daily in advancing years. Names go first. Why not in the transfer to the new life, assuming one to be?

On July 2, 1906, Mr. Dorr asked (Pr. XXIII, 43) :

“Now, Hodgson, can't you tell me something about the lady you were interested in, whose letters you asked Piddington to find?... Was she out of sympathy with your work?’ R. H.: ‘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.]”

Later Hodgson says:

“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...’ [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... Hodgson would have been most unlikely to speak of it...—certainly not to Mrs. Piper, either in trance or awake.—D.] [But D. knew it, and Mrs. P. could have got it from him telepathically. H.H.]”

James thus concludes (Pr. XXIII, 47) :

“It is hardly possible that all the veridical points should have been known to Mrs. Piper normally... For the mass, it seems to me that either reading of Mr. Dorr's mind, or spirit-return, is the least improbable explanation.”

But why didn't she get names? Foster got them from me very readily. This would seem to leave James arguing for “spirit-return.”

The Owl's Head Series. (Pr. XXIII, 47f.)

“Owl's Head was the name of the summer place of Miss Bancroft, overlooking Rockland Harbor, in Maine, where Mrs. Piper had never been... 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 dialogue took place:

“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?’ R. H.: ‘First rate.’ Miss B.: ‘I can scarcely speak to you.’ R. H.: ‘But you *must* speak to me.’ Miss B.: ‘Will you give me some definite message?’ R. H.: ‘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.’ R. H.: ‘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.]

“ [J.] 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.”

Let me again call attention to the fact that persons with “psychic aptitudes” always get most through the mediums.

“ Miss B.: ‘Yesterday you said you had “called and called” me. When did you ever call me?’ R. H.: ‘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?’ R. H.: ‘Yes, after a while.’ Miss B.: ‘What did I do?’ R. H.: ‘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?’ R. H.: ‘I saw you, I heard you speak to me once, yes. I heard you speak to someone, 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.’ R. H.: ‘I heard you say something about someone 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.’ R. H.: ‘You said it was myself.’ Miss B.: ‘Yes, I said that. Anything else?’ R. H.: ‘I remember seeing the light, and heard you talking to a lady.’ [Correct.—M.B.]

“ [NOTE.—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 . . . 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.’”

It may be justifiable to introduce here a “light” experience of my own. Late one night a few years since I was lying awake facing the fireplace containing only dead ashes, when I saw a distinct light like a live coal slowly move from the back toward the front. Fearing it might start a fire on the floor or rug, I got up to examine, and found nothing. Then I, perhaps superstitiously, felt moved to look about the house for fire. I found that the fire under the boiler in the cellar had gone out, and as the night was bitter cold, if I had not restored it, not only would we have had a freezing house in the morning, but our water-pipes, both supply and heating, and radiators, would have frozen, with great consequent damage and inconvenience for many days. About that time I had had other strange super-usual informations, and I could not then, and cannot now, avoid thinking that this may have been a friendly warning from some unknown intelligent source. It of course reminded me of Phinuit’s assertion (which I have not tried to verify) that I am a medium.

But to return to James’s report (Pr. XXIII, 52f.) :

“Dr. Bayley, to whom reference was made in connection 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.”

“R. H.: ‘Have you seen Billy?’ [My friend Prof. Newbold. —B.] Dr. B.: ‘No, have you any word for him?’ R. H.: ‘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.]”

“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. . . .’ R. H.: ‘A Mascot I send to you.’ Miss B.: ‘Yes, I know you sent it to me.’ R. H.: ‘I shall be with you when you are in the

cottage.' Miss B.: 'Do you know that I have bought the place?' R. H.: 'Of course I do. I understand pretty well what you are about...' Miss B.: 'I have seen you several times in dreams.' R. H.: 'Remember my knock?' Miss B.: 'When did you knock?' R. H.: 'You were sleeping.' Miss B.: 'I remember twice when I thought someone knocked my arm.' R. H.: 'But I woke you, I certainly did.' [Correct.] Miss B.: 'Can't you do me a favor by knocking now?...' R. H.: 'Not while I keep on speaking. You wish me to knock your arm now, eh? I cannot do so and keep on speaking.....'"

And yet Mrs. Piper could at the same time write for one control, and talk for another: see Hodgson's report. But as far as I know, there never have been any telekinetic phenomena through Mrs. Piper. Later, in the Piper-Junot sittings, we find the control frequently suggesting telekinetic things, but never performing them, apparently for lack of a telekinetic medium. The implication seems to be that the Hodgson control could perform them for Miss Bancroft because she was a telekinetic medium herself. There are cases where the "spirits" in alleged haunted houses say they can manifest only when persons of mediumistic capacity are present.

"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 wallpaper of yellow color, 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....."

Telepathy from sitter possible in both cases, and good enough for a great portion of this Hodgson matter—for the least significant portion—for nearly all but *the life*.

"[J.] 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.'"

And Dr. Bayley had a scientific man's imperviousness to such a conviction! He adds:

"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....."

Professor Newbold's Sittings. (Pr. XXIII, 61-78.)

"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.

"R. H.: 'Well, well, of all things! Are you really here! I am Hodgson.' W. R. N.: 'Hallo, Dick!' R. H.: 'Hello, Billy, God bless you.' W. R. N.: 'And you, too, though you do not need to have me say it.' [To me, the foregoing lines sometimes seem the most evidential thing I have met, but it could be telepathy—all but the "life" in it. H.H.] R. H.: 'I wonder if you remember the last talk we had together—' W. R. N.: 'I do remember it, Dick.' R. H.: '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 Beach.—N.] W. R. N.: 'Yes, Dick, I remember it well.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'I would give up almost anything else but my work—my work—and my pipe.' W. R. N.: 'Dick, that sounds like you.' R. H.: 'Don't you remember?' W. R. N.: 'Do you remember something I told you on the boat going to Nantasket?' R. H.: '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.] R. H.: 'Look over your letters and you will find my memory better than yours.' W. R. N.: 'Like as not! Like as not!'"

One of the strongest evidences for the spiritistic hypothesis is the frequent occurrence of just this—the control's memory better than the sitter's. I hope I don't remark on it often enough to bore you.

"R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: 'In

the letter.' W. R. N.: 'First-rate! I have piles of letters. I will go through them.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'I had the greatest affection for you.' W. R. N.: 'Do you remember what a friend you were to me, years ago?' R. H.: 'Yes, I do, and how I helped you through some difficulties?' W. R. N.: 'I should say you did, Dick!' R. H.: 'But I do not care to remind you of anything I did! — only as a test — only as a test.'

Does all this read more like Mrs. Piper than Hodgson? We skip to p. 66:

"R. H.: 'I will give it all eventually—eventually. Yes. I am in the witness-box.' W. R. N.: 'Poor Dick!' R. H.: '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.'"

In Professor Newbold's sitting of July 23, the subject of work is resumed (Pr. XXIII, 72f.):

"R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'I am glad to hear it. I am trying my level best to give you facts.' W. R. N.: 'Very good.' R. H.: '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.] . . . 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.' R. H.: 'Well if I am not Hodgson, he never lived.' W. R. N.: 'But you are so clear.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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? . . . ' R. H.: '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.”

I wonder how often you can stand my calling attention to specially natural *personal* interplay in the conversation! I confess it is getting me to the point where the talk about Mrs. Piper's secondary personality “makes me very tired.”

“W. R. N.: ‘Can you see me, Dick?’ R. H.: ‘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 someone else. I never told you that.’ R. H.: ‘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.’ [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. . . .—N.] R. H.: ‘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.’ R. H.: ‘You were a good listener always, Billy, always. . . . 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 telling me that day that when you got on the other side you would make it hot for me?’

R. H.: '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.] R. H.: '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.—W.J.] ”

All through R. H. remembers everything but names better than the sitter. Mrs. P. could hardly have got it from the sitter's mind, though there is a great deal of talk about impressions latent in the sitter's mind—in the Cosmic Mind, I venture to guess, mainly Hodgson's portion of it this time.

“R. H.: 'I heard you and William—William discussing me, and I stood not one inch behind you.' W. R. N.: 'William who?' R. H.: 'James.' W. R. N.: 'What did William James say?' [I recall this talk with W. J. last week.—N.] R. H.: '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?' R. H.: 'Yes, he said I was very secretive and careful.' W. R. N.: 'Did you hear him say that?' R. H.: '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.] R. H.: 'I tell you Billy he said so.' ”

Did Mrs. P. get a correct impression from J., who was absent, rather than the incorrect impression of N., who was present, *or* was Hodgson talking?

“W. R. N.: 'Did he say anything else?' R. H.: '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.' [The second or third allusion I note of a contemplation of possible death in the next world. Possibly a habit retained by those who have left this world, more probably, perhaps, the habit of the medium and the sitter. H.H.] ”

James remarks (Pr. XXIII, 78):

“Some persons [those with a bit of mediumistic faculty, I think I have said before. H.H.] 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. . . . Not many items were certainly wrong . . . 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.’”

This Emperor group sticks in almost everybody’s crop. Hodgson at last came to accept them. They were James’s principal stumbling block to the last. Why can’t they be put in the same category with the apparent rubbish in dreams? Some dreams are important, despite the apparent rubbish in most. My concluding chapters treat these views in considerable detail, and with considerable evidence.

As we have seen, the fundamental trouble with these gentry is that they give one set of names for themselves at one time, and another set at another, or rather that Stainton Moses, living, announces that they give themselves one set, and that then his alleged spirit, talking through Mrs. Piper to Professor Newbold (Chapter XXXV), says they gave another. It is not quite plain, however, why Professor Newbold and Professor James should dwell on this circumstance, as we have seen that they do, any more than upon the Wilde and Myers sealed envelopes: they all seem about equally unanswerable against spiritism—that is, unanswerable with our present knowledge. Opposing them, however, is perhaps an equal array—perhaps a greater array, of unanswerable facts on the other side—unanswerable with our present knowledge. All that the inquirer can do is to determine on which side the preponderance lies.

Assuming for the argument’s sake that those communications were genuine, they contain many frank confessions of

error from Moses, and among his errors was that of coloring these gentlemen too much with his own glasses. But admitting them not to be genuine, are they and other failures to count fatally against the successes? The argument reminds me of the alleged criminal who said: "Only two people swear they saw me do it, while I can bring a thousand who will swear they didn't."

Weighing both sides may be all that the inquirer can ever do. As far back as records go, and in contemporary savagery of a grade that antedates records, man has been busy with this question, and it does not seem improbable that he always will be busy with it—that the order of Nature is such that not only must he be interested in it as long as his curiosities and affections last, but that, as in the past, he will receive nothing more than constant stimulus to his hopes, never a demonstration fully satisfying the demands of his intellect.

And perhaps it may be well if this shall be so. The significance and value of a life depend upon the ratio between capacity and opportunity; and if there be a future life vastly more important than the present one, a comprehension of it might easily reach a point where the tantalizing opportunities of that life, visible but not available, would make this life appear so contemptible in comparison as to paralyze effort and even interest.

But there's another trouble with Emperor and his group that may have had something to do with making them obstacles to the acceptance of the spiritistic theory by James and Newbold. It is their "queerness." Those who find it an obstacle, and still more those who don't, will not need any definition of it.

When I found Hodgson (living) making the sign of the cross with them, and going through their ceremonies, I confess it gave me "that sinking feeling." But reflection shows me that this was a narrow view of the case—as narrow as some other views from which some of us like to think ourselves emancipated. Emperor, Rector, and the rest of those amiable people—taking things at their face value—appear to be combinations of sundry early sacerdotal people seen, on their first appearance, through the glasses, so to speak, of a modern

ritualist clergyman. I don't know or much care whether they are genuine or not, but what argument is it against their genuineness that they like to make the sign of the cross and use the slang of their trade, to rise superior to grammar, and say "friend" on every available occasion, and do other things according to their kind? Such people appear to have their place in the universe (here and beyond?) as well as the rest of us, and if good old Hodgson, who, after his reason was convinced, could sympathize with anybody or anything, fell into some of their ways, what argument is that against their ways being genuine? Some of them may not be quite to our fancy, but a great many ways still less to our fancy have been very genuine indeed—horribly genuine, sometimes.

If anybody refuses to accept Imperator's heaven because he does not like it, and Fra Angelico's heaven because he does not like that, and Milton's or Dante's heaven because he does not like that, he need not for that reason say there's no heaven at all. There may be one that will suit him exactly. Why shouldn't there be enough kinds to go around? I don't like Imperator's, but I've seen nothing in G. P.'s that wouldn't do well enough for me, or in George Eliot's, or in Hodgson's, unless Imperator has led him off too much—which, despite the signs and ceremonies, seemed very far from the case before Hodgson left earth, or since, according to latest accounts, such as they are.

But wherever the facts came from, the marvel is more in the dramatic rendering of them than in the knowledge of them. The investigators have been very slow to wake up to this. Possibly I have been too fast, but it seems more important to me every day.

If James ran any one of his virtues into the ground, perhaps it was his modesty concerning anything connected with himself. Instance the following introduction and what it introduces:

W. J.'s Sitting. (Pr. XXIII, 80f.)

"[J.] 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.' R. H.: 'I am right here. Well, well, well! I am delighted!' W. J.: 'Hurrah! R. H.! Give us your hand!' R. H.: 'Hurrah, William! God bless you. How are you?' W. J.: 'First rate.' R. H.: 'Well, I am delighted to see you. Well, have you solved those problems yet?' W. J.: 'Which problems do you refer to?' R. H.: 'Did you get my messages?' W. J.: 'I got some messages about your going to convert me.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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!' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: 'No, not at all. It is — do you remember a medium whom we called Prudens?' W. J.: 'Yes.' [His not naming G. P. or Rector gives decided food for skepticism. H.H.]

"R. H.: '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. . . . Hyslop is going to,—well, perhaps you can find out for yourself what he is going to do.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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.] . . . 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.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'Good! Well, that is capital.' W. J.: 'Your "personality" is beginning to make me feel as you felt.' R. H.: '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.... 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.' R. H.: 'Well, can't you sit?' W. J.: 'Yes.' R. H.: 'Well, sit. Let's have a nice talk.'....."

There is little "evidential" about the last couple of lines in the scientific sense, but there are several kinds of sense.

"R. H.: '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.] R. H.: '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?' R. H.: '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.: 'Why can't you tell me more about the other life?' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'It is not a vague fantasy but a reality.' Mrs. J.: 'Hodgson, do you live as we do, as men do?' R. H.: 'What does she say?' W. J.: 'Do you live as men do?' Mrs. J.: 'Do you wear clothing and live in houses?' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: 'Yes.' Rector: 'He has got to go out and get his breath.'"

Perhaps it is a little too often that a question has to be asked twice, or the control has to "get out," or something else happens when anybody asks about the life on the other side, though G. P. did tell me that they are free from bodily

ills there, and many others say the same, and then turn around and enact what they suffered here. Is it all "for evidential purposes"?

We skip half a dozen pages to Pr. XXIII, 94.

"R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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 [Again! H.H.], 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.' R. H.: 'I want to know, William, what is that you are writing about me?' W. J.: 'I am not writing anything about you at present.' R. H.: 'Aren't you going to?' W. J.: 'Perhaps so.' R. H.: '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 sifter.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'Yes, I do. Of all persons you are the one.' W. J.: 'I'll try to glorify you as much as I can!' R. H.: '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. . . . 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.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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 anyone. 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.' [An early looking forward to cross-correspondences, see Chapter XLVII. H.H.] W. J.: 'That is first rate.' R. H.: 'I think that is one of the best things I can do. Now I am going to skedaddle. Good-by, William. God bless you. Give my love to the boys.'

James remarks (Pr. XXIII, 97-8) :

"The sitting, although quite compatible with the spiritual explanation, seems to me to have but little evidential force. ["Evidential force" is of course a matter of definition. H.H.] 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 remembered enough about it as he left it *and after he left it*. Cf. *ante*. H.H.] 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."

On the theory of telepathy from the sitter, Mrs. Piper could have had from James all that Hodgson lacked. That theory is failing all the time. The very incapacities of the control make for spiritism. James continues :

"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.'"

Two Sitzings of Miss M. Bergman. (Pr.XXIII,99f.)

"..... [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.] R. H.: 'Bosh.' Miss B.: 'What do you mean by that?' R. H.: 'You understand well.' Miss B.: 'Bosh?' R. H.: 'Yes, I say bosh. *BOSH BOSH*' Miss B.: 'What do you mean by that?' R. H.: 'Oh I say it is *all bosh*.' Miss B.: 'What is bosh?' R. H.: 'Why the way you understand. It is simply awful.' Miss B.: 'That sounds like you, Dr. Hodgson.' R. H.: 'I could shake you.' Miss B.: 'How can I do better?' R. H.: 'Put all your wits to it, you have plenty of them.' Miss B.: 'I will do my best. Go on.' R. H.: '*Do*. Do you remember I used to chaff you.' Miss B.: 'Indeed I do.' R. H.: 'Well I am still chaffing you a bit just for recognition.' Miss B.: 'It helps.' R. H.: 'Amen. Now you are waking up a bit.' Miss B.: 'I am.' R. H.: '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.' R. H.: '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.... Have you a message for Theo [Miss Theodate Pope]?' R. H.: '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?' R. H.: '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.]"

But Miss B. knew them. Though I confess that, as I read, such a fact makes less and less difference to me.

"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.' Miss B.: 'Well, I was pretty stupid. I think we can do better to-day. . . . Did you leave other messages?' R. H.: ' . . . Every message given at this light must be repeated through Mrs. Verrall before anyone 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 [where she often met Mrs. Verrall. H.H.] and returned, at the date of the sittings with Miss Bergman.—W.J.] . . . 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. . . . 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 supernormal knowledge of the state of my mind.—W.J.] Miss B.: 'To whom did you speak first from that world?' R. H.: 'Theodate, yes, Theodate, she was the one to whom I first spoke.' [Correct.] "

From eleven incidents cited by James as of "evidential" value, I quote the following. I don't see anything of what *he* calls "evidential value" in it. According to the standards set up by him and some others, it *could* be accounted for by telepathy—all but its most important features.

(Pr.XXIII,109): "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 defense of some slate-writing she had seen in California.—W.J.] "

(Pr.XXIII,110): "At a written sitting at which I was present (July 29th, 1907) the following came:

"R. H.: '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.' R. H.: 'I never had any to lose.' Mrs. M.: 'It was a perfectly beautiful handwriting' [ironical]. R. H.: '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.]”

No matter how much knowledge Mrs. Piper might get telepathically, this dramatic verisimilitude could not have been constructed on the spur of the moment by her or anybody else, even once, not to speak of myriads of times. She could have dreamed it, but I doubt if we do our own dreaming, for reasons given in Chapter LIV. I confess that, as I am now reading over this matter for the fourth or fifth time, accounting for it by anything Mrs. Piper can do, voluntarily or involuntarily, is beginning to seem to me to verge on the ridiculous.

(Pr.XXIII,111): “R. H.: ‘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.] R. H.: ‘If I believed in it they would say I was in the trick.’ [Still not understanding, T. P. said:] Miss P.: ‘What about Sidgwick?’ R. H.: ‘I imitated him.’ Miss P.: ‘What did you do?’ R. H.: ‘I said s-s-s-should-be i-n th-e t-r-i-c-k.’ Miss P.: ‘I remember perfectly, that’s fine.’ R. H.: ‘No one living could know it 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.] ”

(Pr.XXIII,112): “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—’ R. H.: ‘Buying Billy!!’ Mrs. M.: ‘Yes, Dick, that was it—“buying Billy.”’ R. H.: ‘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."

This buying Billy and Schiller brought Podmore squarely around, for the first time, I think, from his previous life-long fight against telepathy. He says (*New. Spir.*, p. 222) :

"It is impossible to doubt that we have here proof of a supernormal agency of some kind—either telepathy by the trance intelligence from the sitter or some kind of communication with the dead."

Two pages farther on, however, appears the *advocatus diaboli* (*New. Spir.*, p. 224) :

"When asked to give the contents of any sealed letters written in his life-time for the express purpose of being read by him after death the two sentences were given: 'There is no death' and 'out of life into life eternal' (p. 102.) Whatever Hodgson may have written, it was surely not quite so commonplace as that."

To my gullible apprehension, it seems eminently appropriate.

(Pr. XXIII, 113-4) : "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.

"R. H.: '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?' R. H.: '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.]"

Too dramatic for Mrs. P. or anybody else in the flesh.

James says (Pr. XXIII, 115) :

"These eleven incidents [only a few of which I have quoted. H.H.] 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 supernormal. 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.'"

As an erstwhile "novice in the field," I am willing, at the cost of some repetition, to record how they have struck me, whatever may be the chance of my quondam friend James' reading the record.

For years after my sittings with Foster and Mrs. Piper, up to my studies expressly for this volume, I accounted for most of the cases by telepathy from the sitter, and for the rest by teloteropathy. But after reading the S. P. R. records over and over and over again, I find myself no longer able to do so. The eleven incidents dwelt on by James are among the best, but there are many others equally good, and perhaps a few better. The best I think is the growing up of the Junot boy in the last sittings I quote. The simpler points in all may have been only telepathic, but who or what is the unsurpassed dramatist who threw them into shape? My feeling has gradually grown into impatience with the old-fashioned stock explanations, or anything else short of suspended judgment, and I have more and more patience with those who go beyond that.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 115):

"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.¹ All this mass of diluting material, which can't be reproduced in abridgment, has its inevitable dramatic effect; and if one tends to *hate* the whole phenomenon anyhow (as I confess that I myself sometimes do) one's judicial verdict inclines accordingly."

" [NOTE.—¹ 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.'"

I wonder if James would have hated it less if he had thought, in the connection, of what a mass of "humbug" most of the dreams of a lifetime are, and yet of what importance two or three may be! He continues:

" 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... 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 sitters vastly more. Why should it so multiply false 'passwords' ('Zeivorn,' for example, above [Pr.XXIII,], p. 86) and stick to them? It looks to me more like aiming at something definite, and failing of the goal... 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....."

But whose will? and what "reservoir"? Isn't this a pretty good formula for a soul communicating?

The sting of this bee is in the right place: telepathy from sitter, teloteropathy from remote incarnate intelligences, a dramatic secondary self, each fits some cases; but the Cosmic Reservoir seems to fit all.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 118):

".....*Primâ 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....."

"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."

Why dormant? Can it not be simply "otherwise engaged"?

CHAPTER XLV

THE HODGSON CONTROL IN ENGLAND

I. The Holland-Hodgson

MISS JOHNSON says (Pr. XXI, 303f.) :

“In February, 1905... Mrs. Holland found that the automatic writing was beginning to make her feel faint or sleepy. The condition was obviated at the time... It now began to recur. [This sort of thing is noted in several places as preceding the advent of a new, and especially a strong control. H.H.] On Feb. 17th, 1906, she wrote to me:

“The inclosed writing [that of Feb. 9th quoted below] dates from several days ago. I was able to try it early in the evening for once, and I was anxious to see if the almost stupor which writing has been causing lately was due to late hours and writing in bed. I found that even when I was not tired (and sat in a stiff chair well away from a table, with nothing to support arms or head), a few moments of writing made me feel at once very sleepy and exceedingly loquacious. I fancy that under favorable conditions my automatic writing would change (for a time at any rate) into trance or semi-trance conditions with spoken words instead of written ones.

“Twice or thrice lately, just before falling asleep at night, I have *heard* fragments of talk which I know are not actual conversation, and as I am in my usual excellent health, perfectly free from excitement or brain fag of any kind, I can only ascribe them [and she may well have included the tendency to trance with them. H.H.] to a possible new attempt at communication.’

“It will be observed that this condition seems to coincide with the first definite attempt at a communication from a Hodgson control,”

—*i.e.*, through Mrs. Holland. The Piper communications began some six weeks earlier. Mrs. Holland learned of Hodgson's death on January 2, 1906. Her script on Friday, February 9, 1906, 9 P. M., is as follows (Pr. XXI, 304) :

".....Sjdibse Ipehtp o—Only one letter further on—

18	8
9	15
3	4
8	7
1	19
18	15
4	14
—	—

"They are not haphazard figures read them as letters—...

"K. 57. [a Christian name]— Gray paper—

"The (?) straggler [?straggles] returns—a printed address on the sheet of paper—Three small lines of writing—a wide margin left— I cannot make it clear to you—

"Concentrate hard.

" " _____

_____) 3 initials.

"Nothing else upon the sheet—

"[NOTE.—From 'a printed address' to this point is no doubt an attempt to describe a supposed letter, the three lines being in the original long and wavy, obviously meant to represent three lines of writing in the letter. The description, however, is very vague, and has not been identified.]

"It's a wide prospect from the windows—

"A gold watch chain with a horse-shoe shaped cigar cutter attached to it— An old seal not his own initials— A white handled knife inkstained—

"Nitrate of amyl—probably too late even if it had been thought of—

"A corpse needs no shoes."

Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 304-5):

"On Feb. 21st, 1906, when, as already stated, I saw Mrs. Holland, we discussed this script. I found that in spite of the rather obvious hints given in it,—'Only one letter further on' and 'Not haphazard figures read them as letters,'—Mrs. Holland had not deciphered the initial conundrums. The first letters are formed from the name 'Richard Hodgson' by substituting for each letter of the name the letter following it in the alphabet; the numbers represent the same name by substituting for each letter the number of its place in the alphabet.

"I asked Mrs. Holland if she had ever played at conundrums of this kind. She told me that as a child in the nursery she had played at a 'secret language' made by using either the letter before or the letter after the real one. But she had never practised or thought of using numbers in this way. She noted afterwards: 'When my hand wrote them I thought they were an addi-

tion sum and hoped [my subliminal] would add it very correctly and quickly. [My supraliminal] is *very* poor at figures.' As to the rest of the script: Dr. Hodgson died suddenly of heart-disease while playing a game of handball at the Boat Club in Boston, on December 20th, 1905. There was no preliminary illness, as suggested in the script.... Mrs. Holland... asked me if he had died of heart-disease, as she said she knew nitrate of amyl was given for heart failure, and she suggested this as the interpretation of the words 'Nitrate of amyl—probably too late even if it had been thought of.'

The remaining script of this period, Miss Johnson gives as follows:

Feb. 28, 1906. (Pr. XXI, 305.)

"Dickon of Norfolk [This... is obviously meant for a sort of pun on the name Richard Hodgson.—J]—is that far enough away from the real name? I'll describe R. H. [initials written in monogram].

"A short man—but held himself well—broad shoulders—thick gray white hair—thick gray brows—*very* straight—A florid face—reddish brown—(though it was pale enough at the end). Strong chin—mobile mouth.

"The young wife died so long ago—that perhaps some people forget her. [Here follows the same Christian name as that written on Feb. 9th.]"

(March 7th, 1906.)

"Brittleworth—Brickeldale. Britleton—No—not him and not James—Brit—Brittle Brick Brickleton—Hugo—H.M.—Minster Berg. Hugo.

"Was he not aware? R.

"*Why* are they so brutally dense. H.

"I always had a quick temper."

(May 16th, 1906.)

"When the deep red blood of the maple leaf

Burns on the bough again.

"Spring on a Boston hillside. One clump of maples stands alone—they are outlined against the sunset and the sunset is no redder than they. R. H."

Miss Johnson gives the following elucidations (Pr. XXI, 306-10):

"Mr. Piddington was in Boston, U. S. A., during April and May, 1906, and I sent him a copy of the above pieces of script (except that of May 16th)... On May 25th, 1906, he wrote:

".....To represent R. H. as communicating his name to a sensitive by means of numbers representing letters, and especially "sjdibse," etc., is an *extremely* characteristic touch....."

“I reached R. H.’s old rooms. . . . I noticed a dilapidated notebook. . . . On the front cover R. H. had written “The Eternal Life.” Inside are two loose sheets on which R. H. had made rough notes for an article which he had apparently intended to write in answer to Prof. Münsterberg’s book, *The Eternal Life*. It is known that R. H. was much incensed by Münsterberg’s book.

“It is at least a curious coincidence that within 1¼ hours of receiving and reading Miss Johnson’s copy of Mrs. [Holland’s] script I should fortuitously come across a memorandum made by Hodgson which shows that he used K. followed by a numeral for some purpose or other.

“[Script of Feb. 28th, 1906.] Description not either very good or very bad if applied to R. H. [Good enough, I think. H.H.]

“[Script of March 7th, 1906.] In view of what has been said above about Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, the obvious reference to him here is quite appropriate. “Why are they so brutally dense? H. I always had a quick temper.” These phrases are very like the “R. H. control” sayings through Mrs. Piper.

“J. G. PIDDINGTON.”

“I sent a copy of these passages in the script later to Professor James’s son, Mr. Henry James, Junr., who had been appointed one of Dr. Hodgson’s executors, and he wrote to me:

“July 29th, 1906.

“The lines [“a printed address on the sheet of paper, etc.”—script of Feb. 9th, 1906] suggest this to me,—that Hodgson is struggling to procure the return of letters or papers which he tries to describe. Mr. Piddington will tell you that the Piper control has abounded with this sort of request.

“I know of no place in Boston frequented by Hodgson where there was a wide prospect from the windows, unless possibly the Union Boat Club, where he died. Its windows overlook the Back Bay to some hills beyond.

“He wore a gold watch-chain on which I find that there is a gold cigar-cutter of the ordinary type—not at all horse-shoe shaped. I found an old seal, the stone of which was broken, and which had a female figure cut on it. It was not worn at the time of his death.

“[In regard to the script of May 16th, 1906] the foliage of one of our American maples turns a very brilliant red in the autumn, and its minute flowers are a most brilliant red in the spring. The lines might be a quotation from some American poem, or something of Hodgson’s own.

“I think that the phrases at the end of March 7th are rather like Hodgson, as Mr. Piddington says; but if one can refine on what is already so refined, they are more like Mrs. Piper’s Hodgson control.”

“The description of Dr. Hodgson’s personal appearance (given

on Feb. 28th) seems to me characteristic; but as his portrait has been published more than once in illustrated magazines, it cannot be evidential. Mrs. Holland believes, however, that she has never seen a portrait of him, and that she had never heard of him till she read *Human Personality*.

"On March 7th, the various attempts made at the name Hugo Münsterberg are comparable with the feeling after the name Eusapia Palladino referred to above (Pr. XXI, 274); but whereas in that case there is clearly an effort of *memory* to recall the name, in this the partial emergence is possibly a *telepathic* effort; for Mrs. Holland, as she told me later, had never heard of Prof. Münsterberg.....

"[J.] There is a certain interest in the resemblance between the kinds of remarks made by the Hodgson control through Mrs. Piper and through Mrs. Holland. Mrs. Piper was of course well acquainted with Dr. Hodgson in life, and it was therefore natural that in her trance condition some of his characteristics should come out vividly and indeed in a somewhat accentuated form. But no report of the sittings with her since his death had been published, and there was, so far as I can see, no normal channel through which her trance conception of him could have filtered through to Mrs. Holland.

"A similar resemblance was found... between the Gurney controls of Mrs. Forbes and of Mrs. Holland. Here again Mr. Gurney in his life-time was known to Mrs. Forbes but unknown to Mrs. Holland. She knew both Mr. Gurney and Dr. Hodgson by name through *Human Personality*, but there is nothing in that book to suggest in either case the particular characteristics exhibited by these controls in her script.

"The Christian name following 'K. 57' in the script of Feb. 9th, 1906, and coming at the end of the extract from the script of Feb. 28th, is that of a lady referred to in Dr. Hodgson's report on his sittings with Mrs. Piper in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII. Of this lady 'Phinuit' remarked, 'The second part of her first name is —sie.' Dr. Hodgson afterwards told him the full name, but this was not published, the lady being spoken of in the rest of the report as 'Q.' It was the full Christian name which was given by Mrs. Holland, who—it is to be remembered—had not seen the *Proceedings* at all. On Feb. 28th the script said, 'The young wife died so long ago that perhaps some people forget her.' 'Q.' died in 1879, but she was, I believe, never married. The name had also occurred in Mrs. Holland's script on Dec. 1st, 1905 (i.e., 19 days before Dr. Hodgson's death)."

This is the one name Hodgson would have been most apt to express. Even Podmore says (*New. Spir.*, 217): "It seems impossible that Mrs. Holland should have known of it by normal means."

Is all this a telepathic tapping of Mrs. Piper's mind, or the mind of some other surviving friend of Hodgson, or the minds of several; or Hodgson's surviving mind trying to express itself, or all of them together—the Cosmic Mind?

With great reluctance I leave this, to me at least, exceedingly interesting account of Mrs. Holland's experiences. We shall see a little more of them under our next topic of Cross-Correspondences, but I strongly recommend the interested reader to make farther acquaintance with them through Pr. Part LV (Vol. XXI).

II. The Piper-Hodgson in England

We now come to the alleged communications of Hodgson through Mrs. Piper in England. A note regarding them by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington is printed in Pr. XXIII, and in the same volume he appears in a long report regarding several controls, from Sir Oliver Lodge, from which I make a few extracts.

At the outset, I want to repeat in connection with these sittings a fact mentioned by Sir Oliver (p. 431), where the sittings were partly anticipated for reasons there given. It is that communicators(?) do better when the medium is among their most recent and most familiar surroundings. For many years before his death, Hodgson was practically an American, and it was not with surprise that I found Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington saying (Pr. XXIII, 122f.):

“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. On the one hand his style and expressions in communicating resembled those described by Professor James, and were dramatically suitable to Hodgson. . . . On the other hand, the attempts made by Hodgson to recall trivial incidents were not convincing, and were, in fact, often wrong.

“We introduced . . . intimate English friends of Hodgson's . . . nothing that could be regarded as adequate evidence of recognition was said, and there was a great deal of what looked like guessing and fishing, and much said that was inappropriate. A fourth friend of Hodgson's had five sittings under what might be supposed to be very favorable circumstances—in the very rooms in which Hodgson had dined with him the last time that they

had met in England. Nevertheless there was no good evidence that there were any associations for Hodgson either with the friend or with the room.”

Contrast this with the control's relations to his American friends. All this seems to me to make strongly for the spiritistic hypothesis. Hodgson's English memories were all behind memories in America which were much more recent, vivid, intimate, emotional, and even affectionate.

And yet the following manifestation of the Hodgson control from Sir Oliver Lodge's report (which we will go farther into later), although it indirectly traverses the foregoing statements, is not half bad in itself. In the eighth sitting, says Sir Oliver (Pr. XXIII, 243):

“the following came from Hodgson.

“I am Hodgson, but I cannot take Rector's place to-day. However I will make a poor attempt to speak through him.’ O. J. L.: ‘Very glad to see you.’ R. H.: ‘Here's ditto.’”

In my perverted judgment, these two words are among the most evidential things on record—so far as I know the record, but the medium *may* have heard Hodgson use them in life, and so from the scientific point of view they are not evidential at all. But I am not exclusively scientific. Yet they are evidential from my point of view only as parts of the whole mass of dramatic presentation, which to me is the one evidential feature of the whole business. Then the Hodgson control says:

“Do I understand that Mrs. Piper is in England?”

He was communicating through her at the time! What are the implications? That his not knowing her was a put-up job, or that the occasional alleged difficulties in recognizing and communicating are genuine?

At the thirteenth sitting, on December 3, 1906, the following occurred (Pr. XXIII, 245f.):

“R. H.: ‘Hello, Hello, Lodge. How are you on that side?’ O. J. L.: ‘Hullo, Hodgson, I want to ask you something.’ R. H.: ‘Fire away at me, I am in the witness box.’ O. J. L.: ‘Well, you told me to give a message to “Billie Newbold.”’ R. H.: ‘Right.’ O. J. L.: ‘About the title of a Hindustani poem, but you did not tell me anything in Hindustani. That is, I ex-

pect, what he wanted.' R. H.: 'No, I beg your pardon; he asked me to translate into English the name of a poem I wrote, now in his possession....' O. J. L.: 'Very well; and is that all I am to say to him?' R. H.: 'Yes, about that. But you will please tell him that he is not to feel disturbed about that Medium's message: it is all rot. He will understand about it; i.e., his going to the bottom with his wife; i.e., going to the bottom of the sea. U.D. [usual condensation, for U(nderstan)D, either a question or an affirmation. H.H.]... Myers has had very little opportunity or encouragement to prove his identity.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, that is fairly true so far.' R. H.: 'And now if the opportunity can be given him, no one on our side is more desirous of proving his identity than Myers. U.D.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, I quite understand....' R. H.: 'We cannot remain here; our utterances are fragmentary but they are earnest and sincere. This must be the case however until the veil is lifted, with all made clear to you. *Your mind cannot help us. If you think of a thing seriously it cannot convey anything to us.* [Contradicts Foster, and p. 279. H.H.] We go, and may God be with and watch over you always.'

“+ Farewell R.”

This sign of the cross is part of the ceremonies instituted by the Imperator company after they took possession of Mrs. Piper.

For the sake of comparing Sir Oliver Lodge's experience with the Hodgson control, with that of Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington, I have quoted from advanced portions of Sir Oliver's report. I will now go to the beginning.

After reading a large mass of records of sittings, and comments on them, I made a memorandum (which has since led to repetitions that I fear have bored you) that the experimenters and commentators, in their eagerness for what they were pleased to term "evidential" matter, were not making enough of the powerful argument for spiritism presented by the dramatic character of the manifestations—the naturalness and distinct individuality of the "controls." Although this has been mentioned by virtually all the commentators, it was not made prominent before Hodgson in Pr. XIII, and James in Pr. XXIII, and was not brought to the forefront in the Society's Proceedings before Sir Oliver Lodge in the paper we are now considering. He first of anybody rises to the full measure of the occasion. At the outset he says (Pr. XXIII, 128):

“My object in drawing up the following Report is to give a general idea of the dramatic aspect of the Piper phenomena, and of the utterances of some of the ostensible controls. For this purpose therefore I do not limit myself to the consideration of evidential matter, but regard the non-evidential and the trivial as sometimes equally instructive. I do not propose to argue as to the nature of these same controls, although that constitutes the main problem before us. The time hardly appears ripe for useful discussion of that kind, and I feel myself in agreement with Professor William James when he says”

—and then he quotes the passage from James quoted by me on p. 529, l. 7 from bottom: “The facts are evidently,” etc. (Cf. *ante*, pp. 709-10.)

Sir Oliver farther says most wisely (Pr. XXIII, 129):

“The contention that a hostile or squeamish attitude should be taken by every unprejudiced investigator is quite absurd; it would only be appropriate to one who so despises and sneers at the whole subject as to refuse an opportunity of learning anything about it. Doubtless there are many such people in existence, and with them I have no quarrel; but they are not asked to read or review these and other such reports.”

As often intimated already, that attitude at a sitting tends to upset the medium and spoil the game—a circumstance legitimately open to suspicion, but thought by many to be now demonstrated beyond it.

Sir Oliver says that in the early days of his acquaintance with Mrs. Piper (Pr. XXIII, 131):

“The dramatic activity of the hand was very remarkable: it was full of intelligence, and could be described as more like an intelligent person than a hand. It sometimes turned itself to the sitter, when it wanted to be spoken to by him; but for the most part, when not writing, it turned itself away from the sitter, as if receiving communications from outside, which it then proceeded to write down; going back to space—*i.e.*, directing itself to a part of the room where nobody [incarnate. H.H.] was—for further information and supplementary intelligence, as necessity arose.

“In the old days the control had styled itself ‘Phinuit’; now Phinuit never appears, and the control calls itself Rector.”

Sir Oliver (Pr. XXIII, 134) corroborates Hodgson’s remarks at the end of his last report about the beneficial effect on Mrs. Piper and her phenomena produced by the regulations imposed by the Emperor *régime*.

"If anything went wrong with the breathing, or if there was insufficient air in the room, or if the cushions slipped so as to make the attitude uncomfortable, the hand wrote 'something wrong with the machine,' or 'attend to the light,' or something of that sort....."

"The following illustrates the care taken of the physical conditions and the way they are spoken of. It is an extract from a sitting held by Mr. Dorr at Boston in 1906.

"(Rector interrupting a 'Hodgson' communication) 'Friend, you will have to change the conditions a moment.' [At the beginning of the sitting only one of the two windows in the room was open a very little way. A few moments previous to this time H. J. Jr. noticing that the room was a little close had opened the other window, and G. B. D. had nearly closed it again.] G. B. D.: 'What is wrong with the conditions? Do you want more air or less?' R.: 'Well, there will have to be a change in the surroundings, there will have to be more strength, what is it, air, yes, air. And a good deal more just now. Hodgson takes a good deal of strength when he comes, but he is all right, he understands the methods of operation very well. (The window was now opened wide.) That is better. Now the light begins to get clear. All right, friend.'"

Sir Oliver also says (Pr. XXIII, 138-9) :

"In the old days, undoubtedly, the appearance was sometimes as if the actual control was changed—after the fashion of a multiple personality; whereas now I think it is nearly always Rector that writes, recording the messages given to him as nearly as he can, and usually reporting the first person, as Phinuit often did. I do not attempt to discriminate between what is given in this way and what is given directly, because it is practically impossible to do so with any certainty... If a special agency gets control and writes for a few minutes, it does not seem able to sustain the position long, but soon abandons it to the more accomplished and experienced personality, Rector. In the recent series there appeared very little evidence of direct control other than Rector. [Cf. G. P.'s assertion that they need a medium on that side as we do on this. H.H.]

"We shall speak however of the 'Gurney control,' the 'Hodgson control,' etc., without implying that these agents—even assuming their existence and activity—are ever really in physical possession of the organism; and, even when they are controlling as directly as possible, they may perhaps always be operating telepathically on it rather than telergically—operating, that is to say, through some stratum of the mind, rather than directly on any part of the physical organism."

Sir Oliver gives (Pr. XXIII, 160-1) "an extract from a

sitting with Mr. Dorr, who is speaking to the Hodgson control."

"G. B. D.: 'I wanted to ask whether you ever controlled the organism of the light yourself, or whether it is wholly done by Rector.' R. H.: 'It is wholly done by Rector and it will continue to be. I shall take no part in that.' G. B. D.: 'Then it is he who is speaking?' R. H.: 'It is Rector who is speaking and he speaks for me. I have no desire to take Rector's place. I trust him implicitly and absolutely.' G. B. D.: 'And he constantly reports for everyone?' R. H.: 'Everyone. [He seems then to report as from dictation in the first person. H.H.] There is no question about that. In the first place he is more competent to do it, he understands the conditions better than any individual spirit; he is fully capable and is under the constant direction of Imperator. When I finished with the conditions in the earthly life I finished with my control over the light.'"

That is: he finished with his influence with Mrs. Piper. Sir Oliver remarks:

"So it would appear that the changes of control claim to be now usually dramatic rather than real."

I am not professing to guide you through these intricacies to any definite and necessary conclusions, but merely to give you as good an outline of the intricacies as I can, with candid statements, for what they may be worth, of such suggestions—often contradictory—as the evidence brings to me. One such statement is that the intelligent and initiative action of Rector, as intermediary and amanuensis, seems absolutely at variance with my impression that he and his companions are mere figments of the dreams of Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper, eked out perhaps with impressions from sitters. This harks back to the half-crazy question I have already raised: whether a genius can generate a working psychic personality. There may be something in it. While we wait to see, our only course seems to be to leave this part of the puzzle in suspense, and continue trying to correlate such other parts as seem to admit of correlation. We can hardly hope soon to reach any systematic grouping that will include all the pieces. We will be fortunate when we reach a grouping so comprehensive as to encourage the expectation that farther knowledge will soon enable us to fit in the remaining pieces, until we have a congruous and significant whole.

From these accounts of the Hodgson control we pass, in defiance of chronology, to a series of sittings of which the earlier occurred just before his death, and were conducted by him; and similar disregard of chronology will be necessary in presenting other series. It will be a less evil, however, than would have been the splitting of each of these series, and the fitting of their fragments into a jumble whose only unity would have been sequence in time.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE ISAAC THOMPSON SERIES IN 1906

WE now come again to the Thompson family, whom we met in Chapter XXX as having sittings in 1889. This family has no connection whatever with Mrs. Thompson the medium. Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. XXIII, 163) :

“In 1906, when the recent series of sittings was held, one of the three daughters, who in 1889 were children, was married, and the son engaged; . . . the grandmother, alive in 1889, was now dead; and I regret to say that Isaac Thompson himself had suddenly died of an apoplectic seizure in his own house on the 6th November, 1903.

“The interest of the family at the present time therefore lay in receiving communications if possible from him.”

Some two years after his death, his son Edwin, happening to be in America, had a sitting on December 11, 1905, with Mrs. Piper, in which the father ostensibly appeared, and, Sir Oliver says, “seemed to wonder how his son had ‘managed to find him’ [in America]. It was, however, a bad sitting and evidentially blank.” It does not seem so to my lay mind, in view of the first sentence quoted. Mr. Edwin Thompson’s lay mind seems to have been affected in the same way: for Sir Oliver continues (Pr. XXIII, 163-4) :

“Undoubtedly there ought to have been another sitting without delay, to clear up this unsatisfactory interview . . . though I believe that Mr. E. Thompson is on the whole more satisfied with it than these remarks of mine would suggest; but unfortunately he had to return to England immediately, and at the next sitting he was not present. From some points of view—however unfortunate it undoubtedly was—this absence of any connecting link at ensuing sittings held by R. Hodgson or others in America may be held to strengthen the evidence, provided anything further was obtained—as it was; since now the facts could hardly be supposed to be obtained from the sitter; American strangers naturally knowing nothing about the family, and Dr. Hodgson being a complete stranger to them all, except E. T., whose slight acquaintance he had only just made.”

On December 12th, the day after Edwin Thompson's sitting, a sitter who did not know him received through Rector a message for him from George Pelham regarding E. T.'s father. The next day, at a Hodgson sitting with Mrs. Piper in America, occurred the following (Pr. XXIII, 164f.):

" [Rector]: 'Didst thou receive the message from George?'
 R. H.: 'Yes, last night, thank you.' [R.]: 'Have you the influences of the young man's [Edwin Thompson's. H.H.] father?'
 R. H.: ('No.')

R.: 'It seems almost an injustice to us not to have met him once more, as it would be a great help to the communicator himself and all on our side.' R. H.: 'I have explained all to him, and he will send me some articles of his father after he returns to England. He had no more time here, and is already on his way back. He had no opportunity before leaving home, to know what he ought to do.' R.: 'We U.D. and since the spirit is now waiting with our good and faithful co-worker George we shall after preliminary matters are cleared up listen to what he hath to say.' R. H.: 'I shall be glad.' R.: 'That young man [Edwin Thompson. H.H.] hath some significant light himself.' (Scrawls were now made, ending 'help me.')

R. H.: 'Kindly tell me anything you wish.'

" [Isaac Thompson begins. H.H.] 'I hold this bottle in my hand for identification.... Bottle... in my hand.' R. H.: 'Yes?' T.: 'I had much to do with them when in your world.' R. H.: 'Who are you?' T.: 'I used to be address [sic] Dr. I got.' [He had medical ambitions, and was partner in Thompson & Capper [drug dealers. H.H.].—O.J.L.] "

Isn't this immensely funny and immensely pathetic? Draw the picture (there is no use in reading these things without imagination)—the old man "with medical ambitions," slightly bent, venerable and benign, but curious and mistrustful of his reception; then give him his spectacles and his "bottle for identification." Nothing "evidential" about it? As you please. As I please, until you put Mrs. Piper among the greatest of dramatists, that bottle belongs, with Hodgson's "Here's ditto," among the most "evidential" things in the record—evidential, that is, of something outside of Mrs. Piper and any other person whom we call living.

But to return to the sitting (p. 165f.):

" (G. P. communicating.) 'He is trying very hard. let him dream it out H and he will be all right. If he says anything clearly, congratulate him help him by words of encouragement only, remember he has nothing or no one except yourself to attract him here.' R. H.: 'Yes. Is he the young man's father?'

G. P.: 'he is surely. Agnes is his daughter.' R. H.: 'Yes?'
 G. P.: 'So he tells me.' R. H.: 'Shall I talk to him?' G. P.:
 'Just encourage him a little by telling him who you are etc.
 what your object is etc. It will help him greatly.' R. H.: 'I
 will explain in answer to your inquiry who I am,—that I am an
 old friend of Professor Lodge.' T.: 'L O D G E.' R. H.: 'Yes.'
 T.: 'What my old neighbor in Liv. (Excitement in hand which
 cramps and twists about.) 'calm friend (Between sp[irits?
 H.H.]) Li... (Excitement stops the writing again.) Drugs
 ... Do not go. Wait for me. L I V E R S T O O L.' R. H.: 'Liver-
 pool, you mean.' T.: 'I say so. I say so I say so I say so I
 say so [sic.]...' R. H.: 'Yes I understand.' T.: 'I say so.
 Liverstool' [Livestool?] R. H.: 'Liver-pool. P O O L R' [R=
 Rector.] T.: 'I live I live I had three daughters one son
 [true] (scrawls over sheet) ... I want to help them all all all.
 God help me to help them to understand that I am alive.' R. H.:
 'Yes?' T.: 'I am confused [confused] No doubt but I will
 be better soon it is so hard to understand. You look so heavy, a
 black cloud comes over you and I can scarcely see you. Do you
 know me?' R. H.: 'I do not know you personally, but I now
 know your son who came with me. Did you not see the lady in
 England with Professor Lodge through whom you are now com-
 municating? I mean the light?' T.: 'Oh I cannot tell you
 yet wait until I find my way about.' R. H.: 'Don't...' T.:
 'Tell me all about yourself first. I want to get acquainted with
 you.' R. H.: 'Yes I will. Kindly listen.' T.: 'I'll do my best,
 because I want to reach my family. very very much.' R. H.:
 'I am interested in psychical work and sent Mrs. Piper many
 years ago to England,—don't you remember seeing Mrs. Piper?'
 [At the sittings in 1889. H.H.] T.: 'Piper?' R. H.: 'Yes, and
 the...' (Perturbation in hand.) T.: 'Oh yes I remember
 Piper. Was Mrs. Piper a Medium, an American lady?' R. H.:
 'Yes.' T.: 'Oh yes Oh yes I do I do, but I'll find her out and
 come to you if it is a possible thing. What is your name?' R. H.:
 'My name is Hodgson, Richard Hodgson.' T.: 'Can't you spell
 it for me?' R. H.: 'H o d g s o n.' T.: 'Oh he is telling me
 thank you greatly.'"

Sir Oliver explains this remarkable bit of drama—all "put
 up," of course, and on the spur of the moment! (p. 171):

"Whereas the Thompson control had been trying to under-
 stand with difficulty what Dr. Hodgson was saying, he was now
 being told on his own side by G. P., whom he thanks—all this
 by-play being, now as often, automatically recorded by the writ-
 ing hand."

The record continues (p. 167f.):

"T.: 'Let me think. I am so anxious to U.D. all about this
 then I can talk with you.' R. H.: 'Well, now, Mr....' T.:

'Where are we? I left my body some time ago. Where are you?' R. H.: 'This is America where I am now.' T.: 'America?' [Note that the distance is no apparent obstacle to the control reaching the medium. H.H.] R. H.: 'Yes.' T.: 'Well well that is very interesting to me. You are in the body?' R. H.: 'Yes I am.' T.: 'Well, happy?' R. H.: 'Yes, both, thank you.' T.: 'Splendid I begin to U.D.' R. H.: 'Well now I will tell you more about myself and Lodge.' T.: 'My wife is better thank you I am watching over them. but my business will be better in time. I am trying to take care of it for the children.... I had a business called... sounds like DRUGS. I am helping all I can [this was evidently Rector.] (Hand to Sp. 1.) he must rest + [meaning Imperator.] R. H.: 'I shall be so pleased for you to come again and send any messages you wish to your family.' 'he will return in a moment friend but I command him to go for a moment. + R. (Thump of hand.) Mrs.... kindly Your friend George is the very best helper we have.' R. H.: 'I am very grateful to him.' [Rector inquires. H.H.] 'Did his spirit seem any clearer? R.' R. H.: 'Yes I should judge that he will probably be a very clear communicator shortly.' R.: 'talk with him in general when he comes whether he gives you a chance or not.... chance or not... he is very earnest but he does not U.D. yet our methods.' R. H.: 'No.' R.: 'I say I shall return and help you. was very glad I came.' R. H.: 'Thank you very much.' T.: 'I could not U.D. while you [Rector?] were here but I could see him after you left. T—' R. H.: 'I understand.'

"(During the waking stage Mrs. Piper said) '... Thompson [sic.] ... with you all' [This was the first time the name had been mentioned.] 'Before I let you go [apparently to Rector or George. H.H.] ... you must take this over to Mr. Hodgson. Tell him...' R. H.: "'Tell him'?" T.: 'Tell Mrs. Thompson I'm very glad to be here. It is better so. I am grateful for all God has done to help me.... the truth will find its way. Farewell. fare thee well... peace...' [Remember, the Thompsons were Quakers. H.H.] (Pause.) [Mrs. P.]: 'There was two gentlemen resembling each other. One was George, the other was another man looked something like him.....'

"[L.] The excitement which the hand displays, as here at the mention of Lodge and Liverpool, is characteristic. On such occasions it twists and squirms about and frequently breaks the point of the pencil by pressure against the paper. It is as if the nerves conveyed too strong a stimulus to the muscles, so that until the excitement abates no writing can go on.... The things said are all true and appropriate.... When it is remembered that the whole thing is being obtained through Mrs. Piper's body, the curiosity of the position is obvious.....

"The way in which he receives the information that Hodgson is in America,—where in 1884 Isaac Thompson [the control]

had been with me [Sir Oliver. H.H.] alone for nine weeks,—is also very natural; and his inquiry as to whether Hodgson is a living person or not is curious.....”

Sir Oliver also gives the following (Pr. XXIII, 171f.):

“A record has been sent me by Mr. Piddington of an incident which was unexpectedly interpolated in a sitting of his during a visit to America in the spring of 1906.... Mr. Piddington was ignorant of and not interested in the Thompson family. The following is the relevant extract:—

“Portion of a Sitting held by J. G. P. with Mrs. Piper in Boston on 23 May, 1906.

“[Rector]: ‘... We have a message to give you from a spirit whom we call Thompson. He wishes to send his love to his wife and children and says he is anxious to meet Teddy again.’ [Not Mr. Roosevelt, but Mr. Thompson’s son, H.H.] J. G. P.: ‘Yes, I will give that message to Ted.’ T.: [Perhaps through Rector. H.H.] ‘Tell him not to feel anxious about the business as I am helping him constantly. (Hand seemed to listen and then wrote) I was sorry about Theo’s headaches but I know [she] will be better now. (J. G. P. read ‘Ted’s’ instead of ‘Theo’s.’) Not Ted’s. Listen. Theodore’s. Theo’s (read) Yes, correct. Oh my, I hardly realized I could speak so well.’ J. G. P.: ‘Was that the spirit Thompson who said that?’ T.: ‘It was I myself. I have been waiting this opportunity a very long time.’”

Despite what was said a little way back about Rector doing all the talking, some of the rest seem to get in very well. It’s another of the puzzles about the Imperator gang.

Sir Oliver next passes to the sittings in England, in November, 1906, when Mrs. Piper was brought over by the S. P. R. He says (Pr. XXIII, 174):

“..... The getting into communication at a strange house in America was evidently difficult and tiresome as the first [omitted] sitting, held on 11 Dec. 1905, shows: but here in [Isaac Thompson’s own home, so to speak, and with his own family, recognition is easy enough,—though even there, after the interval, not quite sudden. The change of locality seems a barely recognized incident, he continues at first to talk to his son much as he had tried to do before; but the excitement, when at a certain stage in the sitting the widow let her presence be known and her voice heard, was very great and remarkable.”

Sitting No. 1, Liverpool, November 10, 1906. (Pr. XXIII, 175f.)

“Present: Mrs. Isaac (Susan) Thompson, Edwin Thompson, and sister, with O. J. L. recording.

“+ HAIL.’ (Hand raised. Cross in air.) O. J. L.: ‘Hail, Imperator!’

Sir Oliver seems to have caught it too!

“We return to earth once more this day with peace and love + R.’ [The written signs of Imperator and Rector. H.H.] R.: ‘A spirit is present whom we have seen before, he is imploring us to let him speak.’ O. J. L.: ‘Yes we wish to speak to him.’ R.: ‘We understand you very well, friend, and you are understanding me also.’ [Then came the change of control, either real or simulated, and O. J. L. gives place to E. T. as sitter.] (Excitement in hand, many scrawls.) I. T.: ‘I am so very glad to return again. I have longed to speak once more.’ E. T.: ‘Have you ever communicated with me before through this medium?’ I. T.: ‘Are you by any possibility my son?’ E. T.: ‘Yes, have you spoken to me before?’ I. T.: ‘Oh yes, do you not remember how difficult it was for me to reach you under those new and strange conditions? [In America. H.H.] I am so delighted to see you again. I cannot think fast enough. God bless you my boy. I have been helping you and Theodo...’ E. T.: ‘Can you give your name?’ ‘What name? R.’ [Rector writes. H.H.] E. T.: ‘I do not know who it is yet.’ ‘Neither do I. R. Theoder. Т Н Е’ E. T.: ‘Oh, you mean Theodora.’ I. T.: ‘All the time I am helping her.’ [Now Rector apparently reports what I. T. says. H.H.] E. T.: ‘Do you remember speaking to me before?’ I. T.: ‘God bless you. Not long ago, but it was not here... I am your father, I am, and I sent several messages to you through a friend who came with you, and who is now on our side. [This of course refers to Dr. Hodgson.] Do you understand, my son?... How is it you do not speak?’ E. T.: ‘Can you give any message that I can tell mother?’

“[O. J. L.] The trance personalities appear to be ignorant of, or to be groping after, a number of things that Mrs. Piper knows quite well, and, on the other hand, to attain knowledge of which she is... entirely ignorant.....

“I. T.: ‘Tell her I am sorry I did not understand about coming here. Had I, I should have arranged things differently for her. Take good care of her will you?’ E. T.: ‘She is here, would you like to speak with her?’ I. T.: ‘Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes. Why did you not tell me before?’ Mrs. T.: ‘Do you see me?’ I. T.: ‘I hear her speak. (Excitement. Breaks pencil.) Isa’ Mrs. T.: ‘Do you see me?’ I. T.: ‘I do, I do, I do, I do. Isaac.’ Mrs. T.: ‘Can you call me by my name?’ I. T.: ‘S s s a. Let me free my mind and tell you how I feel. I am not dead now, but I am speaking with you. Isaac. [Sic. H.H.] I am he. Do you remember Issa. Issa. Susa. Susa.’ Mrs. T.: ‘Can you help me about Theodora?’ [Their daughter was not well. H.H.] I. T.: ‘Yes I can now, but I did not before. Dear, are

you tired? Are you tired and discouraged at times?' Mrs. T.: 'Yes, Isaac, since you went.' I. T.: 'Better I came. Think it so. Can't you see me?' Mrs. T.: 'No, I cannot.' I. T.: 'Susar Susan Susu Susin' (Excitement. scrawls.) Mrs. T.: 'Shall Theodora come in? Would you like to see her?' I. T.: 'Yes, more than you think.' Mrs. T.: 'Here is Theodora.' I. T.: 'She is going to get well and get stronger and better than ever before in all her life. She has light, she has light, but do not use it. It isn't good for her.' Mrs. T.: 'You mean she could write automatically, but is not to try!' I. T.: 'Correct. Do not let her do so, I beg of you. Father. Papa. [Last two words as signatures. H.H.] I wish you to get all good out of that life: that let me desire for you. [?] Dear Theo, you have a claim to health—it is your right.' T. T.: 'Can you tell me anything I should do to get strong?' I. T.: 'Yes, I'll ask the Doctor, I'll call the Doctor. (Change of control.) Come here.' (Then the control calling itself 'Doctor' [presumably not Phinuit, but one of the Emperor group. H.H.] entered into long medical details and precepts.)

"[L.] Then the Isaac Thompson control returned and talked of business matters with his son, and was much interested to hear about the result of a lawsuit, begun before he died. . . . The anxiety to be told about it—a matter which had weighed on his mind and caused him a good deal of worry just at the end of his life—seemed quite genuine.

"I. T.: 'Good for you. [?] I shall be happier to understand. I tried to tell that man who helped me reach you in America, and who is now with me.' [Hodgson had "passed over" about a year before. H.H.] E. T.: 'Who is that?' I. T.: 'His name is Hodgson.' E. T.: 'Oh yes, Dr. Hodgson. I understand.' I. T.: 'And he is helping me now. . . .' E. T.: 'Would you like to speak to Agnes?' I. T.: 'I should, I should, I should.' [Agnes is the married daughter, living in another town.—O.J.L.] E. T.: 'Shall she come to-morrow or next day?' I. T.: 'I do not understand. Ask Rector. . . . You are all talking at once, and I do not understand you.' [Is this telepathy? H.H.] O. J. L.: 'Shall we all go out of the room except one?' I. T.: 'No, stop talking. What is that fellow doing? (An organ-grinder was playing outside in the street, and the sound coming in through the open window evidently introduced confusion. This must have been what was spoken of as 'all talking at once.')

What are you doing? Stop it, stop it. Rector.' O. J. L.: 'We have sent out to stop it.' I. T.: 'What is he talking about?' O. J. L.: 'It was a man outside, we have sent out to stop the noise.' I. T.: 'Oh I understand. . . .' E. T.: 'Has my father gone away now?' R.: 'He is here, but he is getting weak.' I. T.: 'Good-by for the present, I will speak again. Good-by children, I will speak again. Darling S. Are you getting on well without me? I am looking after you, and when you think of me I am nearest

you. You are a part of me always. I am a part of you always, a part of you always. Nearest you dear.'

"[L.] In continuation of what I have said above (Pr.XXIII, 177) about the normal knowledge of Mrs. Piper having little or no influence on the knowledge shown by the controls, the instance of the surprise and eagerness shown by the Isaac Thompson control when told that Mrs. Isaac Thompson was present is a case in point. For of course Mrs. Piper had known perfectly well the people likely to be present at the sitting.... Although... we cannot claim anything as evidential when it comes out in the trance if it had ever been known to Mrs. Piper, I myself am unable to trace much, if any, connection between the trance knowledge and her normal knowledge. [Both seem mixed as in other dreams. H.H.] For instance, a sitter introduced by name is no more likely to have his name mentioned during a sitting than one who is introduced as an anonymous stranger....."

Sitting No. 2, Liverpool, November 11, 1906. (Pr.XXIII,184f.)

"O. J. L. again present.

".....I. T.: 'May I speak to my wife alone?' (All go out but Mrs. T.) Mrs. T.: 'Do you see me Isaac?' I. T.: 'Yes I do see you dear, and I love you dearly. I see it clearly. I know you are, dear, and when you think of me I know it.....'

"She was called by the right abbreviation of her Christian name which he always used....In a previous set the 'Uncle Edwin' called her by another abbreviation—which was the appropriate one also in his case.... He called Ted as usual, but... not...by a childish nickname which was asked for and not given....."

"While coming out of trance Mrs. Piper spoke: '...I saw you before. It is fearful. [This means that she dislikes changing from her trance state and coming back to ordinary surroundings.] They are going away. It's awful. Too bad. Snap. [This refers to a sensation which she calls a snap in the head, which nearly always precedes a return to consciousness. Sometimes it heralds almost a sudden return; and she is always more conscious after a snap than she was before; but often it takes two snaps to bring her completely to. What the snap is I do not know, but I expect it is something physiological. It is not audible to others, though Mrs. Piper half seems to expect it to be so.] ...I saw a man in the light, which looked like Mr. Thompson. Kept waving his hand. The man with the cross was helping him out. ['The man with the cross' is intended to signify Imperator.]...I came in on a cord, a silver cord. [In all sorts of trance dreams there are notions of the separated soul being connected with its body by a cord, apparently at the umbilicus. H.H.] Miss Thompson. [Recognizing her. H.H.] I thought you were small. Looking through opera glasses at wrong end. You grew larger. Did you hear my head snap? It breaks. I

forgot where we were sitting. Why Mrs. Thompson, I didn't know you were there. My cold.'"

Here is part of a letter from Edwin Thompson about sitting No. 3 (Pr. XXIII, 187):

"..... Mother asked if he recognized the room, and you will see the answer is correct (the hand looked round for some time): and then when we said Good-by, he said he never did like Good-by; which is perfectly true, although at the time, when we said it, we did not think of it."

Sitting No. 17, Liverpool, July 3rd, 1907. (Pr. XXIII, 191f.)

[Over seven months after next previous Thompson sitting. H.H.]

"..... I. T.: 'Good morning my boy, I am glad to see you again; did you and mother receive my message? you and mother.' E. T.: 'Yes, we did.' I. T.: 'I want to tell you that I have a new friend here whom I was very glad to meet. Chas. [Rector? H.H.] He says Chas. Chas Chare Charl' E. T.: 'We do understand, but can you spell that word correctly? I'll ask your father. R.' [Thereby indicating that Rector is really conveying the messages.—O.J.L.] I. T.: 'Yes. CHARES CHARLES CHARLES [Charles E. Stevens, brother of Mrs. T., died on 22 May, 1907.] [Some six weeks before sitting. H.H.] sends love to M.' [Probably Mary his sister.] E. T.: 'Is that M.?' C. E. S.: 'Yes. I didn't realize I was coming over. [He died suddenly from apoplexy.] Oh dear. I am so glad to understand it now.... I want you to look up a picture I ordered before I left, and it never came.' E. T.: 'Can you tell us from whom you ordered it?' C. E. S.: 'That would be difficult to get through to thee [He was a Quaker. H.H.], but I ordered it from a friend of mine, who used to take my orders, and get them for me....' Mrs. T.: 'Yes, Charlie, the picture did come after you left, and Mary sent the bill of it to Mr. Alsop to pay.' [E. T. did not know anything about this.] C. E. S.: 'Oh I am so glad to understand.' Mrs. T.: '... Is there any other message thou would like to give about anything?' (Then again he refers to his sister.) '... She will come over to me some time but before she comes I want you all to look after her.' Mrs. T.: 'But you have no reason to think that she will join you shortly?' C. E. S.: 'I have reason for asking you to take good care of her. Ted, is this you?' E. T.: 'Yes, it is, Uncle Charlie.' C. E. S.: 'I am glad to see you.'

"(Then he gives his nephew business advice and again refers to family matters, mentioning names quite familiarly and correctly, though some of them were also mentioned by the sitters, in a fairly natural conversational way on both sides,—... Then 'Charles' disappeared, and his brother-in-law, 'Isaac Thompson,'

once more sent messages and advice about business—showing rather detailed knowledge on some points. Then he addressed Mrs. Thompson again:—) ‘Oh dear Sue, did you understand my message?’ Mrs. T.: ‘Do you mean the message that came through Sir Oliver?’ I. T.: ‘Yes I do.’ Mrs. T.: ‘Yes I did get it. Did you see Charlie when he went over?’ I. T.: ‘Oh yes, I was by his side and helped him to find his way... Theodora dear are you better. (Theodora had just come into the room.) I say *you*. R. Because I understand it better. Rector. He says *Thee*, but I say *you*. I understand it better. [The Thompsons, it will be remembered, were Quakers. H.H.]... Dearest, you feel troubled don’t you? Well I do not wish you to.’ Mrs. T.: ‘I can’t help it Isaac.’ I. T.: ‘But don’t, if you only won’t I know dear Sue everything is *all* right. (E. T. indicates that time is up.) Yes but let me say one word more; may I not?’ E. T.: ‘Yes, but we have only one more minute.’ I. T.: ‘Sue dear, feel that all is going to be right, and it will be, and we shall meet again.’ [What follows shows that he means through the medium. H.H.] Mrs. T.: ‘Yes, that is what I am looking forward to.’ I. T.: ‘I too, when it is right. I shall be so glad. That is what light is for. Good-by. Ted my boy I am not overlooking you at all, my love and *all* my help for you; father.’

“+ we cease now, and may the blessings of God rest on you.
“+ Farewell (R.)”

The Lust of Phinuit

And now we come to the very last of that “preposterous scoundrel,” “monumental liar,” etc., etc., dear old Phinuit. We saw the fell designs upon him of the Imperator gang in Chapter XXXVI. Sir Oliver Lodge says of the 11th sitting in this series, in 1907 (Pr. XXIII, 280-1):

“[O. J. L.] It was of some interest to me to see what the Controls of recent times had to say about the ancient Control calling itself Phinuit; and accordingly I asked questions... of which the record stands as follows:—

“O. J. L.: ‘May I ask a question? Does “Phinuit” mean anything to you?’ [Apparently Rector: see below. H.H.] ‘You mean Dr. Phinuit. Oh yes, we see him occasionally, friend; he is in another sphere of this life, no longer earth-bound, and he is very well and very happy.’ O. J. L.: ‘He was a friend of mine.’ [By this I meant that during the old Piper sittings I was on friendly and even affectionate terms with this curious and not universally appreciated impersonator.] R.: ‘Could you by any possibility be the friend on earth whom he called “Captain”?’ O. J. L.: ‘Yes indeed, that is me.’ (Excitement in hand.) R.: ‘Would you like to see and speak with him?’ O. J. L.: ‘I should if it did him no harm.’ R.: ‘Oh no harm in

the least; he is beyond harm, friend; he has so progressed. He will no doubt be glad to return. We will speak with him and report his doings. This also.' O. J. L.: 'Will you give him my love?' R.: 'I will give him your love certainly with great pleasure. He is a much better spirit than he was thought to have been. He fell in with the wrong element to begin with. U.D. Wrong *i.e.*, on the earthly side. I will see him and report at our next meeting. R.'

"And at the next sitting at which I was present the following came:—R.: 'We found Phinuit, and gave him your message. He sends his love in return and says if you would like to speak with him, really, he would endeavor to return to you through the light at our next meeting; and he says—he remembers you and your companion—with deepest affection and appreciation of his anxious efforts to tell of our world and its inhabitants — — —' O. J. L.: 'Well, I do not know that it would be good for the machine to ask him to return; moreover I am not sure that we shall have another sitting here.' R.: 'You must speak to + [Imperator. H.H.] about his returning next time through the voice, which he would be glad to do himself. U.D. R.' O. J. L.: 'Please thank him, but I do not know that there is any object in getting him to speak.' R.: 'Oh yes. Well friend, we were about to say that he, Dr. Phinuit is not in the least anxious to return to earth again, as he had quite enough while he was there.' O. J. L.: 'Very well then, please remember me to him kindly.' R.: 'Yes, we certainly will do so.'

"I don't know whether it was wise thus to discourage a temporary return of Phinuit. The fact is, I felt it to be rather too much of a responsibility to interfere with the conditions of control; especially as the entry of Phinuit, in past times, had been usually accompanied with contortions and some slight apparent discomfort. The oncoming of the trance is now-a-days so placid that I thought it best to leave well alone; but I confess that it would have been interesting to see whether the Phinuit personality would have reappeared, with all its original peculiarities unchanged."

These sittings have inspired Sir Oliver with some remarks on the apparently petty and decidedly secular interests manifested by the controls, which specially deserve quotation (Pr. XXIII, 196-8):

"Scattered through all the sittings are innumerable instances of this sort of curious memory of and interest in trifles... such references are the commonest of all... Granted the most completely spiritistic hypothesis, it would appear that the state after death is not a sudden plunge into a stately, dignified, and specially religious atmosphere. The environment, like the character, appears to be much more like what it is here than some

folk imagine.... A few of the controls, when recently deceased (a pious old lady in particular is in my mind), have said that the surroundings were more 'secular' than they expected; they have indeed expressed themselves as if a little disappointed, though they nearly always say that the surroundings are better than they are here. Anyhow, there appears to be no violent or sudden change of nature; and so anyone who has cared for trinkets may perhaps after a fashion care for them still.

"But there must be more than that even. Objects *appear* to serve as attractive influences, or nuclei, from which information may be clairvoyantly gained.... No one expects people to be wholly indifferent as to the posthumous disposal of their property.... Very well, on what scale shall we estimate property, and how shall we measure its value? It is conceivable that, seen from another side, little personal relics may awaken memories more poignant than those associated with barely recollected stocks and shares.

"However that may be, it is clear that the various Piper controls do not estimate the importance of property by any standard dependent on pounds sterling. As a variant on old locketts, old letters, and other rubbish, in which Phinuit seemed to take some interest, I once gave him a five-pound note. It was amusing to see how at first he tried to read it—in his usual way by applying it to the top of the medium's head;—and then on realizing the sort of thing it was, how he crumpled it up and flung it into a corner with a grunt, holding out his hand for something of interest. Needless to say, I did not share in this estimate of value, and, after the sitting, was careful to rescue the despised piece of paper from its perilous position."

Sir Oliver devotes a chapter in his report in Vol. XXIII to messages from the Myers control, with a little dash of Hodgson, received by him through Mrs. Piper. They correspond in general character with the Myers messages through other mediums, except in the point of scholarship heretofore noted regarding the Myers control; but they do not add enough to what we already have, and are to have, to justify giving them any of our limited space.

He closes the report with his reasons for accepting the spiritistic hypothesis, mainly to the same effect as Hodgson's already given—that no other hypothesis fits the facts, and that the spiritistic one does.

CHAPTER XLVII

CROSS-CORRESPONDENCES

AT the cost of considerable independence of chronology, we now approach the very instructive and tedious subject of Cross-Correspondences, which has lately attracted more attention from the S. P. R. than any other topic.

If Mrs. Verrall in London and Mrs. Holland in India both, at about the same time, write heteromatically about a subject that they both understand, that is probably coincidence; but if both write about it when but one of them understands it, that is probably teloteropathy; and if both write about it when neither understands it, and each of their respective writings is apparently nonsense, but both make sense when put together, the only obvious hypothesis is that both were inspired by a third mind. The term Cross-Correspondence has been reserved for such a phenomenon, and there are so many of them, and of such quality, as apparently to eliminate much probability of their being mere coincidence or teloteropathy between the writers.

Yet, as with nearly everything else, it is hard to tell where one thing ends and the next begins—what is teloteropathy between the heteromatists, and what the apparent intervention of the outside intelligence.

In the border region was a feature of my Piper sitting (Chapter XXVIII). Out of a perfectly clear sky came to me in New York on April 28, 1894, the message from G. P., to look out for A, who was low in his mind, and that B. was trying to get a place for him. On May 29th, Hodgson writes me, showing that the same thing had come up *through the heteromatic writing of A.'s wife at Granada in Spain*, and meant nothing to her or to A.

“Dear Holt:

“You may be interested in the inclosed. Keep private. [This injunction is of course outlawed by time, but I still conceal the names of the parties. H.H.] and please return. I am writing

from my den, and haven't copy of your sitting at hand. But I remember that something was said at your sitting *re* B. and A."

(*Copy of Enclosure.*)

"Dear H.[odgson]:

"GRANADA, May 6, 1894.

"Those suggestions from Geo. that I write to B. prove interesting in the light of what I first learned here: that he had been lamenting my silence and had been urging me to a place at Yale where he is. I had no notion of this move on his part till four days ago when I received a letter telling me. Of course nothing came of it, but anything less known than that cannot be imagined. The message came once earlier thro' [his wife. H.H.], to whom George wrote it [heteromatically. H.H.]. George never heard of B. nor saw him, nor did we ever speak of B. to Geo. or Phinuit. I wrote about this to Professor Sidgwick (who had written me a letter, forwarded hither, apropos of a line I wrote to *Journal* abt. Bashworth's letter). Of course I don't want mention made of the effort of B. to get me the Yale place. What Geo. said was to write to B.; he is a good friend of yours [*i.e.*, the writer, A. H.H.].

"All send kind messages. Yrs. ever,

"A——."

Being intensely busy, and not as much interested in the matter as later experiences have made me, I did not at the moment catch the full purport of Hodgson's letter, or write him till June 5th, and did not keep any copy that I can find of my letter. He wrote me on the 8th:

"Dear Holt:

"Thanks for yours of June 5th, with return of A.'s letter. I knew nothing whatever of the circumstances connected with B., neither, so far as I can tell by cross-questioning, did Mrs. Piper."

And I, the present scribe, certainly did not. A. did not. B. alone did, with whatever persons he may have approached on the matter, and Mrs. Piper had presumably never seen one of the group. So where did Mrs. Piper and Mrs. A. get it? Either they got it teloteropathically from one of those persons, or George Pelham himself told me of it through her organism in New York, and four days later was working it into a cross-correspondence through Mrs. A. in Spain. At first blush the former seems easier; and I am not sure but that it does on reflection.

So I wrote a year or more before I revised these proofs. I don't think so now—my judgment is about balanced.

Hodgson's letter continues:

"I never knew of any B. connected with Yale. When B. was first mentioned at the sitting, I had a vague notion that some B. or other had gone to England or France as United States consul. I also knew the name of — — B. [a celebrated author. H.H.], and met her after she became Mrs. C. two or three years ago.

"On questioning Mrs. Piper, which I did by referring to books first, I found that she remembered the name of — — B. when I mentioned it, and connected it in some way with [a certain book. H.H.], which was widely circulated some years ago. This was the only B. that she seemed to know anything about.

"Yours sincerely,
(Signed) "R. HODGSON."

This was a very simple cross-correspondence, and has the strength proper to simplicity. There are many famous ones — famous in a small circle, if that's not too Hibernian — which are not so simple, which in fact are so complex as to make the analysis of them sometimes very tedious reading, and the conclusions occasionally a little far-fetched. But unquestionably they do contain stray indications of something for which there has not yet been found any other hypothesis so appropriate as that of an additional intelligence behind those of the heteromatsists.

Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XVIII, 294-6) :

"Under the 'Peregrinations of Nelly,' reference has been made to two instances where Nelly has claimed to have influenced the phenomena of two other mediums: Mrs. Piper and 'Miss Rawson.' In one case the claim was not substantiated, in the other there was an undoubted correspondence. These incidents were treated as peregrinations because Nelly professed to have visited and directly controlled the mediums; but there are a few other instances of apparent concordance between the trance-utterances of Mrs. Thompson and those of Miss Rawson and the automatic writing of the lady whom I call Mrs. Scott, of which the *primâ facie* explanation is either that Mrs. Thompson in trance becomes aware of the content of their automatic speech or script, or that one and the same control has conveyed similar communications through two different mediums. No 'psychical excursion' on the part of Nelly seems involved. So far was I (except in one case) from suspecting that these correspondences had occurred, that it was more or less by accident that I discovered them in the summer and autumn of 1903. . . . Miss Rawson is not a professional medium, nor has she consented, like Mrs. Thompson, to submit her phenomena to any strict investigation. . . . The séances were held in the dark.

"Mrs. Scott is a member of the Society who has for some

years past done a good deal of automatic writing, and between her script and Mrs. Verrall's there have been some interesting and fairly numerous correspondences.

"I give first some similar trance-utterances by Miss Rawson, who was then in the south of France, and Mrs. Thompson.

"MISS RAWSON.

"(1) Dec. 22, 1900.

"A control speaking for and of H. Sidgwick:

"'He knows his wife is preparing memorials.'

"Jan. 11, 1901.

"(H. S. controlling directly.)

"'Tell my friend Myers to tell my wife not to put in the whole of the last chapters of the book she is finishing. She will know the passages she feels doubtful about. Tell him it is really I who am here.'

"(2) Jan. 23, 1901.

"H. S. controlling directly:

"'I have not seen my dear friend Myers yet, but I am more thankful than I can say that he has come here. The circle above has been waiting for him, and will with great joy welcome him.'

"(3) Jan. 26, 1901.

"A Control speaking of F. W. H. Myers:

"'He has sent a message to the other side (Mrs. T.) but came here himself.'

[Before these words were spoken, a *soi-disant* Myers control had communicated.]

"MRS. THOMPSON.

"(1) Jan. 11, 1901.

"Mr. D. control speaking of H. Sidgwick:

"'He says: "Eleanor might remember, because she." . . . He . . . Eleanor's writing his Life. He doesn't want her to make him "a glorious personage." You're to give her that message. He said: "Eleanor has gone abroad to prepare my Life."'

"Before the Mr. D. control spoke, a control that purported to be Henry Sidgwick had appeared for the first time.

"(2) Jan. 21, 1901.

"H. S. controlling directly:

"'He's (i.e., F. W. H. Myers) not with me. He's not within range at all.'

"Written during *séance*: H. S. script:

"'I don't think Myers is here, or we should see him before the 8th, as E. G. told me [Mr. D.] was waiting for him.'

"(3) Jan. 29, 1901.

"'. Nelly:—"I haven't seen Mr. Myers. I haven't, really. Professor Sidgwick says he has seen him: but I haven't.'

"H. S. script, written Jan. 30, 1901:

"'. Myers says certainly go. Myers says better go, go out of town. Not now, not now, the day not here.

"'H. S. [scrawl].

"'F. W. H. MYERS.'"

Mr. Piddington devotes several pages to discussing this cross-correspondence, from which I have omitted several paragraphs. They are well worth the attention of the special student, but, like almost all that relates to cross-correspondence (as I shall farther illustrate later), would be too much of a tax on the patience of the general reader—as they certainly are on mine.

Here is a simple one with a special point of interest at the end (Pr. XVIII, 302-4):

Sitting of January 8th, 1901.

“Present: Mrs. Scott.

“The following was spoken by Nelly after the removal of the screen which had previously concealed the sitter.

“‘Geoffrey [Scott. H.H.] says he wrote through his mother’s hand, and said he’d rather not come when you’re here, Mr. Piddington. Mrs. Scott wouldn’t tell you that; she wouldn’t like to. (To Mrs. Scott) Mr. Piddington will excuse you.’”

Sitting of January 11th, 1901. Sitters: Mr. and Mrs. Percival.

“[Nelly. H.H.]: ‘Mr. Gurney did write a long message. Mrs. Scott received a long message for you from Mr. Gurney.’

“On January 12th, 1901, I sent a copy of these words to Mrs. Scott, and her reply, dated January 12th [1901], was as follows:—

“‘. Some time ago I had a very urgent message from both Mr. Gurney and my son, telling me the latter could not “sit” [i.e., control at a sitting] with you; but I felt it best to disregard it. I am glad I did, for it is interesting that it should have been verified in this way.’

“Mrs. Scott wrote to me on July 17th, 1903, as follows:

“‘. On the day I received the message I went out hunting, starting early, probably about 9 A.M., and returning about 3.45.¹ I changed my habit and came down rather tired to the drawing-room, where I sat down by the fire with a book to wait for tea. I had a strong impulse to write almost directly, and I took a scrap of paper and tried the experiment without leaving my chair. The result was the message I sent you.’

“[NOTE.—¹ I venture to direct the attention of a certain Continental school of psycho-physiologists to the fact that we produce here in England a fox-hunting type of automatic writer. Fox-hunting must in future, I suppose, be added to their lengthy list of ‘notes’ of degeneracy.]”

Mrs. Verrall, in her account of her own script which we have followed in Pr. XX, introduces the subject of cross-correspondence at p. 205. She leaves her experiences—largely

experimental—with “Mrs. Holland” for separate treatment, and in the paper now under discussion confines herself to more spontaneous experiences with Mrs. Archdale, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Piper, and Mrs. Forbes. The evidence for cross-correspondence is good, but to anybody but the close student—a closer one, I confess, than I am in this immediate connection—the accounts are uninteresting and even tedious. I hope my selections and summaries will not put you to sleep proportionally as often as the originals did me, and if you are reading merely for general results, without contemplating close study, I advise you to skip what is left of the topic after your first nap.

Among the most interesting samples are probably the following. Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 222-4):

“On August 28th, 1901, the script began: ‘Signa sigillo. Conifera arbos [arbor? H.H.] in horto iam insita omina sibimet ostendit.’ [Sign with the seal. The fir tree that has already been planted in the garden gives its own portent.] The script was signed with a scrawl and three drawings representing a sword, a suspended bugle and a pair of scissors. . . . A suspended bugle surmounted by a crown is the badge of the regiment to which Talbot Forbes [a deceased son of Mrs. Forbes. H.H.] belonged. [Of this Mrs. Verrall knew nothing. H.H.] Mrs. Forbes has in her garden four or five small fir-trees grown from seed sent to her from abroad by her son; these are called by her Talbot’s trees. This fact was entirely unknown to me. On August 28th Mrs. Forbes’ script contained the statement, purporting to come from her son, that he was looking for a ‘sensitive’ who wrote automatically, in order that he might obtain corroboration for her own writing, and it concluded with the remark that he must now leave her in order to join E. G. [Edmund Gurney?] in controlling the sensitive. The hour of her writing on August 28th does not appear, but as she usually writes early in the day and as mine of the same date was at 10.30 P.M., it is probable that hers preceded mine.

“[NOTE.—I knew nothing at the time when my script was produced of the surroundings or tastes of Mrs. Forbes. It was only in April, 1902, that I found her garden was full of associations with her son.]”

This approaches very near to a cross-correspondence. Mrs. Forbes’ control wrote, April 10, 1903 (Pr. XX, 254):

“‘Will you be so good as to write—to arrive to-morrow—to tell Mrs. Verrall our letter must be read with one word corrected which means more. E. G. . . . A grower of flowers one year will

be sower of seed—Send this message. Edmund writes for H. to ask you to say it will be far less difficult to read the sense if the younger Verrall writes with Planchette. . . . Mrs. Verrall can be sure of this—Sit on Sunday—Mother, daughter yourself.' On April 11th: 'Our word was not Verrall—Helen Verrall she would see with—would she sit.'"

Mrs. Verrall wrote (Pr. XX, 254):

"I read the above script to my daughter, and she at once said that the message could be explained by a fact in her recent experience. She had been staying from March 25th to April 2nd with a friend who is a professional gardener, and during her visit there was much discussion over a suggestion of her friend's new head man that certain plants should be grown from seed which hitherto had been raised from cuttings. The new man was particularly skilled in raising plants from seed. My daughter, who is very familiar with the methods of her gardener friend, was much interested in the discussion; and she at once recognized a reference to this subject in the phrase 'a grower of flowers one year will be sower of seed.'

"The above facts were entirely unknown to me, and Mrs. Forbes had no knowledge of my daughter's movements or that she had any horticultural friend."

The following (Pr. XX, 260) had other matter with it which led Mrs. Verrall to say, with her extreme candor: "This is too vague to be useful." To me it seemed very different.

"On August 18th, 1903, Mrs. Forbes had two messages for me at the beginning and end of the morning: 10 A.M., 'Great sympathy for our friends. . . . Death.'

"A friend of mine, unknown to Mrs. Forbes, was very seriously ill at the time and died ten days later."

Here is a plain cross-correspondence; the particulars are given in Pr. XX, 264-6, and summed up by Mrs. Verrall thus:

"It will be seen that Mrs. Forbes' script of January 5th began a message of consolation to her, which was left incomplete; it suggested that I had some answer to send, and that unless I were communicated with something would be lost. Mrs. Forbes did not communicate with me at once, and on January 12th her script plainly told her to ask for a particular piece of my script. The piece of my script so asked for contained a remark about consolation for sorrow, unintelligible to me, but explained, as promised in my script, seven days after its reception."

Here is some more: Miss Johnson says (Pr. XXI, 222):

“There is a certain resemblance between the descriptions of their own attitude given by the controls through both sensitives. The Verrall-Myers speaks (Dec. 29th, 1903) of the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the Holland-Myers (Jan 5th, 1904) of words said, shouted, sung to the wind, and again (on Jan. 12th, 1904), of one wailing as the wind wails, wordless and unheeded. The Holland-Myers (Jan. 6th, 1904) refers to the missionary spirit longing to speak to the souls in prison; the Verrall-Myers, in a very obscure passage (Feb. 2nd, 1904), to slaves in prison, and prodigies done by the pure presumably on their behalf.

“Further, the Verrall-Myers remarks (Dec. 27, 1903): ‘Comes the message, but is not understood of any’; and the Holland-Myers (on Jan. 25th, 1904) expresses his bitter disappointment that the message, on which apparently so much effort had been spent, had not made any real impression on his friends.

“This is strikingly appropriate, since, as a matter of fact, it was not until October, 1905, that any correspondence was discovered between the two series of scripts, while the minor resemblances were not observed till I was preparing this report for publication.”

Miss Johnson thus admirably expresses a fundamental difficulty regarding all alleged communication from the dead, the first point of which I have already made (Pr. XXI, 376-7):

“Events in the present are either known to some living person, in which case we could not exclude his telepathic agency; or they are unknown to any living person, in which case it would be difficult or impossible to prove that they had occurred.

“Now, granted the possibility of communication, it may be supposed that within the last few years there have been trying to communicate with us a certain group of persons who are sufficiently well instructed to know all the objections that reasonable skeptics have urged against the previous evidence, and sufficiently intelligent to realize to the full all the force of these objections. It may be supposed that these persons have invented a new plan,—the plan of cross-correspondences,—to meet the skeptics’ objections. There is no doubt that the cross-correspondences are a characteristic element in the scripts that we have been collecting in the last few years,—the scripts of Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Holland, and, still more recently, Mrs. Piper. And the important point is that the element is a new one. We have reason to believe, as I have shown above, that the idea of making a statement in one script *complementary* of a statement in another had not occurred to Mr. Myers in his life-time, for there is no reference to it in any of his written utterances on the subject that I have been able to discover. Also, it seems to me almost certain

that if he had thought of it during his life-time, I should have heard of it while helping him in the publication of *Human Personality*, or he would have mentioned it to some of his friends and colleagues in the S. P. R. Neither did those who have been investigating automatic script since his death invent this plan, if plan it be. It was not the automatists that detected it, but a student of the scripts; it has every appearance of being an element imported from outside; it suggests an independent invention, an active intelligence constantly at work in the present, not a mere echo or remnant of individualities of the past."

Miss Johnson makes a good argument for cross-correspondences in the following considerations, which she states somewhat more at length. The heteromatists wished to guard against thought-transference and identical knowledge of exceptional facts between themselves. In the script there are many passages from the control expressing this desideratum. *These passages are thickest in connection with the passages indicating cross-correspondence.* Now as these passages could not be distinguished by the heteromatists themselves before they were compared, the heteromatists could not have concentrated around them the cautionary matter regarding telepathy, etc. That concentration of the cautionary matter is too marked to have been placed there by chance; it could not have been placed there by the heteromatists, as they did not at the time know what the evidential passages were: so it must have been placed there by intelligence outside of the heteromatists, and the only such intelligence within reach or conjecture was that of the controls.

In the following the stage was set for an entirely new drama. As in quoting Miss Johnson, I will prefix Mr. Piddington's initial to his comments. O. J. L. is Sir Oliver Lodge; P. is Mr. Piddington.

Sitting with Mrs. Piper, November 15, 1906. (Pr. XXII, 31f.)

"(Present: O. J. L. and Lady Lodge.)

"(Hodgson communicating.) 'I am Hodgson.' O. J. L.: 'Glad to see you at last.' H.: 'Hello Lodge. I am not dead as some might suppose. I am very much alive.' [This is Hodgson to the life. H.H.] O. J. L.: 'Good, I expect so. . . .' H.: 'Speak to me.' O. J. L.: 'Are you interested in the cross-correspondence? Could you send something to other communicators?' H.: 'I am very, and think it the very best thing.' O. J. L.: 'Could you send one now to one of the mediums?' H.: 'I will

go to Mrs. Holland.' [Dr. Hodgson never personally knew anything about Mrs. Holland; but J. G. P. in the spring of 1906 had mentioned her name to the Piper-Hodgson more than once at sittings in Boston.] O. J. L.: 'What will you send?' H.: 'St. Paul.' O. J. L.: 'That is a good idea.' H.: 'St. Paul. I will give it to her at once....' (After an interval.) O. J. L.: 'Do you remember what you were going to say to Mrs. Holland?' H.: 'St. Paul.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, quite right.' H.: 'I will go at once.'

"[P.] 'St. Paul' did not appear in Mrs. Holland's script. There are, however, in the script of Miss Verrall two passages worth considering in this connection.... The script of Jan. 12 opens with a sentence in Latin, and then totally unconnected with it follow these words: 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay — Paul? sanctus nomine quod efficit nil continens petatur subveniet.' The script of Feb. 26 reads as follows: '...you have not understood about Paul ask Lodge. quibus eruditus advocatis rem explicabis non nisi ad unam normam refers hoc satis alia vana.....'

"The Latin words in the script of Jan. 12 I interpret thus:— 'Holy in name (*i.e.*, with the title of saint) what she (or, he) is doing is of no use (*i.e.*, by itself). Let the point (continsens) be looked for; it will help.' The Latin words of Feb. 26 I translate:— 'By calling to your aid what learned men will you explain the matter? (You will not explain it) unless you refer it to one standard. This is enough; more is useless.'

"[NOTE.—Or, if 'quibus' is treated as a relative instead of as an interrogative, the words would mean: 'when you have called these learned persons to your aid.'].

"If we take these two passages to refer to the experiment arranged on Nov. 15, it will be seen that the name Paul is given; and that 'Lodge' is correctly indicated as the person to explain about the name Paul. Miss Verrall never did apply to Sir Oliver Lodge as directed; and it was not until September, 1907, that the interpretation given above struck me.

"I have said that 'St. Paul' did not appear in Mrs. Holland's script, but her script of Dec. 31, 1906, suggests an approach to the name of St. Paul, and also suggests an explanation of the words in Miss Verrall's script of Jan. 12, 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay—Paul.' I transcribe the first half only of this script of Dec. 31, 1906, the second half having no connection with the first:

"II Peter I, 15. ['Moreover I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance.'] 'This witness is true'— It is now time that the shadow should be lifted from your spirit. 'Let patience have her perfect work'— 'This is a faithful saying'—

"[P.] *This witness* etc. is not, I believe, a textual quotation, but is reminiscent of several passages in the writings of St.

John. *Let patience* etc. is a quotation from the Epistle of St. James. *This is a faithful saying* occurs at least three times in St. Paul's Epistles. . . . If we suppose that the scribe was aiming at getting 'St. Paul' expressed, it looks as if he felt his way towards the name or notion of St. Paul by quoting first from St. Peter, next from St. John, then from St. James and finally from St. Paul. I do not mean that I think the process was thus deliberately involved, but that the scribe (whoever or whatever that may be) did the best he could. A long way round may perhaps be the only way there. I further suggest that the scribe having got so far could not proceed to get the name 'St. Paul' written, and so had to content himself with a quotation from his writings.

"Now, in the light of this interpretation, the words in Miss Verrall's script of January 12, 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay—Paul,' are suggestive."

"[P.] The words *nisi ad unam normam refers* in Miss Verrall's script of Feb. 26 may, perhaps, have been intended to mean that unless there was one person in touch with all the automatists concerned in these experiments, the point would be missed in many instances; or in other words, that a central exchange was necessary. In this case I was, so to speak, at the central office, but though I was receiving Miss Verrall's script, and though Sir Oliver Lodge sent me a copy of his record of the sitting of Nov. 15, I was not receiving a copy of Mrs. Holland's script; and until I did receive a copy of it the significance of Miss Verrall's scripts of Jan. 12 and Feb. 26 naturally escaped me. If then the words *nisi ad unam normam refers* can bear such an interpretation as I have sought to place on them, they were neither otiose nor mere padding.

"Most readers who have had the patience to follow me so far will, I fear, at this point form the opinion that all this may be more or less ingenious rubbish, but that it is certainly rubbish. Had our experiments produced no coincidences less problematical than this one, I should heartily agree; but there have been correspondences of the most definite character, and not only that, but in the production of them there is evidence both of intelligent direction and ingenuity. I care not to whom that intelligence be attributed; but that intelligence and acute intelligence lie behind the phenomena I stoutly maintain. And if this be once admitted no excuse need be offered for trying to place upon them interpretations which otherwise would be over-subtle."

The illustration just given, compared with the average of those in Mr. Piddington's report, is as simple as the alphabet compared with Browning's *Sordello*. I presume that the normal reader may be well content to have me refer the exceptional reader for farther information to the original

reports. Pr. XXII, like Pr. XX, is entirely devoted to an examination of cross-correspondences, and large parts of neighboring volumes are devoted to discussion of them. To anybody at all acquainted with the volumes, these facts will indicate the almost dominating interest that the subject has had during the last few years for the active members of the Society. Probably there is nothing else in the Society's publications, and there are not many things anywhere, showing as devoted and patient study (and, it may be added, as wide, accurate, and graceful scholarship) as the three reports of Mrs. Verrall, Miss Johnson, and Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Sidgwick. But the very devotion and patience they called for involved a large part of them being, as before intimated, very dreary reading for anybody but the initiate and the enthusiast. Even while presuming to write on the general subject, I am shameless enough to confess that I have not thought it worth while for my purposes to master all the details of this part of it. And still less do I think it worth while to attempt to give my readers an adequate idea of its intricacies. A typical case would drive the average reader to cold bandages for the head and a hot bath for the feet, and there is one—rather more than typical—in which Mr. Piddington finds evidence of cross-correspondence between no less than seven people, the performance of any one of whom meant nothing to the performer or anybody else except in connection with one or more of the others, the inference being, of course, that a single intelligence from outside controlled them all.

As perhaps already intimated, the effect on me of these terribly labored topics (how labored, I wish the reader would learn for "thouself" through the Proceedings) is that they are far more open to the telepathic and teloteropathic explanation than the simple and wonderfully *vraisemblant* and dramatic utterances of innumerable alleged controls, principally through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson, and entirely independently of any experiments by sitters for cross-correspondence, or anything else but natural conversation.

Podmore's change of attitude in the last book before his most regrettable death, was perhaps most clearly marked in his attitude regarding cross-correspondences. I refer you to the

chapters on them and "The Most Recent Evidence" in *The Newer Spiritualism*, as a better summary than I would be apt to give, even had I the space. He had the patience and training to go into them more thoroughly than I have, and does his best to explode them. Nevertheless, he says (*Newer Spiritualism*, p. 225) :

"We are forced to remember at every step that we have to deal with an actor whose mimicry is as subtle as it is unscrupulous. Again, we cannot base our faith on the relation of intimate details known to no one but ourselves and the dead, for we can place no certain limits on the mysterious agency of telepathy. The only evidence that can satisfy us of the survival of an active and individual intelligence is evidence of the present activity of such an intelligence. Within the last few years some grounds have appeared for hoping that traces of such intelligent action had been found."

The reading of the investigations in Pr. XX, XXI, XXII, and XXIV is in itself a small classical education. But the limits do not admit more of it here. I cannot close, however, without giving one less classical piece of edification from one of Mrs. Verrall's reports of Mrs. Piper (Pr. XXIV, 79) :

"There are . . . cases . . . where the normal knowledge of Mrs. Piper seems to have entered into the statements of the trance-personalities. Thus on April 6th Mr. Dorr asked the controls, both Hodgson and Myers being present: 'Do you understand what Pilgrim Fathers means?' To this came the amazing answer: 'Something about birds or turkeys.' The explanation occurred later to Mr. Dorr, and was by him explained to the trance-personalities on April 22nd: 'I have just discovered the association in R. H.'s mind between turkeys and pilgrims, that made the Light write the one when I spoke of the other—Pilgrim Fathers, Fast Day, Thanksgiving and Turkey.'"

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE PIPER-MYERS AND THE CLASSICS

AFTER all the talk in May and June, 1907 (Pr. XXIII), about the necessity of Myers getting farther away from earthly associations, he had a very vigorous campaign well on into 1909, with Mr. George B. Dorr of Boston, one of the vice-presidents of the S. P. R. It occurred to Mr. Dorr to test the Piper-Myers' knowledge of classical literature. Mr. Dorr knew no more of it than the average Harvard man, possibly less, as he had turned from the classics to other subjects early in his course, and Mrs. Piper certainly knew no more than Mr. Dorr did.

The result of the experiment proved, or at least was thought by Mrs. Verrall and other good judges to prove, that though the Piper-Myers never spoke in Latin and Greek, as the Verrall-Myers often did, it was really familiar with the whole range of classical literature.

Many cross-correspondences also were developed, especially with Mrs. Verrall's script.

The evidence for all this, as edited by Mr. Piddington and others, takes up over two hundred and sixty pages in Pr. Part LX, Vol. XXIV, and is most of it as tough reading as one could desire. I give probably enough to more than meet (I intend that split infinitive, and occasional others, if you please) the requirements of the reader who is not a specialist, and a devoted one at that.

I give a faint indication of the famous (if anything can be famous in a small circle) Lethe incident, which the ever cautious Podmore (*The Newer Spiritualism*, p. 255), regards as the "one case . . . which may be held to furnish perhaps the clearest and most direct evidence yet obtained for the spiritualistic hypothesis"; but he adds: "Another case, in which the coincidences are equally striking, may be set against this as pointing, with perhaps even greater emphasis, to a

naturalistic interpretation of the whole series of cross-correspondences."

On March 23, 1908, Mr. Dorr, at a sitting with Mrs. Piper in Boston, asked the Myers control: "What does the word Lethe suggest to you?" As Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XXIV, 86):

"The answers given were in part, though not by any means, as Mr. Dorr supposed, wholly confused; and Mr. Dorr, who evidently thought that the frequent change of subject had by putting an undue strain on the attention of the trance-personalities conduced to the confusion, apologized for having sprung a new question upon Myers at the end of a fatiguing sitting.... The various references to the question about Lethe which were made at Mr. Dorr's sittings, to the reader, unless he should happen to hit on the clue to the puzzle... will doubtless seem to be little if any better than a farrago of nonsense. It may, therefore, help him to work his way through them without too much impatience, if I first assure him that they contain an unusually complete and relevant, though very far from obvious, answer to the question put by Mr. Dorr."

I give an extract from the report of the sittings (Pr. XXIV, 87f.), to show the sort of material Mr. Piddington had to search. The report gives only the initials of the sitter, Mr. Dorr, not those of the communicator—or control. But clearness seems promoted by giving them, so I venture to attempt it.

"G. B. D.: 'Now shall I ask you a question? What does the word "Lethe" suggest to you?' (Myers communicating) 'Leaf-let?' G. B. D.: 'No, "Lethe."' (G. B. D. spells word.) M.: 'L e t h e. Do you refer to one of my poems, Lethe?' (A word was then written, which G. B. D. could not decipher with certainty, but which he took to be "Iliad.") G. B. D.: 'No, it does not refer especially to anything in the Iliad, but it belongs to the old mythology.' M.: 'Yes, yes, ah yes. I was thinking about my biography—you referred to biography—auto—you confused me a little.' [G. B. D. had just before asked two questions based on two different passages in the autobiographical portions of F. W. H. Myers's *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*. The second question might have been partially answered by a reference to Homer's *Odyssey*. Note by J. G. P.] G. B. D.: 'Yes, it was a sudden break. I had not meant to bring the autobiography up just then.' M.: 'Winds.' G. B. D.: 'Do not hurry on it. See if the sound recalls anything to you, and whether you can tell me where it was—' M. (Interrupting): 'Greece.' G. B. D.: 'I will

give you a clue. It was in the same region with the Styx.' M.: 'Olympus. Greece Troy and all. Winds were all—and—appear and—to destroy and he saved them by taking them across the river.' G. B. D.: 'These last words are not clear to me.' M.: 'he saves them by taking them across River—Athens—*It is all clear.* Do you remember *Cave?*' G. B. D.: 'I think you are confused about this. I ought to have waited until another day to bring it up, when the Light was fresh. It was a water, not a wind, and it was in Hades, where the Styx was and the Elysian fields. Do you recall it now?' M.: 'Lethe. Shore—of course I do. *Lethe Hades* beautiful river—Lethe. *Underground.*—What is the matter that I do not hear better? Is it lack of Light? [*i.e.*, strength or lucidity in the medium. H.H.] I think it is. . . . I think that is what is the trouble, what makes it difficult.' (The script has now become obscure and faint.) G. B. D.: 'Anything more that comes to you, say in the waking-stage.' [As Mrs. Piper comes out of trance, she utters more or less coherent words referring to matters in the trance. H.H.] M.: 'Yes. Remember, friend, this is exhausting work—exhausting work.'

"M.: 'Fish Mermaid Saturn Hero Olympus (Then followed a word which was written down as 'pavia.' In response to Mr. Dorr's requests the word was whispered several times, but never distinctly enough to be caught with certainty.) Sybil—Olympus—water—Lethe—delighted—sad—lovely—mate.—Put them all together. (This was followed by inarticulate whispering.) Entwine love—beautiful shores.—Ask him if he cannot hear me. Muses.—I wrote "church" long ago [see Pr. XXII, 44]. Olympus.—There's Mercury—Love—He has drawn a cross with ivy over it. Pharaoh's daughter came out of the water—Warm—sunlit—love. Lime leaf—heart—sword—arrow

"I shot an arrow through the air
And it fell I know not where.'

"(Mrs. Piper then puts her hands up before her face, palms outwards, as though warding something off, but smilingly like a child in play.) 'Oh! point it the other way!' G. B. D.: 'Whom do you see?' Mrs. P.: 'Lady.—I want to say that the walls came out, and in the air was a lady who had no clothes on; and in her hand she had a hoop and two pointed things, and she pulled a string, and she pointed it straight at me, and I thought it would hit me in the eye. And Mr. Myers put his hand up and stopped her. She had a hoop, and there was only half of the hoop there.'"

So ends the first of twenty-one sittings filled with similar allusions which cover references to about all the passages in classical literature suggested by Lethe. Out of many pages

of such material as this, Mr. Piddington extracted evidence that the writing contained abundant proof that the Myers control was, as Myers was in life, familiar with virtually all that literature. Now Mrs. Piper, as already explained, knowing virtually none of it, and Mr. Dorr very little, the only apparent source for the knowledge manifested was the surviving spirit of Myers. It takes nearly sixty pages of reports of sittings, and comments, to work this out, but the demonstration when reached seems satisfactory.

There are several similar topics worked out in the same way.

As still farther showing the sort of material that of late has been absorbing the attention of the leading members of the S. P. R., I quote from a paper by Mrs. Sidgwick, ex-President of the S. P. R., widow of Professor Henry Sidgwick. She is giving extracts from the reports of Mr. Dorr's sittings with Mrs. Piper. She says (Pr. XXIV, 170f.) :

"I chose these purposely on account of their familiarity. [The Piper-Hodgson] was unable to translate either during the sitting, but memorized them, the *veni vidi vici* sentence especially, to take away with him and work over. In the sitting of the 9th he asks me to repeat them and says that he has brought Myers to help in their translation.....

"The following is the record of part of the sitting of March 9th, 1908:

"(Hodgson communicating.) 'Hello George. I brought Myers to help out; will you kindly repeat that Latin for me?' G. B. D.: 'Veni, vidi, vici.' H.: 'Once more, and again repeat in Latin. (G. B. D. repeats several times over very slowly.) I understand. I CA—I came,—let me think George—I came I saw—once more. (G. B. D. repeats again.) I c o n q u e r e d.' G. B. D.: 'Right.' H.: 'Right—good. Now let me have your other.' G. B. D.: 'The other Latin?' H.: 'Yes, Myers is here helping me. (G. B. D. repeats 'Arma virumque cano.') Very slowly. (G. B. D. repeats again very slowly.) I sing exile.' G. B. D.: 'Is that word exile?' (Hand makes gesture of assent after pausing a moment outstretched as though towards an invisible personality in the room.) H.: 'I sing of the feats—Myers said it, who by fate—I forget—etc., etc.' G. B. D.: 'Is that "I forget"?' H.: 'Exactly, but "I sing of the feats of the exile," etc., etc.—exile. [Rector seems to come in here as a help to Hodgson. H.H.] We cannot get it exactly but if we can give you enough to make it clear that we understand that is the best we can do possibly.' G. B. D.: 'Good. Don't attempt to translate, but let me have

what memories you can.' [R. referring to H.? H.H.] 'He is glad you understand. He says Say to our good friend, Troy. (Letters not read at first, and sense not taken. Letters rewritten over and over again until clear.) [H. resumes? H.H.] Troy. I'll go give that to Mrs. Verrall.' G. B. D.: 'The word Troy?' H.: 'Yes. And *arms*.' G. B. D.: 'Will you give her the words Exile and Troy?' H.: 'Yes.' G. B. D. (to Hodgson [Rector? H.H.]): 'Had he better attempt any more?' H.: 'Yes.' G. B. D.: 'Who was exiled? (A word written which it was impossible to read.) What is that word?' [This was not answered, and no attempt was made at the moment to repeat the word.] H.: 'Juno JUNO' G. B. D.: 'Who was Juno?' H.: (Brief word not read.) 'god' G. B. D.: 'What did Juno do with regard to Troy and exile?' H.: 'Redeemed [*sic*]. It is difficult to express but (Pause) Teusis—as he was—S—wandered and thought he was lost.' G. B. D.: 'What was your last word?' H.: 'Lost. Do you get my idea? Juno saved—saved him. (Word follows which is the same as word not read previously, and which again cannot be read but which looks like Tarius. *Note by G. B. D.*) He came to the shores of Italy—shores shores.' G. B. D.: 'Shores?' H.: 'Yes Italy——— I sing of the arms and the feats of the exile who by fate was etc., etc. No more.' G. B. D.: 'That is all?' H.: 'Yes it is all you gave me. But I remember more.' G. B. D.: 'Will you give me what more you remember?' H.: 'Yes. I remember the incident of Juno—incident—' G. B. D.: 'What is that word?' H.: 'Incident—and her saving' (Same name not read before is here repeated, and apparently quite clearly written.) G. B. D.: 'I can't get it.' (Tries different readings.) H.: 'Not quite—' G. B. D.: 'Means name?' H.: 'Yes Exile.' G. B. D.: 'Can you remember any names to tell me?' R.: 'Name several and he will tell you which one it was.' G. B. D.: 'Can he give me the name of the exile himself, or of the poem?' H.: 'Enoid. [Letter here transcribed as o is not clear.] Eid—I did not get all the letters in Eid—Einid—not quite but near enough. Eind.' G. B. D.: 'Can you give me the name of the poet?' H.: (Pause) 'O, I understand. No, I can't think at the moment—Pronounce it for me Einid.' G. B. D.: 'Aeneid.' H.: 'Yes. E i a n e. (G. B. D. spells it over.) Aenid. (G. B. D. repeats name again.) I remember it so *well*.' G. B. D.: 'Tell Myers he translated it. Ask him for the name of the poet?' [Myers seems to appear. H.H.] 'Blind [This seems a suggestion of Homer. H.H.] I am not blind or deaf but I hear with difficulty.' G. B. D.: 'What will you try to take to England?' [*i.e.*, for a cross-correspondence with a medium there. H.H.] [Rector?] 'Give him a message. He has taken "face in flame." TROY Exile.' G. B. D.: 'Take as synonym for Troy—do you know what synonym means?' M.: 'Yes indeed.' G. B. D.: 'The city in flames. Saved by Juno.' (G. B. D. here repeats over slowly what Myers undertakes to take

to England.) 'Very good. Splendid. He has already given *face and flame.*' (G. B. D. goes over the words agreed upon again.) M.: 'Yes, I understand absolutely. (G. B. D. repeats words over once more.) Yes, I am already working over this with Mrs. Verrall.' G. B. D.: 'This is enough, is it not?' M.: 'Yes. (G. B. D. repeats once more 'Troy, the city in flames, exile, saved by Juno, the face in flame.') Yes NEPTUNE.' G. B. D.: 'What about Neptune?' M.: 'I thought it would fit in splendidly. As it all goes in—' (Pause.) G. B. D.: 'Are there any other names belonging to this that you can give me?' M.: 'You see it comes back to my memory by degrees.' G. B. D.: 'Why was Juno interested?' M.: 'LOVE.' G. B. D.: 'For whom?' M.: 'Exile. [G. B. D. made no attempt to correct the statement with regard to Juno's part in the drama, but he thinks his consciousness of the error made may perhaps have suggested what came next.] Remember where I am and where you are and give allowances.' G. B. D.: 'Do the words "her injured form" suggest anything to your mind?' M.: 'You mean my Poem?' G. B. D.: 'I mean the old Latin poem.' M.: 'Yes. Her injured form, yes indeed. *Juno.* (Some words follow which cannot be read) . . . her love of the exile and she restores him. Restores. Yes. Built to save her exile who by fate—fled and she met him. (These last words G. B. D. read aloud and the hand banged approval on the table.) Yes. It is *all* in fragments in my memory as it comes out here, but if I could speak with you as of old I could quote it backwards.' G. B. D.: 'Could you give me more through the voice?' M.: 'Not so *well*, as your words often—your words often—' (Pause. She built a' (pause.) G. B. D.: 'Are you about to write further?' M.: 'Yes, I am going to tell you how she goes up with her love the exile — — Remember? (pause.) I can't take more to Mrs. Verrall but I will take a message to Helen Verrall.' [for cross-correspondence. H.H.] G. B. D.: 'Will you repeat again the messages for Mrs. Verrall?' M.: 'Troy, Exile, City in flames, Exile, Face in flame, and Juno.' G. B. D.: 'Is that all?' M.: 'Neptune.' G. B. D.: 'Troy, Juno, Neptune, city in flame, face in flame—to be given to Mrs. Verrall.' M.: 'Yes—yes, this is clear; send it to Lodge. I have written *I came, I saw* — — through Helen—[Mrs. Verrall's daughter. H.H.] I did not repeat the last word yet.' G. B. D.: 'That was *not* written? What is the last word?' M.: 'CONQUERED—but I have not yet got that through Helen' [i.e., *succeeded* in putting it through. H.H.]. G. B. D.: 'Have you got the others through?' M.: 'Yes—*I came, I saw.*' G. B. D.: 'Do you mean that you have got these through *already*?' M.: '*I do.* I did this several days ago—before this trial. Lodge will tell you *all* about it — — . . .' G. B. D.: 'Had you not better stop now?' M.: 'Yes, I shall go and give my messages to Mrs. V. and Helen.' G. B. D.: 'Good, but do not *hurry* in doing so. Try and get it clearly *through*. Give it in single words or

phrases as they come. Do not try to connect things together unless they come to you so.' M.: 'Like *Neptune*. Yes, I understand.'

"[S.] Among the words here mentioned as written or to be written through Mrs. or Miss Verrall, Neptune, Troy, and Exile afford clear cases (which I shall describe at length) of correspondence with Miss Verrall's script—not with Mrs. Verrall's. Some correspondence might perhaps be claimed in the case of other words, but it will be more profitable to dwell on the clear cases only."

Then Mrs. Sidgwick gives Miss Verrall's side in detail.

I quote from Mrs. Verrall (Pr. XXIV, 61f.) a moderate illustration of the laborious examination to which the automatic script has been submitted. The Pr. S. P. R. of recent years contain hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pages of such careful and scholarly work.

"The words *Arma virumque cano* were given to Hodgson on February 25th, 1908, for translation. On March 9th, at the first, namely, of this series of sittings, Hodgson announced that he had brought Myers to help, and asked to have the words repeated. The first attempt to translate this phrase goes beyond the actual words given, though probably hardly beyond the knowledge of most educated persons. The literal translation is 'Arms and the man I sing'; the translation given by Myers is 'I sing of the feats of the exile, who by fate'; he adds the words 'Troy,' 'arms,' and 'Juno,' and further shows knowledge that the exile wandered and came to the shores of Italy. Thus, though we have only an actual translation of the words *virum . . . cano . . . qui . . . fato profugus*, knowledge is shown such as would be derived from the context of the next three lines (*arma, Troiae, Italiam, venit litora, Junonis*). Moreover the phraseology of the actual translation given is not what one would expect from Mrs. Piper, nor is it identical with that of any version known to me. The word 'feats,' for instance, which is quite appropriate, does not occur in any translation which I have consulted.

"Mr. Dorr then asked for the name of the exile, or of the poem, and in reply obtained many attempts at the word *Aeneid*, unmistakable but not correct, thus: 'Enoid—Eid—I did not get all the letters in—Eiod—Einid—not quite but near enough Eind. . . .' And even after the sitter had spoken the word at the control's request, the repetition by the hand was, 'Eiane Aenid.' The name of the author was asked for, but not remembered 'at the moment'; a repeated request for the author's name produced what looks like a confusion with Homer, corrected into a personal statement: 'Blind—I am not blind or deaf but I hear with difficulty.'

“The spontaneous introduction in the course of this sitting of the name *Juno* is a good point, and the word ‘god’ which immediately follows *Juno* recalls the *vi superum* of the same line. But in answer to Mr. Dorr’s question as to what *Juno* did with regard to Troy and the exile, we have a series of incorrect statements showing clearly that the part played by *Juno* in the story of *Aeneas* is completely misapprehended. The exile, called *Teusis* (?) or *Torius*, wandered and thought he was lost, but was redeemed and saved by *Juno*. Again, the control speaks of *Juno*’s love for the exile and volunteers ‘the incident of *Juno* and her saving *Torius*’ as a proof of memory. The placing together of the words, ‘Exile,’ and ‘Saved by *Juno*’ as successive messages to be used for transmission may have emphasized the original misconception. But in spite of Mr. Dorr’s recognition of the mistake about *Juno*’s action, and even after the trance-personality had remembered or guessed that *Juno* was the owner of the ‘injured form’ asked about by the sitter, the mistake still persists. It is not corrected until the next day, March 10th, and then only after a strong hint from Mr. Dorr.

“Perhaps the best evidence of a real acquaintance with the poem is found in the spontaneous introduction in this sitting, March 9th, of the name *Neptune*. This follows immediately upon the repetition by Mr. Dorr of five phrases chosen for transmission as messages for cross-correspondence, thus:

“G. B. D.: ‘Troy, the city in flames, exile, saved by *Juno*, the face in flame.’ M.: ‘Yes. *Neptune*.’ G. B. D.: ‘What about *Neptune*?’ M.: ‘I thought it would fit in splendidly. As it all goes in.’ (Pause.) G. B. D.: ‘Are there any other names belonging to this that you can give me?’ M.: ‘You see it comes back to my memory by degrees.’”

Mrs. Verrall may be right, probably is, but the poor memory of Myers, Hodgson, and others regarding the Æneid or anything else their mediums are not in key with, I cannot reconcile with their good memory for matters within the medium’s knowledge and sympathy.

I continue with Mrs. Verrall’s examination (pp. 63-4):

“Readers of the *Aeneid* will remember the famous passage where the storm sent upon *Aeneas* by *Aeolus* at *Juno*’s request, is calmed by the appearance of *Neptune* (*Aen.* I. 125). It is therefore appropriate that the name *Neptune* should be at once introduced among reminiscences of the first *Aeneid*. The name is repeated with emphasis by Myers when the cross-correspondence messages are again enumerated, and later in answer to a suggestion from the sitter not to ‘try to connect things together unless they come to you so,’ Myers replies: ‘Like *Neptune*.’

“No definite reminiscences can be traced in the later remarks

at this sitting about 'her love of the exile and she restores him,' and 'built, she built a,—she goes up with her love the exile.' But in view of what follows in subsequent sittings I think it possible that we have here a first emergence of Dido and her part in the poem.

"At the risk of seeming fanciful I hazard conjectures to account for the incorrect or unexplained statements above described. At the first reading neither Torius nor Teusis conveyed any meaning to me, but Mr. Piddington suggested that the word which appears as Torius or Tarius may be intended for Troius, the inversion of two letters being not uncommon in Piper script. Aeneas is called Troius in the first book (I. 596). The followers of Aeneas are called throughout the poem indifferently Trojans, Teucrians, and Dardanians, from the names of three heroes of the race, Tros, Teucer, Dardanus. If Torius recalls Troius, perhaps Teusis is aimed at Teucer.

"Again, the mistake about Juno is perhaps explicable if we suppose a confusion between two passages very familiar to classical readers, in the first *Aeneid* and the fifth book of the *Odyssey*. In both the hero, after much wandering, is lost in a god-sent storm and saved by the interposition of a god. In *Odyssey* V. Odysseus is saved by Ino from the storm sent by Poseidon (Neptune). In *Aeneid* I. it is by Neptune that Aeneas is saved from the storm roused by Juno's wrath. Possibly the similarity of the names Ino and Juno may have aided the confusion. That there was confusion in the trance between Homer and Virgil is clear, for though the name of the poem is said to be *Aeneid*, a repeated request for the name of the poet produces in the word 'blind' an unmistakable allusion to the writer, not of the *Aeneid*, but of the *Odyssey*."

Now a supporter of the telepathic hypothesis (I support it in this case and do not in some others) would say: All this seems to me to defeat itself—not to contain anything which both Mrs. Piper and Miss Verrall could not have got from Mr. Dorr: the range here is not too wide for the modest claims he makes; and therefore possible telepathy between Mr. Dorr and Mrs. Piper does away with all certainty that a surviving Myers spoke through Mrs. Piper or Miss Verrall. In view of hosts of similar cases, Miss Verrall's distance in England need not have made any difficulty. But Mrs. Verrall takes a different view. She says (Pr. XXIV, 60):

"A personality claiming to have access to the memories of Frederic Myers ought to be able to show a knowledge of this poem not only beyond anything attainable by the medium, but considerably exceeding the knowledge of the sitter. This I be-

lieve to have been the case. Amid much error and confusion we get indications, as I think, that the increasing knowledge shown is due to the revival of once familiar memories, and not to the acquisition of information, or to the development of suggestion from the sitter."

Another explanation may be worth considering. Is not the general clearness and veridicity of the controls—especially Hodgson, inconsistent with the theory of faded memories? Does it not look more as if the difficulty might be with the medium? While the conversation is within the comprehension of Mrs. Piper, Hodgson, for instance, in his new capacity of spiritual control, bubbles over with vivacity and reminiscence, but when he is attacked with anything outside the comprehension of Mrs. Piper, he is struck dumb, and, though he certainly knew enough to translate Latin sentences which every schoolboy knows, goes to get Myers to help him. Myers generally, in the script, so far as relates to matters that his mediums can understand, is as much his old self as Hodgson—even his old scholarly self with Mrs. Verrall, who is a scholar; when he comes to Mrs. Piper, he is at first hardly more of a scholar than she is, but gradually finds his way back to something like his original powers.

I have been struck with another apparent inconsistency all through the script. When the controls are not "put to it" for anything special, they are as bright as anybody else; as soon as anything evidential is required, they generally lapse into idiocy, and emerge again by slow degrees, except as the conversation departs from the test topic: then they suddenly recover their faculties, but relapse again when the test difficulty is before them.

On the spiritistic hypothesis, the first guess suggested by these facts is that the communicators must work their way through the medium with degrees of difficulty varying inversely as the medium's knowledge of the subject on which the controls wish to communicate; and where the knowledge is slight, it takes time to prepare the channels in the medium's brain, so to speak, for carrying the message.

Or to express it differently, take the vague conception of the cosmic consciousness, of which our consciousnesses are fluctuating parts—our share of it varying, just as our share

of the cosmic energy varies. The medium needs time to receive telepathically and accumulate from the cosmic consciousness any knowledge outside the range of her own mind. Ordinarily the cosmic inflow can manifest through her the respective portions of itself constituting Myers' mind or Hodgson's mind, only so far as her mind has the same receptive capacity as one of them; but by constant pushing, so to speak, or one might say, teaching, her mind is gradually opened, for at least the temporary passing of the thought. Until that is done, they must wait; and only so far as it is done, can they go; hence their frequent vagueness, and their varying clearness with different mediums.

This guess is of course vague and paradoxical as (I hope I am not wearisome in repeating) all guesses in these regions must be; but it may contain some adumbration of the truth; and does it not seem as probable as the fading memory theory? It is certainly more comfortable.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE PIPER-JUNOT SITTINGS

THE S. P. R. again disregarded chronology in leaving until Volume XXIV the report of "The Junot Sittings," which were conducted by Hodgson from June 18, 1899, until November 22, 1905, within a few weeks of his death.

I have followed the Society's example in bringing them in after the other matter I have quoted, because, everything considered, to most readers, perhaps to all, they will appear a fitting climax—to those who scoff they may seem the climax of absurdity; and for those who regard the matter seriously, they probably will hold the climax of interest.

Not the least interesting point is that they show Hodgson in the beneficent activity of his later years as a consoler of the afflicted.

Their main interest, however, is in their appeal to widespread sympathies, and their encouragement of widespread hopes.

For most readers but special and laborious students, these sittings seem to me, on the whole, the most satisfactory material I know, and Hodgson regarded them very highly.

Yet there is little or nothing about them evidential in the ordinary sense, but much that may be in other senses, including the dramatic verisimilitude and the apparent "growing up" of the control.

I regret the great but inevitable inadequacy of the scraps for which alone I have room. If they interest you much, get Part LXI of Vol. XXIV.

There are sixty-five sittings. Hodgson was present at all but one: so they were conducted and reported unusually well. They are edited by Miss Helen Verrall, who was one of the little girls in the sittings in Vol. XIII. Most of the usual defective punctuation and capitalization has been tolerated.

The names are all pseudonyms. The chief communicator is called Bennie Junot. He died on September 5, 1898, at

the age of seventeen. The surviving family consisted of his father, mother, brother "Roble," and sister Helen. A generous supply of the fundamental virtues made the family, including Bennie, unusually attractive, and it is well worth while to read the sittings, at least till repetition becomes excessive, if only for the picture they give of a model family life.

Miss Verrall says (Pr. XXIV, 352f.) that the records

"do not present to those who have read the earlier reports on Mrs. Piper's trance-phenomena any new or startling features. But the cumulative effect of the evidence, taken as a whole, is striking, on account of the unusually small proportion of error, confusion and irrelevance, and there are many points of psychological interest [for which I wish I had space. H.H.]... amongst the statements which must be described as incorrect, only a small proportion are wholly false or meaningless. Many contain some phrase or word perfectly relevant and intelligible, round which is woven a tissue of false interpretations....."

"With a few exceptions...no information was given in the trance...that had not been known at some time to some members of Bennie Junot's family, but many of the clearest and most correct statements were made not in their presence but when Dr. Hodgson was alone. [So we are at least driven from telepathy from the sitter. H.H.]...there is nothing in the evidential part of the communications which provably transcends telepathy between living minds...Perhaps the incident most difficult to explain in this way is that concerning John Welsh...On February 11, 1902, Mr. Junot sent a message through his son Bennie [via Mrs. Piper. H.H.] to a former coachman of his, Hugh Irving, who had been dead some months, asking where 'the dog Rounder' was. Hugh Irving had left Mr. Junot's service about two months before his death, and taken the dog with him. In the waking-stage on April 2, 1902, it is stated that 'John Welsh has Rounder,'...and it was through his attempts to find John Welsh that Mr. Junot recovered the dog...Neither Mr. Junot nor any of his family had ever to their knowledge heard of John Welsh (at any rate under that name), still less of his connection with Hugh Irving and possible connection with the dog. Doubtless people could have been found to whom all these facts were known, but they were not people with whom Mrs. Piper had ever been brought into contact....."

NOTE.—The notes in round brackets were made at the sitting by the person responsible for the management of it, that is, in almost all cases, by Dr. Hodgson. The notes in square brackets

are comments added afterwards by the persons whose initials are appended to them.

1ST SITTING. (PR. XXIV, 355.)

June 19, 1899.

Present: *N. B. Junot and R. H.*

(S.* remarked before the trance began: "It was nearly freezing when I left C—.")

(Rector writes.) †

"Hail thou friend why come to us in sorrow

Why needst thou weep when all is well and ever will be.

We will find thy friends for thee and bring them here....."

"We see among our friends here [*i.e.* in Rector's world. H.H.] a young man who seems dazed and puzzled. He is not near enough to us for us to give him much help at the moment but will be presently."

"R. H. [to S.] 'Follow?' S.—'Yes, I understand.' R.—'George [Pelham. H.H.] is here with him and trying to urge him to come closer... that he may see into thy world more clearly.' Bennie Junot [perhaps literally reported by R., as so often said to be done. H.H.]—'I hear... I hear some thing. Where is my mother—I want very much to see her.—I can breathe easier now [again a "spirit's" need of material air! Possibly genuine but metaphorical. H.H.]—I want to go home now... And take up my studies and go on... I see some one who looks like my father—I want to see him very much.' S.—'Speak on, Bennie, tell us all about yourself.' (Much excitement.) [In hand. H.H.] B.—'I... I want to see you awfully... I' [My son used "awfully" in this way frequently.—N.B.J.]

R. H.—'Take your time. Take your time. Be quite calm.'

"B.—'Father—papa—papa—Pa—Pa—father. I hear something strange... can it be your voice.' S.—'Yes, Bennie, it's daddy.' B.—'I... You hear me... do you hear me—I... wonder how I can reach you as I long to do. I heard all you said... And I want to tell you where I am. (Hand moves towards R. H.) You are not my father.' R. H.—'Kindly listen one moment. I am with your father, and I have brought your father here for you to free your mind to him.' B.—'And can I do so now.' R. H.—'Yes, fire away, take your time and be

*Mr. Junot was introduced to Mrs. Piper anonymously, according to Dr. Hodgson's usual practice. He is therefore referred to here as S. (=sitter) and not by his initials. [Though they appear later both in the report and in his comments. H. H.]

†Throughout these sittings Rector is in control of the medium and acts as amanuensis, except where there is a statement to the contrary.

quite calm.'... B.—'I want to see father more than any one except mama.' S.—'Bennie, tell me what to say to your mother.' B.—'Oh she is so sad, tell her I called her the other day and I could not make her hear me. I love her so, but... wait till I think it over and I will say it all.' S.—'Are you happy where you are?' B.—'I wish I could hear you. You were so good to me... Do you ride any now.' S.—'Yes, sweetheart,—yes, sweetheart, and think of you every day when I ride.' B.—'I often think how I used to go with you.' S.—'Do you remember your ride in the West?' (Much excitement.) B.—'I do very well. *Yes I do.* I remember it all and do you remember what happened to me. Do you remember anything about a storm dad.....'

"R. H.—'Write that word again, Rector, please.' R.—'Sounds like S t O R M—Rain.' S.—'Let me ask *him* a question.' B.—'Oh so many things are going through my head.' S.—'Who went with you on your ride in the West?' B.—'Will you say it again... who was with me... I...?' R. H.—'The father says, "Who was with you in your ride in the West?"' B.—'Father says... I... who... I want to know about Harry.' [Harry was a cowboy friend of my son with whom he took a long horseback journey in the West.—N.B.J.] S.—'That's right.' B.—'Tell him I remember it well... I...?' S.—'Yes, he wrote your mother lately. Harry's gone South. He's gone away South.' B.—'And he is a good fellow and do you know I liked him very much and I thought he sent the photograph to her.' [After my son's death, Harry having reached a town sent his photograph.—N. B. J.] S.—'He did, yes, he did.' B.—'I heard her say it looked like him. I am very happy now, better than ever before. I saw her when she was so ill.' [His mother suffered an illness not long after his death.—N.B.J.] S.—'Bennie, what are you doing now? What are you doing now, Bennie?' B.—'What am I doing—why pa [?] dear—I am doing everything, writing—reading—studying, and am generally happy. Do you hear me I am getting... clearing I think. I often... I often think I hear you calling me.' S.—'Yes, we call for you often, dearie.' B.—'And when mother sits in that chair by the window I hear her say—Oh if I could only see you dear. Ask her.....'

"B.—'Did Harry say he would send me any message. Speak slowly dad or I cannot hear all you say.' S.—'Mama wrote and told Harry that you had gone away and left us.' B.—'I wonder what he thought when he heard that. Give him my love and tell him I will never forget the good times we had together.....'

"B.—'Who was that who tried to call me back. I did not like her. Who was that who tried to call me back. I did...?' [A harmonica [one of the articles brought for "influence." H.H.] had long been carried by my boy. I learned after the

sitting on my return to the West that an old nurse had asked for it and had carried it to a medium of her acquaintance, hoping for some communication, but had returned it to my wife saying that she had heard nothing.—N. B. J.]”

“S.—‘Do you see mother and papa drive out South sometimes?’ B.—‘Of course I do. I told . . . out to where they took my body.’ S.—‘Ah, sure, Bennie, your mind’s clear enough.’ B.—‘And I see the flowers mother put there (not read at once) they’”

Throughout the sittings he gives accounts of teloptic visions of what must have been nearly all their visits to the cemetery (of which I quote a very small portion)—describes the flowers they take, arrangements they make in the lot, etc. Are these mere telepathy from the sitters, or teloteropathy from the parents when Hodgson alone is sitting in their behalf?

(Pr. XXIV, 369):

“B.—‘Well, pa, do you mind if I tell you something which is on my mind.’ S.—‘No, go on, Bennie, tell everything.’ B.—‘I want very much to send a message to mother who knows more about it than any one. Tell her dear pa that I left two or three *letters* in my little *case* written to *me* by L, and I do not wish any one to see them but *her*.’ S.—‘Yes, dearie.’ B.—‘I know perfectly well what I mean, and she will know too. . . . I am anxious about this as I did not realize I was going to leave as I did. There is nothing else on my mind that makes me feel like this.’”

He harped on these letters through many sittings, but none were found to account for any anxiety beyond that of a rather unusually systematic boy, which he seems to have been.

“‘And I want to say one thing more . . . would you mind going out . . . come here dad I want to speak to you about . . .’ (R. H. goes out.) S.—‘What is it?’ B.—‘Do not bother me now. I want to speak to you about . . .’ S.—‘Write on.’ B.—‘L en a [or Laura?] do you remember *her* . . . Laura [?] and Harris . . . H A R R I S. Do you know what I mean.’ S.—‘I do not know.’ B.—‘I want you to remember . . . Af . . . Alfred . . . where is he . . . *at home*.’ . . . [A near neighbor and friend of my son.—N. B. J.] S.—‘He’s married now.’ B.—‘Since I left.’ S.—‘Yes, since you left.’ B.—‘Is he all right.’ S.—‘No, he’s not well.’ B.—‘I am so happy to see you. I never felt as I do now. I am telling you about Alfred . . . about Alfred . . . I . . . yes because I remember all about him’”

It is characteristic of the new and apparently confused communicator that he should seem to be on the brink of something important, as when he sent Hodgson out of the room, and then apparently lose sight of it. He dropped the girl at once, and now doesn't ask what ails his friend. The later sittings show much less of this sort of thing.

Then begin some of the novel attempts to write his name. He keeps on through several sittings before he gets it in full.

3RD SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,379.)

July 6, 1899.

Present: R. H.

(G. P. writes)

"R. H.—'George, any message from Bennie?' [Hand reaches out.] B.—'..... I am so glad about the horse—I do not know what to say.'"

[Extract from letter of N. B. J., July 12, 1899. "When I was with you Bennie asked that his horse be given to his little sister. I... wired to C— to stop the sale of the horse, which was done just in time... and the children and especially 'Uncle Willie' have been using him a great deal."]

4TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,380f.)

March 5, 1900.

Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

"(Rector writes. Excitement and turmoil in hand. Cross in air. Much excitement at first in the following writing.) [Owing presumably to this being the first time the mother had appeared. H.H.] 'Dad—Dad—Dad—yes I am coming dear... wait until I pass through the light and I will meet you once more. It is I, Bennie don't you know me.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we hear you.' B.—'I see mama I am so glad so glad... oh do you know all I feel for you... Dad dear, do you remember all I told you and mama about myself before.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I remember all you said before.' B.—'Did you hear me when I came into your room a few weeks ago.' N. B. J.—'I thought I did. But I was not sure. What did you do?' B.—'I came in and walked over to you and made a noise, did you hear it?' N. B. J.—'I thought I did, but I was not sure.' B.—'Well you may be sure now.' (Perturbation in hand.)"

Through the sittings Bennie seems to think himself possessed of some telekinetic power to make noises and prevent accidents, but there is no clear evidence that it was ever manifested. Mrs. Piper had none: she never produced any table-tipping or raps or other noises. Possibly Bennie could have shown it through a medium possessing it.

“Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, I often think you come to me. Do you?’ B.—‘Come to you...yes indeed I do and mama there is no doubt about it. I do see and know a great deal about you and the things you do. I see all the pictures of myself and all my own work.’ [We have a great many pictures of Bennie lately placed in our rooms—also various pieces of his handiwork.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, are you happy?’ B.—‘Happy, yes, very, and I wish you to be also. Promise me and I will never say any more about the past, believe mama dear that it is all right. I know it is.’ Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, I feel happier now that I have seen you.’ B.—‘Well you will dear if you will only listen and in a way talk to me. I would like something at this moment dear.’ (R. H. passes parcel of articles to N. B. J. to undo.) B.—‘And it will help me to keep clear...and in a...’ Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, who met you when you left me? Who met you in the light that you are now in?’ B.—‘Didn’t dad tell you if not I will in a few moments...just give me something. (Articles felt by hand, which chooses *spur*.) I only wish to get help so I can remain. Yes, all right now how is Roble—give him my love and tell him I am so glad he is doing well. And then I have a few things to tell you about this life.....’”

“Mrs. J.—‘Do you remember that day you were sick and we talked so long?’ B.—‘Oh yes I do very well. You thought you knew about this, and I remember you were somewhat troubled, but I told you I was going to be all right.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, you did tell me. You said you were better.’ B.—‘Yes and I was right. Believe me dear I am all right. Do you remember you said you did not know what you should do if anything should happen to me, and I answered don’t worry I shall come out all right.’ [This is recognized.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, but I didn’t want you to leave us, to leave me.’ B.—‘But I did not leave you dear, don’t you see. I—I did not leave—I am really Bennie N J...J.’ Mrs. J.—‘I understand, Bennie, do you want to write your name?’ B.—‘Do you want me to...’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes. Yes, if you can.’ B.—‘B E N J A M I N.’ Mrs. J.—‘Good.’ B.—‘R O B L E J U N O T.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, that is right. Do you remember your middle name?’ [Roble is not his own middle name, but his brother’s first name. H.H.] B.—‘I do write it or speak... H...H.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, that is right.’ B.—‘H A E R [?] [H H E R ?]’ Mrs. J.—‘No.’ [Perhaps an attempt to repeat Harrison. See Pr.XXIV,374.—H. de G. V.]”

He had come near it at that part of the report, which I do not quote. Miss Verrall says (Pr. XXIV, 139):

"There is no evidence of [Mrs. Piper's] having seen the name, and some reason to suppose that she is not likely to have seen it."

"R. H. (to Mrs. J.)—'Let him...let them [i.e. Bennie and Rector. H.H.] get it themselves.' B.—'...I am tired a little... let me rest and I will tell you soon dear. Dad why are you so quiet and why don't you talk to me...?' N. B. J.—'Bennie, I thought you wanted to talk to your mother. Tell me about the old farm when you can.' B.—'Yes indeed I will. Do you remember the time I tried to tell you?' N. B. J.—'Yes. I remember. But we've been there since.' B.—'Oh yes indeed, that I know too, and about my horse dad I think you told me you would not let him go.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, papa kept him. Yes.' B.—'Yes, I know it very well. I only remind him that I do not forget anything he says to me. Do you not tell me about sister.....'

"B.—'Could you let me see my mother all alone.' R. H.—'Yes, we will go out if you wish and Rector thinks well.' R.—'I think friend he is confused a little and could be kept very quiet by letting him be free U. D.' (N. B. J. and R. H. go out.) B.—'I want to see you Mama, as I did before I came here and he confuses me.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I can read it.' B.—'Well Dearest then listen to me.' (Hand kept motioning and sifter said 'Do you want me to write?') B.—'Yes if you wish, but I want to tell you who I met here: whom I have met here. I met May the first one and she said Come to me Bennie and I will take care of you.' [His cousin May passed out only a few weeks before his death.—N. B. J.]....."

"Mrs. J.—'Is she with you?' B.—'Also Grandpa.' Mrs. J.—'Is he with you?' B.—'Yes he is.' Mrs. J.—'He did not meet you, did he?' B.—'No, he came here after I did Dear—yes...and I met him also.' Mrs. J.—'And was he not surprised to see you?' B.—'Yes very. And oh Mama so glad...Yes Dear he sends love to you now and Grandma also.'....."

".....'Pa did you know Grandpa was here and sees you now.' N. B. J.—'Which grandpa?' B.—'Grandpa Junot, Dad,—and he sends love to you. I looked out for him and took him to this world... Yes.'"

Of the grandpas, Miss Verrall has this remark to make after the next sitting, when Mrs. Junot assumed the first one alluded to to be her own father (Pr. XXIV, 400):

"This suggestion was accepted by the communicator, who did not, however, make any statement showing to which of his grandfathers he had referred....."

"At the [present. H.H.] sitting of March 6, N. B. J. informed Bennie that Grandpa Junot's death had preceded his own and at the next sitting...Bennie says that 'Grandpa

Junot came here some time ago and since then I have seen my other Grandpa.'

"It seems to me possible that it was Grandpa Junot that Bennie had in mind when he first alluded to 'Grandpa,' but that his statement was confused, as often happens, by the tendency of the controls to acquiesce in the sitter's interpretation."
—H. de G. V.]

(Pr.XXIV,388):

"N. B. J.—'Have you seen my mother?' B.—'Yes I did (hand points back to written pages) and she told me to tell you dear Dad that she had taken care of you ever since she came here, and no matter what you do she will still watch over you. She told me these words for you and Helen. Oh dear I know every thing so well. Do you miss me at the farm when you go. And if you do, you need no more—I am there when I wish. . . .' Mrs. J.—'Shall we not call back Dr. Hodgson? Do you want him?' B.—'Yes I do now. (R. H. returns.) B. H. J.' Mrs. J.—'“B. H. J.” The way he signed his name.' [The signature of his initials is wonderfully like his own signature.—N. B. J.] B.—'I . . . I am all I claim to be.'

(Waking Stage.)

“See the young man with the light hair up in the clouds with Rector—I want to go too. I want to go too. Did you hear the song that boy was singing?”

“R. H.—'What was it? What was he singing?' 'Swanee River—Swanee River.'”

He had reminded his father of his singing this song, two sittings before, and alludes to it later.

5TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,389f.)

March 6, 1900.

Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

“B.—. . . 'Good night mama, dear, I just spied you out. How you . . . I see you.' Mrs. J.—'I am well Bennie. Do you want to ask me any questions?' B.—'Yes, only a few, because I have something to tell you. . . . I have followed you many times and especially when you and dad have been out driving. . . . I almost never see you but that you do not speak of me and it makes me very happy. Do you hear me now . . . the Good Priest [Imperator] is helping me to keep my thoughts clear.'

“B.—'The one thing which has troubled me more than anything since I came to this life is the thought of dear mamma's feeling that she could do more for me. I tell you now that she did all she could and nothing could have kept me in the body. Do you hear me dear. . . . And the time is coming when

you will see me walking about with you mama. Remember I tell you so.....'

"B.—'What is the trouble with Aunt Helen's teeth.' (Sitters laugh a little.) Mrs. J.—'Bennie, her teeth trouble her. That is all. (to N. B. J.) That's very funny.' B.—'Well grandma wanted to know and so did I because we saw her walking around holding on to her teeth.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, she goes to the dentist very often.' B.—'Well you tell her not worry about it and I don't think they will trouble her.....'"

6TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,400-412.)

March 7, 1900.

Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

"B.—'And dad do you remember the new stall you had put in for my pony.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, that is right....' B.—'I do wish I could think what I called him. I know every thing so well before I speak, then I lose it.... Helen

"'I think of the long things that used to grow, and we got a bunch for Helen one Sunday before we went home and she took them home with her tied...(pause)...tied with a bit of ribbon...what were they ma...long brown tops...' Mrs. J.—'Cat o'nine tails. (Excitement in hand.) Yes, indeed, that is just what they were dear but I could not think the name.'... [Is that telepathy from Sitter? H.H.]

"..... B.—'I want you to know I have not forgotten everything dear.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, you remember better than I do.' [Would be accounted for on the guess that the post-carnate mind taps the rest of the cosmic mind more easily than the incarnate mind does. This calls for the usual guess that it does not so easily communicate to the incarnate. H.H.] B.—'Well I don't U. D. that very well, but I think I would rather have you know where I am than anything. Are you happy dad dear.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we're happy now, since we've heard from you.' B.—'Are you going to get worried any more?' N. B. J.—'Not if I can help it.' B.—'Well don't.... I asked mama that many times before I came here and I want you to say you won't. Speak, dear. Say you will not.' Mrs. J.—'I will not, Bennie....' B.—'And will you tell Roble too.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I will tell Roble. Do you know how much he misses you?' B.—'Yes, I do indeed... and I only hope he will not any more. It troubles me to have you worry, and it is the only thing that does really trouble me here. I know so well when you do worry, dear....' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I will try not to worry.' B.—'Oh I will be glad, but when I tell you and Pa and this man [Hodgson? H.H.] all I know, I will not have to be troubled any more, will I?'

"R. H.—'He is a little dreamy now?' B.—'Yes, and going

for a moment.' R.—'Friend, I think if there is any thing we can do we will, but if we could ask thee to go a little way off for a time it might help us to keep him. (R. H. goes out.) + We will now prevent confusion. Come back'... (Prolonged pause.) B.—'Yes dad here I am again... my head is getting clear since that man named... called George went away with his father.' R.—'That is thy father friend.' [G. P.'s father is living: "his father" evidently referred to Hodgson's. H.H.] R. H.—'I understand.' [Apparently my father came to give some message to me, and G. P. took him away. His coming or his presence helped to confuse Bennie.—R. H.]... B.—[Apparently had at first mistaken R. H. for his father. Is this "put up"? H.H.]

7TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,412-.)

March 19, 1900.

Present: R. H.

".....B.—'Well, dad, dear, are you aware that I went with you and mama the day before this to see the old lot and its earthly mound [?] [Not understood.—N. B. J.] [Suggests his grave, his parents' excursions to which, he alluded to very often. H.H.] Well I heard all you said, but do not feel disturbed about me any more or in any way because I am better than you can possibly know. (Hand makes several curious slight jerks in my [Hodgson's? H.H.] direction.) Are you dad's friend?' R. H.—'Yes, Bennie. Your father is well known to me, and he is looking forward to receiving your messages to him and your mother through me. He will write you a letter, and another time when I get it, I shall read it to you, and I hope also from your mother. But you remember that this is near Boston, and they must write, and letters will take time.' B.—'Is Boston East of West... oh yes I remember. Well I U. D. all right—I have much to tell them all.' R. H.—'Good.' B.—'You are a friend I know and I will just free my mind, that is what I'll do.....'

"B.—'I can hear the Piano going now, is it Helen (11:26 A.M.)—yes it is—I must help her all I can. [On the afternoon of March 19, R. H. sent the following telegram to Mrs. Junot: 'Was Helen playing piano about twenty-five minutes past eleven this morning? Hodgson.' He received the following reply from Mrs. J., which was delivered at his office the next morning: 'Helen was playing piano this morning about quarter or half past eleven. K. H. Junot.'] [Extract from letter from N. B. J. of March 19, 1900: 'Helen is usually in school in the mornings, but this morning she had a cold and, as the weather was bad, she was allowed to stay home, and from about 10:30 to 11:30¹ she was playing on the piano.']*....."

[¹This time covers the hour at which Bennie's message was given, allowing for the difference between Boston and C—time.—H.de G.V.]

".....'Such fun as Roble and I used to have you never saw.' R. H.—'Yes, I used to have jolly times myself, Bennie, when I was a young fellow.' B.—'Did you, did you have a brother like mine?' R. H.—'I have a brother about seven years younger than myself. One of my chums when I was your age was my cousin Fred. [See pp. 410 and 557. H.H.] Ask Rector to introduce him to you, and he can tell you about some of the fun we used to have.' B.—'Well I will, that will be fine for me. He perhaps can help me. Well I am awfully glad I know you. I love music dearly, do you...?' R. H.—'Yes, I used to play the violin.' B.—'Oh yes jolly. King of instruments.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Well, we have great music here I tell you, can you hear it at all?' R. H.—'No, my senses are too shut in.' B.—'Well, that is too bad, can I do any thing for you?' R. H.—'I fear not, thank you. I must wait till I get to your side.' B.—'Oh yes well that will be all right then won't it. Yes. Well, I begin to U. D. better I think. You are in the body. That is it. All right. Now let me tell you all I can before I get too weak. (Pause.)....."

"B.—'What is your real name if you do not mind telling me before I get too far away.' R. H.—'My name is Richard Hodgson...H o d g s o n.' B.—'Not H U D S O N.' R. H.—'No, indeed.' B.—'but H O D...spell it again.' R. H.—'H o d g s o n' (Articles held up by hand, as if to help B. to stay a little longer.) B.—'H O D G S O N.' R. H.—'That's right.' B.—'Good. I won't forget it.'"

8TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,420-.)

March 27, 1900.

Present: R. H.

"B.—'Well well did you know that I am beginning to see you more clearly friend. It is I Bennie.' R. H.—'Well, Bennie, do you want to tell me first anything that you have ready, or... (Hand points to where I had letter on chair from Mrs. Junot.) R. H.—'Read?' B.—'Yes, dad's letter to me oh do. Oh I will do all I possibly can to help him to know where I am dear friend.' R. H.—'Yes. Bennie, I have a short letter from your mother, and I think that your father must have sent his letter to my office instead of to my own rooms. So I will read your mother's.' [Why shouldn't Bennie have been able to read the letter himself, if he was able to see everything going on at the farm? H.H.] B.—'It will make me just as happy, but you told me you would didn't you?' R. H.—'Yes. I thought I would have had your father's, but you know it is a long way off.' B.—'Yes from Boston.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Yes all right I hear and it is all right.'

"R. H. (reads) 'My dear Bennie:

'As I shall not have an opportunity to talk with you again for some time, perhaps a very long time, I want you to send

me a message by Dr. Hodgson who has very kindly consented to receive it and send it to me.

'Tell me of some incident which happened during the last year of your life on earth with us, either during the summer vacation or the winter before. I know that it is you, but I should like to have something which would be a strong proof of your identity to other members of the family. I have not yet verified all that you told me when I last talked with you, but some of the incidents I remember well, particularly that of the cat-o'-nine-tails, and I well remember how you and Roble used to play at the creek. Do you remember how I always said to you "Be a good boy?" Well, Bennie, dear, still be a good boy and some day we shall all meet together and be even happier than we were when you were with us on earth.

'Your loving mother.'

"(Hand assented and showed emotion at several places, especially at the 'Be a good boy.')

"B.—'... Oh that has helped me so much, my dear good friend and tell her God knows we will all meet again here in His presence and be happier than *she* can ever know until she comes and tell her when she does I will watch for her and be at the door with my arms open to meet her and show her where to go. I am so conscious of all that takes place with her that it is like being with her all the time, even though she cannot U. D. it. I have been thinking of Uncle Gene a good deal of late and wondering if he was coming over here to meet me soon. I shall know before he does come.' [Uncle Gene is an uncle who is very fond of young people and to whom Bennie was much attached.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Do you remember dad dear anything about Uncle Thomas and how he looked.' [Not understood at all. No Thomas in family connections at any time.—N. B. J.] [Perhaps some confusion over the 'Thomas' mentioned in connection with the Major. See. Pr.XXIV,414.—H. de G. V.] If you see Ernest tell him Allie sends... also... love. [Ernest and Alice not known.—N. B. J.] Do you think I will be better able to keep my thoughts clear soon and not jump from one thing to another.' [The communicator seems conscious himself that he is not clear at this point.—H. de G. V.]

"R. H.—'Yes, Bennie. You will be better later on. I shall see you next time, you know, once more, I think to-morrow, and you will be clearer then even than now.' B.—'Well that is just what this man George told me.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'And I begin to feel at home with you already.....'

9TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,425f.)

March 28, 1900.

Present: R. H.

"Bennie writes: (This is the only time during these sittings that Bennie himself acts as control.)

(Movements in hand, not violent, suggesting new control. Same pencil given. Fingers feel it, place it on block-book, so that it lies flat on book, lift it up and down a little, tapping various times with it lengthways transversely across book, then raise it and cast it to the front across the room. Fresh pencil offered, not accepted, but hand pats block-book over, round the edges and over surface with hand slightly hollowed, palm down, patting with distal joints of fingers. Then hand is held up as if the back were being inspected by some one just behind it, then turned round as if showing the palm for inspection, then bent backwards and forwards at the wrist, all as if for the inspection of a person just behind. Finally the hand took up the ordinary writing position on the block-book. The time occupied by these movements was about from three to five minutes. I was about to place the fresh pencil in the usual place, between first and second fingers, but the hand moved a little, as if rejecting that position, and seized the pencil between the second and third fingers, so that it passed between the proximal joints of the second and third fingers and was held near the point by the ends of thumb and first finger.—R. H.)

“‘Yes, here I am Bennie and He is teaching me how to speak, this is a queer place I think and I am wondering how I got here with you. I feel quite happy to know I can come myself. I am Bennie and you are Mr. Hodgson. They tell me I am doing well.’ R. H.—‘Yes, very good indeed, Bennie. First-rate.....’

“‘B.—‘Tell me if you hear me, do you hear me or do you see me or how do you do?’ R. H.—‘Suppose that you went to see a lady when you were in the body. And she went into what looked something like sleep. Now suppose while she was resting her head on cushions, her right hand showed signs of intelligence, and you put a pencil in it, and the hand should begin to write on paper, a block-book which you place under the hand. Now that is just what happens.’ B.—‘Well that is queer too because I hear you and I see you very clearly and I talk to you because I am using my own mind and I see just what you are wishing me to do.’ R. H.—‘Yes.’ B.—‘Yes I like you pretty well already because I think you are a friend of dad’s aren’t you?’ R. H.—‘Yes. I... (Hand starts to write, turns to Spirit, then to me to listen.) [The hand of the medium sometimes stretches forward, as though to some one standing in front of her.—H. de G. V.]

“‘R. H.—‘Shall I read his letter to you or do you wish first to tell anything special yourself?’ B.—‘I would like to hear from him as it may help me to think more clearly than I do now. Did you hear that spirit [apparently Rector or G. P. Possibly Imperator, who seems to have honored Bennie with more attention than he gives most people. He is a great mystery be-

cause it seems so easy, and yet not quite possible, to make him out a humbug. H.H.] tell me to look up when He spoke to me? (To *look up* apparently corresponds to stretching up the hand to Spirit.) R. H.—'No.' (I reach for Mr. Junot's letter.) B.—'He tells me to keep quiet and hear you. Well tell me something.' R. H.—'Your father writes to you. He meant me to get this before I came here the last time, I think, but I found it after I got back to where I live. He says: "Dear Bennie: . . . Roble says he well remembers the seat that you made by the maple trees up near the locust grove."' [N.B. Throughout this report, passages in full quotations ("thus") are from the letter. H.H.] (Excitement.) B.—'Dear dad. Go on.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Excuse me if I weep it is only with joy.'

I hope you got a laugh out of this. You did if you remember when "Excuse me if I weep" was current slang. I got the laugh, and yet I am entirely disposed to take it all seriously.

"R. H.—'All right, Bennie. . . Roble "says it was still there last summer," the *seat*. "Also Roble says that 'Scrub' was the name of the game of ball that you played so much.'" B.—'Did you not see me throw one when I came in.' [Perhaps this refers to the throwing of the pencil across the room, as above described.—R. H.] R. H.—'You mean this time?' B.—'Yes. I often used to do this when I went in against the house.' [He played hand ball against wall often.—N. B. J.]

"R. H.—'Also. . . "Roble wants to know if you remember the slide on the bull-pen.'" (Excitement.) B.—'Well I think I do and will I ever forget it. Ask him who got the worst of it, —him or me.' R. H.—'Also whether you have seen Sammy.'" B.—'Well yes I have and Sport also. [Sport was the name of our stable dog that died of old age some years ago.—N. B. J.] Yes, I am glad to hear from you—Oh so glad. Ask Roble if he remembers who cut the hole in the . . . the Barn Yard fence. [Not recalled.—N. B. J.] and what it was done for.' R. H.—'I suppose that's *one on Roble?*' B.—'Well it is. I have two or three which I will just remind him of occasionally.' R. H.—'Yes. "Also do not forget to tell my mother [This being a message from Mr. Junot to Bennie's grandparents in his world. H.H.] that I received and understood her loving words, and tell my father that I thank him for the love he sent.'" B.—'He gave me Walter.' R. H.—'Your grandfather?' B.—'Yes.' [Not correct.—N. B. J.] R. H.—'and that as I have grown older I have learned to understand him better.'" B.—'He will be so glad to know this I tell you, he often tells me of dad.' R. H.—'and that I hope to meet him in your world and understand him better still.'""

Sittings generally abound in explanations of this sort between parents and children. Genuine or not, some of it is very touching, and the weight of it is very distinctly on the side of "evidence."

"B.—'Well you will dear this I know well. He often says your father is very dear to me and although he was left more or less to himself I will take him to my heart when he comes to us.' R. H.—'Good. "Give my love to all our friends who are with you, and do not forget to render to Imperator and Rector and George and all others who have aided you in communicating with us our heartfelt thanks and reverence for their great kindness."

"Your "ten cent script" is now in your little cabinet in your room. Daddy will keep it in memory of you. Do not forget us, Bennie, and let us hear from you whenever you can well do so. With great love,

"Daddy."

(Assents) [*i.e.*, hand does. H.H.]

"B.—'Do you wonder I am happy.' R. H.—'No, indeed.' '.....Well I begin to... (Hand talks with Spirit.) U.— (Hand talks with Spirit.) He—Rector says do it so. U. D.'

[This is a good instance of "dramatization." Bennie has not acted as control before, and is therefore unfamiliar with this abbreviation.—H. de G. V.]

".....B.—'You may be glad to know I have seen a little young dog here who often comes up and smells about yourself ... about you belonging to yourself.' R. H.—'What kind, Bennie?' B.—'A little yellow looking one and looks like a little bull dog. Do you remember him?' R. H.—'I do not'... [I was about to add 'remember a little bulldog.' I remember well a little yellow mongrel, very affectionate.—R. H.]

"B.—'You must be pretty bright I think. Did you ever teach school?' R. H.—'Yes, I have taught...' B.—'I thought so. Did you like Algebra?' R. H.—'Yes, I did.' B.—'I am glad to know it. I didn't.....'

"R. H.—'And I say, Bennie, look up my cousin Fred. George Pelham will help you, and he will tell you of the larks we used to have together in Australia.' B.—'Well, that will be jolly, I will. I hope you will know me when I come again.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'They are awfully good to me here and I am happy as I can be.'

(Waking Stage.)

"That black and white dog was wagging his tail when I went in."

10TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,436.)

April 3, 1900.

Present: R. H.

"B.—'I saw Mr. Hyde and I like him mighty well... he is a very bright fellow and has been helping me in many ways.' (I here for the first time thought of my cousin Fred Hyde.) R. H.—'Oh, you mean my cousin Fred.' B.—'Yes he is your cousin Fred and the gentleman [George Pelham] who is speaking for me helped me to find him.'"

12TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,438.)

October 29, 1900.

Present: R. H.

"'Just one word from me. I am Benny.' R. H.—'Yes,' B.—'Do you remember me?' R. H.—'Oh, Bennie, well, indeed.' B.—'..... was I who cured Helen's throat and I knew it was only a cold.'"

[Extract from letter of N. B. J., Nov. 14, 1900: "Mrs. J. had in September been at the seaside where Helen had an ugly sore throat, which caused her mother much anxiety, but presently ceased to be serious."]

13TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,438-9.)

October 31, 1900.

Present: R. H.

"..... B.—'I was somewhat glad when they changed Helen's teacher because she will gain by it.' R. H.—'teacher' is that?' B.—'Teacher... music. I am looking after her, and tell them all that I will soon see them here and meanwhile I send endless love.' R. H.—'I will.'"

[Extract from N. B. J.'s letter, Nov. 14, 1900. "In the last week of September, Mrs. Junot and Helen returned from the East and upon Helen's objecting to the taking of music lessons, she not being very well, it was agreed between them that for the present she should go to hear music instead of taking lessons."]

16TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,441.)

February 18, 1901.

Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

(Bennie communicating.)

[Is the following telepathy, or a put up job, or something else? H.H.]

"'Here I am again and I thought I would ask you what you were trying to have done with the old gate this summer. Can you think what I mean?' N. B. J.—'No, I do not understand. Where was it?' B.—'At the back of the barn.' N. B. J.—'I don't understand, Bennie.'... B.—'Now let me tell you what I do mean. I mean that where the Bull pen used to be. Do you know now, dad?' N. B. J.—'No, I don't understand.' B.—'Well, do follow me... the farm... but where we used to go out at the barn there has been a change made in the floor that is what I tried to think.'... Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'He

means in the calf [?] where you built on that shed.' B.—'and I called it gate, and it is all open there now and something put in its place. Now I am trying to find out what you intend to call it.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do you mean the garden I had made at the back of the house near the barn?' B.—'No, I know that perfectly, but it is at the barn dear mother. There are two windows and I am doing my best to have you see what I mean dear. It is all so changed to me. Dad did you not take away part of the barn?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, we have had a chicken house built where the corn crib used to be.' B.—'Yes of course, that is what I mean exactly but they, dad and Roble and another man took out the little door leading into the yard. Didn't you dad?' Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'Yes, you did.' N. B. J.—'I don't remember, Bennie.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, you are right.' B.—'What is the matter dad, are you forgetting?' Mrs. J.—'I think he is stupid, Bennie.' B.—'Well, he never used to be.'.....

"B.—'Now there is one thing more dad. Who was it who put up the wall?' N. B. J.—'I don't understand, Bennie. Where do you mean?' B.—'I mean out back of the house this time. And what do you call it... a... word [?] is it.' N. B. J.—'Fence. Do you mean *fence*?' B.—'Yes exactly and dear you will forget the names of things when you get here.' [As old people do? H.H.] N. B. J.—'Yes, I understand that, Bennie.' B.—'I like it all though so much better than before and I only wanted to recall all I saw you do and the changes you have made that you might be sure I was with you. That is all—U. D.'

"B.—'Did you hear me when I called you the other night?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I cannot always tell when you call me. I think I feel you near me. But you know I cannot hear you. What did you say to me?' B.—'I said write to Roble.' [Not long before this one evening his mother suddenly started up and proceeded to write to Roble. Her motions were so unusual in some way as to attract comment from others of the family. She said "I must write to Roble."—N. B. J.]"

17TH SITTING. (Pr. XXIV, 453f.)

February 19, 1901.

Present: Mrs. J. and R. H.

"B.—'I am here, mother dear.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I'm glad to see you this morning.' B.—'Morning, it is always morning dear. [A queer topic for faking. More like the superiority to time indicated in dreams. H.H.]* I am glad to see you

*The controls often protest against the use of words denoting periods of time, e. g. morning, week, etc., and sometimes appear unable to apprehend their meaning. At other times, however, they use these very words themselves, and their attitude does not seem to be based on any consistent principle.

once more. But I was sad to hear what dad said, did he not feel well.' ”

“ Mrs. J.—‘ Bennie, tell me about Helen. Do you not think her well?’ B.—‘ Yes, very, but nervous, dear.’ Mrs. J.—‘ How shall I take care of her?’ B.—‘ Do not hurry her, mother dear. and let her sleep. She says she wants to sleep *more*.’ [Helen had for months been inclined to sleep late in the mornings.] ”

This is one of the first requests for Bennie’s advice. They increased until he became the family oracle on a variety of subjects. Soon medical advice began coming in, which he said he got from “ the Doctor,” to whom he alluded several times. Was it Phinuit?

Or it may have been one of Imperator’s “ Doctors.”

“ Mrs. J.—‘ Tell me now about yourself, what you do.’ B.—‘ Do . . . well the things I care for most are those I left behind in the body, but I am contented here dear and I live with grandpa and grandma Junot. He sometimes says he was a little difficult for the boys—U. D.’ Mrs. J.—‘ Yes, Bennie.’ B.—‘ To U. D. but he meant well and loves them all very much. I am learning all the time the conditions of this life, the reality and truth of our having to live in one life to be able to in this.’ ”

An old, old speculation on which these new phenomena perhaps shed some light.

“ Mrs. J.—‘ Bennie, bring a message next time from grandma Junot to your father. Ask her why she never comes to us at these sittings.’ B.—‘ But she has dear, only I fear I am a little greedy and take up all the light dear mother, but I do not mean to.’ ”

“ B.—‘ Uncle Frank has just told . . . nudged me and said go tell your mother about Billie, Benny, and see what she will say to that.’ (R.H. reads the whole sentence over in a natural manner as if speaking it himself and not merely slowly deciphering it.) B.—‘ Yes, this is exactly right, how did you do it? How did you happen to hear me so distinctly, I am delighted.’ R. H.—‘ Well, Rector made the machine work, and although I could not read it at first, it was all well done by him.’ ”

18TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,464f.)

February 20, 1901.

Present: Mrs. J. and R. H.

“ B.—‘do you remember of my . . . speaking of George?’ Mrs. J.—‘ Yes, Bennie, yes.’ B.—‘ He sends love also.’ Mrs. J.—‘ Yes, Bennie, my cousin George you mean?’ (Assent.) ”

B.—‘He told me not to forget it.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, give him my love.’ B.—‘He used to be so jolly.’ Mrs. J.—‘No, Bennie.’ B.—‘This is a joke dear mother because he was never known to smile... and we often remark... we remark it here. And I speak it in particular that you may know just who I mean. [This cousin George had not long been deceased. He scarcely ever smiled and during his life this was a source of jokes in the family.—N. B. J.] Grandma Junot is so glad to see you... She says tell Aunt Alice not to feel that God has been unjust to her, but to feel that it is better as it is.’ [For reasons *well understood* in the family these words are very significant. It would be difficult for our mother to better identify herself in words.—N. B. J.]

“B.—‘Another boy cousin of mine here. He came long ago.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie.’ B.—‘Grandma said refer to him too dear when you speak because his mother would be glad to know. Do not forget these things Benny boy.’ [We understand perfectly who this cousin is and why our mother directed that word to be sent to his mother.—N. B. J.] B.—‘I was I thought as happy as I *could* be when I h... owned the body, but after I left it I found I did not know what happiness was... I saw you almost as soon as I lost control of my body, and I was so happy, and I was told that I should see clearer and clearer [clear] as time passed and so I have, dear, and when I have seen you grieve I have said Oh well it is not for long, and it is only a condition of the body.’”

21ST SITTING. (PR.XXIV,475-.)

January 15, 1902.

Present: R. H.

“B.—‘Pretty well are you?’ R. H.—‘Yes, Bennie, thanks, except for a damaged knee.’ B.—‘Take a ride on horseback when it gets better it will do you good.’ R. H.—‘Thanks, I will.’ B.—‘I’ll go along with you to see that all goes well.’

He more and more announces himself as going with people to take care of them.

23D SITTING. (PR.XXIV,478.)

February 10, 1902. Present: N. B. J., R. H., and later Roble J.

Here follows a farther indication of how Bennie was becoming the family oracle.

“‘I heard you and Roble talking about me. I heard you say he had better study a while longer...’ [I feared that Roble had been a little too much inclined to athletics in college and I had been insisting upon more study.—N. B. J.]. N. B. J.—‘Yes,

that's it. I told him to study more.' B.—'Yes, and he will now. I was especially attracted to that myself. I think he has been a little behind.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' B.—'But don't worry about him dad he'll get there sure. I am...not so far removed but what I can help him.' [This note of helping the family and everybody else increases to the end. It is generally characteristic of the controls. H.H.] B.—'And I saw the fall he got could you make it out.' N. B. J.—'On the ice you mean, on skates?' B.—'Yes.' N. B. J.—'Yes, he's all right now.' B.—'Good.'... N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you want Roble to come here and speak?' B.—'More than I can tell you.... (N. B. J. calls Roble, who was waiting downstairs.) (Roble has entered...) (Excitement in hand.) Well well Roble I am glad to see you once more my brother. Did you think I was lost Roble—' R.—'No.' B.—'I heard something and told you steadily don't be lazy, R— study on and I'll help you. got it...' R.—'Yes, I heard it.' B.—'I hear you sounding where I am. I am right here beside you. Do you remember the joke I made about the Bull Pen?' R.—'The bull pen down at V——?' B.—'Yes.' R.—'I don't remember any joke. Remember the slide down there?' B.—'Yes slide and fall.' R.—'No, I mean the board slide.' B.—'Yes I am thinking of the same slide and the fall you got skating.' [Roble had lately received a bad stroke on the head while playing hockey on the ice.—N. B. J.] N. B. J.—'Lately.' R.—'I didn't fall, I got hurt.' B.—'Yes I know it well. Tell me are you better.' R.—'I tried my best to prevent it, Benny.'

"'You almost take my breath away—I am so glad to see you. I have an idea you feel strange, but you need not. Go on, B —.....'

This all seems to me strangely vivid. The monosyllabic utterances of Roble show the awkwardness of a first sitting.

There follow a lot of trifles whose very littleness would impress judicious seekers of the "evidential" in the old sense—if later considerations have left any such seekers.

"(G. P. communicating.) 'How are you old chap, glad to see you. What is it H. want my help.' R. H.—'Yes, George, I think we do.' G. P.—'I am here on Deck. G. P.' B.—'Keep my thoughts clear now. Do you remember Grandpa Junot?'".....

24TH SITTING. (PR. XXIV, 489f.)

February 11, 1902.

Present: N. B. J. and R. H.

In this sitting begins the incident of Hugh Irving and John Welsh and the dog Rounder summarized in Miss Verrall's

introduction. There is no space for many details, though I shall quote a few later. For the present we go on to other matters.

“B.—‘Does Roble U. D. me do you think.’ N. B. J.—‘Only partly. He feels sure that you are speaking.’

“B.—‘Do you remember what mother said about my new picture. She said I looked as if I was going to speak. Don’t you like it.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, very much.’ B.—‘Are you tired dad dear.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, a little tired, too much work all the time.’ B.—‘Don’t let it worry you, it will all be right soon. Father do you remember what a stern man grandpa was?’ N. B. J.—‘Which grandpa?’ B.—‘Your father.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, he *was* stern.’ B.—‘He is as good to me as he can possibly be.’ N. B. J.—‘And I thank him for it.’ B.—‘Father he met me when I came and showed me the way. I did not know him hardly, but he soon made me know him and took me with him home where I am happy and if you could see us as we are you would not doubt the goodness of God father.’ N. B. J.—‘I do not doubt goodness of God, Bennie.’

“N. B. J.—‘Bennie, the Alice over there must be the little girl who didn’t live in this life. Is that right?’ B.—‘*She is*, but she lives here and is with Uncle *Frank*.’ N. B. J.—‘Now I understand.’ B.—‘I am so glad he would not let me go till I repeated this for you.’

[The Uncle Frank addresses Mr. Junot? H.H.] “‘N —— speak to me for God’s sake and tell me if it is really you.’ [What followed identified him. . . . He had been dead two years. We had had many long talks about a future life in the evening at his home. He had been much interested in Spiritualism.— N. B. J.]

“N. B. J.—‘Yes, Frank, it is I.’ F.—‘I am delighted to see you—I took Bennie’s place for a moment, a good boy N ——.’ N. B. J.—‘Go on, Frank.’ F.—‘One of the best I ever knew. (The writing during communication from *Frank* larger and stronger.) tell Alice I am sure I can remember everything soon. N—— how is everything with you.’ N. B. J.—‘All well, Frank, all well, and Alice and the boy are well. I see them often.’ F.—‘Give them my love and tell them I would not have left them from choice, but it better so. Hear me?’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Frank.’ F.—‘Tell her I felt sorry about the insurance. . . . [Not understood. N. B. J.]

“‘Are you still at it. . . in harness. . . H. . .’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Frank, I am working too hard still.’ F.—‘Don’t pay—give it up.’ N. B. J.—‘I understand.’ F.—‘You know what I mean, tried hard to speak before but could not seem to U. D. the whys and wherefores.’

"N. B. J.—'Do you remember our talks about another life?' F.—'Yes just what I am saying N——. About this life and its possibilities.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' F.—'I found all better than I ever dreamed.' N. B. J.—'Who came to meet you, Frank?' F.—'Do you remember my boy.' N. B. J.—'Yes, indeed.' F.—'He is my (hand points to Spirit) *right hand*.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' F.—'And we are together God bless him. Tell Alice this...' N. B. J.—'I will.' F.—'N—— and till we meet again may God sustain you.' N. B. J.—'Good-bye, Frank. Good-bye.' F.—'Going... Farewell... don't forget your... F H Clarke [?]' [He usually signed his name "F. Clarke."—N. B. J.] ["F. H." are the initials of his son, Bennie's cousin, Frank.—H. de G. V.]

"N. B. J.—'Frank, speak to us again hereafter when you can.' F.—'Most certainly I will. (Large and emphatic.) (Noticeable contrast between previous large and somewhat vehement writing and the quieter smaller writing on Bennie's return.)

"B.—'Father you realize I know the desire on the part of Uncle F. to meet you again—that is why I left so suddenly.' N. B. J.—'Yes, dear Bennie, I understand perfectly. Here is Hugh [old servant, see p. 786. H.H.] I called him to tell you himself about the dog.' N. B. J.—'Hugh, tell us where to find Rounder, we want Rounder.' H.—'Lost him.' N. B. J.—'Lost him? Did you lose him?' H.—'Yes. I lost him N—— and as a matter of fact I will see that he is returned to you.' N. B. J.—'All right.' H.—'As true as you live. Tell me how is everything with yourself?' N. B. J.—'We are all right. How are you?' H.—'Better, head clearer, breathe splendidly. Do you know how I suffered.' [Hugh died of an internal cancer, but, strange as it may seem, he never once complained of pain or of being sick during his last months with us. He drank very hard and we supposed that that was the trouble. So that what he says here is of great interest to us. Everything that he says is quite characteristic (for instance calling Bennie "Mr. Ben") except reference to sitter as "N——." In life this was always "Mr. Junot."—N. B. J.]

The controls generally show a tendency to use Christian names. Cf., G. P. to me, as he never did in this life; Phinuit to the Lodges, etc.

"N. B. J.—'No, you never said you were sick.' H.—'But I would not tell anybody if there was anything I hated it was to hear a man complaining about his heart all the time.' N. B. J.—'Hugh, I thought you were drunk all the time.' H.—'No, not drunk, but mighty near it, the worst of it was I suffered more than you know, but I've got straightened out here and

I want to do the best I can.' . . . N. B. J.—'That's right, Hugh. We were sorry we didn't take better care of you.' H.—'Now for everybody. I worked. . . I worked faithfully when I could.' N. B. J.—'That's right. You did. (to R. H.) We had much regret about this man.' H.—'Forgive my failings as Mr. Ben has already. Some day you'll know me better.' N. B. J.—'Hugh, I don't think you had a fair show in this life.' H.—'Well, I guess you're about right my friend, but I have no fault to find now I'm glad I'm living that's all I've got to say, and I'll find Rounder and send him back to you.' N. B. J.—'Good, that's all right.' H.—'Think of me as I am and not as I was if you can.' N. B. J.—'That's right, we will.' H.—'Can I do anything for you.' N. B. J.—'Only help take care of Bennie.' H.—'Sure he's all right—a right good lad. I often with him. I'll bid you good-bye now—let me know if I can do anything for you—H E.'

(Hand makes gentle drawing motion as if pulling on some delicate threads.)

"N. B. J.—(to R. H.)—'Something wanted here.'

"[Grandpa Junot speaks? H.H.] 'Well. My son glad to see you. Do the best you can. Gone?' N. B. J.—'Who was it?' B.—'Dad were you here? Grandpa said I wonder if he is as self-willed as he used to be.' N. B. J.—'Which grandpa? Which grandpa was it?' B.—'Junot.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Speak to him father.' (Hand points to Spirit.) N. B. J.—'Yes.' B.—'He is waiting.' N. B. J.—'Yes, father, I'm glad to meet you here, and I take it very kindly that you look after my boy so well.' [G. J.]—'Do you remember what you thought about my . . . perhaps you thought I did not help you . . . don't you think so . . .' [There were matters to be regretted in the treatment by the sitter's father of his children and here, as a number of times elsewhere, this is indicated by the father in his brief communications.—N. B. J.]

"N. B. J.—'I was young when you left this life.' G. J.—'Yes true but rather stubborn weren't you?' N. B. J.—'Probably.' G. J.—'Forgot it.' N. B. J.—'Do you know about my work in this life?' G. J.—'There is little I do not know and I am glad you have made your life so useful.' N. B. J.—'Thank you.' G. J.—'It is the best reward I can give you.' B.—'Gone father. Father dear they tell me I must soon stop talking.' R. H.—'Yes, time's practically up.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, and I shall not see you to-morrow. Mother will come alone. Don't forget daddie.' B.—'No not for a moment—talk to me father when you go to the grave and I will U. D. you.'"

Many intimations like this are given, that those who have "passed over" (?) can hear and even understand without the intervention of a "medium."

25TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,502.)

*February 12, 1902.**Present: Mrs. Junot and R. H.*

“Do you remember C— dear Mother?’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, we live in C—. What will you say about it?’ B.—‘Are you going to leave it?’ [We had been talking a great deal about living in the country.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—‘We do talk jokingly of living in the country, but not at present.’ B.—‘How can you on account of Helen.’ Mrs. J.—‘Helen loves the country.’ B.—‘Yes I know but the school.’ Mrs. J.—‘We cannot until she is through school.’ B.—‘I thought so dear, don’t leave her. I heard all this talk about going into the country dear but I could not make it clear to my mind. Got it.’”

Bennie’s gradual assumption of the care of the family is becoming plain.

“B.—‘Mother I am very happy over here. They are all very good to me and when we go to church we think of you. I often see you and Helen together at the place of Music.’ Mrs. J.—‘Sometimes, Bennie.’ B.—‘I love to watch you and hear you talk of things I used to do. Mother I think you feel my presence sometimes—I try very hard to make you see me.’ Mrs. J.—‘Oh I do *feel* your presence, Bennie, but I wish that I might *see* you.’ B.—‘I wonder if you could. I’ll try to stand before you very soon to see if you can see me.’ (To R. H.)—‘I am glad to see you my friend, are you quite well.’

“Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, can you tell me anything between yourself and Charlie, any incident that happened... tell me...’ B.—‘Did you say accident, dear.’ Mrs. J.—‘No, Bennie, *incident*.’ B.—‘Incident, yes. I think so. [Is this faked? H.H.] Do you wish to help him to know where I am?’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes.’ B.—‘Well ask Charlie if he remembers the little song I copied out for him. Yes and the walk we took one evening in the or through the park when we whistled the tune to the song I copied out for him and the laugh we had over the discords.’.....

“B.—‘Do you remember Sam.’ Mrs. J.—‘Tell me about him?’ B.—‘He is with me a great deal—did you know he came rather suddenly...’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, send a message to his mother.’ B.—‘He will do it.’ (Hand points to Spirit.) Sam—‘I ask you if you are Mrs. Junot to tell my mother I am well and happy and better off than I was in the body, tell her to keep the mo[?]mor[?]... can’t hear it... Mansfield Photographs because they are not good enough to let go. I hope I have made it clear do you remember Carl Boardman...’ Mrs. J.—‘Is this from Sam?’ S.—‘Yes. S. B.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes. I will ask about him. Was Sam with him?’ S.—‘Yes.’ Mrs.

J.—‘I will try to find out.’ S.—‘And Dan... gone.’ [Sam died rather suddenly not long before this sitting. His mother upon reading this sitting said that about this time she and one of her sons had been looking over and discussing a great deal the various photographs of Sam to determine which were the best.]

“B.—‘And one thing more dear, is Helen better?’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, she is much stronger, I think.’ B.—‘Didn’t I tell you I would help he... her.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, and you have kept your word.’ B.—‘I hope to always dear and send Rounder back.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, if you can.’ B.—‘If he is in that world I can.’”

27TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,515.)

April 2, 1902.

Present: R. H.

(Waking Stage.)

“‘John Welsh has Rounder.’ R. H.—‘“John Welsh was round her?”’ ‘John Welsh has Rounder. Tell this... tell... tell... tell... John Welsh has Rounder.’ R. H.—‘“John Welsh is round her?”’ ‘*Has ... has ...* It’s I, Benny, don’t you see me? I, Benny.’”

31ST SITTING. (PR.XXIV,520-1.)

November 12, 1902.

Present: R. H.

“B.—‘I often wonder if spirits from our world will ever be able to speak without the light as we often try to do, but we are glad to welcome any of our friends here. I can tell you. Helen never seemed so *well* as she does now.’ R. H.—‘I’m very glad.’”

“B.—‘You have been so kind to me always I feel as though I had always known you.’ R. H.—‘I feel as if you were an old friend.’ B.—‘Well I think I am.’”

35TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,524f.)

February 23, 1903.

Present: N. B. J. and R. H.

(Parcel unwrapped and Bennie’s articles placed on table.)

“B.—‘tell me Dad if you are not better now.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie. I’m much better.’ B.—‘I know it dear. I have been with you all the time since I spoke to you here before.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, dear boy. I understand.’ B.—‘I am very proud of Helen.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie. So are Mama and Papa.’ B.—‘She will be a great comfort to you.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes.’ B.—‘I know it. do you hear me when I call you to sleep, dad?’ N. B. J.—‘No, Bennie, I do not hear, but sometimes I think you are helping me.’ B.—‘I am glad you feel me because I am often there. I remember Charlie tell me is he going away dear.’ N. B. J.—‘Which Charlie do you mean?’ B.—‘I am thinking about... R O ble and Charlie dad.’ [Roble and Charlie D—, Bennie’s best friend, were with us at

our hotel on the day prior to this sitting, Roble having met Charlie unexpectedly.—N. B. J.]

“B.—‘I forgot my horses *name*... horse. almost.’ N. B. J.—‘What is it? What is the name?’ B.—‘What is it. Oh I never can U. D. it R. K.’ N. B. J.—‘That starts right.’ (Rector to Bennie)—‘Come on B. give it me.’ B.—‘K...’ (Rector to Bennie)—‘yes certainly.... Louder dear.’ B.—‘L.’ N. B. J.—‘That’s right.’ B.—‘O.’ N. B. J.—‘That’s right.’ B.—‘N.’ N. B. J.—‘That’s right.’ B.—‘DI.’ N. B. J.—‘That’s right.’ B.—‘KE.’ N. B. J.—‘That’s right.’ N. B. J. (to R. H.)—‘Can you read it now?’ R. H.—‘“Klondike.”’”

This would seem to the novice very “evidential,” but it might easily be simply telepathy. *Chacun à son goût.*

“B.—‘do you remember the Sunday you and Mother and Helen walked in the *woods*.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie.’ B.—‘I was with you.’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie.’ B.—‘I saw Helen Pick some green and take it to the *house*.... Vine. I think.’ [This walk when we got the vine is now well remembered but was not recalled at the time of the sitting.—N. B. J.] [Could he impress something he did not remember? It often goes that way. Can it be mere telepathy? H.H.]

“B.—‘I saw them plowing up out by the barn dad.’ N. B. J.—‘When?’ B.—‘taking up Stone... Stone.’ [At the time of this sitting, and for several days prior thereto, workmen had been engaged in moving a large old barn at our farm. It stands upon sandstone blocks and brick. I have not been there since the moving began.—N. B. J.]

“‘I am Hugh [The servant who drank so hard. H.H.] God forgive me why not you.’ (At this point, with the appearance of Hugh Irving, the writing changes and “there is a tendency to make extra curling loops to the strokes.” When the sitters complain of illegibility, Rector apologizes on the ground that “he (that is H. I.) speaks queerly.” It appears that peculiarity of speech on the part of a communicator is here represented by peculiarity of writing on the part of the control.—H. de G. V.] [Seemed to speak straight enough on p. 807. H.H.]

“N. B. J.—‘Why, of course, Hugh. You’re all right. Speak on.’ H.—‘I want to know if I can do anything for you.’ [Owing to the curious looping, neither N. B. J. nor R. H. could make this out at first.—R. H.] N. B. J. (to R. H.)—‘Can’t read, can you?’ R. H.—‘One moment.’ (From Rector.)—‘Wait a moment, Sir. he speaks queerly friend.’ H.(?)—‘want to know if I can do anything. I long to help you.’ N. B. J.—‘Who is it speaking?’ H.—‘Your boy is all right. how is the dog now.’ N. B. J.—‘Rounder is all right, Hugh. He’s so glad

to get back.' H.—'faith and I'm glad too. did Welsh have him.....'

"N. B. J.—'Did you give him to Welsh?' H.—'No I saw him at Welsh's house in the body, and prayed him to send him to you. then Mr. Benny got hold and we worked to get him back. I hope you keep him now—look out for him.'"

"B.—'Dad Roble is doing finely again. I never saw him trying to do better. he is not lazy now.' N. B. J.—'Sure no! Surely no!' B.—'he takes to his work like a soldier and is looking forward to getting through. father he appreciates all only give him time dear he is all right.' N. B. J.—'Bennie, did you not see Tommy with him?' (Excitement.) B.—'SURE I *did*. Why do you ask dad.' N. B. J.—'Because... because I asked and you did not answer.' B.—'Well dad I don't mean to do so but I have everything on my mind. When I get here and they don't always U. D. what I do say. you will know when you get here how hard I try to tell you all that you may it is really I.'"

36TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,536f.)

February 24, 1903. Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

"B.—'Got all over your cold dear.' N. B. J.—'Yes, I'm better, Bennie.' B.—'I know—now let me tell you one thing. don't question the right and wrong of my returning because there are no wrongs in it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, it gave us a little anxiety as to whether we were doing right in calling you to us.' B.—'I heard it all and it made me uneasy dear so thought I would settle it for you.' [We had upon the evening before been asking ourselves whether it might not influence him away from his duties in his new life to call him back to us. The conversation on this subject had been quite extended.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'one thing about Helen—do not let her study too hard as she will get through finely—I see it.' Mrs. J.—'I will watch her carefully. She is studying hard now.' B.—'She will come out all right Mama I am sure. Only one thing her throat.' Mrs. J.—'Her *throat*?' (Assent.) B.—'May trouble in a few days but don't mind. I see it beginning.' [Upon our return three days later we found her quite ill with a sore throat and under the doctor's care.—N. B. J.] [Teloteropathy from Helen? H.H.].....

"B.—'Her music helps me to reach her at home. I fear she has neglected it of late. She is going to be a fine girl and a comfort to *you all*. Hear me.' Mrs. J.—'I think that we do not appreciate Helen as we do you and Roble.' B.—'I think it so dear. I feel it all the time. So I'll stand behind her.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, it is not that we do not love her as well.'

B.—‘I know perfectly dear—I U. D. just how you feel, but cling to her—I love her *dearly dear*. I see her thoughts are a little Stubborn but do not mind. She will outgrow it.’... Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, I think you are right.’ B.—‘But you humor her a great deal and it is better so. [Anybody who knows adolescent girls, will appreciate Bennie’s wisdom. H.H.] Roble is doing splendidly.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, I saw him yesterday.’ B.—‘I think he is growing fine and handsome as well as the improvement to his mind.’”

As I go through this for the third time, I am impressed that Bennie is growing up. This sitting is nearly four years later than the first one.

“Mrs. J.—‘...Do you know all that happens to us, and that interests us?’ B.—‘All to my immediate family yes.—*i.e.* you dad Roble Helen.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, but others do not concern you. But you cannot always tell what happens to other people that you know?’ B.—‘Yes and no. I can if I think specially about any one friend and wish to know. Otherwise I do not.’

“(From G. P.)—‘I don’t think he quite remembers himself. H.’ Mrs. J.—‘Well, George, don’t bother about this now. Talk to him, and, if possible, bring it to his mother next meeting.’ G. P.—‘Good enough. I *will*.’ Mrs. J. (to R. H.)—‘Tell him to ask Hugh.’ G. P.—‘Sure I will. He’s got the boy.’”

Mrs. J. had grown intimate with G. P. But these two expressions are not like him. The second one is more like Hugh, but it must be G. P.’s, referring to Bennie, for he adds: “He’s got the boy,” meaning young Lawrence L., for whom Mrs. Junot had asked, for his mother’s sake, several sittings before, and Bennie had said he would find him.

“‘John Junot gave him to me. Mr. G.— over there.... Mr. G.— over there.’” [This is the name of an old friend of our family lately deceased, and about the last person of whom we would think in connection with the sitting.—N. B. J.]

37TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,545f.)

February 25, 1903.

Present: Mrs. J.

“B.—‘do you think I like the horse.’ Mrs. J.—‘What do you mean, Bennie?’ B.—‘the Pony dear. I see him often.’ Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, I don’t understand. What pony do you mean?’ B.—‘I mean my Pony. Walter.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes. He is very old now.’ B.—‘Yes but fat.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes. Very fat.’”

"B.—'Mother dear do you remember Marion. Mar... ion.' Mrs. J.—'I think that I know whom you mean, but the name is not quite right.' B.—'did I speak it too fast.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, who is Marion?' (Hand points to Spirit.) Mrs. J.—'She is standing over there?' (Assent.) Who is she?' B.—'She is my cousin.' [Correct.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—'Bennie, to whom does she belong?' B.—'Uncle Frank.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, that is right. Tell me more about her.' B.—'Mary... Ma... li [?] She wants very much to send her love and greetings to Aunt Alice. I brought her here.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. That is one thing that I asked from you yesterday. Bennie yesterday you said you would go and awaken her. What did you mean by *awaken*?' B.—'make her U. D. how to speak to you here dearest *Mother*.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. Have you anything more to tell me of her?' B.—'Oh yes she is just beginning to U. D. what we want of her. She sees Aunt Alice often and yet she could not U. D. this way of speech.'"

"R. H.—'Bennie, perhaps better do what you can with Alice's daughter and afterwards talk freely with your mother.' B.—'She is so glad to U. D. now. I talked and talked with her insisting upon her coming with me here now.'... Mrs. J.—'Bennie, what is she doing in your world?' B.—'She looks after some of the other children here. I wish I could make R [ector] U. D. what I mean.... do you remember when she passed out, Mother.' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'do you U. D. how she looks now.... what did Aunt Alice mean by saying if I were here why did she not come too.' [His Aunt Alice had made just that statement to N. B. J. and that led to our insistence at this sitting that a message should be sent by her daughter.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, she thought perhaps her daughter had forgotten about her.' B.—'Oh, if you could hear her speak of her you would not think it. I know.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me how she looks.' B.—'She looks much as she did when she came here. her eyes are lovely and bright.'"

[Extract from Mrs. Clarke's letter, March 23, 1903.—"Her eyes and her very sweet, gentle disposition were her only beauties. She was remarkably kind to the younger children and Bennie said that was her office now."]

"B.—'She hears—she is laughing at my words about her. I can't tell you just how she does look as she stands here. do you remember a little round photo of her.' Mrs. J.—'I will ask Aunt Alice, Bennie.' B.—'it was taken when she was a little... a very little girl.' [Her mother has only two photos of her—one of which is a baby picture and has always been in a small round walnut frame.—N. B. J.]

"R. H.—'Bennie, does she look now older than you?' B.—'Yes a little. She came here first.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. That is

right.' B.—'some time before.' [She died two years before Bennie was born.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Mother what do you think of the new house is that a Piazza.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. We have built a piazza at one end, and a new room for Helen.' B.—'The piazza confused me a little. I mistook it for a *Shed*.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Before it was finished it looked like a shed.' B.—'You U. D. just what I am thinking about all the time. I am so near you. do you know dear I saw the gate too.' Mrs. J.—'Which gate, Bennie?' B.—'*the new one*.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie. We have no new gate.' B.—'It is new to me. The one out back of the barn.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, we have one there, Bennie. I had a new fence built and a gate.' B.—'Yes I know. I like it too. You hear me well.'"

"Mrs. J.—'... Bennie, what can I do to bring you near me?' B.—'pray for me.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Do you hear me when I ask you for help?' B.—'Yes I *often do*. I know a great deal that goes on with you dear. and when grandma says you humor Helen I think she don't U. D.' Mrs. J.—'Yes?' B.—'I help you with her often.' Mrs. J.—'I want you to watch over Helen and Roble and help them all you can.' B.—'I will I do. don't you see how well R.— is doing. lately dear. at College.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Are you helping him?' B.—'Always. there was a time when he got a little careless but he is getting over it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. He is more interested in his college life now.' B.—'We all prayed for it here. Mother do you U. D. the philosophy of prayer.' Mrs. J.—'Just what do you mean, Bennie?' B.—'how necessary it is to pray for what you wish. I U. D. it since I came to this life.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. I shall pray more after this.' B.—'prayer is everything to us here.'"

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do you often see Grandma Junot?' B.—'Oh yes she is with me nearly all the time. Mother do you realize what a good woman she really is.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. She had much trouble in this life, but she always believed in the goodness of God.' B.—'Yes and she *does now*. She often says Bennie dear we must help our beloved ones on the earth and teach them to be more patient.' [Characteristic of his grandmother to an exact degree.—N. B. J.]

Bennie's "philosophy of prayer," and his partiality for his grave (which my selections do not quite reproduce), like many of the ideas and tastes depicted by Stainton Moses, seem to be a relic of earthly views. Those who ostensibly speak from a postcarnate life generally indicate that their incarnate beliefs and interests survive with them. So nobody

who is not interested in prayers and graves need feel discouraged.

"B.—'... look out for the new horse.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. The one papa bought for Roble? Is he not safe?' B.—'Oh yes only he is pretty fast I think.' Mrs. J.—'Yes? Shall we not keep him?' B.—'Oh yes I would dear. do not be alarmed he will be all right sure.'"

44TH SITTING. (PR. XXIV, 564f.)

December 16, 1903.

Present: R. H.

"B.—'Ask Roble if he got his hat into the paint.' R. H.—'I will.' [Roble painted his old straw hat green and wore it about the farm all summer.—N. B. J.]

"B. [to Hodgson]—'Oh friend can you U. D. what this all means to me... I often hear and see things taking place at home and fail to report them here.' R. H.—'Why, Bennie, I shall be glad and your father and mother would be overjoyed for you to tell me all you see, *especially immediately.*' B.—'Yes well this is a little thing but I noticed it—shall I tell you? I saw Roble fussing about his clothes the other day and I wondered what it was all about when I learned that he was trying on a new suit of clothes which did not fit to suit him and he took them back... I stood there and watched him for some time.' [At Thanksgiving time in New York Roble tried on his dress suit which his mother had brought to him. He said it needed some changes and his mother brought it home to have it changed at his request.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'He is going home. and I with him. [Roble starts home from College to-morrow, Dec. 22.—N. B. J.] Grandma Junot says. N——. [Mr. Junot. H.H.] is getting rather tired. and should try and rest more. How is Rounder. stiff. very stiff.' R. H.—'Do you mean *old?*' B.—'in his legs.'

"..... B.—'I often pat him. and talk to him. I think he sees me. really I do.' R. H.—'Does he wag his tail?' B.—'Yes and sniffs at me when I approach him.'"

This is far from the only case where animals appear to see spirits. Cf. under telepathic visions, Chapter XVIII.

46TH SITTING. (PR. XXIV, 571.)

January 11, 1904.

Present: R. H.

"B.—'I may make some few mistakes. I do not claim to do otherwise when I see so much.'"

Apparently much more than is possible in this life. Constant telopsis and teloteropathy.

47TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,573f.)

February 22, 1904. Present: N. B. J., R. B. J., and R. H.

"B.—'I am glad Mama's better. I also see Helen every day of her life. I think she is is [evidently for a] fine great girl.'....."

"N. B. J.—'Yes. She works over her music all the time.' (Excitement in hand. Pencil scrabbles heavily round and round in one spot.) B.—'that is what I long for her to do U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. We thought you helped her.' B.—'I do I do I will I will. Music is the inspiration of the soul. dad.' N. B. J.—'Yes...'. B.—'I wanted you to U. D. how happy it all made me. can't you tell her I love to hear her play & practise.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. That's right.' B.—'Dad is that coat Blue.' N. B. J.—'Yes, with red inside.'"

"B.—'Do you U. D. what a beautiful place this is dad.' N. B. J.—'We do not fully understand, Bennie. Tell us when you can.' (Hand points to Spirit.) B.—'Grandma Junot. says. in a little while you will all be here. won't that be great.' N. B. J.—'Splendid, Bennie, when we all meet together again.' B.—'Do the best you can dad & don't worry about anything take care of Mama & Helen & the rest will all go right until you come over.'"

".....'Dear Mother... When I come to you in your dream do not be afraid: I shall only give you strength to U. D.'....."

"R.—'.....Bennie. Are you ever with me?' B.—'I should say I was. how did I know about your suit if I am not with you tell me Roble?'"

48TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,584f.)

February 23, 1904. Present: N. B. J., R. B. J., and R. H.

"B.—'Roble did you have Frank's knife.' R.—'No, Bennie. I don't know about his knife.' B.—'tell Aunt to give it to you please.' R.—'All right, Bennie.' B.—'Will you.' R.—'Yes, I will tell her.' B.—'he says so. don't forget it I beg of you.'"

"B.—'Papa dear tell me what she [Helen. H.H.] got so excited over. the other day Was it essay.' N. B. J.—'Yes. I think it was something she was going to write about.' B.—'I heard her fuming about it, but don't mind her she will get over it when she gets through school U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. She fusses a good deal.' B.—'Well I think I know it dad. You see I am doing all I can to help her & I do think she is improving don't you?' N. B. J.—'Yes, indeed. She's changing every day, now.' B.—'Yes & I do wish Aunt Alice would not think her lazy. She is not. but she can't do everything... her music I want kept up U. D. I never was good at preaching but I know perfectly well what is best for her.' N.

B. J.—‘Yes, Bennie. We’ll try to keep up her music.’ B.—‘they [say] Mama humors her too much but I don’t think so. She is a good girl & if she is nervous she can’t help it.’”

Bennie is gradually taking charge all around.

“.....B.—‘how would you like to join me R.’ R.—‘Yes, I would like to see you again very much, Bennie.’ B.—‘I tell you R. it is not all over with us...be sure & tell Aunt Alice we shall help her but she must give you the knife. the next time I see you here Pa. I want you to bring something belonging to her. Will you?’ N. B. J.—‘Yes, I will, I will.’ B.—‘It will help us [*i.e.*, her husband and Bennie in communicating. H.H.] so much. You cannot U. D. but we can.’

“.....B.—‘tell me did you like the book dad gave you?’ R.—‘Yes, I am reading it now.’ B.—‘Isn’t it fine.’ R.—‘Yes, I like it very much so far.’ B.—‘keep straight on. & I will watch over your shoulder.’”

49TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,595f.)

February 24, 1904.

Present: R. H.

“R. H.—‘I have a short letter to Bennie from his mother which was intended for his father to bring, but reached him only after he left. (Hand points to Spirit. Cross in air.) Please give it him as he hath asked specially for it several times during this intervening period. We will bring him.....’”

Above three lines, evidently from Rector, like most of the talk of the Imperator crowd, have a very manufactured look, but there is considerable that has not.

“B.—‘here is George perhaps you would better greet him too. he has been a good friend to me, and when the light has been especially drawn upon by myself he has been my support...’ R. H.—‘Yes, George, very grateful for all your help.’ (G. P. communicating.)—‘Just say good morning that will do. you know I U. D. it is only to please the boy U. D.’”

50TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,597f.)

June 27, 1904.

Present: Mrs. J., Miss Helen J. (first time), and R. H.

“B.—‘I see some one in the body with you. I think...’ Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—‘Move over a little.’ (H. J. draws closer to table.) B.—‘it is my sister...Oh I am so glad you are here. tell me you are glad to see me I am so glad you got through so nicely. I saw Roble too & I helped you both did you U. D. it.’ H. J.—‘Yes, Bennie. I am glad to be here.’ B.—‘I U. D. you do not see me but I look about the same. You look

much larger Helen haven't you grown...?' [If he had had so much telopsis about the farm, why not about Helen? H.H.] H. J.—'Yes.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, you know several years have passed since you left us, and Helen is almost a young lady.' B.—'I U. D. isn't that fine? I am glad she is so well & you also mother dear. I hope you will keep on with your studies Helen & do all you can...?' H. J.—'I thought often of you when away at school.' B.—'I was often with you when you did not know it. I am glad Roble is through & I am glad he is to be with dad.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Your father could not be with us to-day. Do you think that he is well?' B.—'No not so well as I wish. I think he is very tired & needs rest greatly.' Mrs. J.—'Can you not influence him to take a rest?' B.—'Uncle Frank & I are both praying for this. We will make him do so.' Mrs. J.—'I wish him to take a long rest this summer.' B.—'Yes so do we. & I think he will. I am much concerned about him & I have been for some weeks I think.'.....

".....Mrs. J.—'Bennie, is the farm the best place for him?' B.—'Yes for the present. tell him to let repairs go & rest this summer.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I will do so. Is that all he needs, rest alone?' B.—'Yes... don't let him take anything. he is all right except very tired. he is overdoing all the time. & his talking tires him very much.' [The weariness of N. B. J. is most marked in consultations. Talking seems to be the main source of the weariness.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'He is very much troubled about some of his business affairs.' B.—'Well dear he ought not to be because dad will be all right I know this.'

"B.—'Helen what made you let Klondike run away...?' Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—'Tell him that he didn't run away—did he?' H. J.—'I don't remember...?' B.—'he did.' H. J.—'Last summer?' B.—'Yes...?' Mrs. J.—'He did not behave very well, Bennie.' B.—'he turned everything upside down. I saw him.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I think that was Roble's horse that ran away.' B.—'So it was. that's so. I remember now but mine kicked up a good deal.' H. J.—'Yes, he was very mean last summer.' B.—'Very what Helen?' H. J.—'Mean.' B.—'do you mean that?' H. J.—'He was ugly, and my driving worried him.' B.—'Oh yes. I U. D. what you mean. but he is getting old...?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, we thought best to sell him, because your father was afraid he would hurt Helen.' B.—'I think he got that from me. because I tried to tell him to look out for him & I say it now more than ever. Better let him go on leave him alone don't try to drive him any more.....?' B.—'Helen what do you wish...?' Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—'Ask him now—tell him you're going to school next year.' H. J.—'I expect to go back to school next year; is it best?' B.—'I am very glad & shall help you all I can... don't worry about

your studies Helen dear you will get on first rate I know you will. I know how you feel but don't mind stick to it & you will be glad some time.' Mrs. J.—'She did not feel very well this spring while at school.' B.—'I know it, but do be careful about those colds. Helen & never mind you will be better off for going back. You don't think so now.' H. J.—'Yes, I do. I want to go back.' B.—'I am glad very very glad. Roble can help you now he is through.' Mrs. J.—'He will help Helen this summer. Is that what you mean?' B.—'Yes & help her for the next term. or year. U. D.'

" 'I want grandpa Junot to give his message first.'

" 'Please give my love to N—— & his children in the body & assure him that his interests are mine. tell him he has a great deal to be grateful for & he must take care of himself. to do his allotted work. in that life. I want him to know that we are all together & we are watching over you all. there is no misunderstanding in this life. his mother sends much love also.'

" Mrs. J.—'Bennie, Helen has not been very well.' B.—'I know it mother but she will be now, better all the time.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I think she is growing stronger.' B.—'Ill ask Doctor to look at her. [Medical diagnosis follows.] [Phinuit? H.H.] Helen skate dear when you can do you remember how I used to help you.'

" B.—'Who is that girl you call Edith...?' Mrs. J. (to H. J.) —'Is there an Edith at school?' H. J.—'Edith Waterman, do you mean?' B.—'I do not care for her for you...'

" H. J.—'Do you not like her?' B.—'I thought I did not. because I thought she was not sincere.'

" ['Edith' not understood, though Mrs. Junot possibly knows who was intended.—N. B. J.] "

51ST SITTING. (PR.XXIV,605.)

June 28, 1904. Present: Mrs. J., R. B. J., and R. H.

" B.—'Is that you Roble well I am glad to see you.' R.—'Hallo, Bennie, I am glad to be here again.' B.—'I have seen you in so many places since I spoke with you. You got on finely didnt you.' R.—'Yes, Bennie, very well.' B.—'I told you so.' [Roble has just graduated with honors.—N. B. J.]

" B.—'going to the farm soon.' R.—'Yes, Bennie, in about a week.' B.—'Now Roble I can see better than you can. & I want you to look out for that horse U. D.' R.—'All right, I'll watch him.' B.—'I am not going to let you get hurt. tell me about your work I shall be so glad when you get settled down with father.' R.—'Yes, I expect to, study law next fall.'

“B.—‘say Roble what was the matter with your foot.’ R.—‘I cut my toe in swimming.’ B.—‘I thought so. I heard you sing out but I saw it bleed.’ R.—‘Yes, Bennie, I cut it badly.’ B.—‘Was that your handkerchief you put on to it.’ R.—‘No, I borrowed one from another boy.’ B.—‘I thought so. I saw the influence but it didnt look just like yours. do look out.’

“B.—‘I want to know what dad is doing with the spring.’ Mrs. J.—‘I don’t know, Bennie.’ (Hand turns to R.) R.—‘I don’t know *now*, unless he is having it cleared.’ B.—‘that must be it ask him I saw him talking to a man about it. the very day I was here before.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yesterday? He may have been at the farm yesterday.’ B.—‘it was when I came here before & spoke with you & Helen.’ Mrs. J.—‘That may be. He is troubled about the new well and pump.’ B.—‘that is what I see surely. & I am sorry to have him worried about it because he ought not to be & he said to the man I can’t see why it could not be fixed differently.’ [When at the farm 3 days before this sitting I had an animated discussion with the man who tends the hot-air pump. It was working badly.—N. B. J.]

“‘You tell him to rest. & drive & take care of his. health. he is tired.’

“Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, I intend to have him do very little this summer. We will be very quiet while at the farm.’ B.—‘do you think he has a pain in his back.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, he complains of it.’ B.—‘I want very much to have him take a long rest & get over it. Do tell him for me I love my father dearly & I want him *well*.’

“‘tell me about your horse Roble don’t you think he is a high headed fellow for you to ride.’ . . . R.—‘Yes, he is a bit nervous.’ B.—‘do look out for him won’t you? . . . Why don’t you & dad take a trip over the water for a little while?’ R.—‘I would like to, but he is very busy now.’ B.—‘I know it but I mean a little later. . . . Do you know what troubled him so about the R. R.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie. But I think he was over anxious.’ [I had some months ago a period of *great* anxiety about some railroad business. I was thinking of it constantly for weeks, and it is not yet settled to my entire satisfaction.—N. B. J.] B.—‘I know he was. & it will come out all right Uncle Frank says so.’

“‘I did not finish about Helens friend.’ Mrs. J.—‘No, Bennie, I was going to ask about her. . . . the girl I mean is not fond of Helen.’ Mrs. J.—‘Tell me how she looks.’ B.—‘She is tall & has very dark hair & she has dark eyes too. . . . she is jealous of Helen. . . .’ Mrs. J.—‘I do not know any girl of that name.’ B.—‘She plays. on Violin I think.’

“‘.’ if you can place her it will help very much. I do

see it mother dear.' [This girl is not satisfactorily recognized.—N. B. J.]

The unreliability of this girl does not appear to be in any incarnate mind: so it was not telepathed to Mrs. Piper.

"R.—'Bennie, do you ever see me rowing or canoeing?' B.—'... didn't I tell you I would watch over you & see that nothing happened to you when rowing.'

Did Bennie constantly reckon on his telekinetic power without a telekinetic medium, or did he expect to work entirely through the mind? Either way, he, or somebody, or themselves, guarded his family very nicely through the six and a half years of these sittings. They have already reached the point where the family consults him about everything.

As I do not know who they are, I am going to indulge my impulse to remark again that it is a remarkably nice family, and rendered to perfection.

"R.—'Yes, I remember.' B.—'I think you have great fun. & I am glad you do it makes me as happy as it does you.' R.—'That is good.' B.—'Isn't that the same River I used to go on... Give them all my love and tell Roble to be as happy as he can.'"

[Extract from R. B. J.'s letter, Nov. 23, 1904: "In the notes of Nov. 16, Bennie says 'tell Roble to be as happy as he can.' This may have some connection with a family joke to the effect that I said, when I started to work this fall, that I never expected to have a good time again. This has grown to be quite a phrase in our family."]

57TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,625.)

January 9, 1905.

Present: R. H.

(R. H. put Bennie's articles in front of sheets.)

"B.—'tell Dad not to hurry so when eating.'"

Which leads the present editor to inquire: Where is Dr. Phinuit?

58TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,625f.)

February 27, 1905.

Present: R. H.

"B.—'dad did you have a cold was that it?' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I had a very *bad* cold.' B.—'I tried to help you all through it. I know so well when anything is the matter with any of you. I know better if possible than you do U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, help us all you can.' B.—'Oh yes. I shall do that. & I am not going so far from you that I shall not be ready when you come remember. I shall be ready to meet each of you... I

heard you talking about my going a long way from you. not so dad I am growing all the time in knowledge of this new life but not that I shall leave you. don't forget that. did you U. D. that I heard you talking about my going so far away' ... [At one time we talked of the possibility of changes in the other life and that Bennie might have to pass on and away from remembrance of us.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'No, but, Bennie, in your thought to care for us, you must not do anything to prevent your own progress.' B.—'No how could I dear mother, there are laws connected with this life & its conditions which enable me to progress constantly yet. while progressing I am better able to if possible to help you. than otherwise.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you ever see Hugh?' B.—'Of course I do. I told you about him dad...' N. B. J.—'Bennie, tell Hugh that dad never ceases to be sorry that he didn't take care of Hugh better.' B.—'he will be glad to hear from you oh so glad because he often goes with me to the office & stable & everywhere I go. & dad he is very fond of you. he said I don't think your father quite U. D. me.'

"B.—'Mother will you tell me who all those people were at the house the other day or what they were there for?' Mrs. J.—'I think you mean some friends of Roble's who came to rehearse a play.' B.—'I thought I heard so much talking it confused me somewhat.' [Roble lately had a number of young friends at our home rehearsing for private theatricals. They were very merry.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Do you see how perfectly well Roble is?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, and very happy and contented.' B.—'Yes I knew it. isn't he a good boy dad?' N. B. J.—'Indeed he is, a great pleasure and comfort.' B.—'he loves you all dearly & is I think very unselfish for which I am so thankful. ... I think his work with dad is just the best thing in your world for him.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie. Have you any message from my mother and father?' (Hand points to Spirit.) B.—'Grandma is so interested in my talks with you that when I finish here she gets close to me & asks me all sorts of questions. & I have to tell her everything about you all as I hear it from you. She says the only thing she cannot forget is the conditions of her earthly life & how often she misunderstood her children. She sends her love to you every time I come & if you could see her as she looks now you would be delighted I know. Dad do you think everything is all right at the farm.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, Roble tends to the farm now.'

"B.—'here comes cousin Frank. he was sorry his mother was not well.' R. H.—'Bennie, I have some articles of Frank's. Shall I produce them now?'

“Better avoid confusion friend & present them at the beginning of our next meeting + R.’

“B.—‘Dad don’t work too hard I see how anxious you are at times take care of your health & I will take care of Helen.’ N. B. J.—‘Good boy, Good boy.’ B.—‘Helen is not very strong & she is very apt to overtax her strength besides she does not wear warm clothing I see it.’”

59TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,634.)

February 28, 1905. Present: Mr. and Mrs. J., and R. H.

(Frank C. communicating.)

“Please help me to U. D. H O W to talk like other friends of mine I am Frank if you U. D. me... (R. H. gestures to Mrs. J. to put F.’s articles near block-book. She does.) help me Benny... Oh I am so glad to come here will you help me to talk?’ R. H.—‘Yes, take your time.’ (R. H. gestures to Sitters to talk.) N. B. J.—‘Yes, Frank, we’ll help you. But send word to your mother. She wants to hear from you. Tell about yourself.’

(Hand vibrates somewhat, turning for some seconds to Spirit then to R. H. and Mrs. J. and back.)

The hand frequently seems to turn to the communicating spirit. Then the medium *enacts*, and is not *possessed* by, the alleged spirit. The spirit seems to be *experienced as in a dream*.

“Oh yes I U. D. will you tell mama how I know about her. Is it uncle N—...’

“B.—‘listen. I went & told Hugh what you said about him & he said if God U. D. all you must U. D. also that all is well with him. don’t worry about anything he had his faults & many of them.’ Mrs. J.—‘Yes, Bennie, but we did not know that he was sick, else we would have taken care of him.....’

“B.—‘did you U. D. about that plank?’ Mrs. J.—‘What do you... to what do you refer, Bennie?’ B.—‘Roble jumped off from it & I feared he would get injured.’ Mrs. J.—‘I think you mean the platform at the seashore...the raft at the seashore?’ B.—‘Raft yes that the name of it. tell me who the fellow was in Robles room last night...such fun I never heard.’

“Mrs. J.—‘What were they doing?’ B.—‘he was playing on a banjo...he & another fellow were there together. playing & one sang something.’ Mrs. J.—‘Go on, Bennie.’ B.—‘like. Dellia.’ N. B. J. and Mrs. J.—“Delia.” B.—‘I could not catch it.’ (Hand turns to R. H.) R. H.—‘Délia?’ B.—‘I cannot tell you I got it so mixed up in my thoughts. say it again.’ R. H.—‘Delia?...Dellia?’ Mrs. J.—‘Bennie, per-

haps you mean Burdelia. Budelia? It is a song that the boys sing.' B.—'Yes I think so. say it again it sounded so queer to me.' N. B. J.—'It's Obedelia.' Mrs. J.—'Obedelia? Bedelia?' B.—'Yes.' Mrs. J.—'You got it very nearly right.' B.—'I heard O I heard Steel *ing* I heard Della...do you know Bert.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie.'...N. B. J. (to Mrs. J. *sotto voce*.) 'Yes, you do.' Mrs. J.—'...but go on, this is very interesting.' Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'Who is Bert?' N. B. J.—(to Mrs. J.)—'Bert B——.' B.—'I think they have some joke on him.'

".....Benny speaks of a boy playing on a banjo last night. The night before this sitting I was with a party of young people and we played the piano and sang, but did not sing Bedelia. Then he says "Steeling." The words of the song are "O, Bedelia, I've made up my mind to steal you."...speaking of Bert he says "I think they have some joke on him." Now, Bert was always getting into trouble, and the joke was always on him, so much so, that we always called him Bertie the Goat. Below that he says "I heard Roble say Walter and something about joke and Bert." Now, our phrase always was "joke on Bert," and we used it very often.]"

".....how is K L O N...my pony?" N. B. J.—'Klondike turned bad, and we sold him to the butcher.' B.—'I feared. for him. & Helen. Did you say sold him?' N. B. J.—'Yes, he came *near* hurting Helen.' B.—'Do you think I could see & permit that?' [Does Bennie overrate his telekinetic power? But see page 822. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'Did you tell us to get rid of him?' B.—'I warned dad. & when he said sold I was very glad. you do not U. D. how you often do the very things I tell you.'.....

"B.—'tell me about the horse Roble had...' N. B. J.—'He's at the farm still, Bennie.' B.—'Yes, but he is bad too.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I'll have him sold, and get Roble another horse.'

"B.—'dad I don't like law very well wouldn't you like me to be a doctor or something worth while so I could help people?'" [G. P. told me they had no physical ills over there! Perhaps Bennie meant to help the living, *à la* Phinuit? H.H.]

N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I think that would be better.' B.—'I do too.' N. B. J.—'Bennie, are you studying law now?' B.—'Yes & no. I am studying one kind of law but not as I used. I am studying the laws of the mortal & spiritual life which interests me greatly. I love to help you in U. D. where I really am etc etc etc.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do all the people in your life help some one on our side?' B.—'invariably, except the children here & we have to help them ourselves.' Mrs. J.—'Tell me how you look now. Have you grown older, or do you look as you did?' B.—'Older no dear not in looks, I look about the same. You will not have any trouble recog-

nizing me when you come.' Mrs. J.—'No, only I have often wondered if people change in your life.' B.—'that depends mother dear on the conditions under which they passed over & the condition of their lives while in the body.' Mrs. J.—'Do you grow old as we do?' B.—'No not in spirit mother.' R. H.—'Bennie, I think your mother wants to know whether there is growth, for example, from children up, and whether old people remain very old, and so on.' B.—'I U. D. no... old people grow younger [Compare through Index under *Age*. H.H.] in a sense while children grow to the years of maturity as you would express it... we look as we did when in the body with the exception of looking old. I do not grow wrinkles lose my hair etc.... I retain my looks so you would know me. perfectly well. I wonder if I will ever. speak with you again here.' [With this medium. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'I hope so, Bennie.' B.—'Will I Mr Hodgson think?' R. H.—'You doubtless will, Bennie, if the light [*i.e.* the medium's power. H.H.] continues to burn.' B.—'It is growing dim now.'....."

63D SITTING. (PR.XXIV,647f.)

November 20, 1905. Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

"B.—'help me to U. D. what troubles Aunt Alice so much.' Mrs. J.—'I do not know, Bennie. Last summer she seemed very happy, I thought.' B.—'no it is not her mind but her body. Is it rheumatism?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, partly.' B.—'I think I can help her too. I'll keep on trying. Grandpa Junot says. it's no use. worrying all things are right with God.....'

"'tell me is Roble U. D. law any better...?' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Tell me what you know about Roble.' B.—'I am much amused re... in regard to him. I am not sure he will be altogether interested in law. he has other things on his mind...?' N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you know where Roble now is?' B.—'I saw him going on a boat... sounds like B o a t...?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, Roble is not with us now. I wish that you could tell us about him later...?' B.—'Dad did you say you would give Roble the farm.' N. B. J.—'Yes, I did.' B.—'good I am glad of it then I can see him there... wake up dad dear... did you say Helen could not go back to school...?' Mrs. J.—'She was not strong enough, we thought, so we kept her at home, and she is trying to get entirely well.' B.—'that is fine. She *is not* lazy. I dislike that word applied to her. She grew too fast and used up all the strength she had in growing.' Mrs. J.—'Yes? Her nervous energy was stronger than her physical endurance.' B.—'Vitality... the Dr. [Was Phinuit still in consultation practice, though he had stopped visiting patients on this side? H.H.] says keep her out doors a good deal.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. I wish that I had understood her condi-

tion long ago.' B.—'Didn't I keep telling you dear that she was not well and if she did not practise she was not to blame?.....'

"Mrs. J.—'I...it is very hard to know the right thing to do, Bennie.' B.—'I know and feel the importance of looking after her and they told me here to tell you all about her. I'll speak to Dr.' [Medical advice follows.]....."

64TH SITTING.

November 21, 1905. Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.

"B.—'I found Roble, after I saw you...He seems to be very busy...he has now taken up a new life which will help him greatly. I saw his...what shall I call it room. Does he need more help or study, I wonder. What I see is clear & he got his own. Ideas about his business. I think he is...Started for himself. how can I tell you?' [Then his room with maps and charts is described. H.H.]... N. B. J.—'Bennie, could you tell whether he was at home or in a foreign land?' B.—'way off very far away it took me ever since I saw you...to find locate him and return here to tell you about him.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie, can you tell what language they speak where Roble is?' B.—'language.' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Sounds like German. but I cannot exactly tell you.' [Roble was at his mining property in lower Mexico at this time. Spanish is the language spoken by all the employés there.—N. B. J.].....

"B.—'he has some light [*i.e.* mediumistic sensibility. H.H.] Roble has and I often guide him when he gets a little uncertain. ask him if he doesn't realize that I am with him?...it looked like summer all the time. [In Mexico. H.H.] I U. D. better than I can say. Did he tell you that I was with him at the office. one day before he went away.' Mrs. J.—'No. But he often dreams about you, and feels that you are with him' [evidence of Roble's "light"? H.H.]

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me about yourself.' B.—'What can I tell you I am so well and so happy and with Miriam and Frank all the time they are well and happy also We are helping each other I am teaching school now and I like it very much.'.....

"B.—'Father did you say I might go so far away you could not find me when you came.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we were talking about that, and I was afraid you might have to go far away.' B.—'I do not wish you to think this my ties are too strong for that and when you are called to this beautiful world I shall be the first to greet and help you don't worry about that.'

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, are you with me constantly?' B.—'Yes mother I am with you what you call every day I go to Roble I pray for him I go to Helen I pray for her I find dad I pray for him and then I go all over it again and nothing gives

me so much pleasure.'... [No revolutionary change of tastes, convictions or habits, apparently. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'When I think of you, does it bring you to me?' B.—'Almost invariably and is a great help. Don't you U. D. how I do this Hodgson Mr.' R. H.—'Yes, I do, I think, in a way.' [Is it mild hypnotic control? H.H.] (Mrs. P.'s breathing rather heavy. R. H. changes position of head.)

"B.—'What is wrong friend your body seems not right.' [Any connection with soreness in my back muscles?—R. H.] R. H.—'I attended to the light.' B.—'that cannot be it.' N. B. J.—'To whom was that addressed?' B.—'Are you alright Mother?' [Seems to confuse Mrs. Piper's malaise with others'. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie, I have not felt quite well lately.' B.—'Are you alright this minute?' Mrs. J.—'Oh yes, oh yes. But I have been troubled about Helen's illness, and I miss Roble very much.' B.—'I know but do not feel troubled about either I assure you they are both alright....trouble comes without bringing it mother dear so do not worry for my sake as I know.....'

"Mrs. J.—'Yes, but, Bennie, we do not see and understand as you do, and we have not the strength of mind that you have.' [We certainly have watched its growth. H.H.] B.—'I U. D. what you mean but the more you believe in the thought that all will be well the happier you will be don't you feel it so dad?' N. B. J.—'Yes. I have no doubt but that you are right.' B.—'Now I said help me to keep my father in the body well and strong he needs strength for his work, and I kept saying it over and over again and you began to feel better...' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me more about yourself. Do you ever regret that you left this world so early?' B.—'Regret?' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Why no mother I have nothing to regret dear I am very happy here and I have greater privileges than you can possibly have I can see you all just as often as I wish and I U. D. you are coming to me some day. therefore I am not only glad I came but I am supremely happy if you can U. D. it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, but sometimes I feel that every one should have a long life in this world of ours.' B.—'but God thinks differently. and this is the way of all all must come sooner or later. He knows better than any of us either on our side or on yours. I get dad's thoughts sometimes when he is surrounded by curious etc [?] influences giving advice and help and I say... Oh how much better off I am and how I wish he could see me as I am.'"

I learn that if the sittings depict actualities, Bennie and his mother were reunited some five years after the last sitting.

Assuming that these communications are what they purport to be, the many sittings may have been an excellent thing for this admirable family, and yet I can easily conceive many other people, less admirable perhaps, to whom the habit of such sittings would be of doubtful benefit; and still other people, not less admirable, who, once satisfied of future reunion, would make no effort for communication here, but while ready with most grateful welcome for any that might come, would prefer to leave the whole matter to the spontaneous course of Nature. In other words, I incline to think that for many people, probably for the vast majority, the medium habit would not be a good habit; and yet many of these very people are probably grateful for what has come to themselves from the habit in others; and for most of those others the habit may be a good one. To many of those who do not seek veridical dreams, there may be still open a possible avenue of communication in them unsought, and with no danger of running an interest in another world to an extreme that might in some cases be prejudicial to many interests in this one. Interests in this one, however, seem in the greater danger of being run to an extreme.

BOOK III

ATTEMPTS AT CORRELATION

CHAPTER I

RELATIONS OF THE MEDIUM'S DREAMS WITH OTHER DREAMS

LET us now try, even at the cost of much repetition, to group into some sort of system the suggestions that have come up incidentally during our examination of alleged Possession.

It will be most convenient to talk of Mrs. Piper, as the best type of medium, and consider the others only incidentally when their phenomena show important differences from hers, or cast light on hers.

As already said in connection with telekinesis and telepathy, in attempting to correlate phenomena we don't understand with those we do, it is well to begin with the points of resemblance.

I. The first noticeable thing about Mrs. Piper's phenomena is that she is asleep, the next (historically) that she is talking in her sleep, though she now has substituted writing. When people talk in their sleep, we ordinarily suppose them to be dreaming, which raises a presumption that Mrs. Piper is dreaming. In the waking stage she often alludes to what she has dreamed, but soon forgets it. At first this seems to do away entirely with the old-fashioned notion of possession, but perhaps we shall come (if we have not come already) to an impression including both notions—that her consciousness remains in the dream, and that it is influenced from outside.

Some people talk in their sleep and some do not. Mrs. Piper does when she goes into trance wishing to talk, though I find no record that she talks in her ordinary sleep, when of course she does not go to sleep wishing to talk.

The dream states in ordinary sleep, trance, somnambulism, and hypnosis do not seem to differ from each other in quality. In ordinary sleep people are perhaps as ready for suggestion as in hypnosis. Any trifle can make them dream immensities (see p. 896). The dream states differ immensely in degree, however. I remember a report somewhere of Mrs. Piper slipping from one degree to another—inferred from her feeling in the morning that she had had a trance in the midst of her ordinary sleep. Mrs. Piper's dreams, like those of ordinary sleep, appear to have ranged from abnormality not only to normality, but apparently to a tonic quality. Ordinary dreams range from horrid nightmares, from which the dreamer awakens trembling and exhausted, to beatific visions from which he awakes stimulated and refreshed. Despite many writers quoted by Freud in the *Interpretation of Dreams*, nightmares seem a small minority with sensitives and good dreamers generally. Dreams are frequently held to diminish the amount of sleep, and consequently its good effects. This is certainly far from the case with pleasant dreams, and with the general run of mediumistic trances.

II. The capacity to sleep *intensely* or at will, or both, has often accompanied high intellectual ability, and is probably one cause of it. Witness Napoleon with his average four hours, and Havelock, as soon as he had his dispositions for battle made, telling his aides to wake him when things get going, and lying down on the field, with his eyes covered, for a nap. All of which reminds me of how John Fiske could sleep. We were living together in London in 1879; he had an engagement one morning after we had had several late and strenuous nights, and I found it impossible to wake him without injury. I have sometimes wondered if I could have done it even by resorting to injury. Yet our strenuousness had had no conditions to make his sleep other than natural.

The capacity to enter trance at will accompanies the special ability of most of the sensitives.

III. The sensitives, dreaming, think they see real people. So do the rest of us. It is only after we wake up that we don't believe that they were what we call in the material body. For some purposes the body seems a superfluous and

cumbersome appendage: the dream presentations of it answer every immediate purpose that the waking presentations do, even to the sexual relations. The only lack of the dream bodies seems to be permanence; but that is only apparent: for to the sensitives they come as regularly, and even after as long intervals, and in readier response to summons, than do personages in the flesh: the Ideas of them seem permanent. They are certainly more definite than what we, waking, call memories.

IV. The sensitives identify themselves in their dreams with other people. So probably do most of us at times. I think I've done it more than once, though I don't remember distinctly.

V. Many dreamers, from waking visions through ordinary sleep up to mediumistic trance, get knowledge in ways still unexperienced by mankind in general, and little understood by the dreamers themselves.

VI. A large part of trance utterances and heteromatic writing is as incoherent and nonsensical as dream matter in general. The former must not be judged by what is reported: as a rule only the coherent parts are published, and even they are often shot through by veins of incoherence. On the other hand, the very best sittings cannot be published because they are too intimate, which of course must mean not only that they relate to intimate affairs, but that they have the verisimilitude dependent on coherency and consistency.

VII. Like ordinary dreamers, Mrs. Piper remembers something in her trance dreams. Her somewhat involuntary expressions between her trance state and full consciousness of ordinary life show this.

Now let us consider the *differences* between Mrs. Piper's trance dreams and ordinary dreams. Remember, I speak of hers, for convenience, and only as the type.

I. Hers generally last an hour or two: many ordinary dreams, quite probably most, though lasting hours in the dream life, measured by the waking life, last only seconds. Many long dreams are experimentally proved to have taken place in the instant between a disturbance and an awakening. My most significant ones have been cut off by awakening—once clearly with an obvious cause. It looks as if the

cause of the dream and the awakening were generally the same (see p. 896).

II. Mrs. Piper's trances, as already said, can generally be brought on at will. A few people can dream at will, but most cannot. Some people can dream about anything they please. Robert Louis Stevenson and Dr. van Eeden say that they can, and DuMaurier's account of Peter Ibbetson's dreaming reads as if it were based on facts, and is said to be so, though, whether it is or not, such a rumor is almost inevitable.

III. The trances are matters of everyday occurrence (if so willed); dreams—at least significant dreams—seldom are.

IV. Despite much confusion, there is a marked continuity of persons and interests in the trances of the sensitives; and events and utterances, both spontaneous and hypnotic, in one dream are often referred to in later ones. Not so in ordinary dreams to any noticeable extent.

V. The dreamer's impersonations in the mediumistic trances (and perhaps Home's and Foster's semi-trances might be included, and probably others) mark them off very distinctly from ordinary dreams, but not from many cases of somnambulism, and not at all from many of hypnotism, where the subject often impersonates what the hypnotizer wills. The assumption of discarnate intelligences hypnotizing the sensitives seems to fit the case very closely.

VI. Mrs. Piper writes day after day in trance, while the cases of writing in ordinary sleep are exceedingly rare.

VII. The recollections of all trance dreams seem to disappear almost entirely as soon as consciousness is recovered, and entirely within a few hours. Recollections of some ordinary dreams are as enduring as waking recollections.

VIII. The abundant and almost constant veridicity in the dreams of many sensitives constitutes such a difference from the scant and occasional veridicity of ordinary dreams, as probably to justify including it here under differences from them rather than under resemblances to them. Yet there is an important resemblance, and although, until the appearance of modern mediumship, the veridicity in ordinary dreams had not attracted much investigation, it is by no means to be neglected in investigating mediumship.

So much for the resemblances and differences between mediumistic dreams and ordinary dreams. Now for the resemblance of mediumistic to hypnotic dreams.

I. As often said already, the impersonations by the sensitives in their trances are much like those of hypnotized subjects.

II. The visions seem to be auto-hypnotic. The sensitives seem to suggest to themselves that they shall dream, and tell or write what they dream. So far so good. Later we will consider *what* is said.

III. The hypnotized, when awake, generally knows nothing of what took place in the trance, but remembers it when again hypnotized. So Mrs. Piper in trance with a sitter who has sat with her before, but only in trance, remembers much of the previous sitting, or is "possessed by the same controls."

IV. Hypnotized persons are anesthetic at the will of the hypnotizer, and Mrs. Piper is reported on good authority as anesthetic in her trances, though that, like everything else about her, has of course been contradicted. But so are some people virtually anesthetic in ordinary sleep. *Cf. ante* my John Fiske case.

All this raises the crucial question whether as suggested in our consideration of telepathy, Mrs. Piper and those like her, after they have willed themselves to sleep, are simply taken farther under hypnotic control by postcarnate intelligences, and also hypnotized by the sitter, and controlled by him to make some sort of response to his yearning to hear from his loved and lost. My first impression was that the latter condition will not hold at all: I distinctly did not want her to say anything very intimate to me, and by willing easily stopped her when she started to. But there is another side to that fact: perhaps I hypnotized her not to, and most sitters may hypnotize her to. Yet granting the existence of postcarnate intelligences, their hypnotizing of the medium would of course be a good *modus operandi*—so good perhaps as to raise a slight presumption in favor of the whole explanation—postcarnate intelligences and all.

So much for resemblances to hypnotic trance. As to differences, I see none in kind, but in degree I see:

I. The absence of any incarnate hypnotizer unless that office may be performed by the desires of the sitter or tel-oteropathically by other incarnate intelligences; though, everything considered, does this seem much more likely than that it is performed by the alleged postcarnate ones?

II. The knowledge shown, often *contrary* to that of the sitter or any known possible hypnotizer.

III. The enormous variety of impersonations, at no obvious will, unless that of the alleged impersonators, which constitutes almost a difference in kind.

Now how far is Mrs. Piper for the time somebody else? Some wise people say that she is not somebody else, but is another self—"a thing of shreds and patches" made up of impressions from her sitter's mind, and other incarnate minds so far as the sitter's mind is not up to the job. Others cannot see much difference anyhow between "another self" and somebody else, but think somebody else is easier; though there seems no inconsistency in guessing the somebody else a mere audible (or legible through the writing) and partly visible (by gesture) reflection of a somebody telepathically presented directly to Mrs. Piper; and if we follow the record, we've even got sometimes to give up the "directly" and recognize an intermediary—Phinuit, G. P., Rector, and the like.

The Divided Self

Now where do all these personages speaking through the sensitives come from?

They certainly are not mere impressions like those Foster described to me, which I believe reached him from my own mind, and which, when naturally and easily dramatized in the responses to my questions, from my father and Sextus, plainly were Foster's work and not theirs. But his dramatic impersonations, and the vast number of Mrs. Piper's, give inadequately few signs of being effected by the sitter, and none at all of being within the powers of any other incarnate personality that ever lived; and to attribute them to a subliminal self merely admits the superusual quality of the work, but does not give the slightest explanation of it.

As the phenomena soon outgrew the subliminal scrap

basket, as originally limited, each control was assumed to be a divided self—a secondary personality of the medium.

This idea of divided selves had its origin in cases in which, after accident or nervous shock or deterioration, memory is affected, the patient forgets his past, or even his identity, often has to learn many things or everything anew, and yet retains faculties enough to become virtually a new personality.

Sometimes reparatory processes restore the old personality for the rest of life; instances abound in which brain surgery has restored the original self. Sometimes temporary ameliorations restore it temporarily, and the patient relapses into the new personality; sometimes a farther deterioration, a new accident, or a new shock, may knock out the second personality, and a third may supervene, and so on until, in Dr. Prince's Sally Beauchamp, there were four, and in Dr. Wilson's case (Pr. XVIII, 351f.) there were eleven.

This matter of the divided or secondary self is so important that we had better go into it in some detail.

The most celebrated case is perhaps that of Ansel Bourne, of Greene, Rhode Island, who was an atheist, at enmity with several of his neighbors, and after a sunstroke in 1857, became deaf, dumb, and blind, though he did not lose his consciousness. While in this condition he repented of his atheism and bellicose disposition, was taken to church before his hearing and speech were restored, but under the emotions aroused there, suddenly recovered them, and made an address which greatly moved the congregation, most of whom, including the parson, of course thought his whole experience "miraculous," though Bourne at first did not, but after a time apparently was persuaded into that view.

After thirty years, most of which he spent as a peripatetic evangelist, he disappeared from home, and after an interval of two weeks, of which neither he nor anybody else knows anything, except as stated later, turned up in Norristown, Pa., and opened and creditably conducted a little shop, under the name of A. J. Brown. There he was found by his friends eight weeks after his disappearance.

Hodgson gives a very interesting account of the whole experience in Pr. VII, 221-57. He says (p. 231) that two months after the disappearance:

"On the morning of Monday, March 14th, about five o'clock, he heard, he says, an explosion like the report of a gun or a pistol, and, waking, he noticed that there was a ridge in his bed not like the bed he had been accustomed to sleep in. . . . He felt very weak, and thought that he had been drugged. His next sensation was that of fear, knowing that he was in a place where he had no business to be. He feared arrest as a burglar, or possibly injury.

"Hearing someone moving in another room he rapped at the door. Mr. Earle opened it, and said, 'Good morning, Mr. Brown.' B.: 'Where am I?' E.: 'You're all right.' B.: 'I'm all wrong. My name isn't Brown. Where am I?' E.: 'Norristown.' B.: 'Where is that?' E.: 'In Pennsylvania.' B.: 'What part of the country?' E.: 'About 17 miles west of Philadelphia.' B.: 'What time in the month is it?' E.: 'The 14th.' B.: 'Does time run backwards here? When I left home it was the 17th.' E.: '17th of what?' B.: '17th of January.' E.: 'It's the 14th of March.'

"Mr. Earle thought that 'Mr. Brown' was out of his mind, and . . . summoned Dr. Louis H. Read, to whom Mr. Bourne told the story of his doings in Rhode Island on the morning of January 17th, and said that he remembered nothing between the time of seeing the Adams express wagons on Dorrance-street, on January 17th, and waking up [in Norristown. H.H.] that morning, March 14th.

" No account was forthcoming of Mr. Bourne's doings between the time of his disappearance from Providence and his advent in Norristown two weeks later, and Professor James conceived the idea that if Mr. Bourne could be hypnotized we might obtain from him while in the hypnotic trance a complete history of the whole incident, and at the same time, by post-hypnotic suggestion, prevent the recurrence of any such episode."

Under hypnosis he declared his name was Brown, that he was born in Newton, New Hampshire, July 28, 1826 (he was actually born in New York on that day), and gave a confused account of a life not Bourne's up to the time he disappeared in Rhode Island. From there on he was clear and correct, until the time he heard the apparent explosion and woke up as Ansel Bourne.

Under hypnosis as Brown he remembered hearing of Bourne's experience, but did not know whether he had ever met him or not.

His memory during his "ambulatory trance" appears, from the accounts of persons he talked with, to have been better than during the hypnotic trance, and the hypnotized

"Brown" grew less clear as time went on, and appeared to be slowly disintegrating.

It was impossible to get the hypnotized "Brown" to remember Bourne at all, or the normal Bourne to remember "Brown."

In connection with this account Hodgson gives some other cases of divided personality, with instructive comments, and there are still more cases and comments scattered through the Pr. S. P. R. Probably the most elaborately reported case is that already alluded to of Sally Beauchamp in Dr. Morton Prince's *Dissociation of a Personality*.

A case very similar to Bourne's, though unfortunately the patient would not submit to hypnotic examination, is reported in Jour. S. P. R. CCC, June, 1913. It is abstracted from the April (1913) number, Journal of the Am. S. P. R., but for my brief notice it would be superfluous to go to the original. In brief the case is: Charles P. Brewin, a tailor of Burlington, N. J., had, like Bourne, a sunstroke. It was in 1865, and his head frequently troubled him. He disappeared from home on Nov. 9, 1903; nothing was known of him for about eighteen months, when he appeared under the name of Frank Johnson in Plainfield, N. J., and lived there, as a clothes presser, until about the middle of 1907, when he was recognized, and some of his relatives came to see him. He did not recognize them, but under their stimulation of his memories, had a period of perplexity with headache and brain engorgement, which culminated, as with Bourne, in a report "like a pistol or gun or cannon close to my head," and he came to himself, but it took time for him to clear up his Brewin past; and for him his Johnson past had no existence. During it he had made many statements regarding Johnson's antecedents and relations which had no basis in fact. He even took out a life insurance policy in favor of an imaginary sister. Of the eighteen months before he appeared in Plainfield, his accounts, as Johnson, could not be verified.

After the Johnson interval his head became better than the sunstroke had left it before.

Unlike most duplicate personalities, the character, tastes, habits, and capacities of the two were virtually identical, but there was no connection in memory.

Yet these imaginations of Johnson were to a considerable extent the converse of experiences of Brewin: *e.g.*, Johnson's mother was said to have died of pneumonia *aet.* 43; Brewin's father did so die *aet.* 47. Johnson's birth date was given as Feb. 22, 1858; Brewin's actually was Feb. 22, 1848.

While he was Johnson, however, he did *dream* of a boarding-house in Asbury Park to which he had gone summers, but he had no recollection of having been there, and took it entirely as a dream structure. He said to Mrs. Dunn, his landlady:

"I believe I could go to Asbury Park and find that house.' I [Mrs. D.] said: 'Of course it was all a dream, and the house does not exist.' But he said it all seemed so real to him.

"On Monday morning, July 1, 1907, after Mr. Brewin's return to his primary personality, Mrs. Dunn told him of this dream.

"He at once spoke up: 'Did I tell you I dreamed that? There was just such a place as that. We went there several successive summers....' The son confirmed the fact that they had visited the place described.....

"In April, 1913, Mr. Brewin was reported to be still perfectly normal and carrying on business on his own account."

Space forbids more details, but Bourne's case indicates why some commentators believe that Mrs. Piper is Phinuit or G. P. or any one of a thousand other people, just as Bourne hypnotized was Brown; and this despite the crucial difference that Bourne actually had been Brown for two months wide awake, while Mrs. Piper never has been Phinuit or G. P. or any other of her characters, except for an occasional hour when asleep.

Yet some points look like the alternate personality hypothesis.

I. In Mrs. Piper's trances characters do return again and again, as Brown returned to the hypnotized Bourne.

II. The recollections of Brown are much like the scraggy recollections of some of Mrs. Piper's characters: both seem made of "shreds and patches" which may be telepathed subliminal memories from somewhere or dribbles from the cosmic reservoir.

III. Brown faded out, and so to some extent have Mrs. Piper's characters, but especially as her psycho-kinesis has

deteriorated with advancing years. They say they are moving on to higher spheres. Perhaps Brown did, *if* Bourne was "possessed" by him.

IV. The seemingly explosive reports that restored Bourne and Brewin to themselves are enormously like Mrs. Piper's "snap" (see p. 862).

But all these points of resemblance seem to me to weigh nothing in face of the facts that:

I. None of her characters could ever be purposely hypnotized back by anybody else, as Brown was from Bourne. They always came at their own sweet wills—Phinuit from general sociability, G. P. from interest in his friends, and in helping sitters and promoting the truth; controls generally from interest in their friends; the Emperor group from general benevolence and a fondness for preaching, etc.

II. Mrs. Piper's characters are generally on hand when wanted: divided selves are as uncertain as the wind.

III. Mrs. Piper's characters (with the possible exception of Phinuit and the Emperor gang, for which exceptions, reasons abound), are generally persons whom her sitters knew, and, with good sitters, are those persons to the life. There is nothing like this about what are usually considered secondary personalities.

IV. The non-sensitives, as already said, where a cause has been known, have put on their later personalities in consequence of brain injury. The manifestations of the sensitives proceed from nothing of the kind. This seems conclusive. Half-informed people have held "mediumship," whatever it may be, to consist of morbid manifestations, like the half-crazed dreams of the middle-age ascetics, but on the contrary, the mediums are at their best when in their best health; and the temperate exercise of their powers, like that of normal powers generally, seems essential to their best health.

Drs. Tanner and Hall succeeded in bullying the Hodgson manifestation into confusion enough to enable them to crowd and twist him into their mold for secondary personalities, and they appear to have convinced themselves that each of the characters manifested by Mrs. Piper is another one. If such careful and competent students find the evidences for

spiritism so strong as to call out in opposition such overstraining of probability and forcing of possibility against it, the evidence must be very strong indeed.

I cannot recall any case of telepathic power in a victim of the ordinary undoubted incarnate secondary personality experience resulting from an imaginable injury or deterioration.

V. The knowledge gained by the sensitive, under the secondary-personality hypothesis, depends on the incarnate telepathic hypothesis, and probable as telepathy or even teloteropathy is in many cases, in many others it seems to be shattered by the failure of the mediums to get things apparently vastly easier to get telepathically than the things they do get. One such case as this of course does more to disprove incarnate telepathy than many cases where the medium tells the whole story go to prove it.

VI. To assume that the alleged spirits are only the sensitive's secondary personalities acting on telepathic knowledge requires a motive. Now to fasten a motive on to a secondary personality is a ticklish job, more ticklish perhaps than the acceptance of the spiritistic theory. We know precious little about secondary personalities, but that little by no means denotes a constant regard by the secondary personality for the comfort of the primary one or anybody else. The third Sally Beauchamp enjoyed nothing more than putting the first Sally in a hole. It will not do, therefore, to assume that there were scores of Mrs. Thompsons working to amuse her friends; or of secondary Fosters for the same motive plus five dollars a sitting to the original Foster; or hundreds of secondary Mrs. Pipers play-acting to get for the original Mrs. Piper ten dollars a sitting and whatever notoriety and social connections the sittings might secure.

VII. The only other visible alternatives seem to be that the hypothetic secondary personalities did it all for fun or out of pure cussedness: for secondary personalities are often inclined that way. Nearly thirty years, however, is a long time for the sport to hold its zest. I've met no record but Mrs. Piper's of its even seeming to do so. On the contrary, all other alleged subsidiary personalities have been very unstable and ephemeral: if the organism holding them doesn't soon get rid of them, it dies. Foster was a healthy man for

many years. Mrs. Thompson is well at last accounts, and Mrs. Piper is enjoying a healthy old age.

VIII. I do not recall an unquestionable secondary personality who professed to be of the opposite sex from the original.

Do not these eight considerations seem to dispose of the secondary-personality hypothesis, and even more effectually of the tertiary, quaternary, and millenary personality hypothesis—that each new personality enacted by the medium is a new subsidiary personality of the medium's self, *selecting from other and often incarnate minds just the set of facts needed for the enactment of the character in question?* Again, *credat Judæus!*

The subliminal hypothesis, then (except as a name for the cosmic inflow hypothesis), meaning nothing, and the secondary-personality hypothesis being counter to the facts from which it got its name, what *are* the personalities? All sorts of ingenuity have been at work to make them out some sort of voluntary or involuntary concoctions of Mrs. Piper. But admitting that she got the material for them telepathically from the sitter or teloteropathically from other incarnate minds, who worked this material up into characters truer and more varied, though of course not more interesting, than Shakespere's, and *did it on the spur of the moment?* Some say her subliminal self did. That merely gives the agency a name and explains nothing unless, as aforesaid, the subliminal self is the cosmic soul, in which case the characters exist as parts of it, and are not made by Mrs. Piper at all, but only manifested through her, as they profess to be.

Telepathic impressions *demonstrably* from incarnate minds, so far as I know, have never, except when *consciously* willed by hypnotizers, gone to the length of imitating or enacting or personating anybody. There are plenty of illustrations of the subject's feeling the agent's sensations and making *reflex actions* like grimacing over bad tastes, or touching aching spots, but no indications of his doing, in response to *unconscious* volition of the agent, any act like the long impersonations of the controls. In fact an assertion of his doing so would be hard to substantiate: for the hypnotizer could not recollect an unconscious volition, if such a thing is not a contradiction in terms.

Again: although a medium may get knowledge of many kinds of telepathy, where does the *initiative* shown by the alleged controls come from? When things said or done by or through Mrs. Piper entranced, are things that Mrs. Piper in her normal senses never would do, when Phinuit's slang and swearing come from her mouth, the anti-spiritists say it is from her secondary personality, because secondary personalities sometimes swear when their primaries do not. But Mrs. Piper's other signs are not of secondary personalities. When I made *somebody* impatient by asking for tests, who answered: "Do you want me to tell you the length of your grandfather's cat's tail?" It was not I, nor was it Mrs. Piper. When somehow (but not from me, as I did not know it) *somebody* learned that A was in trouble, and B trying to help him, who *initiated* the request to me to find out about it and lend a hand? Who was interested in this but A's friend and mine, G. P.?

Where does the *emotion* come from? When *somebody* learned that my drowned cousin wanted me to tell his mother that he was still living under changed conditions, who supplied the feeling in his impassioned entreaty? What occasion had Mrs. Piper, or anybody but the boy himself, for that feeling? In the many similar cases, why should Mrs. Piper have "secondary selves" feeling all these interests? Why should her subliminal self or dissociated personality exhibit all this yearning love for people she never saw?

Nearly all the utterances of the alleged communicators in the Pr. S. P. R., from philosophers down to children, are full of eager desire to convince their friends of their survival and happiness; and the motives for doing so range all the way from the scientific enthusiasms of G. P., Myers, and Hodgson down to the lisping filial affection of the Thaw babies.

Almost equally prominent is the desire to *help* everybody, from bereaved parents to those whose interest in the subject is merely that of enlightened curiosity.

These three features—intense affection for people Mrs. Piper never heard of, desire to convince everybody of survival, and desire to help everybody—are hard to account for as mere unconscious personations of the medium—all harder

to account for, perhaps, than the verisimilitude of the medium's dramatizations, and the superusual knowledge; still harder as coming from divided selves: for, as already said, *known* divided selves are pretty generally full of cussedness.

So far as I can weigh the proposed answers, the simplest is that she did not get those three things at all—that she simply was able to let the characters themselves, as parts of the cosmic stream, flow, at least telepathically, through her organism—not very congruous terms, I fear; but we are beyond the region of constant congruities.

If she acts merely for the sake of acting, why does she (*Pace* Phinuit and the Emperor gang) act solely characters in which her sitters are interested, and characters that *have lived*? Why is she entirely free from the tendency of other actors to enact the more interesting characters made by Shakespere and Hugo and Bulwer? She knows Hamlet and Macbeth and Puck better than she knows the sitter's friends, whom she never heard of. One answer of course is that, as aforesaid, she reads his friends from his mind. But is she so hypnotized by him that no character can well up from her own mind? Isn't it a more "likely" answer that she is not acting at all—that as there appear only people interested in the sitters, they come for that reason, and act themselves? Is not this as probable as that this average New England woman, and others like her, out-Shakespere Shakespere?

Foster, conscious, gets an impression and repeats it to me. That's easily understood. Mrs. Piper, unconscious, gets an impression. Now who repeats it to me? But X is hypnotized and unconscious and gets an impression *and* repeats it. Why, then, is not Mrs. Piper hypnotized when, though unconscious, she repeats hers? But she receives and repeats to-day as Phinuit, to-morrow, or the next second, as George Pelham, or Edmund Gurney. And no visible person hypnotizes her into doing it, unless the sitter hypnotizes her unconsciously. But he doesn't: people he knows nothing of, pop up constantly, and she generally does the trick just as those persons would; and the impressions and expressions conveyed are not Mrs. Piper's or the sitter's. Apparently, Mrs. Piper has nothing to do with it: she is only and literally a "medium."

If the appearances are deceitful, she dramatizes and acts as no conscious genius in the world ever could.

An explanation of all this, on a par with the mere names subliminal self and alternate selves, is a statement often made that the entity bearing either of those names "is an actor." But Mrs. Piper is equally a dramatist. As for any secondary or divided self, as distinct from the subliminal self, being an actor, to my limited knowledge no properly attested one has ever been any such thing, but a perfectly straightforward diseased personality that is no more like Foster or Mrs. Piper or Mrs. Thompson than like you or me.

But there is a thinkable condition under which one may well hold the subliminal self both dramatist and actor: for there seems a vague, but maybe immense, probability that the subliminal self enacts the whole life of every creature that has life at all, and that the subliminal selves of all these creatures are One. That would vaguely explain why sometimes one of the creatures, like Foster or Mrs. Piper or Mrs. Thompson, expresses so many of them.

When some students say: "It wasn't the ordinary Mrs. Piper: it was her subliminal self," they also say: "It wasn't the ordinary Mr. Shakespere: it was his subliminal self," and they go on to say: "His subliminal self came to the surface easier than other people's, and that's the reason he's a bigger genius." If you notice, none of them ever said: "His subliminal self is bigger": they only say: "It comes to the surface easier." Doesn't this tacitly imply that, although they have outgrown the democratic fallacy that one man is as good as another, they yet believe one subliminal self is as good as another—holds everything, at least every memory that was ever put before it—everything that was ever understood, or only sensed, even though it were Hebrew words repeated before a British or Irish servant girl? One subliminal is as good as another, only one gets above the threshold and gets to work easier than another; and that's really all the important difference in men. Now this begins to grow interesting. One man looks like a god—whatever that may mean: I suppose it means that he looks all we can imagine of goodness and intelligence; another man looks like John Smith.

The first man can write *Comus* or *Faust*; but he can't describe all your dead or absent friends, and tell you what they're doing at the other side of the earth, and possibly a little of what they're doing outside of the earth; while the man who looks like John Smith can, though he cannot write *Comus* or *Faust*; his subliminal is as big as Milton's or Goethe's, but different, just as theirs differed from each other. I think I am safe in saying that the authorities generally pause before the subliminal of the humblest man as before something unlimited. Mrs. Piper, supraliminal, is by no means an extraordinary person; but beside her subliminal, all Banquo's descendants are nothing. This is a big proposition, but apparently you've got to concede either it or spiritism—or say you don't know—or don't want to play. But if you do enter the game, apparently you must concede one or the other. I'm not playing, but merely guessing; and I guess I'll guess both—that what we call Mrs. Piper's subliminal self, or yours, or mine, is as big as anybody can imagine—and bigger—big enough to hold not only Phinuit and George P. and Mr. E. and the rest, but all the consciousness in the universe; and it has been called the cosmic consciousness, the world-soul, and many other names, all meaning, so far as our poor words for such a thing can have meaning, the same thing.

I guess, too, that maybe the cosmic soul passes through Mrs. Piper as people who have lived our life, and perhaps as some who only say they have; and I guess that when Shakespeare was what we call "inspired," it was the cosmic soul that passed through him, as Lear or Mercutio or other people that live longer and effect more than most of Mrs. Piper's people ever did. They don't live in the same way, or effect the same things, and whether they enjoy themselves more, or as much or at all, is a question. But as I am writing about our cosmic relations in general, perhaps I would better repeat from this point of view that I guess, as most of us do, that the Power greater than even Shakespeare, who makes creatures that enjoy, set these balls rolling for that very purpose, and flows into individualities in order that increasing myriads may enjoy. Yet as it flows into each little rill, it is still itself, and we cannot imagine its limitation or extinction.

The phenomena of the best medium seldom, if ever, seem to depend solely on the medium's volition, or telepathy or teloteropathy or spiritism. Wherever one of these seems dominant, the case is apt to be qualified by one or more of the others. In the manifestations that to the faithful appear most convincingly spiritistic, there is generally distinctly traceable a qualification from the medium or the sitter or both.

And why should there not be?—especially if to control, medium and sitter, we are to add, as often declared by the controls, a medium on the other side—Phinuit or G. P. or Rector, speaking for people who can't "get through" their messages themselves?

Leaving spiritism entirely out of the question, we know from innumerable cases of admitted telepathy, that mind is much more pervasive, fluid, shall I say contagious? (every word is of course a metaphor) than it was realized to be a generation ago; and if you are going to admit a discarnate mind behind the phenomena, you must expect it tinged by the channel through which it has flowed or has sympathetically touched. (More metaphor! We have nothing else.) Where, in the original stream, there are strong obstructions, or lack of vigor or fullness, the tinges from other streams may dominate its original color, and even make it appear something else.

I have said all this before, and will probably have to say it again before it will be clearly understood by you—or me—or anybody else. But I trust that it clears up a little at each statement.

It is all as, on the spiritistic hypothesis, we would expect it to be. If there are postcarnate intelligences, with the apparent means of communication we have no reason to expect clear and unadulterated flows of personality. Remember Hodgson on this point, in Chapter XXXIV. Conversely, if we find turgid flows of personality, their turgidity is one reason, though far from a conclusive one, for supposing them postcarnate.

CHAPTER LI

THE MAKING OF A MEDIUM

IN Hodgson's first report on Mrs. Piper, and in the reports regarding the heteromatic writing of Stainton Moses, Mrs. Verrall, and Mrs. Holland, we have had hints of how mediums are developed.

There is a good deal to think about in the embryology, so to speak, of some other mediums who never matured.

First a little experience of my own.

That the cosmic "inflow" is something more than a mere metaphor is not only generally stated by the use of the corresponding term inspiration, but could undoubtedly be specifically vouched for by the experience of many people far below the grade of prophets and poets, as it can be by mine. To take an instance out of many: this morning as I was dressing, my daughter was playing some of the music in the oriental "spirit" (note the word) of "Sumurûn." I reflected how composers can catch a note of a people not their own—Mendelssohn, of Scotland; Bizet, of Spain; Dvorak, of our Southern negroes; McDowell, of our Indians. Then I began attempts at whistling the oriental "spirit." I did not feel at all sure that I could get what I wanted, but in a few moments it flowed in very freely, and before long there came readily real oriental expressions of a variety of emotions—in dance tunes, serenades, triumphal marches, funeral marches, what not; and I half felt myself in oriental costume amid oriental surroundings. Had the sensitiveness which Phinuit (or Mrs. Piper) felt in me been born and cultivated to the degree of hers or Foster's, probably I might have felt myself some specific oriental person, and talked and acted the part, as I was already whistling and thumping it. And instead of taking minutes to get into it, I might have done it as promptly as they do.

Now I did not "work myself up" to this, certainly not

after the first minute or two, but it began trickling in, and soon came with a rush.

I find no difficulty in realizing how, in a developed sensitive, perhaps with a little telepathic and hypnotic help from a sitter or somebody else, it could have become a personality, and been acted out as the sensitives act out personalities.

It is a long saltus, though, to such a personality being an actual one that has previously lived. Are the steps I have described, in the direction of such a saltus, and do they give an impulse toward it? If you can get a general personality, why not a specific one, if a specific one wants to come? And Mrs. Piper got hundreds, probably thousands, of personalities *that she never knew*, so that their friends recognized them.

The Tout Case

Here is an experience more specific than mine, of a greater sensitiveness, and one nearer the degree of the famous ones. It is in an exceedingly interesting article by Principal Tout, of Buckland College, Vancouver, describing his feelings under mediumistic(?) sensibilities. I regret the necessity of condensing it. He says (Pr. XI, 310f.):

"I dropped in one evening upon some friends, professed 'spiritualists'...and we sat...for manifestations. After about half an hour I felt a strange sensation stealing over me. ...I seemed to have, as it were, stepped aside, and some other intelligence was now controlling my organism....The very features of my face seemed to be changing, and I was distinctly conscious of assuming the look of a fond and devoted mother looking down upon her child. I even inwardly smiled as I thought how ridiculous I must be looking, but I made no effort to resist the impulse...to take my friend in my arms and soothe and cheer him....After a little while I became myself again. My friend was confident that I had been influenced by the spirit of his dead mother, as he had had a distinct impression of her presence. I shall show presently how very susceptible I became, under like conditions, to all kinds of suggestion; and if this fact be taken into consideration here, I think it will adequately account for what took place without resorting to my friend's hypothesis."

Where did the suggestion come from?

"However, I am bound to state as against this view that I afterwards learnt that he was in trouble and worry over his

business, and was in need of cheering and encouragement; and that, moreover, a few months later, a terrible calamity overtook him in the loss of two of his children by drowning... For the rest of that evening and most of the next day I experienced a most delightful sense of rest and contentment, and a feeling of relief from the strain and worry of life, as if somebody else had taken the burden off my shoulders on to his own.

"The night following [I was] at the home of another believer in spiritism. This gentleman's wife is mediumistic... after a little singing which closed with the hymn 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' she asked me if any relative of mine had died from lung trouble, as she was suddenly experiencing a great difficulty and pain in breathing... I acknowledged that my father had died from lung trouble. At this she, or rather (as she expressed it), the influence which she called my father, manifested satisfaction... the hymn we had been singing when the impression came upon her, viz., 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' had been a great favorite with him... at every subsequent meeting, the singing of this hymn always produced in her when we were both present together the same sensations; and... later upon myself.

"..... I was still unable to regard what had occurred as in any sense a satisfactory proof of spirit communion, or of the persistence of my father's personality, and still less can I do so to-day.

"A little time after this... I began to manifest a phase of mediumship myself, or so the sitters regarded it... every medium I had so far met had always informed me that I possessed mediumistic powers.

"While the table is rapping out answers... those of impressionable temperament are liable... when the interest in the questions and answers flags, to find the power centering in themselves. On this particular occasion I was affected to an unusual degree, experiencing violent twitchings in my limbs, and sensations of painful chilliness that made my teeth chatter again... All sorts of impulses seemed to be moving me, and I noticed how susceptible I was becoming to the slightest, even half-realised suggestion offered by the course of my own thoughts, or by the chance remarks made by the other sitters. I presently felt myself being drawn, as it seemed to me, towards the floor on the left side of my chair. I yielded to the influence and fell prostrate... and though the others thought I must have hurt myself, I certainly felt no inconvenience from the fall. I lay groaning for a little while and then got up and sat in my chair again.

"Someone now suggested that we should sing, and... I immediately became affected by the music... in a great cathedral I seemed to be the presiding priest at the close of a great function pronouncing the benediction. I appeared to be looking down from a great height upon the congregation and, lifting

my hands, I went through the form of blessing them. . . . In all these phases or states. . . I seemed to be two individuals,—one my ordinary, critical, observant self, closely watching what took place in and around me, the other the character that seemed to be personating itself through me. Presently, with a change in the music, the scene changed and I now became an operatic singer. I sang with impassioned tones several notes above my normal compass pleading and gesticulating to some invisible but felt female presence in the air above me. I have no recollection of the words I uttered. There were moments. . . when I lost consciousness of myself and surroundings. . . .

“ The scene again abruptly changed. . . . Being familiar with the abrupt changes sometime produced in the hypnotic by the varying suggestions of his operator, [I] accounted for my own sudden change of character in the same way. And I do not doubt that, of the dozen or more personalities I characterized that night, every one was due to a suggestion of my own mind, or to something in my immediate environment.”

But what? “Immediate environment” opens the way for almost anything.

“ The hymn ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee’ was started. . . . I stood up and began to sway to and fro, and soon I seemed to be far away in space. . . . and a sense of coldness and loneliness oppressed me terribly. I seemed to be moving, or rather to be drawn downward, and presently felt that I had reached this earth again; but all was strange and fearful and lonely, and I seemed to be disappointed that I could not attain the object of this long and lonely journey. I felt I was looking for some one, but did not seem to have a clear notion of whom it was, and as the hopelessness of my search and the fruitlessness of my long journey forced itself upon me, I cried out in my wretchedness. . . . and I should have fallen to the ground but that the other sitters had gathered round me, and some of them held my hands.”

Does not this closely resemble the state of mind which the alleged controls generally seem to experience before their alleged return through the alleged mediums to alleged communication with their alleged earthly friends? But to continue:

“ The lady who had experienced the oppression on her lungs at the first singing of this hymn, made the remark, which I remember to have overheard, ‘It’s his father controlling him,’ and I then seemed to realize who I was and whom I was seeking. I began to be distressed in my lungs and should again have fallen, if they had not held me by the hands and let me back gently upon the floor. As my head sank back upon the carpet,

I experienced dreadful distress in my lungs and could not breathe. I made signs to them to put something under my head. They immediately put the sofa cushions under me, but . . . I was not raised high enough yet to breathe easily, and they then added a pillow. I have the most distinct recollection of the sigh of relief I now gave as I sank back like a sick, weak person upon the cool pillow.

" I have a clear memory of seeing myself in the character of my dying father lying in the bed and the room in which he died. . . . I saw his shrunken hands and face, and lived again through his dying moments; only now I was both myself,—in some indistinct sort of way,—and my father, with his feelings and appearance.

" Presently the sense of loneliness came over me again. I . . . cried out for my son, that is for myself. I continued in great distress, though the others assured me that my son was there present. I suppose the suggestion took effect, as I presently seemed to be holding and fondling myself as the son I came to speak with. . . . We communed together and comforted each other, and all the little misunderstandings of the old days were made clear; and I made him understand that as a man and a father myself, I was now better able to appreciate his attitude towards me in the past. As a boy, I had always regarded him as very harsh and had no warm feelings for him, and it seemed as if the knowledge on his part of this fact had made him restless and unhappy ever since his death, and had, through the singing of this favorite hymn of his, brought him back to this sphere again. . . . In a little while [I] readily assumed or impersonated several other characters.

" I think the suggestion made through the remark I overheard, that it was my father controlling me,—coupled with the prior suggestion conveyed through the singing of the hymn . . . associated . . . with my father . . . accounts for all that took place. The peculiar manner in which the details of the scene worked themselves out I can fully account for. . . . The peculiar feelings of loneliness . . . all sprang from a story I had heard read aloud many years ago. . . . It was a ghost story from the ghost's point of view, and told of the return of a restless spirit to the earth and to the scenes of its former existence; the strangeness and intense disappointment it felt at not being able to make itself known to the loved ones of its past life, &c., &c.

" Often of late years, when I have felt that my children misunderstood the motives which prompted certain conduct on my part towards them, my thoughts have involuntarily gone back to my own youth and training, and I have frequently longed that my father might be alive, that I might make him feel that I understood and appreciated him better now and would gladly seek his advice and counsel in the training of my own children. And in the same way I might, if it were needful,

adequately account for all the salient features of the other impersonations."

We will look into this "adequately" a little, later.

"Building and peopling *châteaux en Espagne* was a favorite occupation of mine in my earlier days, and this long-practised faculty is doubtless a potent factor in all my characterizations. . . . I hope I have made it clear that before we can admit that phenomena such as I have described are due to the influence or presence of disembodied spirits . . . the personal equation that here manifests itself so strongly under the dramatizing faculty which we all possess in a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, and which is very active in strongly imaginative temperaments such as mine, must be eliminated. And when this is intelligently and rigorously done, I venture to think that a very large proportion of cases now attributed to spirit control will be adequately explained without resorting to any such occult agency."

Despite the comments I have peppered in, Principal Tout's opinions are entitled to high consideration in explaining his dramatizations of persons he knew all about and was deeply interested in. But how far do they account for the thousands of impersonations through the mediums, of persons they know nothing about, with as much similitude, knowledge, and emotion as Principal Tout displayed in impersonating his father?

If his mind had become saturated with the new views forced upon us during the score of years since he wrote, regarding the interflow of souls, in place of the old view that they are as distinct and uninterchangeable as bodies (and bodies, by the way, do not appear as distinct as they did before transfers of matter and force were understood as they are now), would he not have been more ready to conceive of an interflow of his father's spirit and his own, just such as appeared to take place, and as he tried to reason away? Would he have been as apt to conclude (Pr. XI, 316):

"how liable we are in these as in other matters to be the victims of self-deception [Perhaps even in his theory of auto-suggestion. H.H.] and how guardedly and critically we should receive all evidence of this kind. . . . I would personally refuse to accept phenomena of a vastly more startling nature than any that have come under my observation or that I have experienced as, in any sense, evidence of spirit control, unless the whole character and antecedents of the medium were thoroughly

known [As those of many have become since he wrote. H.H.] and were such as to render an explanation of the kind I have given wholly inadmissible and out of place. And as it is of the very essence of mediumship *ex hypothesi* that it be impressionable and therefore readily open to suggestion, I do not see that we can ever hope to obtain evidence not open to these objections and, therefore, evidence that we can accept and rely upon."

We are getting a great deal of "evidence that we can rely upon" on both sides. It is, and must long be, a question of in which direction, and how much, the evidence preponderates. Whichever that direction may be, it will be long before we get evidence not "open to . . . objections."

The "Le Baron" Case

Here is another case of aborted mediumship, also reported in a paper by the sensitive himself, which is introduced by James and commented on by Myers in Pr. XII, 277.

All the names of persons and places, except Stowe, Vermont, are pseudonyms.

In the summer of 1894, Mr. "Le Baron," a gentleman towards forty years of age, given to the study of philosophy and the use of a highly technical diction, went to a spiritualistic "camp," where the leader was a lady whom he calls "Evan-gel," whose regular control was her deceased mother. In letters to James, she confirms the statements of what took place in her presence. I will tell the story in extracts from Le Baron's statements and her letters.

He says (Pr. XII, 280) :

"Occasionally, séances were secretly held, far into the midnight. . . . At one . . . we were seated under a pine tree. Clairvoyants were present. 'Wheels' of light and other phenomena were said to be seen by them. I sat listening to the affirmations.

"Suddenly an entirely new and strange psycho-automatic force shook through me like a gust of fierce wind through a tree. I willed myself into a state of passivity in order to observe the phenomena. I went into no trance, however. The force became intelligent in action. . . . I was brought, from my sitting posture, down on the flat of my back. The force produced a motor disturbance of my head and jaws. My mouth made automatic movements; till, in a few seconds, I was distinctly conscious of *another's voice*—unearthly, awful, loud, and weird—bursting through the woodland from my own lips, with the despairing words: 'Oh! My people!' Mutterings of semi-

purposive prophecy followed. One of the clairvoyants added additional weirdness to the experience by positively affirming that phantasms of ancient Egyptian sages stood over me.

"I was so dazed and 'rattled' by the experience and the motor disturbances, that, at the close of the séance, I had to be assisted to my feet, and was walked for some time to and fro in the night air to recover my equilibrium."

"Evangel" thus wrote to James (pp. 278-9) :

"He had lapsed into agnosticism, and almost pessimism.... He spent the night in tears, and went away feeling that our work was an ideal one, but that there was no place for it in this busy, bustling nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it lured him back again, and one evening while sitting in our reception room at our own house, and talking with me concerning the work and my mother's life, he had a very startling experience. He was suddenly psychologized in some way, and, though conscious, began saying words which he felt did not originate in his own mind. His whole manner of speaking and his tones changed so much that the large St. Bernard dog, which had been a special pet of my mother, rose up from the rug and went over to him and began lapping his hands all over. The tone... was very like my mother's, and the words said purported to be inspired by her.... The experiences which have come to him have altered his whole course of thinking. Where he was formerly despondent, he is now optimistic, and at peace with himself....."

Mr. Le Baron says (pp. 281-3) :

"Evangel positively claimed that it was the voice of her dead mother.... The old dog lay down by my side. In a few minutes the voice of the psycho-automatism changed. A man's deep voice succeeded that of the dead woman's.

"'It's father!' again whispered Evangel.

"Statements of a semi-prophetic character were again indulged in by the psycho-automatism, and the words: 'he shall be a leader of the hosts of the Lord!' exploded with loud emphasis.... The effect of all this... on my emotional nature was powerful... ever and anon, vibrations of the psycho-automatism with which I was *en rapport* trembled through my nerves, evoking strange and holy modes of the most exquisite consciousness. Those feelings were the most wonderful I have ever enjoyed.

"One night I slept in the bed where the dead father of Evangel slept during the last years of his life. The next morning I awoke lame. I limped about painfully for hours. The father of Evangel *was a lame man*.* As a sensitive somnambule I had taken on his lame condition.

* In answer to inquiries, Mr. Le Baron writes: "I did not know beforehand that her father was lame. I was informed so, when seen limping."—Ed.

".....I would lie in bed on my back, peering wistfully into the night darkness at the shadowy and vapory outlines of what I supposed to be 'invisible brethren.' I could hear distinct raps on the head-board. Small globules of golden light would, after traveling about the room in the blackness, come and melt away over my eyes. In the dense darkness, a group of arithmetical figures once shone from near the ceiling of the room.

"The first message of importance given to me on leaving Shelter Island was...to be sent to Evangel as purporting to be...from her mother. In the second address, the psychospontaneity or automatism, assuming to be the 'true mother' of my 'soul,' said, among other things: 'I am going to guide you into the way of truth.... You must be at the door of the church near the old house in the town of Stowe, ... Vermont, by the time the sun rises on next Tuesday. You will then see the reason why I told you to go.'...I did not know that such a village as Stowe existed. But Evangel did, as I subsequently learned.... The...morning of the 10th about 5 o'clock I was in the porch of the church. The building was old, weather-beaten, and the flooring of the porch in a decayed condition. The porch faced the east, and the edifice was on a hill overlooking the village.... The sky was black with the remnants of the rain clouds. Slowly golden streaks of dawn appeared. The black clouds rolled away. The sun arose. I noticed a graveyard across a field. The psycho-automatism indicated an ejection of verbiage. The verbiage assumed a deific style, and was as follows:—

"'I shall be glorified in the work of the people, for thou hast proved thyself to be the man whose voice is the voice of Him who sent thee. Thou has [*sic*, probably misprint. H.H.] obeyed the command of the Holy One, and the valleys shall rejoice in the hope and the joy of the Lord. I shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt answer to my voice.'"

Apparently not much pork for Mr. Le Baron's shilling. I have been familiar with Stowe from a time much earlier than his visit, and there is not any such church as he describes. This is confirmed by an old resident. There must be a fault in memory or topography.

He says of a couple of nights later (p. 284):

"I retired to my room at the inn somewhat early, to be alone with the 'invisible brotherhood.'... Again the psycho-automatism assumed the grave deific style known to the occidental English-speaking world.....

"'I will tell thee of the days of thy sojourning in the land of the people of the Jumba, where the land is the joy and the

light is the joy of the people. The land is the country of the ancient Egyptians, and thy glory and thy power was [Questionable grammar again, despite Professor Lounsbury and Shakespeare, and hardly a possible misprint. H.H.] the pride of the people. Thy name was Rameses, and thy glory was the end of the triumph of the people. Thou didst throw down the people, for their joy was the truth of the truth. Thou didst exalt thyself to the end, and the hope of the truth was in thy keeping, and thy victory was the fall of the truth. Thy way was not the way of the Lord, and the Lord hath sent thee through the fire.”

Granting the composition to be a chain of lies from beginning to end, it certainly takes some degree of intelligence to be able to lie so artistically.

He was directed to go to many more places, and was sufficiently satisfied with what he had already obtained, to obey. At St. Louis he found a man “ascetic in appearance, pale, with large dreamy eyes,” who was also under the control of Rameses the Great, who delivered about as edifying and meaningless a message as those already quoted, though less stilted. This sort of thing kept on until soon came “speaking with tongues” which has played such a part in all mystical literature. (Podmore gives a good history of it in *Modern Spiritualism*.) Strange words came both by voice and writing, and were followed, when asked for, by alleged translations. The longer ones ran to pages. Here is a brief specimen:

“*Unknown Tongue*.—Etece ce Tera. Lute te turo scenté. Inke runo tere. Scete into telee turo. Oru imbe impe iste. Simpe, Simpe, Simpe.

“*Translation*.—Love now has been sent! The light of the earth! The joy of the day! The light of the world!”

The longer “messages” run to thirty or forty lines, many about light and love, sometimes approaching eroticism, and always hifalutin, or, as Mr. Le Baron says, “deific,” whatever that may mean. Sometimes both original and translation were in verse, in pretty fair meter.

He says that he traced a large portion of the words “in a vocabulary of primitive Dravidian or British Indian, non-Aryan languages,” and gives about two hundred and fifty of them alphabetically from “ara” to “furo.”

James says (pp. 278-9) :

"I corresponded with various philologists in his behalf, sending them specimens, phonetically written out, of his discourse. But no light came, and finally he grew convinced, by the mere progress of the phenomenon, that it was less important than it pretended to be."

The account of Principal Tout above given suggests that he was a medium in the making, though the making did not go far; but the account of Mr. Le Baron carries the process to a point yielding some suggestions. He began in the grove with some grandiloquent "personage," and as his own writing in the Pr. S. P. R. contains some passages of rather tall talk, the grandiloquent start was very natural on the assumption that of all the stuff floating around the psychic universe, such portions find their way into a sensitive or a dreamer as happen to fit his make-up. Into everybody's make-up enters some knowledge of eminent persons, and accordingly we find virtually all the mediums starting with Plato, Bacon, Swedenborg, and their like, Mr. Le Baron with no less a person than Rameses; and virtually all Americans include Franklin. At first it seems a little strange that he appears more frequently than Washington, but he was notoriously a "philosopher," and therefore, whether a mere memory or an actual control, more congenial with the mediumistic temperament than Washington was. In the same direction, the imagination of every American, especially in childhood when such impressions are deep, has been much dominated by the Indians, and hence virtually every medium's *entourage* includes some sort of an Indian—a "big Injun" or an "Indian maiden"—Mrs. Piper's "Chlorine" or Mrs. Richmond's "Ouina." These ladies, however, started their mediumship young and near their juvenile impression of Indians, but Mr. Le Baron had outgrown all that, and got as far as the Egyptians, so it needed a Rameses to serve his turn.

But being once started by the contagion of the group of psychics in the grove, the next time Mr. Le Baron had an attack, it was in the presence of a specially sympathetic sitter—"Evangel," and most naturally this time, it was an inflow of memories from her or from the cosmic ocean, that made up a representation of her mother; or it may have been an inflow

of more than memories—of them and of everything else essential to her mother—of enough to be recognized even by the mother's old dog. In all of which, can it be barely possible that the old dog showed a better scent than some learned psychical researchers seeking the "evidential"?

Myers's comments on the Le Baron case (Pr. XII, 295f.) are well worth reading, but there is no room for them here.

Another case of aborted mediumship—that of "William Baker," is given by Professor Newbold in his Pr. S. P. R. paper from which I have made Chapter XXXV. Mr. Baker was a frequent sitter, and early in his experience had, when alone, the spasms in the arms that generally precede heteromatic writing. He got as far as some apparently veridical writing, and some very much the reverse: for G. P., who was very anxious to "develop" him, frequently told him that he, G. P., had written things through B. that B. hadn't written at all; and B. found that the business was leading him into St. Vitus's dance and nightmares(?) when he thought that G. P. and Phinuit were trying to "possess" him, and he abandoned the whole business. Possibly if his sensitiveness had been greater, we would have had another good medium, and his somewhat precarious health might have improved under the experience, as did that of Colville, Mrs. Piper, and others.

Despite the hard time he had with G. P. and Phinuit, he was on the best of terms with them, and some extracts of their talk that Professor Newbold withheld from publication seem to me well worth giving. For good reasons I substitute two or three words of address for those actually used.

June 25, 1894. Baker sitting.

"(B.: May I ask some questions?) G. P.: 'Ask me anything you wish and then I'll repeat word for word their messages as given to me...fire away H. and you also [to B.]' (B.: Mr. Pelham I wish to ask you about the writing which my hand has done.) 'did I not... what more do you want I went there to see you and took Phinuit along with me and while we were there... [with energy to some spirit] will you kindly keep quiet while I speak to these gentlemen myself... thanks... yes my friend I tried to say I would assist you but as yet your own mind interferes and it was almost impossible to get our thoughts expressed by your hand independently of your own.' (B.: Mr. Pelham, let me tell you what my hand has been about.) 'certainly yes'

(B.: Some weeks ago I found it would write; at first it wrote only scrawls; then it became quite legible. But what it wrote was not true and I noticed I was aware myself of the thoughts before they were written, so I concluded they were not the utterances of spirits but only my own ideas objectified.) ‘only. yes sir quite, but I had nothing to do with this’ (B.: I did not think you had, Mr. Pelham, but wished to see whether you could throw light on it for me. Dr. Phinuit has told me he tried to use my hand but only made scrawls. Do you think you could find out whether anyone else did?) ‘Yes I know exactly what you wish and will endeavor to ascertain the true facts in this case for you my friend... thanks... fire away’ (B.: Do you think you could get your thoughts written by my hand?) ‘Yes’ (B.: Would you be willing to see what can be done with it?) ‘will try when I think it advisable certainly’ (B.: How shall I call you when I wish to try?) ... ‘oh how wretched this scribbling is... Keep perfectly calm and sit in as quiet a place as convenient call for yours truly’ (B.: Mentally, you mean?) ‘only [,—] and if I think I can read your thoughts I will try my level best’ (B.: Of late as I told you I not only felt my hand moved without my willing it, but I felt ideas stream through my mind independently as well, and this alarmed me greatly.) ‘Yes, you need never be troubled by this experience as I assure you it will never be harmful in any way... no matter, leave it to me’ (B.: I shall be glad to have you use my hand if you can, for I know you understand the art. But can I feel sure that others will not also try?) ‘No, not absolutely yet I will strain every nerve (in my spiritual protoplasm [I believe I have asked elsewhere whether it is easier to conclude that a dramatizing Mrs. Piper keeps this word, among all the characters she creates, for G. P. alone; or that a postcarnate G. P. is using his individual vocabulary. H.H.] so to speak) to help keep wanderer’s thoughts out Trust to me and I will keep things as... Henry... she came very near it... yes I... straight as possible...’ (B.: I wish to study these matters but wish also to be cautious about it.) ‘I understand you sir.’.....”

I don’t remember G. P. “sir”-ing anywhere else: it suggests the Scott control of the same period.

June 19, 1895. Baker sitting.

“ (When you tried to put me to sleep, Doctor, did you feel how frightened I was, and how I fought against you?) ‘I have no real solid substance, Baker, to feel, but I knew that your soul was rebellious.’ ”

June 22, 1895. Baker sitting.

“Phinuit: ‘When she goes out I see her spirit and I go in on a string while she goes out. Sometimes she sees me as we pass and she tries to go back and fight with me, unwilling to

move out' (Well, Dr., so it is with me. I'm really very anxious to have you turn me out, but when you begin to do it the feeling is so horrible that I can't keep willing) 'Oh yes, Baker, my boy, I understand. It's all very well to be willing but it's a very different thing when I once get hold of your brain. You will always be rebellious then.'"

July 1, 1895.

Present: R. H.

" [Phinuit speaks, ordinary greeting, then asks after 'Baker.'] 'I'm not going to take his body until he's in a fit condition plenty of light. When I do it I want to do it with what George calls *propriety* [Phinuit stumbles over this word]. I want to do it with intelligence, so that there will be beneficial results, and I won't disturb him.'"

Anti-spiritists of course construe these aborted cases of mediumship to be merely unconscious expressions of the contents of the manifestor's own mind, including of course some telepathic and even teloteropathic impressions; and from this conviction the skeptic will deduce the farther one that Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Piper give but more expanded illustrations of the same thing.

As to "the same thing," I find myself in agreement, but not as to what the thing is. The gradation from the undeveloped cases to the developed ones seems to have no break, and seems to start in a telepathic sensitiveness which probably all minds have in some degree. Where the degree is small, the amount and accuracy of the communication attained is slight, and to develop it requires more persistence than where the sensitiveness is great, and even may be attended with injury to health, as in Baker's case. On the other hand, where the sensitiveness is great, there may at the start be all sorts of muddles of the sensitive's own notions with the telepathic inflow, but through patient development the latter gains in strength and clearness. Mrs. Piper begins with "Chlorine," evidently her own manufacture, and Commodore Vanderbilt, whom she had in mind as a very conspicuous figure at the time; but later she gets what looks mightily like inflow from genuine personalities. William Baker and Mrs. Verrall begin writing nonsense, Baker does not make a success, and abandons it; Mrs. Verrall, who seems better fitted for it, persists and gets what look like genuine inflows. Mrs. Holland gets coherent and interesting, even poetical, things from the start. From this point of view

the products of mediumship, whatever else they may be, seem as natural as poetry or music—some people cannot manifest them at all; some manifest them badly; a few, well. These facts seem to be in the direction, though not of themselves very far in the direction, of the manifestations being what, until dissected, and sometimes after dissection, they seem to be.

Regarding these cases, one thing at least seems pretty certain—that if Principal Tout and Mr. Baker had not thrown up the whole thing, and if Mr. Le Baron had not virtually confined himself to physical solitude in the psychical society of his Egyptians; but if on the contrary, all three had had frequent séances with sympathetic sitters, they would probably have been led to draw from the cosmic soul the individualities—individual simulacra at least—of the sitters' departed friends; and we would have had three more good mediums, with geometrical increase in our chances of finding out what their queer performances mean, and of getting at whatever good may be in them.

The Medium's Physical Experience

In addition to the apparently unescapable *a priori* probability of a physical change in the medium's brain, there seems strong direct evidence of one in the "snap" that Mrs. Piper often says she feels in the "waking stage." Compare with this the report like a pistol that brought to Ansel Bourne and Brewin. A molecular change could probably be thus reported. When a thing gets near the sensorium, it doesn't require much to make a perceptible noise. For some nights, in certain positions of my head on the pillow, I thought I heard trains of cars. In daytime I soon recognized the sound as internal, and the aurist found it caused by a little hair that had found its way to the tympanum.

That guess regarding Mrs. Piper seems part of the probability that the nature of the inflow is determined by the nature of the receptacle. Now is it fantastic to suspect that mediums who go into voluntary trance have some control over parts of their nervous systems which, like voluntary control of movements of the outer ear, is not possessed by people in general? But if we suppose that Mrs. Piper, for instance, voluntarily makes some change in her nervous system, which

permits a cosmic inflow that we call, or that calls itself, Phinuit, what are we to suppose happens when, apparently, Phinuit goes out and a different cosmic inflow, or personality, enters? Has she made hundreds of changes, making her nervous system in each case like that which would naturally hold the other personality? Under the old-fashioned theory of possession it would seem rational to guess that the medium's brain is somehow elastic and "open to all comers," and that each personality flows in and forces the nervous system to fit it, as an elastic glove is made to fit various hands.

But though this guess relates to Possession, it would hold good if she put herself into condition, not to receive the actual inflow or spirit, but only a telepathic influence. (This is a paradoxical muddle, like everything else on the borderland of our faculties, but through such muddles we have to feel our way in the borderland.) I incline to the guess of Sir Oliver Lodge and others, that the apparent "Possession" is only telepathic, as in veridical dreams, but it is all very vague yet, and our notions of telepathy hardly cover the medium's apparent identity with the control. Yet I recall distinctly one frequent dream—blending of myself with what I take to be objective to myself, in the reading of printed matter which seems to develop letter by letter before me, and at the same time to proceed from me. I have vague recollections, too, of thinking, in dreams, that I was somebody else and still myself.

That apparently unescapable *a priori* probability of a physical change in the medium's brain, with all I've built upon it, is, by the way, in flat contradiction to the efforts I made in Chapter III and elsewhere, and shall make more of before I get through, to show the possibility of mental processes that transcend those involved in brain action. This is an indication, perhaps misleading, that we are getting into some pretty high philosophy, especially of the Emersonian kind. But amid these misty heights the best we can do is either to get back to familiar earth or say: from this point things look to me so and so, when from the next point we may have to say just the opposite. The contradictions have got to be faced until we get knowledge enough to resolve them.

CHAPTER LII

FINAL GUESSES REGARDING POSSESSION

PEOPLE generally find what they seek in these regions. Myers confesses that he started in search of proof of survival of bodily death, and he found it. Drs. Hall and Tanner started to find humbug, and of course found nothing but humbug, possibly eked out by a secondary personality; and scientists generally, with their distrust of new things, find only what Drs. Hall and Tanner found. But there are scientists and scientists, in all trades there are some men superior to the bias of their trades, and Joseph Henry, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Alfred Russel Wallace, and William James all found enough that was genuine to justify unlimited study, and to bring some of them to spiritistic conclusions, and the rest to suspended judgment. Hodgson started to find the truth, gave many times the attention to the search that all the skeptics have, found more humbug than all of them together, and yet found enough matter that he considered genuine to make him a devoted spiritist.

Yet candor requires me to add that since the foregoing was written, a common friend has told me that Hodgson always *wanted* to find evidence of survival. Does or does not that show his mind to have been in a healthier state than the minds of those who, to overthrow the hope of survival, get up hypotheses more strained than the hypothesis of survival itself? If Hodgson did want to find evidence for spiritism, does his restraint in his first Piper report (see Chapter XXIX) and his Thompson report alluded to in Chapter XXXVIII add weight to his report in Chapter XXXIV, where he thinks he has found it?

Now I am ready to venture my final guesses regarding "Possession." Be as patient as you can while I shape them

by repeating and combining fragments with which you are already familiar.

The contents of the dream state vary all the way from those of ordinary dreams up to Foster's waking visions, and on to Mrs. Thompson's or Mrs. Piper's trances.

Ellis and others propose, wisely I think, to let the term "somnambule" cover not only sleep walking but all other motor action in the dream state. As so understood, then, somnambulism varies all the way from Mrs. Verrall's waking heteromatic writing, through Mrs. Holland's heteromatic writing, waking and in trance, up to Mrs. Piper's heteromatic writing only in trance, and Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Thompson's talking in trance.

As to the sensitives, then:

I. They are somnambulists who talk out and write out what they see and hear in their dreams. Nothing unusual about that!

II. What they see, and consequently what they say, is a good deal of a jumble. Nothing unusual about that; nearly all dreams are jumbles.

III. They see and hear persons they never saw before. Nothing unusual about that! So probably do most of us.

IV. Sometimes they identify themselves more or less with these personalities. Mrs. Piper nearly always does. Nothing exceedingly unusual about that! I sometimes confuse myself with others in my dreams, and many dreamers report the same.

V. Those others say many things, and very often correct things, unknown to the sensitives, to anybody present, or perhaps to anybody else that can be found. Rather unusual among ordinary dreamers, but by no means unprecedented!

But from here on the experiences of the sensitives are of a more and more unusual kind until they reach the point where they have set the world wondering. They may be farther analyzed as:

VI. Some of the people Mrs. Piper (I speak of her as the representative of a class) never saw before, and of whom she never saw portraits, she identifies from photographs. Very few people have done that: perhaps very few have had the

chance. There have been many times when I am sure I could.

VII. Her personalities and those of many sensitives are nearly always "dead" friends, not of the sensitives, but of the sitters, and abound in indications of genuineness in scope and accuracy of memory, in distinctness of individual recollections and characteristics, and in all the dramatic indications that go to demonstrate personalities.

VIII. She sees and hears these persons again and again, and *keeps them distinct* in feature and character.

Now I have tried, and I don't think I have altogether failed, to analyze these phenomena into categories that correspond with admitted phenomena in kind, though they differ in degree of frequency and degree of veridicity.

The crux comes with the veridicity. How to account for it? Grant me another repetition.

I. Fraud. The talk of it is out of date and silly.

II. Subdivision of personality—multiple personalities. What these have to do with it I cannot see. If Sally Beauchamp's four personalities, or Dr. Wilson's patient's eleven, were multiplied into a thousand, there is no reason to believe that any of them would be any nearer to the veridicity of each of Mrs. Piper's thousand than any secondary of Sally was; and I have not found any other case of unquestionable multiple personality to which the same remark would not apply. Multiple personalities, except as the term is twisted over to the sensitives, appear only in sick or injured people. Nearly all the sensitives that amount to anything are unusually sound and whole. Mrs. Piper shows more personalities and shows them better when she is well than when she is ill.

III. The subliminal self will cover the phenomena. Yes, if the hypothesis of the secondary self will, and if the two terms are made virtually synonymous, and if a house frequently arrayed against itself will stand, and if a mere name accounts for anything; *or* if you make the subliminal self identical with the cosmic soul.

IV. Telepathy from incarnate personalities. That guess is disposed of, for me at least, by the considerations I have scattered through the reports. The phenomena not only contain too much, but they also omit too much; of things more

important than those given, and which, on the telepathic hypothesis, would have been more apt to be given.

Perhaps more important still, the phenomena contain too much of initiative in the shape of adaptation, question, repartee, and dramatic quality generally.

Telepathy as ordinarily understood is as different from impersonation as heat from flame, or motion from pressure: of course there must be an idea to enact, but the idea which is acted upon, and the acting, differ as widely as experience and conduct.

V. Hypnotism from the sitter would account for some apparent initiative and some acting. But the sitter is as much surprised at the manifestations as the reader.

VI. Hypnotism from somebody else present: Hodgson a Svengali, but a greater genius than Svengali, and Mrs. Piper a Trilby. But how was it after Hodgson's death? If he kept up the rôle then, the spiritistic hypothesis is granted. If he did not, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Dorr and numerous other gentlemen of the highest reputation succeeded him as Svengalis. These suggestions are hardly worth writing even as jokes; but they are better worth it than half the hypotheses that have been written.

VII. Hypnotism from absent incarnate minds. More ridiculous if possible than V and VI.

VIII. Hypnotism or possession by discarnate personalities.

Now what do we mean by discarnate personalities? In most minds, the first answer will probably bear a pretty close resemblance to Fra Angelico's angels, and very nice angels they are! But to some of the more prosy minds that have thought on the subject in the light of the best and fullest information or misinformation, probably the answer will be more like this: A personality, in the last analysis, is a manifestation of the Cosmic Soul. From that the raw material is supplied with the star dust, and later, through our senses, from the earliest reactions of our protozoic ancestors up to our dreams, and the material is worked up into each personality through reactions with the environment. Thus it becomes an aggregate of capacities to impress another personality with certain sensations, ideas, emotions. You and I know our best friends as such aggregates, and nothing more.

Now apparently among the accomplishments of a personality, does not *necessarily* inhere that of depressing a scale x pounds, but when that capacity is entirely absent, in the dream state, apparently the personality can impress another personality in every other way, even to all the reciprocities of sex. But for some reasons not yet understood, these impressions are not as congruous, persistent, recurrent, or regulable in the dream life as in the waking life. But that they are not in time to be evolved so that they will be, would be a contradiction to at least some of the implications of evolution; and that they are to be, is suggested by the experience of the sensitives.

All personalities have, presumably, more or less power of impressing themselves, telepathically—hypnotically, on other personalities, and, of course, of receiving such impressions. Now if we are to believe the allegations, and the general evidence, such as it is, the discarnate—as illustrated by Phinuit, Rector, G. P., Gurney, Myers, and Hodgson, apparently exercise that telepathic capacity between themselves with little or no impediment, though they exercise it with varying difficulty between themselves and us.

No one of the first seven hypotheses covers the case. The eighth gives some sign not only of covering the case, but of covering the other seven: it excludes any need of fraud, and includes an unlimited telepathy, unlimited (secondary?) personalities, the undying memories of the subliminal self, and all the hypnotic suggestions; and this complex guess seems to me the one in whose direction the truth is most apt, on future investigation, to be found.

As to believing it, the word belief has a good many meanings, and the mental attitude it stands for, a good many degrees. It is perhaps safest to apply it only to convictions that are confirmed by experiment; but on the other hand, the soul that limits itself to convictions confirmed by experiment, sometimes finds itself "safe" only in a dark malodorous laboratory, away from the broader adventures of the universe.

And, after all, is not the guess more than an hypothesis? This much of it at least seems unescapable fact—the fact that is constantly impressed upon us, of the universal mind, the

element which offsets universal motion (including its manifestation as matter), the two together making the universe possible and worth while—back of all phenomena the Cosmic Soul, which is sometimes called God, which generates and includes and manifests and intercommunicates all personalities that are, or have been, or are to be, and which, with them, dies not.

CHAPTER LIII

PROS AND CONS OF THE SPIRITISTIC HYPOTHESIS

THE only visible hypothesis left being that each person appearing to speak, gesticulate, or write through the medium is really the postcarnate individual it represents itself to be, either "possessing" the medium or controlling her words and acts by something like hypnosis, what are the objections to that hypothesis?

I. Most general, and perhaps strongest, is the universal objection against anything new under the sun—an objection not as strong as before the new things of the last thirty or forty years.

But are the *a priori* objections to spiritistic communication so great as to require, after thirty years of scientific observation, a suspension of judgment rather than the interpretation of any phenomena as justifying a doctrine so subversive and so immense? This I will not attempt to answer: your temperament will form your conclusion more than your intellect will.

II. The content of the phenomena does not justify ascribing them to intelligences in a stage more advanced than our terrestrial experience. To this objection, two answers are prominent—(a) that there is no basis for the prevalent superstition that the change from this life to the next involves a sudden and immense development of intelligence and character. On the contrary, phenomena, so far as they count, indicate that the change is more near the gradualness of evolution, being not so much in the personality as in the environment, like the change from a land of scantness and obstruction to a land of adequacy and free movement; and (b) that the difficulties of communication prevent its conveying any adequate notion of the new life. The scantiness and imperfection and even triviality of the communications from the alleged spirits is nothing against their genuineness.

It is not always easy to talk sense through one's own machine, let alone talking it through a machine that one did not grow up with, and that was not made to fit.

III. Probably the chief remaining objection is the frequent inconsistency between what the controls know and what they don't know, or at least between what they can tell and what they can't tell. I have already said, apropos of the conflicting statements of the incarnate Moses and the control Moses regarding Imperator, and the inability of controls to repeat the contents of test envelopes prepared by them in this life, that these facts seem unanswerable against spiritism—that is: unanswerable with our present knowledge. Opposing them, however, is perhaps an equal array—perhaps a greater array, of unanswerable facts on the other side, equally unanswerable with our present knowledge. All that the inquirer can do is to determine on which side the preponderance lies.

I know that I am risking a large portion of whatever confidence I might otherwise inspire, by presenting one aspect of the case that seems to me worth while.

So far as one is entitled to believe before ample verification, I believe (though not mainly because of any evidence in the Pr. S. P. R. or anywhere else outside of my own experience) in the survival of bodily death, and yet I never knew proof of it that is *final*. *Neither did I ever know such a proof of anything else.* Chase the belief that two and two make four down to the bottom, and it rests on an assumption—an assumption that seems to me even underneath the categorical imperative—the assumption that because under given known conditions things always have acted in a given way, we know all the conditions, and that therefore we know that things will always act the same way. Now the assumption against spiritism isn't by any means as fundamental as that; and the only reason why I think that worth alluding to at all, is to indicate that the fact that we have no final proof of spiritism is not necessarily conclusive against it: for we have no final proof of anything else; and the farther we get away from everyday experience, the more assumption our beliefs inevitably rest upon. To some minds a faith without final proof appears question-begging. I confess that for a long period it did to

my own. But it is a question what proof comes near enough to finality: none can reach it.

The same may be said of our disbeliefs. The disbelief in spiritism is partly based on the control's inability to tell what is in a letter written by him in the previous life he professes to have known. Now this belief rests on the assumption that the control is as well able to communicate evidential matter as other matter, and this assumption rests on the wider assumption that, even if there is a future life, it is in accordance with the laws of the universe that we mortals in the present stage of our evolution should have open to us evidence for the same positive belief in a future life that we have in this one. Now that last assumption is directly counter to all the evidence we have, and, it seems to me, counter to some very important considerations.

What sort of a life in this world, and what sort of a death at the end of it, have been the lot of a very large portion of those who have assumed themselves to be in possession of conclusive evidence for a future life? Not to dwell on religious wars and persecutions, the loathsome history of some aspects of asceticism, including some of Puritanism, answers for the life, and Juggernaut answers for the death.

Of course it is impossible to know just how far these abominations have rotted the experiences of believers: for, opposed to the abominations, even side by side with them in the same lives, have been many admirable things; and many more admirable things in believing lives where there were no abominations at all. Probably the nearest line of division that will serve us well is that between a fixed, even if mistaken, certainty of a future life, and a belief with enough uncertainty to prevent the belief destroying the significance and value of this life. And that I suspect is all we are going to have in this life. But do we need to make our definition of verification so narrow that we cannot believe in a future life before we have experienced it ourselves, or shall we take a less rigid canon of verification? If so, what?

Verifiable statements not known to terrene intelligence? As has been already shown, in this life there can be no such thing. Where can we get the verification? The nearest we can get to this canon is *probably* "not known."

Verisimilitude? This too is a question of probability and temperament.

Fulfillment of prophecy? Whether we have enough cases that look like it to demonstrate it, is so far a question of temperament. I don't think we have. Probably I have quoted the best of the recorded ones. The index will help you review them. Here is a pretty good-looking one not yet given, from Mme. de Meissner. She gives some others not so good—not far, if at all, beyond probabilities of chance (*op. cit.*, 30-33) :

“It was nearing the end of the month of August, 1906, immediately after the close of the Russo-Japanese war, and my niece... and I were preparing to leave St. Petersburg for a two months' stay in Germany before sailing for the United States. Having passed a strenuous period of a year and eight months in Russia we wished to find some quiet spot where, undisturbed by social duties, we might spend our days... under the shade of forest trees... I had written to many different resorts in Northern Germany only to receive... glowing descriptions of the many *social* attractions... We had come to within a week of the first of September, the date fixed for our departure, and still were without any settled plans as to our destination, so that we could not even write to... the United States as to where to address our letters. Upon awakening one morning... I, in desperation, said to myself: ‘*Something* must be decided upon to-day.’

“‘You must go to Munich,’ said my invisible guides in reply. To say that I was startled... would but faintly express my feelings. Munich! ‘They’ wished us to go to the Southernmost part of Germany when I was looking for something in the vicinity of Hamburg, from which port we were to sail.

“..... I objected: ‘But I do not wish to go to a city. I am looking for some place... where we shall have pine forests.....’

“‘You will not be in Munich itself, but in the environs of the city.....’

“‘How shall I know about this?.....’

“‘Go to-day at four o'clock and call on Mrs. M——.....’

“I had met her but some two or three times. She had called upon me and... distinctly stated that she took her daily walk in the early afternoon and was never at home before five o'clock. In what manner she could have to do with my journey to Munich I could in no wise see, but, in accordance with the counsel given me, I called at the appointed hour and was immediately ushered into the drawing room where sat the lady in question.

“Having settled it in my own mind that I had been sent there

in order to borrow a Baedeker...I inquired, after exchanging a few remarks, whether she had one... adding that I was thinking of going to Munich.....

"'Munich!' she exclaimed, rising suddenly. 'Why, I have something much better than a Baedeker,' and going to a door she opened it and called 'Charles, come in here.'

"A moment later there appeared in the doorway a scholarly looking man whom the hostess introduced as 'Professor X of Cornell.'... 'Professor X has just this moment arrived direct from Munich and he can tell you all about it...' On the strength of the information then and there received... my niece and I found our way to an enchanting spot called 'Grunwald,' twenty minutes distant from Munich, where, in the heart of a wonderful forest, we spent two perfect, never to be forgotten, months."

I know no more possible canons of verification: so it looks to me as if, during our mortal career, we are inevitably restricted to weighing probabilities.

When one has reached a preponderance of probability, then and not before, it may be well to foster an exercise of those elements of mind and character which make up that much misrepresented and much perverted virtue called Faith—which, misused and battered as it has been, we may yet find good reason to rescue from the scrap heap of abandoned things. Though often misapplied to inspire asceticism and persecution, it has not perhaps been more misapplied than Hope and Charity; and it certainly has kept alive most of the dim consciousness men have had of the infinity that, little as we can guess about it, enspheres our lives, and, despite all skepticism, often irradiates them.

To return to the question of survival. If all the phenomena outside of scientifically evidential matter greatly preponderate toward the spiritistic solution, would not the absence of such matter, or even an evidential contradiction, be legitimately regarded as probably open to explanation as knowledge increases?

Moreover, has not the line for what is evidential been drawn a little arbitrarily? Is a fitting emotion or a strikingly characteristic expression any less evidence of the existence of a personality than a logical demonstration? Are the alleged communications of Dr. and Mrs. Thaw's children

evidential? Their parents think so. Are G. P.'s showings of affection for his friends evidential? Even Hodgson thought so. And how about Hodgson's excessively characteristic touches? What did James appear to think?

How, too, about nobody's characteristic touches getting mixed with anybody's else? That seems to more than one observer perhaps the greatest marvel in the whole business, even a greater marvel than reading the contents of the envelopes would be. Why isn't it as necessary for the objector to explain that, as for the proponent to explain the fatal envelopes?

But on the logical tack: it is one of the canons of the S. P. R. that nothing that can be accounted for by telepathy from the living must be regarded as telepathy from the dead. This was my own attitude at first, but it is plainly inconclusive: there is only a very strong presumption in its favor. That a mysterious communication *may* have come from A is far from proof that it did not come from B, or from somebody never heard of, or from somebody whose existence has previously been supposed impossible.

But even admitting that the telepathy from the living is to be preferred when possible, is it legitimate to include under telepathy all the dramatic indications of personality?

In our present knowledge there appear but two possible hypotheses to account for these phenomena. At the cost of some repetition, let me rehearse them in a different shape. As I believe I have said elsewhere, a single statement is apt to do well enough for only definite things—the multiplication table, for instance.

The first hypothesis involves three propositions:

a. The medium receives impressions from the minds of the sitters.

b. The medium also receives impressions from the minds of absent living persons, apparently independently of all limitations in number or location.

c. The medium combines these impressions into representations by word and gesture, of personalities of all ages, sexes, and characters, and does it with a power of dramatization to be compared in vividness and consistency (not in sublimity)

only with those shown in the very greatest dramatic creations; and with a fertility entirely unprecedented. Moreover, these wonderful dramatizations are on the spur of the moment, entirely involuntary, and are even made independently of the consciousness of their creator. Still more, this hypothetical dramatic power is not restricted to one or two persons in a generation, as all comparable dramatic power has been, but exists in considerable numbers of people, and is believed to be latent in large numbers more.

So much for the first hypothesis, swallow it who can. Now the only other hypothesis within our horizon is:

a. The *dramatis personæ* represented by the medium are actual personalities, whether using the medium's body to manifest themselves, or doing it in dreams. The apparent absurdity of "You come in by the hands, I'll go out by the feet," does not affect the case any more than the absurdities of dreams affect their occasional veridicity.

b. Most of the personalities thus manifesting formerly had bodies of their own on this earth. There are not many cases where a personality while having a living body has distinctly seemed to "possess" a medium. Mrs. Piper once when holding a MS. of Dr. Wiltse proceeded to enact him, and state that he was dead, and his body in the water. He was well, and knew nothing about it. (Pr. XV, 25.) Foster had visions of living men. Some of Moses' controls, I believe, profess never to have been incarnate. But they had, so far as I know, defective appearance of veridicity and very clear appearance of being figments of the medium's religious convictions.

This second hypothesis accounts for a sub-series of phenomena which the first hypothesis does not, and therefore to that degree gains probability as against the first hypothesis. This sub-series consists of phenomena manifested by personalities—dramatically created or actual—for whose dramatic creation no material exists in the mind of any living person, except as material for dramatic creation exists to some degree in all minds. Such a "personality" is that of "Imperator," who is represented as having died *before any person described in the first hypothesis was born*. Apparently he is either entirely a creation of the medium's imagination (and that when

the medium's personality is apparently inactive), with some possible telepathic help from friends, or is an existing personality.

The second hypothesis of course lends probability to the old idea that the soul is independent of the body and uses the body as a mere tool—a machine for thinking and expressing, one which the soul can't do much with when the machine is out of order, or anything when it is fatally damaged or worn out.

If, for the purposes of the argument, we assume that telepathy and teloteropathy dispose of all the verifiable cases, how about the unverifiable ones? They are just as interesting and plausible as the verifiable ones. Does the fact that they can't be verified prove them imaginary or fraudulent? Of course it does if our canon of verification is that they must be verified by some incarnate being. But they cannot be verifiable by any incarnate mind without being open to the suspicion of being telepathically supplied by that mind. But can't they easily be true, and still unverifiable by any incarnate human being? Not only might one easily be true of you or me, and yet so absolutely forgotten as to be unverifiable; but must not many a true case (if any are true) be lost by impossibility of obtaining adequate testimony?

It appears, then, that unverifiability is by no means a conclusive argument against the truth of any communication, and yet throughout the reports of the sittings there is a general tendency to dismiss the unverifiable ones as nothing more than interesting fiction.

The scientific canon that causes counter to experience must not be invoked until those conformable with experience have been exhausted, is carried to an illegitimate extreme when it is given the virtual shape that phenomena which cannot be accounted for by causes conformable with experience must be rejected as fraudulent or imaginary. In that shape the canon would have led many savages to depend upon what *we* call Christian science, against their discoverers' guns; and the converse of it—that the verdict of experience must always be accepted, led scientists to deny the possibility of a rail car that would go over twelve miles an hour, and of more than one electric light on a circuit, and probably would have

led everybody, before the discovery of the Hertzian waves, to deny the possibility of the wireless telegraph.

We have, then, a vast mass of profoundly interesting phenomena which *are* worth taking into account, and which cannot be accounted for by any form of telepathy or any cause justified by experience. On the surface, the phenomena are ostensibly caused by human intelligences surviving death. Reject that cause, and (*pace* Drs. Tanner and Hall) there is no other in sight. Is it not the point of wisdom to accept it tentatively until another heaves in sight, or until farther experience confirms it?

Why give a tentative character to the acceptance? The reasons come under two heads. The experience is too scant as yet to justify full acceptance, and the conditions of the alleged spirits communicating do not conform to our ideas of what they should be. Both reasons justify a tentative position, but neither justifies a negative one. The second reason may turn out to be absolutely flimsy. We have often had our ideas and feelings enlisted in conditions which turned out not to be true. My dear friend Sill, when we were freshmen, wrote a beautiful poem that captured the university world and has since helped materially in his capture of the whole world of poetry lovers. Its theme was "The Polar Sea." Kane believed there was such a sea, and demonstrated it more scientifically than anybody ever demonstrated the orthodox ideas of a future state. But neither Sill's poem nor Kane's science has led anybody to doubt Peary's discovery that there is no polar sea: so our old ideas of what there is or is not beyond this life may be like Sill's and Kane's idea of the polar sea.

We have applied the hypothesis of a world soul to telepathy *inter vivos*. Now let us gather up some of our scattered threads and try to get a little more connected view of how it fits in with the phenomenon of mediumship.

Admit, provisionally at least, that the medium is merely an extraordinary dreamer. Does a man do his own dreaming, or is it done for him? Does a man do his own digesting, circulating, assimilating, or is it done for him? If he does not do these things himself, who does? About the physical

functions through the sympathetic nerve, we answer unhesitatingly: the cosmic force. How, then, about the psychic functions? Are they done by the cosmic psyche?

Like respiration, they are partly under our control, but that does not affect the problem. Who runs them when we do not run them, even when we try to stop them that we may get to sleep? Even after they have yielded to our entreaties to stop, and we are asleep, they begin going again—without our will, and sometimes, some think, even without our knowledge—that thinking never stops, and that often when it goes on in the dream state we are unconscious of it or forget it. The only probability I can make out is that our thinking is run by a power not ourselves, as much as our other partly-involuntary functions.

To hold that a man does his own dreaming—that it is done by a secondary layer of his own consciousness—is to hold that we are made up of layers of consciousness, of which the poorest layer is that of what we call our waking life, and the better layers are at our service only in our dreams. The theory says in effect: you are the owner of certain tools, but the conditions under which you own them prescribe that, for all the work required of you, you can use only the worst, and the best are at your service only when you either have no intention of working at all or are incapacitated from serious work by some form of unconsciousness or madness.

This is as fair a statement as I can make of the layer-of-consciousness theory—that when a man is asleep or mad he can solve problems, compose music, create pictures, to which, when awake and in his sober senses, and in a condition to profit by his work, and give profit from it, he is inadequate. There will be evidence of this in the chapters on dreams.

Nay more, the theory claims that a man's working consciousness—his self—the only self known to him or the world, will hold and shape his life by a set of convictions which, in sleep or madness, he will *himself* prove wrong, and thereby revolutionize his philosophy and his entire life.

Wouldn't it be more reasonable to attribute all such results—the solutions of the problems, the music, the pictures, the corrections of the errors—to a power outside himself?

Now if to anybody this theory that multiple selves, that "the unconscious" and all that, are part of a man's self, *and nothing more*, appears monstrous, what does experience offer in its place?

First, indications of a consciousness aware of everything that is going on, or has gone on, at least within the sphere of its activity, and which includes, and reaches far outside of, our activity and our knowledge. All individual consciousnesses seem to be, in some mysterious way, not only themselves, but part of that universal consciousness: for we get from it not only wondrous dream images of all kinds, but mysterious impressions from individual consciousnesses other than our own, which, with our own, are part of it.

This hypothesis, or guess, or string of guesses, does not seem at war with any of the facts. It gives a meaning where otherwise there is none, to the generally accepted term "the subliminal self." It admits of our being one layer, or the core, if you please, of the onion, while the other layers are in the general consciousness; it admits an "unconscious," i.e., something of which *we* are generally unconscious; and it admits "spirits," incarnate and discarnate, who, like each of us, are parts, and yet not exclusively parts, of the general consciousness, and act telepathically upon us, and each other, both in their individual and "corporate" capacities.

All this seems terribly like the mere word-jargon of the theologies and early philosophies. But it at least deals with insistent facts, and professes to be no more than it is—a string of guesses, some of them very vague guesses, but nevertheless with a certain coherence among themselves and fitness to the phenomena which perhaps none of the other guesses possess, and affording some glimmerings that, as the clouds rise, may turn out to be fragments of an explanation.

CHAPTER LIV

THE DREAM LIFE

I HOPE my iterations regarding dreams have not grown utterly damnable, as you are destined, if your patience holds out, to read considerably more on that subject. What I have found to say of the extraordinary dreams of the sensitives, is far from including all that dreams suggest regarding our Cosmic Relations: still less are the questions about dreams all answered when dreams are pronounced merely the results of indigestion or other physical disturbance: sometimes they certainly are, and sometimes apparently they are not; but if they always were, there would still remain features of them worth careful study.

The relation of the soul in the dream state to the universe has been regarded as of great importance by almost all primitive peoples, probably of less importance by many persons more advanced, but lately of still greater importance by a few persons still more advanced. Yet even the S. P. R. has taken ordinary dreams much as matters of course, and mainly confined its investigation of the dream state to somnambulism, hypnosis, and trance. But ordinary dreams offer some suggestions that have been none too widely noted. To the speculative inquirer the dream life sometimes seems even more important than the waking life, but at other times the suspicion arises that the waking life should be so strenuously led as to leave little attention free for dreams. Both attitudes are probably right. On one side, the dream life has claims to be considered part of an eternal life; on the other side, while interest in an eternal life may be an admirable stimulus in this life, there may be in it, as in less worthy stimulants, enough of the danger of excess to lead some very wise men to abstain. But there is not as much danger to-day as in earlier times, and the fact that we can therefore be more safely trusted with the knowledge of a future life may

raise some presumption that the increasing apparent indications of it are genuine.

Not only are some people's ordinary dreams much more frequent and vivid than other people's, but much more coherent and perhaps significant; and it seems probable that the most interesting dreams come to people who have some of the peculiar gifts of the mediums. Moreover in other respects, the experiences of virtually all the mediums whom I have read of seem substantially identical with dreams. For instance, those of Mrs. Richmond, as recounted in Barrett's *Life of her*, might be applied verbatim to dreams, and Tuttle says (letter to Densmore, *Arcana of Nature*, p. 464), "Thoughts which came in the sensitive state made no lasting impression, and I am unable to recall why or how any passage came to be written." This is like the evanescence of dreams. Judge Edmonds' reported visions are dreams pure and simple. This feature in the experiences of the later mediums, I have harped upon until I fear I have wearied you.

Their experiences seem to differ only in degree from those which virtually all of us experience in ordinary dreams. We all see and hear what appear to be persons out of the reach of our ordinary senses, and sometimes not even living—separate copies of the Ideas of such persons. If it shall ever be established that the mediums really are in communication with an eternal life, some correspondence, perhaps some identity, of the dream life with it will be established.

Yet the most tremendous facts about dreams are so tremendous that dreams are generally taken as purely illusive, and no weight attached to them. Such a fact is

The Superiority of the Dream Life to Time and Space

As to time, there can be little question, though there are some of the uncertainties attending all subjects on the borderland of knowledge. Of this more later.

Regarding space, there is some perplexity. The fact that the same thought and the same feeling can be in innumerable places at once suggests the possibility that the same aggregate of thoughts and feelings—i.e., the same soul—may be. Most savages, and not a few savants, think the soul actually

does go to the places where, in dreams, it seems to go. But isn't there more apparent probability that the places come to it—that the Ideas of them—their essentials, come to the dreamer from the cosmic mind?

This question as to space seems to raise the old contest between idealism and realism—whether space and its contents are really external to the mind, which, so far as I understand such things, I suppose was reconciled by Kant by proving both sides right. I treated it earlier, but have a word more to say in the present connection. The way it presents itself to my utterly unmetaphysical and bountifully uninstructed mind is this: the distinctions we draw between real and ideal are sometimes a result of the limitations of our faculties. They being what they are, a phenomenon, to be normal to them, must be a reaction between them and the part of the universe external to them. The “discovery” of this obvious fact I understand to be one of Kant's claims to immortality. If so, immortality of some kinds is sometimes cheap. But to continue: If the phenomenon arises in the consciousness without excitation from the external universe, it is an hallucination, and if the mind has frequent hallucinations and accepts them as realities, that way madness lies. That is to say: if the mind doesn't know the difference between what it holds without the warrant of external reality, and what it holds with that warrant, it is insane. Foster knew the difference.

But this is true of the mind only in its ordinary workaday state—the mind which has been evolved by reactions with that environment whose relation to it is, as stated, a condition of its sanity. But man seems able to contain at intervals in the dream state another and wider mind than that which has been evolved by his contact with his everyday environment—a mind which carries impressions external to, and superior to, any obviously produced by reactions with that environment, and which, though it experiences what, to the everyday mind, would be hallucinations, does so without any unfavorable effects on the individual's sanity.

Though the phenomena of what we usually call the real world are not in all respects the equivalent of the phenomena of the dream world, if the universe of our waking senses is

but a mass of passing expressions of permanent Ideas, as I think I showed some reason to believe in Chapter XXIII, why is not the universe of dreams, so far as we can get at it without the nonsense injected by physical defects, just as real? Would not calling it less real be something like the declaration made by certain people that to them the imaginative world of the poets, artists, and musicians has no meaning?

Superior Powers in Dreams

Generally in the discussions, on one page, dreams are treated as mere figments of a quiescent and acquiescent imagination played upon by disturbed bodily organs, while on the next page they are admitted to be the media of truths apparently otherwise undiscoverable, and the conditions of performances apparently otherwise impossible. Yet the two positions are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

One reason for the apparent paradox is that here, as in the communications from the mediums, the most significant matter is the most intimate, and therefore the most unavailable for publication.

Another reason for the paradox is that though each vision, waking or sleeping, must have a cause, and as an expression of that cause must be veridical, on the one hand, the cause of a trivial dream is generally too trivial to be ascertained: it may be too much lobster, or impaired circulation or respiration; while on the other hand (and here the paradox seems to be explained), the cause of an important dream must, *ex vi termini*, be some important event. But important events are rare, and therefore significant dreams are rare; while trivial events are frequent, and therefore trivial dreams are frequent.

The important and rare event *may* be such a conjunction of circumstances and temperaments as makes it possible for a postcarnate intelligence, assuming the existence of such, to communicate with an incarnate one. That such apparent communications are rare tends to indicate their genuineness. The question: "If they are possible, why are they not frequent?" ignores their probable difficulty—a difficulty apparently so great that one portion of the very people who ask

the question generally regard the difficulty as amounting to impossibility; while the other portion, of course, deny that postcarnate intelligences exist at all—deny that the Idea is eternal, and claim that but one complete copy of it can exist. There are to be some things in this and the next chapter that look to me very much as if such people were wrong.

Although, as I have said before, I write as a commentator, not as an original investigator, it has yet been my fortune to be able to introduce the principal departments of our borderland study by direct testimony of my personal observation—of telekinesis with P——, telepathy with Foster, and Possession(?) with Mrs. Piper. Pretty much everybody can do the same regarding dreams, though possibly there may be some features in mine so peculiar—certainly as yet so little noticed in the dreams of others, as to warrant my again giving, like Freud, my personal experience, even in a department where there is so much general experience at hand. Perhaps I may indulge the hope that your following my devious and broken clues thus far shows us to be enough in sympathy for you to tolerate my egotism.

From childhood I have had architectural dreams surpassing anything I have ever seen in waking hours. At first they were of Romanesque buildings with abundant piazzas, arcades, and terraces, and in the midst of beautiful scenery. As a child I took them as matters of course, and I have no doubt that they were suggested by stage scenery and proscenium curtains, though I am confident that they surpassed any such pictures that I ever saw. As I reached maturity and greater activity in other interests, such dreams grew less frequent, but as old age and comparative leisure have drawn on they have dropped in again a few times, but with a difference: though they are still beautiful, the romantic character of youth is seldom there. During this later period, the dream structures have been almost entirely in the colonial style, but there has been no romantic scenery associated with them: this despite the fact that during the period, I have lived most of each year among some of the most romantic scenery in the world.

I distinctly recall two dreams that were bounded, roughly speaking, by South Washington Square, Macdougall Street, Canal Street, and Wooster Street, and they changed that dingy region into a more beautiful group of homes than exists anywhere I have visited in the flesh.

One striking effect was from yellow brick, which I believe the Colonials did not have, and marble trimmings. These made more substantial and massive the effect the Colonials got in minor measure from wooden houses painted yellow with white trimmings.

The streets, like the houses, were changed and idealized—broadened and some intersecting at irregular angles. The opportunities of the non-rectangular lots thus made were beautifully utilized, especially at the corners. So were those of differences of level. The yellow brick predominated, though it was not exclusively used. Most of the houses were very large, and they were broken up at the ends or rear with much variety of roof-level, and piazzas, conservatories, sunning-rooms, and terraces. A remarkable feature was that, notwithstanding all the departures from symmetry, the distinctly colonial character was always preserved, and no question of consistency or fitness was ever aroused.

I wandered through the region repeatedly, returning several times to spots that I specially enjoyed, and once went back to the commonplace world through Bleeker Street to Broadway, rejoicing that the way to the delightful region was so short and well known, and promising myself many returns to it with friends. I remember my pleasure at finding myself there again in the second dream. Then I entered at the South, somewhere near Canal or Varick Street.

I have some vague recollection of disappointment in other dreams before and since the successful second visit, from seeking the beautiful region in vain.

Another dream was in a suburban region, and was probably suggested by the environs of Baltimore, though it was not dreamed there, and was vastly superior to anything existing there. I remember being driven down one broad tree-planted street with houses on each side at generous intervals

—so generous that I remember my curiosity while glancing at each house, as to what the next house would be.

That curiosity, too, I think I had in the New York dreams. Is it consistent with the hypothesis that I created all of them myself? Is it not a more rational guess that they were telepathically impressed upon me from outside—that I was permitted to see these copies of Ideas outside of my mind?

Here is a very different architectural dream.

I seemed to be standing in front of the Brooklyn Opera House, and to be facing some sort of public building, about sixty feet wide, across the street. What is really there I have no idea, as I never saw the opera house but once in driving past, and did not look on the other side of the street: I am not a connoisseur or even an amateur of Brooklyn, which makes the location of my dream there a little strange. Yet I can summon up some fanciful reasons which I do not really entertain, though as I re-read this sentence months later they seemed stronger.

Well, after all this preface, here are the essentials, such as they are. On one side of the building across the street I dreamed a palatial house. All my earlier urban architectural dreams have been colonial, generally yellow brick and marble. This house was red brick with Nova Scotia stone, French renaissance in style, with mansards. It was very large, and if it erred from perfect taste, which I hardly think it did, it was in over-elaboration. Yet I did have an impression of the owner having *recently* come into a lot of money, which I don't think I would have had if the house had been as near perfection as those I usually dream.

I remember that the day before this dream I read that a certain abominable French renaissance structure on Fifth Avenue, built for a man who has recently come into a lot of money, is to be sold. But, thank God! I didn't dream that house, but did dream one that perhaps might be called everything which, it is to be charitably presumed, that house tried to be and is not. This I can say without drawing too hard on my small balance of modesty: for I certainly was not the architect. Will you kindly tell me who was?

One proof that he was not I, is my surprise at finding, on looking to the left, that the opulent owner of the new house had spread around the public building I mentioned, and on the other side treated himself to a gorgeous stable not exactly uniform with the dwelling, but nearly enough so to show that they constituted one *ménage*—a nearness with variety meriting congratulations to the architect, if, again, you will kindly send me his name and address. I would especially like them, as I have a son just entering the profession, for whom I would like to try to secure his friendly interest.

And as all these buildings were finer than anything I can do, or than any mortal has done in the same style, is not the evidence that they were sent to me from outside strengthened?

Does not all this add force to, and receive force from, the considerations before presented which indicate that all our mental experiences come, in the same sense that our physical ones do, from outside?

But the evidence is not all in yet.

Vastly more interesting to me than my dreams of architecture, though less practicable to describe, are my dreams of decoration and bric-à-brac. They also contain much more suggestion of Ideas outside of my mind.

According to the best recollections I can summon up, they, unlike the architectural dreams, never came before the death of a close friend, one of whose few lacks of a complete human equipment was decorative taste. My own lack there is conspicuous, even among my other lacks, and I have not been able, nor have I tried very hard, to keep out of my mind the suggestion that this friend is playing upon me telepathically and half humorously, to hint that the lack is made up in the new life, and to help along my deficiencies here. I by no means accept this half-sportive fancy as fact, and probably would not have been visited by it at all but for far stronger indications of survival. My most important *conviction* regarding the source of the creations I am about to describe, is merely that it is outside of me.

I dream long suites of rooms apparently designed more as receptacles for objects of art than for ordinary occupancy.

Each has a few bits of exquisite furniture, including cabinets, but little other furniture besides hangings and ornaments. These all surpass anything I have ever seen. The rooms vary a great deal in their historic and geographic sources, but so far as I can judge, are always in strict harmony with those and in themselves. I do not recall anything classic or ante-classic, or even "Empire," though some go back to Louis XV. The sources are China, Japan, post-classic Europe (France preponderating), and the English inspirations (partly imported, as we know) that we associate with colonial America. None of the exquisite Greek furniture and decoration, though I admire it profoundly.

In waking life I am rather given to pronounced colors. But the coloring of these dream-rooms is always subdued, so subdued that if while awake I should try to work in such colors, the result would be simply dead. But in my dreams it is inspiring. Those who collect accounts of dreams say that they generally lack color—are like engravings in black and white. Mine are wondrous harmonies of color. My dream-walls are nearly always covered with silk or satin hangings, sometimes perhaps velvet, and every article of furniture or bric-à-brac in one of the rooms is in absolute harmony with its general color scheme. My most definite recollection is of one in a pinkish grey, and I think it was in it that I saw two marvelous cloisonné vases, which are the only things I distinctly remember. The other articles in the rooms—carvings, lacquers, enamels, ceramics—have faded away, but not so my conviction, with them before me, that I had never seen them approached elsewhere. Whose Ideas are they? Certainly not mine.

I wander through these rooms with great delight, going perhaps from a grey one into one all black and gold, or into a silver and blue one—always a very subdued blue—or into one in faint pink, or buff. It may be Chinese or Japanese or Louis Quinze or Colonial. *I always wonder what the next is to be.* How does this consist with the notion that they were made by *me*?

At least two of these dreams have been in great shops of Oriental goods, beside which nearly all I have seen in actual(?) shops were coarse and commonplace. One of the

shops seemed to be in Boston. In the center was a circular revolving fortification with guns on top, and manned by splendidly dressed automata. A visitor in this shop was a woman of great beauty, apparently a European of rank, with whom I had a very delicate piquante but dignified flirtation, if a flirtation can ever be dignified. I got little more than a word, or gesture as she left that meant *au revoir*. I suppose I made her too, with all her nuances—I who have been accused of not having a nuance in my composition!

In one of these dreams I(?) gradually converted a room in a farmhouse into a great baronial hall—a very cheerful one, though very impressive, of splendid architecture; and while I was looking around it with great delight, in came a lot of jolly fellows in beautiful bronze armor covered with raised arabesques, and executed a dance. All *my* work, of course!

Here is one of a vastly different order.

Some apparently plain empty brick commercial buildings, whose approximate counterparts I seem to have seen somewhere about town or about some other town, I dreamed to be really not unoccupied, but secretly devoted to the display, to a select few in advance of current non-Greek and Puritanical prejudices, of the human form divine, especially in its feminine manifestations. The prejudices that require costume of a sort were, however, more rigidly respected than sometimes I have lately seen them on the stage, and though much of this costume consisted of "tights," something in the nature of robes was always provided, though not more than enough to emphasize what exhibition of Nature's lines there was. The costuming, the tableaux, and the pantomimes were far ahead of any similar art I have ever seen: they far surpassed "Sumurûn," for instance, my recent sight of which I suppose had something to do with the dreams, as undoubtedly had recent newspaper accounts of an artistic exhibition in Vienna or Berlin (I forget which) that was less conservative—in fact not conservative at all regarding costume.

Now "Sumurûn" was the work of one of the most accomplished masters in the world. Yet I am called upon to believe that, without any training or effort whatever, I sur-

passed him! I find it easier to believe, not solely because I want to, but because to such judicial capacities as I can summon up, it seems more rational to believe, that the work was done by some power greater than I.

A few days later than the foregoing dream I had one of still a new variety—pantomimes and masquerade balls, with burlesques of many kinds. I cannot remember details, but the tricks and costumes were far superior to any I could devise, or any I ever saw, even in the old Ravel days at Niblo's. Of course it was all my work—I who take very little interest in the present-day stage, and balls! I enjoyed them that night, though.

That I myself should have done things so far beyond me in architecture and bric-à-brac is preposterous enough, and when it comes to my having done them in these new departments, the theory, in spite of all the conceit I may have, is geometrically harder to believe than that they were done by an outside power. That I am fit to be its vehicle satisfies all the demands of the aforesaid conceit.

People talk of dreams as at best mere jumbles of fragments of memory. Were my beautiful buildings, streets, rooms, objects of art, armor, ordered dance, mere jumbles? Their orderly arrangement, as well as their beauty, have not been equaled in my waking experience.

It is tantalizing to write of these things from faded memories. And of course you will be skeptical as to their having really deserved the adjectives I cannot help lavishing on them. But I assure you that, although I am not in my waking hours devoted to bric-à-brac, farther than wanting decently good though not elaborate or expensive surroundings, no visible thing of man's creation, except the higher form of art in a few paintings, has given me the pleasure that came from those dreams.

About dreams, we all know little enough, but the more I have read regarding them, the more I am impressed with *how* little. For instance, almost every writer takes pains to say that dreams almost entirely lack color, and the scenery in them is likened to engravings. Dr. Bucke, if I remember rightly,

uses that fact(?) in demonstration of the late evolution of the color sense. Now my dreams have always had just as much color as my waking life, and when I dream works of art, vastly better arranged; and my sensibility to color in waking life seems entirely normal.

In spite of my keenest waking art-susceptibility being restricted to pictures and music, I never had any dreams of very great music, or more than one dream of pictures, and they, while good, were not extraordinary. But I could no more myself have made them, not to speak of the other things, than I could knock the peak off the Matterhorn. Pardon my repeating my belief that the other things were the work of intelligence outside of mine, and superior to any on earth.

The writings of Fechner, Du Prel, Myers, and other wise men, pay me the undeserved compliment of saying that those dreams were created by a submerged portion of my own wits. Then why has not the faculty ever come to the surface when I am awake? I never, waking, did an artistic thing worthy of notice. When I plan a building, I have to go to somebody else to make it fit to look at. I can write things that a few people read, and during nearly all my long life I have made noises on various musical instruments, including my own larynx, that did not always drive people with ordinary taste from the room; *but never in my dreams have I seen or heard anything extraordinary in the arts where I have some trifling capacity; while in some arts where I have no capacity at all, I have from childhood seen things more beautiful than any human being has ever made.*

Dr. Bucke (*op. cit.*) would make the absence of music insignificant, because, he says, there is no music in the dream life, and uses that as a corollary of the very late development of music. There again my experience differs. I have dreamed music several times (though not nearly as good as my(?) architecture and bric-à-brac, which latter fact goes to support his thesis), and Mr. Kelley tells me that many of his themes have come to him in dreams.

And how about Tartini, and Rousseau and nearly everybody

else who has dreamed of the heavenly choruses *in articulo*, and got back?

The notion that *I* made in my dreams the beautiful things so far beyond my capacity—some of them beyond anybody's—seems ridiculous. Well, if I didn't, who did? Perhaps they "just growed," like Topsy. But if it hadn't been for Mrs. Stowe, Topsy wouldn't have growed, and if it hadn't been for a power outside of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe wouldn't have growed; and I believe that if it hadn't been for a power outside of those that constitute "me," as ordinarily considered, those dreams wouldn't have growed. "As ordinarily considered!" But as more deeply considered, is it not simplest to suppose that the World Soul flows through each of us, and brought Mrs. Stowe Topsy, and brought me my dreams? This is only the inspiration that artists always claim.

A dream is a work of genius, and in many respects, perhaps most, especially in vividness of imagination, the best example we have; and since I first wrote this paragraph, I have come across a perfect nest of statements from various eminent writers to similar effect—generally in the converse, however—that every work of genius is a dream. Whose genius? We are all geniuses that far. Of all works of genius, a dream is the most spontaneous, constructed with the least effort from fewest materials, the least restrained, and often immeasurably surpassing all works of waking genius in the same department. A genius gets a trifling hint, and being inspired by the gods (anthropomorphic for flowed in upon by the cosmic soul?) builds out of the hint a poem or a drama or a symphony. You and I build dreams surpassing the poem or the drama or the symphony, but our friends Dryasdust and Myopia inquire into our experiences, and sometimes find a little hint on which a dream was built, and then all dreams are demonstrated things unworthy of serious consideration. Is it not a more rational view that the fact that the soul can in the dream state elaborate so much from so little, indicates it to be then already in a life which has no limits?

The frequent contempt for dreams is partly because we cannot all remember them vividly enough even to describe

their general nature, much less to write or draw or paint them out, though Coleridge and Stevenson could write them out. I should have to draw and paint mine—I who cannot draw and paint as well as the poorest amateur! And yet forsooth it was I who made the originals! Could any proposition be more absurd, unless the one that there is another I, whom no mortal being ever knew, whom I don't know myself, and yet who is as much I as the one we know, and who is a transcendent genius?

Even although on nights when I have those dreams my sleep is somewhat interrupted, and I need a great deal, I find myself, after not over five or six hours of it in the aggregate, without the slightest indication, even in response to a rough physiological test, of having used up any brain tissue in constructing the dream, but feeling rather as if I had been supplied with more than I took to bed: I usually get up bright and cheerful, without the slightest sense of fatigue, after nights in which I experience architecture and bric-à-brac that in quantity and quality represent in one night dozens of lifetimes of work for great artists, and I am no artist at all. Plainly, I don't do that work. Who does?

Now, having amiably waded through some of my experience by way of introduction, will you, as in the other departments, turn to the experience of others?

Dreams have not been really studied much until very lately, though there has been an enormous amount of quack writing about them ever since writing was invented. The attention of the S. P. R. has been, not unnaturally, more given to the dreams of hypnosis and somnambulism than to those of ordinary sleep—partly because, especially in hypnosis, they can be better observed. Among the best books available in English are the translation of Du Prel, Havelock Ellis's *The World of Dreams*, and, many think, Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. The latest work I know is in two good articles by Mr. H. Addington Bruce in the *Outlook* for August 19 and December 9, 1911.

It will probably be just as well to consider all dreams pell-mell. The gradation from ordinary to somnambulic is too gradual for the division to be worth noticing, and though

there is apparently a distinct division between the sources of dreams hypnotically induced and others, their phenomena differ only in being subject to suggestion from the hypnotizer.

The question is not met by insisting that, despite all appearance to the contrary, dreams are auto-suggestions. Trances may be auto-suggested, but there is no proof that their dreams are. Some may be, but certainly not all.

Let me remind you of what I suggested in explanation of Mrs. Piper's trances—that there are hosts of cases where people who "imagine things" produce in themselves many of the phenomena produced by hypnotists, including sleep, insensibility, and waking hallucination. Some hysterical people can "see" pretty much anything they please, and perhaps more things that they don't please—their very dreads giving them visions of the things dreaded. But there are very few people who can dream about what they want to.

Many dreams, instead of being self-induced, are direct responses to touches, sounds, and even sights: for a light brought near a sleeper's eyes has set the alarm bells ringing, and called out the fire departments; so has the clashing together of shovel and tongs; and a few drops of water on the face has produced a dream of showers, with umbrellas, goloshes, raincoats, and scamperings, and the usual humorous happenings. The sleepers have actually been awakened by the various contacts causing the dreams, and yet have reported long dreams. Hence the proof of the superiority of the dream state to time.

Among dreams thus suggested, one of the most remarkable is given in full in nearly all the books, and in Mr. Bruce's article. It is one of many illustrations of a difference between our standards and the wider sweep of things. So commonplace an event as the falling of a curtain rod upon Maury's neck produces a great historic pageant of judicial procedure, popular manifestations, and public execution by guillotine. It is no less a great historic pageant because only one man saw it, and he in his sleep; and it could have been no more of one if it had been seen by a million, though it might then have passed into history, with important results, as have the events on which it was based.

Here again these events taking place, with hundreds of participants, and witnessed by only one man in his sleep, are a comment on our scale of values. They suggest what has been said before and illustrated by the Parthenon and Mona Lisa. What the dreamer saw was, in a sense, one copy of fragments of the "Idea" which, in its highest rendering, was the French Revolution. We haven't words clearly to express this thought, and yet to me it seems a very clear thought, and one opening up wide vistas. I hope I am not boring you by repeating it in so many ways. You will get it none too clearly, assuming it to be worth getting at all.

Regarding this famous dream, Ellis (p. 213, note) says that it (as Egger has pointed out) was probably not written down until thirteen years later [and therefore] is not entitled to serious consideration. That remark can hardly apply to its main features. It is well to draw the line carefully, but when a doubtful account agrees with an enormous preponderance of evidence, there is such a thing as drawing the line *too* carefully.

The same superiority to time is true in trance approximating death. Admiral Beaufort falls overboard, and when on the verge of death, is pulled out. The whole immersion is but two minutes, but in the last seconds of that time he experiences a panoramic review of his whole life in minute detail, with hosts of forgotten events and reflections on their causes, consequences, and moral relations. Similar facts are true of an anonymous lady, vouched for by Fechner, and in hosts of other recorded instances.

As nerve processes take time, long dreams proved to have been instantaneous must have been independent of time. Does this mean that the subliminal self is superior to time or, in perhaps better phrase, that a dream is an inflow of the world soul, knowing all things, to which present, past, and future are the same?

As the events of a long dream often precede the cause of them, is the subliminal self superior to the law of cause and effect—is it the world-soul?

As the subliminal self is thus demonstrated superior to the slowness of nerve function, is its association with nerve necessarily permanent? Can soul exist only in connection with

body, or is there a world-soul which temporarily animates the body while the body lasts, and through it develops a new eternal individuality which is part of itself? Is there an inflow from the Power greater than ourselves, but including ourselves, which not only as Motion does our breathing, circulating, and secreting, but as Mind does our dreaming, feeling, and thinking? I hope you're not tired of the question.

After citing many cases which provoke these reflections Du Prel (*Philosophy of Mysticism*, I, 93) observes what has often been observed in some shape or other: "Man has a double consciousness, the empirical with its physiological measure of time, and a transcendental with another measure of time peculiar to itself." And he declares that the transcendental emerges in our dreams. But of course he lays it all up to man, rather than go back on the late-nineteenth-century repugnance from anything that could be identified with the old-fashioned God.

The same independence of limiting conditions that marks dreaming and drowning (or dying?) seems to mark the inspirations of genius. Du Prel quotes this from Mozart:

(*Op. cit.*, I, 105-6): "Mozart has made the following interesting statement about his own productive faculty: 'When I am all right and in good spirits, either in a carriage or walking, and at night when I cannot sleep, thoughts come streaming in and at their best. Whence and how I know not—I cannot make out. The things which occur to me I keep in my head, and hum them also to myself—at least, so others have told me. If I stick to it, there soon come one after another useful crumbs for the pie, according to counterpoint, harmony of the different instruments, etc. This now inflames my soul, that is, if I am not disturbed. Then it keeps on growing, and I keep on expanding it and making it more distinct, and the thing, however long it may be, becomes, indeed, almost finished in my head, so that I can afterwards survey it in spirit like a beautiful picture or a fine person, and also hear it in imagination—not indeed successively, as by-and-by it must come out, but as all together. That is a delight! All the invention and construction go on in me as in a fine, strong dream. But the overhearing it all at once is still the best.' Mozart did not foresee how interesting would be his involuntary comparison with dreaming.... One is involuntarily reminded of Luther's forcible saying: 'God sees time not lengthwise, but crosswise; all is in a heap before him...' with the intuitive cognition of genius... that, which to the man of ordinary reflection appears as a temporal succession, is changed into a juxtaposition to be surveyed at a glance."

Lombroso gives the following (*After Death, What?*, 320f.) :

"It is well known that in his dreams Goethe solved many weighty scientific problems and put into words many most beautiful verses. So also La Fontaine (*The Fable of Pleasures*) and Coleridge and Voltaire. Bernard Palissy had in a dream the inspiration for one of his most beautiful ceramic pieces.

"Holde composed while in a dream *La Phantasie*, which reflects in its harmony its origin; and Nodier created *Lydia*, and at the same time a whole theory on the future of dreaming. Condillac in dream finished a lecture interrupted the evening before. Kruger, Corda, and Maignan solved in dreams mathematical problems and theorems. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his *Chapters on Dreams*, confesses that portions of his most original novels were composed in the dreaming state. Tartini had while dreaming one of his most portentous musical inspirations. It was April (he says), and through the half-open window of his little room there was blowing a smart breeze, when all at once his eyelids drooped, then closed, and it seemed to him that he saw a spectral form approaching him. It is Beelzebub in person. He holds a magic violin in his hands, and the sonata begins. It is a divine adagio, melancholy-sweet, a lament, a dizzy succession of rapid and intense notes. Tartini rouses himself, leaps out of bed, seizes his violin, and reproduces on the magical instrument all that he had heard played in his sleep. He names it the *Sonata del Diavolo*, one of the best of his works."

Regarding this, Ellis says, in effect, that Tartini didn't really reproduce the dream, but came as near it as he could. That has nothing to do with the question of the *source* of the dream.

"Giovanni Dupré [Lombroso continues] got in a dream the conception of his very beautiful *Pietà*. One sultry summer day Dupré was lying on a divan thinking hard on what kind of pose he should choose for the Christ. He fell asleep, and in dream he saw the entire group at last complete, with Christ in the very pose he had been aspiring to conceive, but which his mind had not succeeded in completely realizing."

It is a quite frequent experience that a person perplexed by a problem at night finds it solved on waking in the morning. Efforts to remember, which are unsuccessful before going to sleep, on waking are often found accomplished. The speculation that the feat is performed by a stratum of

mind deeper than the waking one, I have already noted. Another theory, which seems inevitably correct in some cases, is that the faculties are refreshed by sleep, and by the flow of the blood to the brain while the body is horizontal after waking (during sleep the brain ordinarily has less blood than during waking); and that soon after waking the problem is solved. The misty glimpse of a possible hypnotic influence from the cosmic soul may perhaps be cleared up a little by the following case of recovered memory given by Dr. Joire in the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* for August, 1909, and condensed in the *Annals of Psychical Science* for January-March, 1910. Some months before an inventor had lost a drawing, and could not reproduce it. He was hypnotized, and it was suggested to him somewhat in detail that his memory was passing backward over the intervening time until he was told that he was reproducing the drawing.

“‘Now you will live over again this period of your life with the greatest accuracy. You are aware of the defects in existing arc lamps, you wish to abolish them; you have thought of a new device, you begin to see the details clearly, you are going to draw a sketch on one of these cards, you take your pen and you draw!’

“All this time Mr. F.'s face expressed profound concentration; he suddenly took his pen and commenced a design, paused, seemed to make mental calculations, then went on adding letters and signs, but after a few attempts he threw it on the ground with a look of great annoyance, and a second design which he commenced after some reflection was discarded in the same way.

“A longer pause followed; then his hand wrote slowly and automatically: ‘It is the poles of the induction currents which must be reversed. I must have two successive contacts reversed each time.’

“His expression became calm; he put the sheet gently on one side and took another, on which he began to draw a complicated design without pause or hesitation; when finished, he examined it carefully, and said in a low voice: ‘There, I've hit on it at last,’ and at once passed into a state of profound sleep.

“When I awoke him in the customary manner he stared at the sketch with the greatest surprise. ‘Why, that is my design which I have been seeking for six months! Did I do that? How is it possible? It is incomprehensible!’ He had no recollection of having made the other two, which were quite useless, but when he saw what he had written on the third card,

he exclaimed: 'Why, I must have written that, too! It is just the crux of the whole thing, and the solution is here, in my sketch!'... He remembered distinctly seeing the days, weeks, and months pass before his mental vision in reverse order. For instance, in the case of a journey to Lille, which had taken place in August, he first saw his return, then the journey, then his stay at the seaside, and so on, including many minute details which had completely escaped his memory, such as a bicycle on the railway platform, a cloak left on a seat, and similar facts... He remembers nothing of what occurred when he was working at the problem, probably because the required knowledge lay in a much deeper stratum of consciousness, and that, in order to regain it, he passed into a more profound somnambulism."

Mr. Bruce's articles are the latest summary on Dreams that I know of, and a very intelligent one: so I will use an outline of those articles as a thread on which to string some comments on the present position of science on the general subject.

He begins his explanations with the calm statement (*Outlook* for 1911, p. 868): "Modern science can give a satisfactory explanation for all exceptional dreams on purely naturalistic grounds," and then proceeds to show how. He first successfully applies "modern science" to some dreams indicating the whereabouts of lost articles by alleging subconscious memories of dropping or mislaying of the articles being revived in the dreams. He thus condenses a good illustration of subconscious memories from Miss Goodrich-Freer's experiences in crystal-gazing:

"I saw in the crystal a pool of blood (as it seemed to me) lying on the pavement at the corner of a terrace close to my door. This suggested nothing to me. Then I remembered that I had passed over that spot in the course of a walk of a few hundred yards home from the circulating library; and that, the street being empty, I had been looking into the books as I walked. Afterwards I found that my boots and the bottom of my dress were stained with red paint, which I must have walked through unobservingly."

He also gives the classic case that I have given of the death advertisement in Miss Goodrich-Freer's crystal, and adds that if, instead of the crystal announcement,

"Miss Goodrich-Freer had had a dream in which the dead friend appeared to her and solemnly said, 'I have had a long

period of suffering, but it is over now.' And suppose that the next day word had been received of the friend's death, Miss Goodrich-Freer meanwhile having completely forgotten that she had glanced at the 'Times.' Would this not have been on a par with many of the dreams that bring amazement and consternation to their dreamers?"

But my constructive dreams don't happen to be of that kind. Mr. Bruce goes on, however, to account for constructive dreams, and disposes of them thus:

"Always, it is to be noted, the creative dreams are of a kind appropriate to the waking thoughts and activities of the dreamer. Robert Louis Stevenson, a writer of stories, gets the plots of stories in dream. He does not, like Tartini, get a 'Devil's Sonata,' nor yet the conception for a valuable innovation in commercial architecture, such as was dreamed by the Pacific Coast architect. . . . Whatever chiefly concerns a man's conscious thoughts will be the chief concern of his subconscious thinking, awake or asleep."

The same paradox has often been remarked, but it is, as I have shown, the exact opposite of much of my constructive sleeping experience, and I seldom dream of "what chiefly concerns [my] conscious thoughts." I have also seen it denied, in some good place, that even the majority do.

Regarding dreams which solve problems, he seems to me to give away the case in the words I italicize below. Speaking of a dreamer who had been enabled to solve a problem he uses words which would apply to him as representing a class.

"Consciously he had formulated and rejected many tentative interpretations. All the while, his tireless poring over the problem was adding to the *store of his subconscious as well as conscious percepts* relating to it. Subconsciously he would be ever approaching closer to the solution which, in his case, was *finally* attained while he slept, being presented to him, in accordance with the recognized tendency of the sleeping consciousness to dramatize its material, in the form of a weird dream-story."

"The store of his subconscious percepts" seems to me pure assumption, a contradiction in terms, and directly descended from the question-begging term the subliminal self. The facts I have italicized do not explain the case any more than the phrase subliminal self, in its original use, ever explained

anything. Letting his "subconscious" mean an inflow from the cosmic mind, suggests an explanation.

Mr. Bruce goes on to dispose of premonitory dreams. I give part of his illustrations.

He states the unquestionable fact that—and here I shall take a farther liberty of italicizing a couple of little words:

"Another and more difficult problem is presented by well-authenticated dreams that involve coincidental action at a distance, although there is reason for believing that many even of these have a very simple explanation. . . . This might . . . be said of the Brooklyn lady's dream symbolizing the death of her son-in-law, *if only* we could be sure that the news of the death was already known to other members of her household, so that she might have heard them talking about it."

Yes, "if only." Is this "modern science"?

But here is some modern science which Mr. Bruce is entirely justified in using:

"Even so, it would not be necessary to introduce a ghostly agency as an explanatory factor. For there is the possibility that the news was conveyed to her mind from the mind of her sorrowing daughter by telepathy, or thought transference."

Elsewhere Mr. Bruce says:

"Nor need we go beyond subconscious perception to explain premonitory dreams. [True of many, but not all. H.H.] When it is a dream of disease or death impending for the dreamer, there is always the possibility that . . . disease had already so far progressed as to cause organic changes occasioning sensations too slight to be appreciated by the waking consciousness, but sufficient to stimulate the sleeping consciousness to activity. When the dream relates to the illness of someone other than the dreamer, it is safe [sometimes: yes. H.H.] to assume that, consciously or subconsciously, an inkling of the state of that other person's health had been obtained by the dreamer before the dream."

He would have done well to let in telepathy again.

Among interesting cases Mr. Bruce treats the following:

"A lady dreamed that, entering her drawing-room after church, she saw five dark little spots on the new carpet, and that these turned out to be holes burned into the carpet. The next day was Sunday, and she went to church as usual. On her return she visited the drawing-room, where she found that a careless housemaid had dropped some hot coals on the carpet, causing

five little burned patches. Akin to this is Mr. Frederick Greenwood's dream of the dead hand.

"'One night,' says Mr. Greenwood, 'I dreamed that, making a call on some matter of business, I was shown into a fine great drawing-room and asked to wait. Accordingly I went over to the fireplace, in the usual English way, preparing to wait there. And there, after the same fashion, I lounged with my arm upon the mantelpiece; but only for a few moments. For, feeling that my fingers had rested on something strangely cold, I looked, and saw that they lay on a dead hand: a woman's hand newly cut from the wrist.

"'Though I woke in horror on the instant, this dream was quite forgotten—at any rate, for the time—when I did next day make a call on some unimportant matter of business, was shown into a pretty little room adorned with various knick-knacks, and then was asked to wait. Glancing by chance toward the mantelpiece (the dream of the previous night still forgotten), what should I see but the hand of a mummy, broken from the wrist. It was a very little hand, and on it was a ring that would have been a "gem ring" if the dull red stone in it had been genuinely precious. Wherefore I concluded that it was a woman's hand.'

"Neither this dream nor that of the burned holes in the carpet served any useful purpose, or any purpose whatever. Yet they pointed as directly and vividly to future events... as do the numerous dreams on record predicting the illness or death of the dreamer or of one of the dreamer's friends. There is reason, then, for inferring that the mechanism in all such cases is much the same. Either they are all 'supernatural dreams' or there is nothing supernatural in any of them. [Isn't this going a little fast? H.H.] On the other hand, they cannot be dismissed by raising the cry of 'chance coincidence' or by insinuating that possibly the tellers of the dreams did not adhere strictly to the truth.

"The element of the marvelous is equally obliterated from such dreams as those of the dead hand and the holes burned in the carpet, when we take into consideration, as we are bound to do, the possibilities of subconscious mental action. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, thinking of the business call he had to make next day, would be reminded of the house he was to visit, and this would readily serve to evoke in his sleeping consciousness a memory of the mummy's hand on the mantelpiece."

But he did not notice it on the first visit, and it was hardly a thing as apt to escape notice as, for instance, words often are to be read without their meaning being grasped. But admitting unconscious memory, the dream was not like

the crystal gazer's of the thing as seen, but of a natural hand. Was Mr. Greenwood a sculptor? If not, who restored the hand? The same power that makes my objects of art?

Mr. Bruce continues:

"As to the dream of the holes in the carpet, the probability is that they were burned into the carpet the night before the dream, not the day after it, and that the dreamer saw them, 'out of the corner of her eye,' as she passed the drawing-room on her way to bed. Otherwise her dream is inexplicable on any hypothesis, even that of 'spirit agency.' It is preposterous to imagine that 'spirits' would trouble themselves with notifying anxious housewives of the imminence of trifling domestic mishaps."

Very good! But isn't Mr. Bruce's idea of "spirits" a little out of date? They may be, like "subliminal self," mere names for little more than phenomena not yet explained; but the latest phenomena attributed to them abound in the attention of alleged "spirits" to trifles—to the things, in fact, big and little, which made us love them here.

Freud improves on DuPrel with a "buried complex" which Mr. Bruce describes as follows (*Outlook*, August 19, 1911). It consists of:

"the persistence, in the way of subconscious memories, of long-forgotten happenings having a profound emotional significance—frights, griefs, worries, shocks of various kinds, secret desires, and so forth."

"The theory . . . is that the memories in question are forgotten by the upper consciousness simply because they are of a painful character, or of a character otherwise incompatible with the best interests of the one who experienced them. But, although thus repressed and thrust from consciousness, they are far from being blotted out. Subconsciously they remain as vivid and intense as when first experienced; and, in addition, they perpetually seek to assert themselves and appear once more in the field of conscious memory. Such is the human constitution, however, that they can do this only on condition of being so transformed that the upper consciousness shall not recognize them for what they really are."

But where do they "remain," and whence do they "appear once more"? Does the individual mind contain infinity? And why is "the human constitution such that . . . the upper

consciousness shall not recognize them for what they really are"? This is too wholesale, like the remark a little way back about all dreams or no dreams being supernatural: the upper consciousness does very often recognize them.

Wouldn't the case be better put as virtually all philosophers would put it if they carried to its logical outcome a precious notion that they all pick up and admire and then merely put in their pockets—the notion that all experiences are stored in a cosmic reservoir from which they tend to flow back, but often, owing to changed conditions, get back in changed shapes?

Mr. Bruce goes on to interpret Freud. I have read his principal work, and am content to let Mr. Bruce speak for me:

"One form of transformation, in the case of persons predisposed by conditions of heredity and environment, is into the symptoms of hysteria... In the case of normal persons the process of transformation does not involve such violent manifestations of the underlying psychic energy, which 'works itself off' quite peacefully by various channels, and notably through the medium of dreams. In truth, every dream, according to the theory of Freud, is symbolical, and on close analysis will be found related to, and expressive of, some secret, subconscious emotional complex. Besides which, Freud finds a strong 'wish' element in all dreams, and has even ventured to sum up his theory of dreams in the single formula: Every dream at bottom represents the imaginary fulfilment of an ungratified wish.

"Now, while I am not prepared to indorse the Freudian hypothesis in its entirety, and while I am inclined to agree with Morton Prince, Boris Sidis, and Havelock Ellis in holding that Freud, as regards both hysteria and dreams, has allowed the passion for generalization to carry him to a rash extreme, I am nevertheless convinced that he has furnished the necessary clue to the solution of the problem immediately before us—the problem of the strange influence exercised over our dreams by trivial incidents of the waking state.

"During the day I do a hundred and one things; I talk with many people. Somebody casually mentions to me the name of John Smith, and that night I have a vivid dream with John Smith figuring in it. It is not because I am very much interested in him that I dream about him; I may not have a speaking acquaintance with him. I dream about him because the mention of his name has, consciously or subconsciously, stirred within me, by association of ideas, a memory of some one or some thing that is, or was once, of keen emotional significance to me."

Very well said, and very illuminating—for part of the way. But no emotional complex has been complexed into the things my dreams show immeasurably beyond my powers or my wisdom or my foresight. The “emotional complex” of course is the same sort of a basket as the subliminal self. But I don’t want to suggest for a moment that part of what is usually attributed to the subliminal self may not belong as nearly permanently in a man’s psyche as pretty much anything else does. But skepticism as to how much is permanent seems on the increase.

Despite my exceptions, I am glad again to refer the reader to Mr. Bruce’s articles as a good and interesting summary of most of what science yet has to say on the subject—and compared with its importance, that is precious little.

Now for a few ideas from Mr. Ellis. He says (*World of Dreams*, p. 12) :

“When I read dream narratives of landscapes which, as described, appear at every point as beautiful and impressive to waking consciousness as they appeared to dreaming consciousness, I usually suspect that granting the good faith and accuracy of the narrator, we are really concerned, not with dreams in the proper sense, but with visions experienced under more abnormal conditions, and especially with drug visions.”

To my experience the passage appears very strange, in that it seems to regard a dream equal to waking experience of the beautiful, as in any way remarkable—let alone so remarkable as to be accounted for only by drugs. I dreamed such dreams in childhood, and since I have been old enough to know what architecture and bric-à-brac are, I dream galore of things that nobody’s waking experience has approached, and I never take any “drug” more powerful than alcohol, or that beyond rather unusual moderation.

One indication that the dream-state is the superior state, is this ignorance regarding it displayed by people of high intelligence. An illustration is given by Bucke (*op. cit.*, 38) :

“A study of dreaming seems to reveal the fact that in sleep such mind as we have differs from our waking mind, especially by being more primitive...the more modern mental faculties,

such as color sense, musical sense, self-consciousness, the human moral nature, have no existence in this condition, or if any of them do occur it is only as a rare exception."

This chapter contains abundant evidence to the contrary.

One school of commentators believes that we dream all the while we are asleep. Ellis says (p. 14):

"Locke, Macnish, and Carpenter held that deep sleep is dreamless; this is also the opinion of Wundt, Beaunis, Strümpell, Weygandt, Hammond, and Jastrow. Moreover, there are some people, like Lessing, who, so far as they know, never dream at all. My own personal experience scarcely inclines me to accept without qualification the belief that we are always dreaming during sleep."

This opinion tapers down to a school believing that we dream only at the moment of waking. Some think, and with apparent warrant, that the best dreams, especially the somnambulic ones, are in the deepest sleep. Hypnotic dreams, being accompanied at the will of the operator by insensibility to pain, suggest deep sleep, except in relation to communication with the operator. On the other hand, the most significant dreams I ever had were brief and closed by waking, and in most of the recorded experimental dreams, and apparently some casual ones, the exciting cause has been followed almost instantly by waking. Ellis, with his passion for drawing everything into the limits of ordinary experience—for, unconsciously perhaps, ignoring the transcendent universe—has tried to controvert the impression that the dream state is superior to limitations of time, as we all know it is of space, but, it seems to me, without convincing success.

His book is instructive and charming, but is mainly restricted to the mere machinery of dreams, attempting to show how all varieties of them can be brought about by physical sensations reviving complexes of memory. Nowhere is there any satisfactory accounting for things greater than memory, much less for things opposed to memory, though at the end the doors and blinds are opened, and the free entrance of such things admitted. Yet even there, as in DuPrel already mentioned to the same effect, is no naming of anything which anybody might be tempted to call God, and in the early part of the book there is an obvious, though probably unconscious,

effort to get along without any such thing—just such an effort as I would myself have made during the reaction against the old religions caused in the latter half of the last century by the evolutionary philosophy.

But if the following passages from Ellis do not mean that the various processes he has so ingeniously unraveled result in throwing the mind open to the Cosmic Inflow, and having it do the things which he has ignored, or unsatisfactorily accounted for, I cannot make out what they do mean—and possibly he did not try to himself: for much of it is poetry.

(Page 229.) “The voluntary field becomes narrower, but the involuntary field becomes extended. [Rather! But how? H.H.] Thus it happens that the contents of our minds fall into a new order, an order which is often fantastic but, on the other hand, is sometimes a more natural and even a more rational order than that we attain in waking life. Our eyes close, our muscles grow slack, the reins fall from our hands. But it sometimes happens that the horse knows the road home even better than we know it ourselves.”

He puts the horse outside of the dreamer plainly enough here.

(Page 226.) “So remote are we to-day from the world of our dreams [or from anything else but the world of the dollar. H.H.] that we very rarely draw from them the inspiration of our waking lives.”

(Page 278.) “Dreaming is thus one of our roads into the infinite. And it is interesting to observe how we obtain it—by limitation. The circle of our conscious life is narrowed during sleep; it is even by a process of psychic dissociation broken up into fragments. From that narrowed and broken-up consciousness the outlook becomes vaster and more mysterious, full of strange and unsuspected fascination, and the possibilities of new experiences, just as a philosophic mite inhabiting a universe consisting of a Stilton cheese would probably be compelled to regard everything outside the cheese as belonging to the realm of the Infinite. In reality, if we think of it, all our visions of the infinite are similarly conditioned. It is only by emphasizing our finiteness that we ever become conscious of the infinite.”

(Pages 279-80.) “Yet, while there is thus a real sense in which dreams produce their effect by the retraction of the field of consciousness and the limitation of the psychic activities which mark ordinary life, it remains true that if we take into

account the complete psychic life of dreaming, subconscious as well as conscious, it is waking, not sleeping, life which may be said to be limited. Thus it is, as we have seen, that the most fundamental and the most primitive forms of psychic life, as well as the rarest and the most abnormal, all seem to have their prototype in the vast world of dreams. Sleep, Vaschide has said, is not, as Homer thought, the brother of Death, but of Life, and, it may be added, the elder brother."

On p. 280 he quotes from Bergson (*Revue Philosophique*, December, 1908, p. 574) :

"This dream state is the substratum of our normal state. Nothing is added in waking life; on the contrary, waking life is obtained by the limitation, concentration, and tension of that diffuse psychological life which is the life of dreaming. The perception and the memory which we find in dreaming are, in a sense, more natural than those of waking life: consciousness is then amused in perceiving for the sake of perceiving, and in remembering for the sake of remembering, without care for life, that is to say for the accomplishment of actions. To be awake is to eliminate, to choose, to concentrate the totality of the diffused life of dreaming to a point, to a practical problem. To be awake is to will; cease to will, detach yourself from life, become disinterested: in so doing you pass from the waking ego to the dreaming ego, which is less *tense*, but more *extended* than the other."

What's all this but opening up the way to the Cosmic Inflow?

Ellis resumes:

(Page 281.) "I have cultivated, so far as I care to, my garden of dreams, and it scarcely seems to me that it is a large garden. Yet every path of it, I sometimes think, might lead at last to the heart of the universe."

Dreams Telepathically Induced

In Pr. XI, 235ff. there is a very suggestive paper by Dr. G. B. Ermacora in which he gives an account of some telepathically induced dreams. These, however, are not, like thousands of others, plain hypnotism, and are blended with an element that strongly suggests spiritism. Signora Maria Manzini was a sensitive, and had a child-control, Elvira, who manifested by heteromatic writing. Signora Manzini had also a little cousin Angelina Cavazzoni, about four and a half years old at the time of the experiments.

Here are some specimens of what took place. Dr. Ermacora says (Pr. XI, 236-52):

"I received from Sig^{na} Maria a letter dated September 23rd, of which I give a part.

" Yesterday Angelina arrived and slept with me. Last night I was sleepless and crying. . . . The child was, I am sure, wide awake, and all at once I saw her put out her hands as if to catch something. I said to her, "Be quiet and go to sleep." Then she said, "Do you not see, Aunt," (Angelina calls Sig^{na} Maria aunt, although really she is her cousin, but not of the same generation) "that beautiful child?" I looked at the pictures in the room, for at that particular moment I was not thinking of spirits. And she added, "Are you deaf; don't you hear her speaking? And she says to me that you should not weep, but that you should sleep." Then I bethought myself of the little Elvira, and I asked Angelina, "How is she dressed?" She replied, "She has a beautiful blue pinafore, Aunt; make one like it for me to-morrow." Then nothing more passed. But this morning, the first thing for which she asked me, before I had spoken to her, was the pinafore like that of the little girl. It may be nothing, but to-day I shall try to make her write (automatically), and shall watch whether she hears herself spoken to.

"[E.] On October 18th, 1892, I returned to Padua, and on the same evening I recommenced experimenting with Sig^{na} Maria with automatic writing.

"The personality *Elvira* manifested itself and at once asked after Angelina, and, without being questioned, told us that. . . she hoped to be able to show us *something fine* soon.

"On the evening of October 19th, . . . I asked Elvira if she could appear to Angelina, as she said she had done on the night of September 22nd to 23rd. She replied [by heteromatic writing through Sig^{na} Manzini, as I understand. H.H.]:

"'Certainly I can, but the child must be sleeping, and if I can I will appear to her in a dream. You must ask her afterwards what she has seen, and so discover whether I have succeeded.'—*Question*. 'But why do you doubt your power to make her see you in a dream, if you have already been able to show yourself to her when awake?' *Answer*. 'Yes, that is a reasonable question; but you must know that on that evening, seeing Maria very unhappy, I made a great effort, which can only be made for a person extraordinarily dear, and so I succeeded. However, I will try this evening in a dream. . . .'

—*Q*. 'How must we try? Will you show yourself to Angelina after Maria [The aunt. H.H.] has been sent to sleep, or before?' *A*. 'I warn you first that this is not a proper evening to send Maria to sleep. I will appear to Angelina in the form of a child with

a beautiful doll in my arms, and if I can I will come in another color (*i.e.*, not dressed in her favorite blue)... I wish to try at once, but mind you ask the child what she has seen. I may very likely be dressed in pink, and if I succeed I shall be content. I warn you that I shall not communicate again this evening, and so I wish you good evening, but remember that if I fail it is not my fault, not being accustomed to do this.....”

“[E.] The evening of the following day (October 20th) Sig^{na} Maria told me that by means of persistent, but not suggestive, questions she had been able to elicit from Angelina that she had dreamt of Elvira with a doll in her arms, but she was dressed in blue and not in pink as had been settled.....

“In the next communication from Elvira (by automatic writing, October 21st), she justified the partial failure in her own way, saying that ‘she had not had time to make another color’ (*i.e.*, different from the usual one). She did not seem disposed to repeat the experiment that evening.

“*Experiment 2.—October 24th.* Evening... Elvira... proposed to cause Angelina to dream of her dressed in pink, with a white parasol in one hand, and a fan, also white, in the other, and with bare feet, according to her custom.....

“*October 25th.*—In the evening, when I went to Sig^{na} Maria’s house, she told me that Angelina kept saying to her all day that she wanted a white parasol and a white fan. Sig^{na} Maria did not guess the origin of the child’s wish.

“*Experiment 5.*—During the trance, and while Elvira was present, I asked her to make Angelina dream as follows: she was to be at Venice in a two-oared gondola with Sig^{na} Maria and me, and go to the Lido. Elvira justly observed that the child on waking would not be able to explain the object of our excursion, and that, therefore, to make sure of the place she must be made to see the horses, the baths, and the sea with its waves, Elvira making the sound ‘vuuh’ to imitate the noise of the waves.....

“When Sig^{na} Maria got up, about 9:30, the child asked for a story, and on being told that Sig^{na} Maria did not know any, said, ‘Then I will tell you one, only I have forgotten—that little girl has told me so many pretty ones!’ Sig^{na} Maria asked, ‘What little girl?’ ‘The one I know, the one who always comes. She was dressed in blue, and we were in a boat with two oars, and we went to the *Gardens*. There were lots of horses, and the sea said “vuuh!”’ (imitating the sound which Elvira had produced motorially [By the voice, as I understand. H.H.] the evening before... at first Elvira did not understand the aim of these experiments, and as she herself afterwards told me, she omitted some things as of no importance, and added others to make the dream prettier. When this was clear to me,

I asked Elvira to aim first of all at precision, upon which the successes sensibly improved.'

"October 30th.—Sig^{na} Maria was again ill in bed. She told me that to-day Angelina had asked her to make a frock and buy a pair of shoes for the *blue child*, who must be cold in her blue chemise and with bare feet."

Induced Dreams of Various Suggested Objects

"Experiment 6.—October 31st, 1892.—Elvira manifested in the trance motorially, and promised to make another dream experiment that night. . . . She would take the child to Venice and show her the regatta from the Rialto; red will win.

"I told Elvira that I wished the child to hear the *fru-fru* which the prows of the boats make in cutting the water, and I asked her to make the sound so that I might know what characteristic it acquired when reproduced by Sig^{na} Maria in the character of Elvira. She emitted the prolonged sound *ff, ff*, which is really a better imitation of the real sound.

"To my question whether she needed a longer time to act to produce a dream apparently long, she replied, 'One or two minutes longer. We can produce dreams which seem to you to last for hours in a short time.'

"November 1st. . . . She had thought last night that she was at Venice on the *Riva del Vino*, close to the Rialto, in the company of the usual *blue child*. The small steamboats for passenger service had stopped running, and the boats were not about as usual. Instead there were some boats which went very fast, rowed by men dressed in different colors. The water dividing before their prows made the sound *gro, gro*. The boat in front carried two men dressed in red. Elvira and Angelina fanned themselves with a large fan."

"Experiment 12.—November 9th.—I proposed the following dream for the next night:—Angelina, with Sig^{na} Maria, would be at the window of her own room, and would look towards the river. A lamb would be grazing on the bank. A boat loaded with apples would pass, conducted by one boatman. He would stop close to the iron bridge, and get out to drink at the inn. While the boat was unguarded the lamb would jump in and begin to eat the apples, which would make Angelina laugh very much.

"Angelina told her dream before Sig^{na} Maria was awake. . . . there are two points of difference which are precisely what render the result most interesting. One is that Angelina called the animal which ate the apples a 'light-colored dog,' instead of a 'lamb.' Now the child, being a Venetian, had not seen any lambs, and when she saw one, she naturally baptized it in her own fashion. The other point of difference is that she did

not say where the boatman had gone, and, when questioned on the point on my arrival, she could not explain it, though she remembered the dream perfectly. According to what was said above, these two particulars favor the hypothesis that the child *sees* the scene instead of simply hearing it described."

Similarly the child was made to dream of pictures representing persons, actual landscapes, etc., and selected the right ones from many.

Dr. Ermacora believes "Elvira" to be a dissociated sub-personality really a part of Signora Maria. That is vastly less improbable than that all of Mrs. Piper's people, with their infinitely greater variety of veridicity, initiative, interplay, emotion, and distinct characters and memories, are dissociated personalities. But as I have pondered the evidence, Dr. Ermacora's theory seems to me less and less to fit. There's too much rationality and consistency and interplay, and too little abnormality in Signora Manzini and in Angelina.

But these induced dreams certainly go to support the theory with which I fear I have by this time taxed your patience.

CHAPTER LV

DREAMS INDICATING SURVIVAL OF DEATH

HERE is something that looks enormously like survival of death indicated in a dream. It is somewhat condensed from Myers's *Human Personality* (I, 144-7):

"The fact that the deceased brother was a *twin* of Mrs. Storie's [the writer's. H.H.] adds interest to the case, since one clue (a vague one as yet) to the causes directing and determining telepathic communications lies in what seems their exceptional frequency between *twins*;—the closest of all relations.

"HOBART TOWN, *July 1874.*

"On the evening of the 18th July, I felt unusually nervous. This seemed to begin [with the occurrence of a small domestic annoyance. H.H.] about half-past 8 o'clock. . . I fancied, as I stepped into bed, that some one *in thought* tried to stop me. At 2 o'clock I woke from the following dream. It seemed like in dissolving views. In a twinkle of light I saw a railway, and the puff of the engine. I thought, "What's going on up there? Travelling? I wonder if any of us are travelling and I dreaming of it." *Some one* unseen by me answered, "No; something quite different—something wrong." "I don't like to look at these things," I said. Then I saw behind and above my head William's upper half reclining, eyes and mouth half shut; his chest moved forward convulsively, and he raised his right arm. Then he bent forward, saying, "I suppose I should move out of this." Then I saw him lying, eyes shut, on the ground, flat, the chimney of an engine at his head. I called in excitement, "That will strike him!" The "some one" answered, "Yes—well, here's what it was"; and immediately I saw William sitting in the open air—faint moonlight—on a raised place sideways. He raised his right arm, shuddered, and said, "I can't go on, or back, *No.*" Then he seemed lying flat. I cried out, "Oh! Oh!" and others seemed to echo, "Oh! Oh!" He seemed then upon his elbow, saying, "Now it comes." Then as if struggling to rise, turned twice round quickly, saying, "Is it the train? *the train, the train,*" his right shoulder reverberating as if struck from behind. He fell back like fainting; his eyes rolled. A large dark object came between us like panelling of wood, and rather in the dark something rolled over, and like an

arm was thrown up, and the whole thing went away with a *swish*. Close beside me on the ground there seemed a long dark object. I called out, "They've left something behind; it's like a man." It then raised its shoulders and head, and fell down again. The same *some one* answered, "Yes, *sadly*." [? "Yes," *sadly*.] After a moment I seemed called on to look up, and said, "Is that *thing* not away yet?" Answered, "No." And in front, in light, there was a railway compartment in which sat Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Echuca. I said, "What's he doing there?" Answered, "He's there." A railway porter went up to the window asking, "Have you seen any of —." I caught no more, but I *thought* he referred to the *thing* left behind. Mr. Johnstone seemed to answer "No"; and the man went quickly away—I thought to look for it. After all this the *some one* said close to me, "Now I'm going." I started, and at once saw { a tall dark figure at my head. } He put his right hand (in grief) over his face, and the other almost touching my shoulder, he crossed in front, looking stern and solemn. There was a flash from the eyes, and I caught a glimpse of a fine pale face like ushering him along, and indistinctly another. I felt frightened, and called out, "Is he angry?" "Oh, no." "Is he going away?" Answered, "Yes," by the same *some one*, and I woke with a loud sigh, which woke my husband, who said, "What is it?" I told him I had been dreaming "something unpleasant"—named a "railway," and dismissed it all from my mind as a dream. As I fell asleep again I fancied the "some one" said, "It's all gone," and another answered, "I'll come and remind her."

"The news reached me one week afterward. The accident had happened to my brother on the same night about half-past nine o'clock. Rev. Mr. Johnstone and his wife were actually in the train which struck him. He was walking along the line, which is raised two feet on a level country. He seemed to have gone 16 miles—must have been tired and sat down to take off his boot, which was beside him, dozed off and was very likely roused by the sound of the train."

"[Myers comments] 'Here,' says Gurney, 'the difficulty of referring the true elements of the dream to the agent's mind [is very great. H.H.]. For Mr. Hunter [the victim. H.H.] was asleep; and even if we can conceive that the image of the advancing engine may have had some place in his mind, the presence of Mr. Johnstone could not have been perceived by him. But it is possible, of course, to regard this last item of correspondence as accidental, even though the dream was telepathic. It will be observed that the dream followed the accident by about four hours; such *deferment* is, I think, a strong point in favor of telepathic, as opposed to independent, clairvoyance.'

"I propose as an alternative explanation,—for reasons which I endeavor to justify in later chapters,—that the deceased brother, aided by some other dimly discerned spirit [the frequent voice. H.H.], was endeavoring to present to Mrs. Storie a series of pictures representing his death—as realized *after* his death. I add this last clause, because one of the marked points in the dream was the presence in the train of Mr. Johnstone of Echuca—a fact which (as Gurney remarks) the dying man could not possibly know."

How would the World Soul do instead of Myers's "other dimly discerned spirit"—for the solution of the whole thing?

What often seems to me the strongest evidence for survival that I have met in my reading (though I have met stronger in my experience, but unfortunately can give but a shadow of it, as will be seen later) is given in Pr. III, 96.

Mr. D., personally known to Mr. Gurney, had a factory in Glasgow, which he represented in London. I condense his narrative mainly in his own words. One of his employees in Glasgow, Robert Mackenzie, left his employ

"through the selfish advice of older hands, who practised this frightening away systematically to keep wages from being lowered, a common device.... A few years afterwards, my eye was caught by a youth of some 18 years of age ravenously devouring a piece of dry bread on the public street, and bearing all the appearance of being in a chronic state of starvation. Fancying I knew his features, I asked if his name were not Mackenzie. He at once became much excited, addressed me by name, and informed me that... he was literally homeless and starving.... In an agony of grief he deplored his ever leaving me under evil advice, and on my unexpectedly offering to take him back he burst into a transport of thanks.... He resumed his work,... and I did everything in my power to facilitate his progress."

The boy's gratitude was such that whenever Mr. D. was in sight of him at the factory:

"Let me look towards him at any moment, there was the pale, sympathetic face with the large and wistful eyes, literally yearning towards me as Smike's did towards Nicholas Nickleby.... This intensity of gratitude never appeared to lessen... through lapse of time.... I was apparently his sole thought and consideration, saving the more common concerns of daily life."

Mr. D. moved to London, and never again saw Mackenzie in the flesh. Some dozen years elapsed when, one Tuesday

morning after his workmen's annual ball the preceding Friday, Mr. D. had a dream.

"I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and, feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if most desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. 'What is all this Robert?' I asked, somewhat angrily. 'Did you not see I was engaged?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'but I must speak with you at once.' [I have an object in giving the preceding account of Mackenzie's apparent difficulty in getting to Mr. D., which will be found explained on pp. 919 and 921. H.H.] 'What about?' I said; 'what is it that can be so important?' 'I wish to tell you, sir,' he answered, 'that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want *you* to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed for, because I am innocent.' Then, 'I did not do the thing they say I did.' I said, 'What?' getting same answer. I then naturally asked, 'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?' I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer, in the Scottish dialect, 'Ye'll sune ken' (you'll soon know). This question and the answer were repeated at least twice—I am certain the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *quâ* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball, Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!" With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, 'No, he has not committed suicide.' 'How can you possibly know that?' 'Because he has just been here to tell me.'"

By the next post the manager wrote that it was not suicide!

It appeared that Mackenzie had drunk *aqua fortis* in mistake for whisky. Later Mr. D. says of the dream:

"I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale color, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I

could not account. . . . Still pondering upon the peculiar color of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by *aqua fortis*, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's 'Domestic Medicine and Surgery,' p. 172, I found these words under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid. . . . 'the skin covered with a cold sweat; countenance livid and expressive of dreadful suffering.' . . . '*Aqua fortis* produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown.' This refers to indication of sulphuric acid, 'generally outside of the mouth, in the shape of brown spots.' Having no desire to accommodate my facts to this scientific description, I give the quotations freely, only, at the same time, stating that previously to reading the passage in Mr. Walsh's book, I had not the slightest knowledge of these symptoms, and I consider that they agree fairly and sufficiently with what I saw, viz., a livid face covered with a remarkable sweat, and having spots (particularly on the forehead), which, in my dream, I thought great blots of perspiration. It seems not a little striking that I had no previous knowledge of these symptoms, and yet should take note of them.

" In speaking of this matter, to me very affecting and solemn, I have been quite disgusted by sceptics treating it as a hallucination, in so far as that my dream must have been on the Wednesday morning, being that after the receipt of my manager's letter informing me of the supposed suicide. This explanation is too absurd to require a serious answer. My manager first heard of the death on the Monday—wrote me on that day as above—and on the Tuesday wrote again explaining the true facts. The dream was on the Tuesday morning, immediately before the 8 A. M. post delivery, hence the thrice emphatic 'Ye'll sune ken.' . . . I have colored nothing, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions."

Mrs. D. corroborates her husband's narrative, saying among other things:

"I ran upstairs to Mr. D.'s bedroom with the letter in my hand, and in much excitement. I found him apparently just coming out of sleep, and hastily cried out to him, exactly as he has described to you. I need not go over the words, which have often been repeated amongst us since, and I can confirm his narrative regarding them as given to you, in every particular. The whole affair gave us a great shock."

This dream is given in a paper by Mrs. Sidgwick (Pr. III, 69f.), where she is trying to account, so far as possible, for all sorts of phantasms by known causes, though she does not dispute the possibility of unknown ones. She says:

"It would be very interesting to know—though at this distance of time impossible, I fear, to ascertain,—whether at the time of the dream it was known to any living man that Mackenzie had not committed suicide."

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that it could be definitely demonstrated that at the time of the dream Mackenzie's innocence of suicide *was* known to some living person, and suppose—a vastly harder supposition—that it was telepathically conveyed to Mr. D., there is still needed the motive for an outsider conveying it to a man whom Mackenzie had not seen for a dozen years, and for the form of the conveyance.

With profound confidence in the intelligence and candor of Mrs. Sidgwick, I can but regard an intimation that knowledge in another mind would account for the dream, as an illustration of the straining of hypothesis in many of these problems, that even the most capable people fall into when they are taking the anti-spiritistic side.

Another hypothesis perhaps more strained still is, that from the billions of disconnected fragments in Mr. D.'s memory, he constructed in the ordinary way a complex dream which by pure coincidence fitted all the complex requirements of the situation. The chances against this could probably be expressed only in figures too vast for intelligent human comprehension, and yet similar hypotheses from people who consider themselves "scientific" are met with at every turn.

The only other hypothesis I can frame is that Mackenzie's soul survived and found its way over difficulties symbolized by the business interview (I shall offer a similar illustration of difficulties later), and found telepathic means of impressing its presence, and vindicating itself, to its adored benefactor.

Judgment in such cases as these is, even more than in ordinary questions, a matter of personal experience and temperament. To many the third hypothesis will appear more strained than either of the first two, strained beyond all thinkable probability as they are. To me the third seems vastly the least improbable, and I will now give incidentally some of the faintest of the reasons why. The extreme inti-

macy of the strongest reasons confines me to reasons less strong, which can give only a faint and disproportioned reflection of the actual case.

I wish I could give the argument the force it deserves by telling in full three dreams that have convinced me of personal survival, but though I remember them very distinctly—a strange experience with dreams—all I can tell is their least significant parts. As has been noted so often before, the great lack in all the published evidence for survival is that best portion which is too intimate to print.

In one dream somebody was seeking entrance to a room where I was, and somebody was opposing: there was an altercation which I could hear, but I did not recognize the voices. For reasons which will appear at once, one of them must have been demanding entrance, not for himself, but for another person, who soon appeared.

The altercation ceased, and a vision of an absolutely unexpected friend, whose voice was not that of either speaker, suddenly flashed upon me as if shown from darkness by summer lightning, and disappeared as I awoke.

The guise and pose were very extraordinary and about the last I could have expected, and the expression of countenance was as near the *opposite* of anything I could have expected, as was possible within the bounds of sympathy. These two facts puzzled me for years, until, connecting them with still more marked features of the vision, which I cannot tell, I puzzled out the meaning. It was the close of an eager sentence that was interrupted by death, and an assurance that certain difficulties involved in the completed sentence were at last surmounted.

The skeptical reader will think that I have forced this meaning into circumstances susceptible of a variety of constructions. In answer I can only say that this is the first and only construction I have been able to put upon them, and it took years to arrive at that.

The natural inquiry arises: Why wasn't the message made plainer? That inquiry has followed us through hundreds of pages. Better drop it, perhaps, and dwell rather on the indications that Nature is beginning to treat us with these vague

messages across the gulf where hitherto her perhaps most marked effort has been to render impossible any communication at all. She seems to permit the communication now because she has at last evolved us to the point where our breadth of vision and sense of duty eliminate the danger that such messages will weaken our interest in our responsibilities here, let them slip away, or even tempt us, in hours of discouragement, to cut them off.

I have these reasons for believing that the manifestation was really that of a surviving personality:

I. The obstacles to the manifestation: manifestations of personalities (if such they are) through mediums, and in some dreams (cf. the astounding ones just quoted from Mr. D.), do often seem, as this was, to be obstructed: in ordinary visions, seldom if ever, so far as my reading has gone.

II. My absolute surprise at seeing who it was. The personality could not have come from my mind: even, as said, the voice claiming entrance was not the voice of the person soon after manifested—was so different in fact as to suggest, on after reflection, that a third party was arguing the manifestor's case with the objector.

III. The very peculiar pose and guise and puzzling expression of countenance. There were ante-mortem circumstances which made all those peculiarities strangely instructive; and yet so unexpected were they—so unnatural, at first thought—that it took me years to get at their strangely appropriate fitness and significance.

IV. The probability that the manifestor, if surviving, would have been absorbed, more than by any other desire, with the desire to give just the message that was given.

V. The almost, if not quite, supernormal intelligence with which the knowledge was, so to speak, pantomimically conveyed, though the spectacle endured hardly longer than a flash.

VI. The years after the sentence was cut short by death before the rest of it, and the interpretation of it, reached me. This may have been due to the difficulties of communication—perhaps the rarity of the fortuitous(?) combination of many circumstances which in most cases seems necessary to render communication possible. But aside from the apparent difficul-

ties of communication, a very strange and important consideration in the same direction has become obvious to me. If that communication had been made much earlier, it would have changed the current of my life away from some important sources of development; being made when it did finally dawn upon me, it gave me a control over the sources of development which, without it, I could not have had, and without which I might have made a disastrous failure, whereas I have made a passable success.

This is doubly true of another dream which had one or two other resemblances to the one just treated. The person was so unexpected that in a dim room (obstacle again!) I supposed it to be somebody else, until a nickname was uttered, after which the place grew light. There were such changes of voice and aspect, too, as the many years since the time of death would have produced—notably a single streak of gray hair. All this was entirely unexpected. Yet the authorities(?) say that it was made by me—including the strange placing of the gray in the hair, of which I have never seen over two or three examples, *and with which I never had any association.*

The principal message in the later dream was also apparently delivered in spite of obstacles, was enigmatic, though verbal, and would have had no significance had it come much earlier in my life; but coming when it did, made easy an almost immediate interpretation that is the only significant one which seems possible, and that has been even more valuable than the message in the first dream interpreted. This interpretation of the second is entirely counter to my previous convictions. The message was repeated in various terms, but hurriedly, as if the communicator wanted to make the most of a brief opportunity. I remember but five words, and they could have been uttered by any child, if that child had had Columbus's brains and his egg, all raised to the *n*th power. And yet reflection on those five words has revolutionized my views on one of the most important perplexities of my life, and my policy regarding it, and given me additional help to turn what promised to be my ruinous defeat into a moderate victory, though with enormous difficulty, which in itself has been a source of development.

Yet, according to the good DuPrel, I lifted myself out of that quicksand by my bootstraps. I hope you're not tired of the good old metaphor I've already used twice. There seems much call for it in these regions.

The reasons for considering that this dream indicates the survival of a personality do not seem to call for a separate analysis.

There were other features—far the most important—that I cannot tell.

Those dreams contained evidences that satisfy me not only of a future life, but that it is a life superior to the ills and pettiness of earth, with a morality above the reach of earth, and (*Pace* my Puritan ancestors!) a very jolly life; in fact, in another dream that goes far to convince me of survival, one of said ancestors—a dearly loved one despite the Puritanism—appeared to that same purport, and in the one situation of my career—a very extraordinary one—where before the close of the noble though Puritanical life, the ancestor would have been least apt to indicate non-Puritanical sentiments.

I hope my necessarily reticent confessions have not bored you. They remind me of an alleged novel I once looked over, which, though it was otherwise well enough written, told merely the results of the conversations, without giving the conversations themselves. What I have been able to tell is Hamlet with Hamlet left out. I would not have told as much for a less reason than a conviction of duty—a conviction possibly exaggerated, and exaggerated for more reasons than one—not the least being that it may have been worse than useless to tell anything unless I could tell all. For the little I can tell will make the story appear to many as simply the maunderings of a credulous old fool, who is the victim of his own doddering and perverted ingenuity. But time has proved that I have been anything but a victim, and that if it had not been for those dreams I would have been a victim to circumstances and qualities of my own far worse than credulity and perverted ingenuity—least among them, perhaps, a narrow and perverted philosophy that was mainly a

blind reaction from the Puritan dogmatism that tried to mold, and did pervert, my education.

As I cannot give you the most essential details of these dreams, they may have little weight beyond whatever little you may attach to my personal judgment, and my judgment is vitiated by an emotional bias in circumstances of great complexity and difficulty. I can only repeat that the second dream reversed some important and well-studied previous opinions, and that the new opinions have *worked*. Yet perhaps bad reasons have reversed more than one bad opinion and substituted good and good-working ones.

In being put forward to account for these things, the subliminal self is not up to the job—at least not the subliminal self as an exclusively individual attribute. Whatever else it may be I don't know. I am groping like the rest of us—or like the protozoön against the beautiful bather.

In the materialistic part of the last century DuPrel and his school reasoned: "We do know that the self is conscious and purposive, and we do not know anything else that is"—any more than the protozoön knows the bather!! So, rather than go beyond what we know (as if that amounted to anything) they invented the *divided self*—not quite as good as the divided skirt—which article, though it has no relation to the facts, at least does not, like Du Prel's, oppose them, and has some uses somewhere.

I cannot believe that there's anything in my individual consciousness which my experience or that of my ancestors has not placed there—in raw material at least; or that in working up that raw material *I* can exert any genius in my sometimes chaotic dreams that I cannot exert in my systematized waking hours. All the people I meet and talk with in my dreams *may* have been met and talked with by me or my forebears, though I don't believe it; but the works of art I see have not been known to me or my ancestors or any other mortal; nor have I any sign of the genius to combine whatever elements of them I may have seen into any such designs. And when in dreams *other* persons tell me things contrary to my firmest convictions, in which things I later discover germs of most important workable truth, the persons who tell me

that, and who are different from me as far as fairly decent persons can differ from each other, are certainly not, as the good DuPrel would have us believe, myself. All these things are not figments of *my* mind—if they are figments of a mind, it's a mind bigger than mine. The biggest claim I can make, or assent to anybody else making, is that my mind is telepathically receptive of the product of that greater mind that includes ourselves and those we see in our dreams, and may be some sort of telepathic medium between us, or may connect us all in some such way as the different parts of our individual consciousnesses are connected. This is very vague, but it may be a true hint that will grow clearer some day. Isn't it simplest to suppose that each of us, in ways that we can but vaguely imagine, is but a manifestation of the world-soul—that the "plans" of us are in it, as the original plan of the Parthenon was in the architect's mind, and so that we, living, and even "dead," can, by its inflow under circumstances so far exceptional—such as permit some rare dreams, be brought into communion with each other?

We cannot imagine a world-soul without, so far as our powers go, imagining it to contain everything. But on these hypotheses, when James said that through the mediums we get only the *débris*, he for the moment left out of consideration much that has appeared, and that even if, through some channels, and at most times, we get only *débris*, through other channels, and at rare times, we certainly get things of supreme significance.

Mrs. Piper's expressions in the waking state generally indicate that she is returning from a bright and attractive world to one that by comparison seems dark and repulsive. She often says, "Dark! dark!" and calls the friends around her negroes. Her trance state is not the only dream state presenting some such contrasts. Ordinary dreams generally present conditions much more attractive than the waking life, including what often appears to be communication with those who have passed beyond death. Now *if* Mrs. Piper's dream state is really one of communication with souls who have passed into a new life, dream states generally may not extravagantly be supposed to be foretastes of that life. And

so far as concerns their desirability, why should they not be?

If we are, at death, to enter the dream life stripped of its absurdities, I confess that for one I rather like the prospect. After a long life containing at least the average share of the ordinary human experiences—especially the “practical” experiences not frequent with most of those who dream dreams and write books—I incline to hold the dream life, in proportion to its share of hours, more interesting than the waking life. This of course means *my* dream life: perhaps I have had more than my share, and I understand that some people have none at all. The dream life is free from the trammels of our waking environment and powers. In it we experience unlimited histories in an instant; roam over unlimited spaces; see, hear, feel, touch, taste, smell, enjoy unlimited things; walk, swim, fly, change things with unlimited speed; do things with unlimited power; make what we will—music, poetry, objects of art, situations, dramas, with unlimited faculty, and enjoy unlimited society. Unless we have eaten too much, or otherwise got ourselves out of order in the waking life, in the dream life we seldom if ever know what it is to be too late for anything, or too far from anything; we freely fall from chimneys or precipices, and I suppose it will soon be aëroplanes, with no worse consequences than comfortably waking up into the everyday world; we sometimes solve the problems which baffle us here; we see more beautiful things than we see here; and, far above all, we resume the ties that are broken here.

The indications seem to be that if we ever get the hang of that life, we can have pretty much what we like, and eliminate what we don't like—continue what we enjoy, and stop what we suffer—find no bars to congeniality, or compulsion to boredom. To good dreamers it is unnecessary to offer proof of any of these assertions, and to prove them to others is impossible.

The dream life contains so much more beauty, so much fuller emotion, and such wider reaches than the waking life, that one is tempted to regard it as the real life, to which the waking life is somehow a necessary preliminary. So orthodox believers regard the life after death as the real life: yet most of their hopes regarding that life—even the strongest

hope of rejoining lost loved ones—are realized here during the brief throbs of the dream life.

There seems to be no happiness from association in our ordinary life which is not obtainable, by some people at least, from association in the dream life. It may be known by but few people, and with them may be but rare and fragmentary. But if it exists, as it does, to this extent, between incarnate A and postcarnate B, why should it not exist between postcarnate A and postcarnate B, and to a degree vastly more clear and abiding than during the present discrepancy between the incarnate and postcarnate conditions?

This of course assumes, and I don't think the assumption strained, that B's appearance in A's dream life, just as he appeared on earth (though, as I know to be the case, usually wiser, healthier, jollier, and more lovable generally), is something more than a mild attack of dyspepsia on the part of A.

Dreams do not seem to abound in work, and are often said not to abound in morality, but I know that they sometimes do—in morality higher than any attainable in our waking life. Certainly the scant vague indications from the dream suggestions of a future life do not necessarily preclude abundant work and morality, any more than work and sundry self-denials are precluded on a holiday because one does not happen to perform them. Moreover, the hoped-for future conditions may not contain the necessities for either labor or self-restraint that present conditions do: there may not be the same dangers there as here, in the *dolce far niente*, or in Platonic friendships.

Yet, despite the accidents and miscarriages, life in a good body is usually good enough here; and if any just notion of a second existence comes through our dreams, including those of the mediums, it is very much the same sort of life there, only expanded, and with a future flooded in light, in place of an end in darkness.

Men are not consistent in their attitude regarding dreams. They admit the dream state to be ideal—constantly use such expressions as “A dream of loveliness,” “Happier than I

could even dream," "Surpasses my fondest dreams," and yet on the other hand they call its experience "but the baseless vision of a dream." What do they mean by "baseless"? Certainly it is not lack of vividness or emotional intensity. It is probably the lack of duration in the happy experiences, and of the possibility of remembering them, and, still more, of repeating them at will. It is not vividness in the life itself that is lacking, but vividness in our memories of it. James defines our waking personality as the stream of consciousness: the dream life gives no such stream. To-night does not continue last night as to-day continues yesterday. The dream life is not like a stream, but more like a series, though hardly organic enough to be a series, of disconnected pools, many of them as enchanting, perhaps more enchanting, than any parts of the waking stream, but not, like that stream, an organic whole with motion toward definite results, and power to attain them. But suppose the dream life continuous, and under direction toward definite ends, at least so far as the waking life is, and still free from the trammels of the waking life—suppose us to have at least as much power to secure its joys and avoid its terrors as we have regarding those of the waking life, and suppose death is proved the old humbug it often seems, for which earlier priests are largely responsible. What more can we manage to want? For one, I would infinitely prefer my dream life to any fancied heaven I know of, at least before the one shown by the controls, certainly to the ridiculous one in the fancies of most of our recent ancestors and many of our contemporaries.

There have been no happier, more significant, or more fruitful moments in my whole life than some of my dream moments, and none whatever that so opened my mind to an apparently transcendent wisdom and morality; and if there is a life after dying like the life after going to sleep, I'd at least as willingly enter one as the other. This of course means so far only as concerns the life, and leaves out of account the sundering of the ties with those remaining in this life. But against that is to be offset resumption of all ties, present and past, in the new life, just as they are at moments resumed in the dream life, and with the discipline of separation to make them nearer perfect.

The suggestion has come to more than one student, and to me very strongly, that when we enter into life—as spermatozoa, or star dust, if you please—we enter into the eternal life, but that the physical conditions essential to our development into appreciating it are a sort of veil between it and our consciousness. In our waking life we know it only through the veil; but when in sleep or trance, the material environment is removed from consciousness, the veil becomes that much thinner, and we get better glimpses of the transcendent reality.

Does it not seem then as if, in dreams, we enter upon our closer relation with the hyper-phenomenal mind? All sorts of things seem to be in it, from the veriest trifles and absurdities up to the highest things our minds can receive, and presumably an infinity of things higher still. They appear to flow into us in all sorts of ways, presumably depending upon the condition of the nerve apparatus through which they flow. If it is out of gear from any disorder or injury, what it receives is not only trifling, but often grotesque and painful; while if it is in good estate, it often receives things far surpassing in beauty and wisdom those of our waking phenomenal world.

Apparently every dreamer is a medium for this flow, but dreamers vary immensely in their capacity to receive it—from Hodge, who dreams only when he has eaten too much, or Professor Gradgrind who never dreams at all, up to Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Piper.

But it is not only Professor Gradgrind who never dreams. Only the other night I was surprised to learn from two of the leading members of the S. P. R.—men of wide open minds, and patient investigators, whose contributions to the Proceedings are important, that they virtually never dream at all. Apparently the dream faculty in its ordinary forms is no more a constant attendant upon any other qualities or degrees of character or culture that we can posit, than mediumship is. I have just heard of a second clear and strong case of mediumship in an old negress.

It looks as if all mediums were dreamers, and all dreamers, mediums. The dreams vary, among other particulars, in frequency, intensity, readiness in which the dreamers enter the dream-state, and the degree in which the dreamer's individu-

ality is merged into those of the dream-personages. In ordinary dreams there is no merging; in the dreams of the highly sensitive, the merging seems virtually complete—the dreamer thinks, talks, writes, acts as the control. Mrs. Piper becomes Phinuit or G. P. or any one of numerous others. Mrs. Thompson becomes Nellie, Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland write as various persons, and sign the names of such persons.

As oft remarked, dreams generally are nonsense, but some dreams, or parts of some dreams, are perhaps the most significant things we know—unless we gauge significance by financial standards, or at least by time, space, matter, motion, and force. But it looks very much as if those dreams were in a life where there is no need of money, no moth or rust or thieves, no limitations of time or space or matter or motion or force, and yet a life that, though we now know it only by glimpses, is sometime to be open to all of us always.

Since the foregoing was written in the first edition, I have had a dream which for two or three years has haunted me as a foretaste of Heaven. The scene was a very ordinary and not at all picturesque New England village. But everything there had a meaning, and aroused a sympathy that I have known only that once. I found something in the animals that no biologist ever did, and in the plants that no botanist ever did. In the public square a man in an old-fashioned white beaver Uncle Sam hat was addressing a gathering—selling them something for all I know—one of the vilest of functions, and yet I had an understanding of that man and a sympathy with him more unqualified than I have ever felt for any other man. In the plain hotel I saw, plainly garbed, a lovely woman who passed from here many years ago. She was still her dear self, and yet seemed to suggest all the qualities I care for in all women. We appeared not to get a chance to say a word, and yet, notwithstanding our intimacy here, our glimpses of each other there had all the charm of novelty. My recollection of the details of the dream has become very faint, and yet I still distinctly remember thinking during its wonderful and delightful comprehensions and sympathies: "This state of mind must be what constitutes Heaven!" I not only understood, but loved everything and everybody. What better idea of Heaven can there be than that?

BOOK IV

SUPPLEMENT FOR THE SECOND EDITION

CHAPTER LVI

RECENT PROGRESS. DR. CRAWFORD'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

DURING the five years since the preceding chapters were published, at least three circumstances have added force to the spiritistic hypothesis, and none that I know of have detracted from it. The circumstances are: (first) Dr. Crawford's conviction that the revolutionary discoveries in Telekinesis which he has announced, were made with the aid of discarnate intelligences; (second) the appearance of many new sensitives, the manifestations of each differing materially from those of the others and of their predecessors, but all pointing in their respective ways toward the spiritistic hypothesis; and (third) the agreement of the various sensitives in depicting virtually the same future state; and that one, the first rational future state that has ever been indicated.

Dr. W. J. Crawford of Belfast is a lecturer on physics in Queen's University and the Municipal Technical School of that city, and is favorably known among American physicists. His discoveries in Psychics are announced in three little books, *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena*, *Hints and Observations for those Investigating the Phenomena of Spiritualism*, and *Experiments in Psychical Science*.

If experience verifies the conclusions in these little books, they contain far the most important contributions yet made to our knowledge of Telekinesis, and are not without suggestiveness regarding Telepsychosis and the spiritistic hypothesis. I will give quite a full account of his books in the hope of leading you to seek a still farther acquaintance.

He calls his phenomena "psychic" because he believes them to be regulated independently of the volition of the medium, by exanimate intelligences, who communicate by raps, and whom he calls the "operators." But he admits that they may be manifestations of the medium's subliminal, and I think they *may* be of his own, as they often approve his theories. They also criticise his methods, which of course he often does himself. They communicate mainly in answer to questions, but sometimes volunteer suggestions to facilitate the experiments. Often their answers are that they don't know, and their suggestions are rather those of intelligent mechanics than of scientific technicians.

Dr. Crawford has experimented frequently with a "circle" in Belfast, consisting mainly of a family named Goligher, of which one of the daughters is a remarkable telekinetic medium. The family is a very pious one, and takes the séances with the seriousness universally found essential to the best success, even varying the proceedings with hymns and prayers.

The principal phenomena investigated were the raising of a stool, some tables, and a tin cone or "trumpet," and all sorts of other gyrations of these objects, without any visible contact. Dr. Crawford also investigated "raps," all the way from gentle taps, touches upon the persons present, sounds like a bouncing ball, sawing and scraping, up to thunderous blows on the floor and other objects.

The medium, he thinks, contributes only an invisible matter, through which the force acts. It is exuded from and returned to her body. She loses weight temporarily while the force is in action, though the loss is more than compensated by the addition to her own weight of that of any object lifted, but recovers it at once when the force ceases. The force is contributed by some reverse metabolism in the tissue of the other sitters: they lose weight.

The *modus operandi* was first to reduce the light in the room to that afforded by a gas jet in a lantern with red glass sides; and once when the lantern was moved higher from its usual position, the experiment went badly, and the operators suggested restoring the light to its former place,

when the experiment went better. Dr. Crawford attributed the difficulty to the increased whiteness of the light reflected from the ceiling when the lamp was raised. Tables and other apparatus of unpainted wood were found to work much better when, partly at the suggestion of the operators, they were covered with dark cloth. This Dr. Crawford attributes not only to getting rid of the whitish tone, but also to the supply of a rough surface on which the matter from the medium, which was the vehicle of the force, could get a better grip.

With the earlier mediums this partiality for colored light was quite generally attributed to its facility for fraud, but that day is past. Entire darkness, however, after the telekinetic force had been generated, roused a poltergeist racket in the room, as we have seen that it did in those of Foster and other mediums.

Here is a specially interesting passage regarding the effects of light:

“The body and chair of one of the sitters was casting a shadow on a portion of the floor within the circle space. A rapping rod was ‘out’ (see below) and was rapping on various parts of the floor. At my request it rapped... where the light was strong, and the ensuing sounds were muffled and dull. It then rapped a few inches farther along the floor within the shadow of the chair, and the resulting sounds were hard and strong. It rapped half a dozen times in the light and in the shadow alternately, and the result was always as stated. It changed quickly from the light to the shadow, and just as quickly the loudness of the blows changed...”

“Only the most powerful mediums have been able to produce strong physical phenomena in daylight, and even then the period of such phenomena was of the briefest. Materialization of the full form has, I understand, only been accomplished in daylight on one or two occasions, and then only after prolonged sitting under the most suitable conditions with a strong medium of this class.”

Then my friend P. (see p. 94f.) must have been a very powerful medium indeed.

The red light being arranged, the party of some half dozen sat in a circle, holding each others' hands, the medium's chair being on the platform of a scale balanced to her weight plus chair. In the center of the circle was the table, and occasionally other apparatus.

Usually, after from twenty to thirty minutes, perhaps in answer to an inquiry, there would be a rap on the floor, indicating that conditions were ready for the phenomena to begin, and at Dr. Crawford's request, the table would be lifted some feet, held suspended motionless so it could not be lowered by any ordinary muscular force, danced in the air, or turned upside down, suspended upside down, held tilted, held to the floor so it could not be raised by ordinary muscular force, and made to do pretty much any other thing that Dr. Crawford suggested, all in opposition to muscular force, if applied. A hand-bell was also rung, and a "trumpet" raised from under the table, turned over its edge, and laid on its top. In about an hour and a half the force is at its highest.

All these experiences are now matters of course with those who know anything of the subject, although, equally of course, they are glibly denied by the majority who talk without knowing what they are talking about. The merely visible and audible experiences would hardly be worth recounting, for there is already enough evidence of similar ones, were it not for the remarkable conclusions regarding them reached by Dr. Crawford. There is room here for little more than the conclusions. Most of the reasons for them will have to be sought in Dr. Crawford's books.

The first of his determinations, which, so far as I know, is the first *quantitative* determination in telekinetic science, is that where the table was levitated, nearly all its weight was added to the weight of the medium, thus indicating that it was attached to her by some inflexible connection. There was reason, to be given later, to believe that a trifling portion of the table's weight—that lacking in the increased weight of the medium, was similarly attached to the bodies of the rest of the circle.

A grocer's spring balance was put under the table, and this was found to be depressed before the table rose—the more depressed, the nearer it was to the table.

Dr. Crawford, in passing his hands under and near the table when the force, whatever it was, was acting or ready for action, felt an invisible, clammy, "reptilian" substance, and he followed it to the medium's body, also especially near her ankles when raps were sounding on the floor near her feet.

Schrenck Notzing says that he and his assistants felt a similar substance near their materializing medium. One of them said it was like a little reptile in the hand. This was when materialization was about to take place, and they regard it as the substance moulded into the appearance. It was visible from the Schrenck Notzing medium's mouth, but never visible from the Crawford medium's.

Dr. Crawford gives a diagram taken from a flashlight photograph, which shows a column of this substance about four inches in diameter, starting upward from the arm of one of the circle, then curving downward to a point opposite the medium, about a foot from the floor, where it is joined by a similar (hypothetic) emanation from the medium's arm, and from their point of union a column rises vertically to a height of about five feet from the floor, folds over and falls about a foot, and then goes at right angles to the top of the chest of the medium. Dr. Crawford *assumes* the lower emanation from the medium, which the photograph did not show because of an intervening object. He states no reason for this assumption, but might perhaps give a good one in the fact that the column rising from the assumed point of junction (also *partly* hidden by an intervening object), *is thicker than the column starting from the sitter's arm*, and therefore is probably reinforced by an emanation from the medium.

When the balance under the table showed pressure, the medium lost weight. Dr. Crawford appears to attribute this to the matter exuding from her being partly supported in the pan of that balance. But the figures given for the pressure on this balance, and the medium's lost weight, do not seem to me to offset each other, and the loss of weight ascribed to the medium seems enormous for a mass of matter too tenuous to be visible. In my lay mind these discrepancies and some others, for which there is no space here, call for explanations, which it is reasonable to expect will be forthcoming when Dr. Crawford realizes their necessity, or when farther knowledge comes to the rescue.

From the foregoing data and sundry minor ones supporting them, Dr. Crawford builds the theory that the phenomena are produced through a flexible emanation from the medium's

body, which Dr. Crawford calls a cantilever. The cantilever seems to project at a slant from the medium to a point midway between the bottom of the table and the floor, and then to turn vertically upward. Apparently when the operators get this into position with the object to be moved, they inject into it, from the sitters, the force to make it rigid, as blood is injected into erectile tissue. Then the cantilever expands in the direction arranged by the operators, and assumes the rigidity needful to move the table.

This summary of course is a very inadequate presentation of Dr. Crawford's work. A better presentation is well worth seeking in his books. They inspire confidence from the outset, by very clear, systematic and temperate statements, although as the subject grows in complexity, the treatment gets somewhat repetitious and, not unnaturally, tempts here and there to a bit of skepticism.

At the cost of some repetition, I give some extracts from his closing summary in *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* (p. 221f.):

"I have come to the general conclusion... that all the phenomena produced are caused by flexible rod-like projections from the body of the medium....."

"[1] It is capable of being pushed straight out from the body of the medium and being pulled straight into the body of the medium. It... can reach, under favorable conditions, to a distance of about 5 feet from her body... as it is pulled back into her body, it is absorbed in her... and the whole rod is anchored to her like the roots of a tree. [2] The rod is capable of to-and-fro motion horizontally over a considerable arc... it has also a limited motion in a vertical plane. [3] The rod... can be fixed or locked at any required position within its limits of extension, so that in such position it becomes a cantilever. [4] The rod can transmit pulling and pushing forces. [5] The free end of the rod is capable (at least sometimes) of gripping bodies by adhesion. [6] All the motions of the rod are worked from within the body of the medium. [7] The dimensions of the rod can vary greatly; its cross-section may have different values, and various modifications can be made of the shape and condition of its free end. For ordinary rapping a certain amount of matter seems to be concentrated near the end; and for other forms of rapping, such as the imitation of the bouncing ball, sawing, scraping, etc., it seems as though other modi-

fications and dispositions were made. For levitation a special form... is used, its free end being bent up and gripping the table by adhesion underneath.....

"The matter under the table felt quite still and at rest, and, in fact, when I moved my hand to and fro amongst it, the table soon dropped, showing that it was essential to levitation. Indeed, the operators were always very chary about letting me work in amongst it, the only thing in that connection they did not object to greatly, being the moving of a *thin* rod across the space occupied by it.....

"For an important séance I have never placed my hand near the place from which this stuff was issuing... During impromptu circles, however, or because of ignorance at the commencement of my experiments, I have often interrupted the flow of this matter, with the inevitable result of temporarily stopping phenomena... *it is in motion* in the direction from *body of medium outwards*, as can easily be observed by the sporelike sensation as of soft particles moving gently against the hand... I have placed a delicate pressure-recording apparatus in that line... with the result that it was shown there was mechanical pressure close to the body of the medium (although the conditions of the experiment allow of its being a pressure of very small magnitude) acting outwards from her to the levitated table; and furthermore, the placing of the apparatus in the stress-line caused the table to drop... the operators were annoyed at my interference with the line medium-to-table, and told me so by vigorous raps.

"It seems as though the preliminary process to actual levitation is the laying of some kind of a loose link from medium to table, or, if a compression balance is under the table, from medium to pan of the balance. Let us suppose that this loose link consists of some fine threads of matter... the essential threads, or bundle of threads, being in position, a force is exerted along their axis which stiffens them and makes the bundle into a solid rod.....

"A clairvoyante saw... under the table, close to the under surface and extending down for a little way... a whitish vapory substance, somewhat like smoke, and when the table was levitated this substance seemed to increase in density, *i.e.*, in whiteness. When a visitor to the circle sat on the table in order that it should tilt and throw him off, she saw this substance below the table get very white and dense just previous to the movement which actually tilted the table... She was able to call out that a movement was about to occur, before it actually occurred, by noticing the density and opacity increasing... a great band of it came from the left side of the medium with a kind of rotary motion, and was continuous with that under the table. From *all* the other sitters a very thin band, like a ribbon, also came, and was continuous with the mass

under the table. The clairvoyante says she also saw various spirit forms and spirit hands manipulating the psychic stuff."

I wish Dr. Crawford did not call "psychic," stuff which he says has weight and can be felt and photographed, and which the telopsist says she saw. I wish, too, that she had not said she saw the "spirit hands," but perhaps if we knew more, I would not so wish: for in his *Experiments in Psychological Science* he gives some evidence that seems like a discovery that this matter is also mind. He says (p. 81) that the operators, at his request, removed from the body of the medium all of it that they could, that they had difficulty in doing so, from the tendency of the matter to rush back, as was shown by the lever of the scale on which she sat, falling as each instalment was removed, and then rising a little way before another instalment was removed; but that nevertheless enough was so removed, "steadily by jerks," to cause the scale to denote a total removal of over fifty pounds. Yet while more than a third of the medium's weight was thus removed, he reports no change in her appearance, and she experienced no unusual sensations but a slight sense of discomfort toward the end of the process.

Now if these astounding statements represent anything but some hypnotic illusion, presumably caused, voluntarily or involuntarily, by the medium, what can they indicate but that the "matter" whose abstraction lowered the lever of the scale, was not matter when it left the medium, and yet was matter when it affected the scale. Or to put the paradox differently: if any form of matter is so tenuous as to be invisible to ordinary sight, and to permit the passing of the hand through it without perceptible obstruction, it is inconceivable that a roomful or a houseful should weigh fifty pounds, and we are driven to the guess that this form of "matter" is simply a source, or storehouse, or effect, of external energy upon the mind—as all other forms of matter are more and more seeming to be.

Moreover Dr. Crawford says that he once asked the operators to put the angle of their cantilever under the table into a box filled with clay, instead of onto the floor or into the scale pan, and that after levitation the cantilever left in the clay a distinct impression. Is this mind producing an

impression into matter? It does such things. A young physicist in whom I have confidence, tells me that one of the controls of Mr. T., whose acquaintance you may make in a later chapter, says he had struck up a postcarnate friendship with Michael Faraday, and induced him to move the needle in my friend's compass. At all events my friend saw the needle move, under the glass, and knows no other cause for its movement.

On the following points, the views of an investigator of Dr. Crawford's experience cannot be without interest. I quote them without expressing any impressions of my own:

"I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the operators are discarnate human beings. Of course I am not primarily interested in this phase of the matter. The methods by which the phenomena are produced are what I am chiefly concerned with, and whether the operators are what they claim to be, or are masquerading subconscious elements of the medium's brain, does not much matter to me. It is sufficient for my purpose that there are intelligences of some kind in charge of the phenomena. Nevertheless I have seen and heard sufficient at the Goligher and other circles to convince me that man does not really die at physical death, but passes on to another state of existence, and that, for the most part, the entities who demonstrate at good séances are really human beings who have so passed on.

"..... The best form of phenomena considered solely from the point of view of obtaining messages from inhabitants of the psychic realm [is] in my opinion, the 'direct voice.' At a direct voice séance people who have 'died' speak audibly in an objective voice. Many readers will probably not believe this, but nevertheless, however incredible it may seem, it is a fact. Unfortunately a good direct voice medium is an extremely rare personage. I think there are not above half a dozen in Great Britain to-day.....

"Materialization phenomena require such a large expenditure of psychic energy that the quantity of this kind of phenomena is strictly limited at any given séance, even with the best mediums. In the case of the 'direct voice,' however, the amount of psychic energy required seems to be very much smaller, with the consequence that a corresponding increase in the magnitude of results is obtained."

Here is Dr. Crawford's account of the communication with the operators by raps.

"The following was the code: Three raps meant 'Yes,' one rap meant 'No,' two raps meant 'Doubtful.'

"A continuous series of raps meant that the operators... wished the alphabet spelled out to them so that they could interpolate a word or a short sentence.

"A long scraping sound on the floor meant that my supposition (on which I was basing the question) was not quite correct, although it contained some elements of the truth.

"A great many emotions, such as joy, sorrow, agreement, disagreement, fun, friendliness, anger, etc., were often also indicated by the various styles of rapping. For instance, loud emphatic blows in answer to a question, indicated (according to their number) strong agreement or disagreement; or if a lot of questions were asked, none of which would seem to hit the exact truth, and a final question apparently did actually strike it, there was a little fusilade of raps indicating that the correct solution had at last been reached. Sometimes the operators seemed so pleased at my guessing something correctly that they suddenly rapped out a lively little tune on the floor."

Here are some extracts from Dr. Crawford's *Experiments in Psychological Science*. First regarding the raps (p. 16 f.):

"The theory for rapping... is that a psychic 'rod' (see above) issues from the body of the medium—a semiflexible rod, which is moved up and down and strikes the floor or table. The operators say that the rod theory considered generally is correct. They say that raps are produced in two ways:

"(1) Soft raps, bouncing ball imitation, etc.,—by beating the end of the rod on the floor, as one uses a stick for beating a carpet.

"(2) Hard raps—by beating the rod on the floor more or less axially.

"While I was obtaining this explanation from them, they illustrated the various styles of raps under consideration at the moment by actually rapping on the floor.

"I asked them the approximate dimensions of a rapping rod used to give a fairly hard blow. They gave a blow on the floor as a sample, and then said that the diameter of rod used in that particular case was about 2 inches and of uniform thickness over its length, until just before entering the body of the medium where it increased to a diameter of about 3 inches.

"The medium insists that she feels nothing whatever during phenomena, yet I know there is an added weight upon her of about 10 pounds when the table is levitated... There are many other cases which I have not space to enumerate, in which the total reaction on her body must amount to at least half a

hundredweight... one would think it would be bound to cause physical inconvenience.... During the occurrence of phenomena the medium, although her brain is practically normal, has a peculiar state of insensibility upon her body, allied to the similar state that she can be produced by hypnosis. This peculiar condition is induced, I think, of set purpose by the operators.....

"This is also borne out by the reaction effects of heavy raps or blows on the floor. The medium tells me—and there is no doubt she speaks absolute truth—that she is totally unaware of any movements of her body while such blows are occurring.... But I have watched her sitting quietly on a chair in my own house with the red light shining directly on her white blouse while great sledge-hammer blows have been occurring on the floor several feet in front of her at intervals of a few seconds; and as each blow was struck I have watched her whole body from the waist upwards sway backwards several inches. ... I went over beside her and felt the various motions of her body. Yet she is unconscious of them, although quite mentally alert. These slight motions are all that occur while phenomena are in operation. During levitations lasting up to five minutes she sits on her chair as firm as a rock."

He must be speaking of ordinary levitations, because he tells a different story of the unusually heavy ones.

"The table usually levitates with its center about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet from her trunk; hence, with a downward force of, say, 50 pounds the capsizing moment is 125 pound-feet which, to say the least of it, is fairly large and should, one would think, cause physical inconvenience to the medium. But it is not so. The medium tells me she feels nothing at all.

"Up to a total levitated weight of 37 pounds 14 ounces there was no very pronounced effect on the medium. Her trunk, however, swung gently forward with the heavier weights, and she said she felt herself being urged forward, though she felt no kind of mechanical pressure on her body.

"I then increased the weights on the levitated table two pounds at a time up to 36 pounds (weight including the table 43 pounds 14 ounces). Several times did the medium's body then swing strongly forward, upon which the table dropped.... She described the feeling as similar to that felt if she were sitting on a seesaw, the end of which rose and impelled her forward.

"I once tried to weigh the psychic body of my medium.....

"On the operators giving three little raps on the floor as a sign to me that they had done what I asked, I found that the medium's weight had decreased by about 8 pounds, but that the

decrease did not remain constant at 8 pounds, but became less and less until there was practically no diminution at all; and during the whole experiment the operators declared that the medium's psychic body remained exteriorized or placed beyond the limits of the weighing machine.

"I thought at the time that the experiment was a failure, and I am not now sure that there is much in it. It has, however, occurred to me as just possible that when the operators tried to remove the medium's psychic body they were unable to remove it *per se*, but had to take some physical matter along with it, *i.e.*, some gross matter was mixed with the psychic body and this was gradually returned to the medium's physical body, as was evidenced by the gradual return of her weight, leaving the psychic form more and more nearly pure.

"The operators themselves declare that the medium is somehow protected from the ordinary mechanical stresses to which she would naturally seem to be exposed. But they can tell us nothing at all satisfactory as to how the protection is afforded.

... The control said he was going to show the sitters an experiment on the insensibility to pain he could induce. The medium had a painful and unhealed burn on one of her elbows, but notwithstanding this she beat both elbows with some force on the arms of her chair—and seemed to enjoy it. She felt no pain whatever when she awoke from trance."

Evidently a partial trance: for Dr. Crawford goes on to say:

"The medium is never in trance, but from late observations I would hesitate to say that her state of consciousness is quite normal. Especially at the commencement of a séance she dislikes to be spoken to. But if there is any abnormality, it is very slight, indeed, and would altogether escape the notice of anyone who had not a prolonged acquaintance with her under ordinary and under séance conditions."

When the medium touched the levitated table with her bare hand, or hand gloved in kid or silk, or with a metal rod, or glass rod, it dropped.

When she touched it with her foot (presumably shod) a stick of wood, or a roll of paper, it did not drop. When the medium held her hand over it, it did not drop. When she held her hand under it, it did. When touched by the sitter, it did not drop. From these facts and some others, Dr. Crawford inclines to consider the mode of force not electrical; but that the matter through which it acts returns

into the medium through some substances, and not through others: this notwithstanding his getting some reactions through a very delicate galvanometer, which he attributes to some faint unaccounted-for electricity.

Cutting through the vertical part of the assumed cantilever under the table does not affect the table, any more than would cutting through a vertical monolith; but cutting through the horizontal part of the cantilever between the medium and the table, drops the table.

As the sitters supply the force, it is necessary to have several in order not to fatigue them. It will be remembered that P.'s performing alone exhausted him.

Dr. Crawford thus discourses regarding photographs:

"There seems to be no doubt that by the aid of a certain peculiar type of mediumship, psychic 'extras' can be made to appear on the ordinary photographic plate—these 'extras' being in many cases pictures of deceased relatives or friends of the sitters. Unfortunately, this class of result is very susceptible to fraud... I can only come to the conclusion, after thorough examination, that the 'extras' are indeed photographs of deceased people—pictures impressed on the plate by means we know nothing about at present. Our ignorance of the method is of little relative importance. The levitation of a table was as mysterious to me as the production of photographic 'extras' before I took up the investigation.

"These photographs have of necessity to be taken by flashlight because the phenomena of this class cannot be obtained in any but dim light. The photograph of the levitating structure... was of this kind.

"The effect on the medium of the flashlight is always severe. After the flash by means of which we succeeded in obtaining the picture, Miss Goligher trembled violently for ten minutes or more. Her arms and legs kept jerking spasmodically and her body every now and then moved involuntarily. But in a quarter of an hour she was quite normal again. It is not to be wondered at that the effect of flashlight is severe on a physical medium when a psychic structure emanating from her body is 'out' in the séance room... The structure is... really a part of her organism in a very unstable state. It is acutely sensitive to practically all light.....

"Whether the reader looks upon the operators as the spirit being they claim to be, or as subconscious nuclei belonging to the medium or sitters, it is certain they may be trusted to know more about the dangers incurred by the medium, than the

experimenter. . . . They spelt out messages to the effect that if, while the table was levitated, the magnesium flash was used, the medium would probably be severely injured.

"While on the subject of the health of the medium, I may mention that when the experiments were being carried out, in which she temporarily lost 30, 40, and even 50 pounds in weight, there was abundant evidence that the strain upon her system was becoming severe. I felt that it was necessary to be careful, and I would not proceed too far. The operators, however, were working in conjunction with me on that occasion and, accordingly, I felt the more confident.

"I can never get rid of the feeling in the case of phenomena such as trance speaking, clairvoyance, clairaudience, automatic writing, planchette and ouija board, etc., that the mind of the medium has far too much to do with the results.

I do not decry the genuine nature of mental phenomena but I am appalled at the difficulties of sifting them. There seems so little one can come to grips with. . . . I am not at all inclined to the opinion that it is by means of the mental phenomena that all doubt of the existence of a psychic realm will eventually be removed. I think, rather, that this will be accomplished largely by the 'direct voice' [of which he describes some manifestations. H.H.] and psychic photography, which are both phases of physical phenomena."

But it should be borne in mind that Dr. Crawford is a physicist.

CHAPTER LVII

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. T.

IN the immense mass of alleged communications since the first edition, I know of little materially to change the impressions there stated, and of much to confirm them. If there is anything in a "cloud of witnesses," the evidence is portentous. But to give as detailed an account of the new manifestations as I gave of the old, would be a little like bringing coals to Newcastle, especially as the bulk of the recent evidence abounds in every bookstore, instead of being mainly limited, as was that of five years ago, to the publications of the societies. And yet no two mediums are alike, and the growing mass of concurrence in what they express in their different ways is becoming *very* portentous. Moreover, it may be worth while, for the sake of the sidelights, and because of the greater vividness of direct testimony, to give some account of at least my own experiences with two new sensitives about whom nothing has been published except some articles of my own in *The Unpopular* (now the *Unpartizan*) *Review*, from which I shall quote freely.

Mr. T. is a successful business man living in a provincial city. His gifts remind one strongly of those of Mr. Tyrrell, reported in Mr. J. Arthur Hill's *Spiritualism*, but Mr. Tyrrell does not go into trance, while Mr. T., though he often has teloptic and telakoustic experiences when awake, does go into trance in all his semi-public manifestations. Three of his friends who have known him long enough to be able to vouch for his integrity, have led him to manifest occasionally before groups of some fifty or more people in New York. He gives his services only gratuitously, to promote investigation, and his friends, with the same motive, underwrite the expenses which of late have included the rent of a semi-public hall.

Mr. T. strikes me as a man of unusual simplicity, modesty,

and sincerity. He tells me that a trance is to him simply a refreshing nap, that he remembers nothing of it (in other words, that the intelligences manifesting are not his, but those of the controls?), and that he is, as he appears, in perfect health. In fact, to see him and Mrs. Vernon standing together is enough effectually to dispose of the notion that there is something abnormal about *psychic* "mediumship." There is no question, however, that the conversion of the better-known forces of the human system into *telekinetic* force is a tax that may be carried to an injurious degree.

It is absurd to suppose that Mr. T. knew anything about the experiences of other people recounted by his controls. It is still more absurd to suppose that his controls did while living: for assuming them ever to have existed in the flesh, they died before most of the events they relate. And it is more absurd still to suppose that he and the other respectable and busy people philanthropically promoting these séances have nothing better to do than hunt up, even if they could find, the facts recounted in them. I confess that any one of these suppositions seems to me more unreasonable than the spiritistic hypothesis. Are there any still more reasonable suppositions in sight?

Mr. T.'s ostensible controls are Black Hawk—not the well-known one, but one of the many Indians of that name—and Colonel Lee, who purports to have led a regiment to the Civil War from Mr. T.'s native city. His tombstone has been found, and the dates of birth and death correspond with those given through Mr. T., *and that of his death is the date of Mr. T.'s birth*. His signature as given by Mr. T. shows a reasonable correspondence with one made during his life.

At the séances, after the company is seated, Mr. T. leans back in an armchair at the end of the room, and closes his eyes. In a few minutes he is snoring just loud enough to be heard. In about eight or ten minutes, he stands up, his eyes still closed, and begins an oration in a loud voice, with exaggeratedly slow and precise enunciation, and old-fashioned pomposity of manner. He has announced himself in this manifestation as "Colonel Lee."

Colonel Lee's addresses are generally on the need of a substitute for the dogmas now vanishing, and of keeping an

open mind toward the indications of *Psychical Research*. I doubt if he has used that term. The addresses are entirely reasonable and temperate, and about up to the level of the average sermon. There appear here and there, not always appositely, echoes of current phraseology which is repeated by more people than understand it, such as "vibrations" and "the fourth dimension." After speaking from ten to twenty minutes, he resumes his seat, and soon begins snoring again. In a few minutes, his eyes still closed, he sits up, away from the back of the chair, but in a meditative attitude, with head down, and forearms across the arms of the chair, or across his knees, and announces himself as *Black Hawk*.

The characters of *Colonel Lee* and *Black Hawk* are as far apart as the poles, and *Mr. T.* as far from each of them as each is from the other. *Colonel Lee* is a "gentleman of the old school," formal and precise in all his utterances, and with hardly a touch of humor. *Black Hawk* is a tame Indian, with sundry distinctive little mannerisms. He is apt to nurse one of his legs, which he says was broken, infected by tuberculosis, and the cause of his death. He is intensely colloquial, ungrammatical, humorous, and even witty. When he is speaking in his own person, as a rule he uses defective English, but when he is reporting a vision, or rather an audition, he approximates the language he hears in his dream. These features of the language are not always consistent, but some allowance must be made for the stenotyping, and probably, as in most cases, for the influence of sitters and perhaps even for teloteropathy from outside incarnate minds. Whatever the contrasting characterization may be, it is not from memorized parts, and it is not acting, any more than *Mrs. Piper's Thaw babies* and *Imperator* are acting.

Here are some of the stenotypic notes of the sittings. I give a brief specimen of *Colonel Lee*, and then go on to *Black Hawk*, who is a much more interesting person:

FROM A LECTURE BY COLONEL LEE, JUNE 7, 1919.

"Many do not awaken till all that formed a part of their physical form and being have been swept away in the nothingness of decay and débris. But in many instances the mind awakens soon to being and understanding and soon the spirit returns to its friends and earthly haunts and habitations, there

to finish in some way or other the uncompleted tasks and the unfulfilled notions and desires which made its earthly life so real and tangible a thing. And then, the mind slowly awakens to a fact, namely: that in this world of evolution and progress a prototype of physical, earthly beings exists—not a complete prototype, but complete in so far as the reaction are the result of mental memories which are carried across the grave. Buildings exist in our world, in many instances not unlike yours to the eye, real and tangible to us; they are formed of an ethereal substance, not unlike dust, in your world, which is hardened and which forms a temporary being which is real and tangible to us but which is nothingness to the mortal eye. More than this, we find there libraries, atheneums, collections of the grandest and fairest works conceived in the minds of man, exist and are enjoyed by all. More than this we find that opportunities for education and enlightenment are boundless as compared with those existing in your world, and as such are utilized by the many. Remember that your mind, even in your world lives in the fourth dimension, and when you move it by desire from one point to another, instantaneously, or nearly so, that your mind travels in the fourth dimension. My friends, you sit before me as spirits now, incarcerated in walls of clay. Some day you will step forth and leave these and be free; free from all that binds you now to earthly fears and follies.... Here we accomplish those things which you dream about, and form a part of that intangible substance, that stuff that dreams are builded on, to you. To us they are real; to you they are nothing. More than this, my friends, obviously, the opportunities for locomotion or for movement of the spiritual body are unlimited. We think and there we are! Not instantaneously but nearly so. We cannot be in more than one place at one and the same time; it may seem so but it is not.

The Next Life and the Planets.

“Mr. H.: Colonel Lee, if one of us could be put on another planet, it would be impossible for him to live? Col. Lee: We could not see; the conditions would be such that we could not hear. Mr. H.: Now, in your life, are you superior to those conditions? Col. Lee: We are not. We, inhabitants of the earth planet and inhabitants also of the spiritual realm about this planet—now listen to this—we cannot exist permanently in the spiritual realm about other planets of your solar system. There are conditions of vibratory action which make it impossible for us to remain permanently in another world than ours. Mr. H.: Can you visit the other worlds? Col. Lee: We can, but cannot stay long, owing to something that would correspond to your difficulties, something that is inimical to our spiritual life, namely, psychic vibrations, if you understand the term. Mr. H.: Do you get any telepathic impressions from

other planets? Col. Lee: Many. Mr. H.: Entirely different from ours? Col. Lee: Entirely different.....

COLONEL LEE, APRIL 5, 1919.

Church Unity and Metempsychosis.

“Q.: Will you speak of Church Unity? Col. Lee: Are you acquainted with anything of this sort? (Laughter.) I must admit, I am not! Are there other questions? Q.: Is there such a thing as reincarnation? Col. Lee: Not in the commonly accepted knowledge of the term. You, as you, lived before this earth existence [as ‘The Idea’? Cf. Cap.XXIII. H.H.], and you continue after it. You neither are born nor do you die, in reality. I have sometimes said that you are not here at all, but merely a physical expression of you; a prototype, that is all.” [Compare Black Hawk below. H.H.]

BLACK HAWK, FEBRUARY 1, 1919.

Metempsychosis

“Q.: Is there such a thing as reincarnation? You say that we live before we are born? B. H.: Probably you ain’t born; I heard a man say you ain’t die if you ain’t born! [Compare Col. Lee above. H.H.] Is there such a thing as reincarnation? Not that you live as an animal. Q.: Does one human soul go into a second body? B. H.: Black Hawk don’t see reason for believing that. We don’t know it to be true over here. No, in some way that may be true through indirect influence, but there is no direct evidence that one control another.”

This could hardly refer to temporary control in the technical sense, and may reasonably be interpreted to mean the life-long control which the fantasy of metempsychosis implies.

BLACK HAWK, MARCH 1, 1919.

“Black Hawk be glad to come to see some white peoples, to have them listen to me! We have a nice party! I don’t put them to sleep, either! I don’t put so much gas out, like that! [Apparently a reference to Col. Lee’s speech which preceded. H.H.] Does anybody want to ask Black Hawk questions? I will answer them first, before me talk.

Veridical Statements.

“B. H.: There is a spirit here by the name of Percy Welch. He goes to this old man here. (Indicating Mr. H. H., who is sitting near Mr. T.) Mr. H.: Perhaps I know him. Try again for his name. B. H.: (turning to the

left and speaking to his vision) What your name again? (To Mr. H.) Pierce Welch. Mr. H.: Correct. B. H.: He stands there and he says—(B. H. says to the vision: Wait a minute, say it again). To Mr. H.) He says: 'Ask him (Mr. H.) if he remembers the new boat-house we built in New Haven, and the discussion we had about it in 1863.' Mr. H.: I don't remember the discussion, I remember our building a new boat-house. The date is off; that is the year after we graduated. B. H.: He says that they built it there. Your class discussed it in '61 and '62. Mr. H.: Ask him what he did for the college, please. B. H.: (to the vision) What did you do for the college? (To Mr. H.) He says: he put up a building. Mr. H.: So he did. That man and I were classmates in Yale College; we graduated in 1862; that is all correct. B. H.: You tried to get into the army the year before that? Mr. H.: No. B. H.: Oh, yes, you did; after you left Russell School! Mr. H.: *That's* right, we went to college from Russell's School. Ask him the initial of his middle name. B. H.: He says: 'N.' Mr. H.: Correct. When did he build that building? B. H.: He says: '1910.' Mr. H.: No, that's wrong. B. H. (to the vision) Try him again, you don't know! (To Mr. H.) He says: '1900.' Mr. H.: That's more like it. B. H.: He says that he wants you to know one thing. I would like to have you find if this be true. He says his son has gone to Saranac Lake; he went there the early part of this week, without anybody in New Haven except his immediate family knowing where he is gone. My daughter in Hartford knows where her brother is, and two other people; he says, I would like you to see if this is true. Mr. H.: I will see, if I can. Most all of my acquaintances there have passed through to the other side by this time. [I have not succeeded so far, but have asked only one friend to inquire, and I doubt if he has done so. H.H.] B. H.: You were thinking about this man to-night, weren't you? Mr. H.: No. That is all the more remarkable. I am much obliged for telling me about that. B. H.: I am beyond your thanks or your curses. All I want is your good-will. Mr. H.: You don't object to being told of it, do you? B. H.: I don't object to nothing!

I was not nearly as intimate with Welch as with some other classmates, so it seems strange he should be the one to appear. But the same has been true with Mrs. Vernon's communications, and her controls say they have avoided my intimates so as to avoid the suggestion of telepathy from me.

"B. H.: There is a spirit here by the name of Baldwin, from Orange, New Jersey."

I knew such a man at college, but not as intimately as several others. Another of the audience took up the name, however, as applying to someone else. Black Hawk continued:

More Veridicity.

“B. H.: They come not strong the first time, Black Hawk don't see before. I tell you something now. Would you know a spirit by name of West, from New York City? (B. H. is evidently addressing Mr. H. again.) Mr. H.: I might. B. H.: (to the vision) Where did you live; what is your name? (To Mr. H.) He says: ‘Shelby West.’ Mr. H.: Yes, not quite correct, but near enough. B. H.: J. Selby West. Is that right? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H. (to the vision): You do know your name; that is right! Mr. H.: Any message? B. H.: He wants to say something to Henry. Mr. H.: I am Henry. B. H.: Well, there is a marriage relationship somewhere. Mr. H.: I married his daughter! B. H.: You did well. Mr. H.: Indeed, I did. B. H.: And you survived it! This man says to Henry: ‘This is unusual; we discussed this thing; do you remember where?’ Mr. H.: No. B. H.: He says: I do. Says Shelby. Mr. H.: Where was it? B. H.: He says: Walking in the Park. Mr. H.: We probably discussed it in more places than one. B. H.: He says: We are waiting for you. [His whole immediate family is now on the other side. H.H.] Mr. H.: Ask him if he is in any hurry! (Laughter.) B. H.: *You ain't in any hurry, are you?* Mr. H.: No, I am not particular.

“B. H.: Who is Anna Eve? Mr. H.: The last time I saw her she was ninety-two years old! That was my mother's name. B. H.: No, not this one. Had she two names? There is a young woman about thirty-four years old, from Burlington, Vt. A young woman; you have a home up there? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: She stands in front of you and she says to me: ‘Tell him that Anne Eve is here.’ Think it over. Mr. H.: See if she can give me something else to remember her by. I don't associate the name with anybody up there. B. H.: Your folks were a long way from town when you came to town? When you was born—in the south? You were born in a town by the name of ‘B.’ Mr. H.: Yes.....

My father's family were all in New England, whence he had gone to Baltimore, and my mother's in Pennsylvania. My mother's singular name in connection with my summer home in Burlington is of interest in connection with another mention of that subject by Black Hawk in a later séance.

Black Hawk's Language.

“Mr. H.: Black Hawk, did you talk French any when you were here? B. H.: Sure, but I be more interested in Indian

than in French, but me was raised in North country. Mr. H.: You knew some of the French Canadian people? Did you talk their language a little? B. H.: I did talk a good deal with them. Mr. H.: I thought your language sounded a little as if you had been with them.....

Black Hawk and Mr. T.

"Now, old man, what do you want to know? (B. H. asks this of Mr. H.) Mr. H.: Before you went to sleep you had a vision of a man you thought would interest me. You saw a tall man with a beard B. H.: I never told you. You are dreaming yourself. What do you talk about? Mr. H.: Oh, it was Mr. T. who told me. [*i.e.*, Mr. T. and Black Hawk are not the same! H.H.] B. H.: You see that is a horse of another color!

Black Hawk Asks a Conundrum.

"Say, old man, Black Hawk know of a bird that have wings and don't fly, did you ever hear of them? Mr. H.: Yes. [Thinking of the Dodo.] B. H.: They are dead ones, you know! (Laughter.) Dead birds have wings, you know! That is a funny joke. About to-morrow night they will have it! We might as well laugh about this thing and have some fun!.....

Nat Goodwin.

"B. H.: He says: 'I knew him well; I am confused; Mansfield tells me he came. Poor old Goodwin! [Nat Goodwin the actor. H.H.] Has gone! From you. Goodwin is in his grave.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

"Treason has done its worst,
Nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy,
Nothing can touch him further.'

B. H.: I don't know how it says that, about Goodwin. A voice: 'Domestic malice cannot touch him further!' (Laughter.) B. H.: What is the joke? Ans.: Goodwin had a good many wives. B. H.: I am very glad he did! (Laughter.)... B. H.: Ask Black Hawk one or two questions then me go. I don't want to have you say after I go, 'Well, he got tiresome to-night!' I would rather you said 'I wish he would stay longer!'

Aspect of People in the Next Plane.

"Q.: Does one who dies a child remain a child to the people who knew it? B. H.: No, not exactly. You see a child grows older. They grow up in me world. Now, an old person would look younger when they come. They go to the supreme moment

of their powers. An old man would go to forty, you see, and a young man would go to forty. As far as coming back to demonstrate, they try to look as you last remembered them. We live in the land of memory to you. Good-night."

BLACK HAWK, MAY 3, 1919.

Some Advice on Practical Affairs.

"B. H.: He says that he wonders if you are going to plant any more trees in the country home, the mountain home? Mrs. T.: We are doing so. Why does he want to know? Has he any advice to give about it? B. H.: He says to plant nothing but Norway pines.... Mrs. T.: What are they going to do over there? With those boys on the Rhine? B. H.: She says there is nothing much to do but guard, but they will be withdrawn after July first very rapidly to the seaboard. Others will take their places: that is when she see him come home. I guess they will wind up that watch on the Rhine!

"B. H.: I see a George Robbins with you. Q.: I don't know George Robbins. B. H.: Are you sure you don't? Q.: Are you sure the first name is George? B. H.: No, but he tells me so! (Laughter.) I would not want to bet much on it! But they are sometimes right! Q.: Was there any further message from William Estes? B. H.: No. I don't see what they come for unless they have something to say. My time ain't worth much but it is worth something!.....

"B. H.: There is a W. H. Van A. here. Mr. F.: A minister? Yes, I knew him. Has he any message? B. H.: ...He says.... The truth of life will soon be demonstrated. The time is not here. But a year will bring it, when science will take a different attitude in one short year. It is good to be alive.... There is a G. W. here. He wants to send a message to C. C. W. Mrs. T.: Where does she live? B. H.: He says: Great Neck, Long Island. Mrs. T.: I know her. What is the message he wants to send? B. H. (To the vision—what do you want to send? Anything of any importance?) He says to tell her to have the courage of her convictions. And not to be discouraged by what others tell her, nor disturbed by what she hears from E. C. L.

Relations of the Controls to Each Other and the Sensitive.

"Q.: Why do you Indians come back so much more often than other people? B. H.: Well, I don't think they do, but we make more noise! But it may be true that we do. I hardly think that be true.

"Mr. H.: Black Hawk, do you know Colonel Lee? Who spoke here to-night? B. H.: Sure, I know him, don't you? (Laughter.) Mr. H.: Do you know Mr. T.? B. H.: Sure, I know him a good many years. I know him and I love him....

Mr. H.: Now, at this moment aren't you making Mr. T. dream you and express you? At this moment is not Mr. T. dreaming you? Dream that he is Black Hawk? B. H.: That is for you to decide! You know better than I do; if I told you, you would know all about it! Now, you know you want to make up your mind on this because Black Hawk does not know. Mr. H.: Have you ever spoken through the body of anyone except Mr. T.? How did you happen to pick him out? B. H.: I don't know except I found I could; I don't know how I do it either. Mr. H.: You did not know him before in this life, did you Black Hawk? B. H.: No. Mr. H.: You don't know much that goes on, do you? Do you know what goes on in Colonel Lee's mind? B. H.: It is a little bit easier, probably to read minds in me world, but not very much. Mr. H.: But more than here? B. H.: Yes. But not so much more. You see, people say, 'Now he have a psychic gift. He may be back of you people because your ancestors have this psychic gift; at one time everybody had it. And again people will have it, everybody will have it.

Black Hawk's Language, Present World, and Dreams.

"Mr. H.: Don't you continue to go to school; you progress and learn? B. H.: When Black Hawk first come to talk I could not speak English, [Friends confirm this. H.H.] but I could not speak at all. Now I can speak so peoples can understand somethings. What do you want, old man? (B. H. asks this of Mr. H.) Mr. H.: You knew some words in English, didn't you? B. H.: I knew some words. I could get enough to eat! I was down in the states ten months one time but I lost the most of it in spirit life; so when I came back I found I could not say nothing. I would have to think in English, you see, to speak good English. You have to think in English and in French. I don't speak good English if I tries to think in French! Now, I get so I can think in English... Mr. H.: You have talked a good deal with your friends here as you are talking now? Have you any interest in the north-west? Why don't you manifest yourself there and give advice? There are a great many questions that are vexing them now. B. H.: What advice could a poor Indian give? Who would listen? Mr. H.: But we are listening now.

"Mr. H.: Black Hawk, do the people who spoke different languages here, and did not understand each other, understand each other over there? B. H.: If we don't understand we learn a common language or we don't talk?

"Mr. E. S.: Someone has asked that you describe your world to us. B. H.: Our world is not so much different from yours. We go to sleep in your world and wake up in our world... not of our own making, yet a good deal like the world we

have left. The same things interest us at first. A good many want to rest at first. Mr. H.: Did you dream much when you were in earth life? B. H.: What do you want to dream about? (Laughter.) If you do your work and get tired and go to sleep you don't dream none! Except hopes; that's what Indians have dreams of; that kind, red mans have hopes for something better for his race. But that is while they are awake; they don't have that strength of mind to put them through, to carry them out, to build. But the last twenty years I had hopes of a nice house like a nice hut, but I never had strength to get at it to build it. That is what the red man lacks in some way; the white mans does it, he is strong enough to make his dreams real.

BLACK HAWK, APRIL 5, 1919.

More Veridicities.

"B. H.: Black Hawk be come to talk to me friends. I don't make so much noise what the other one do! [Colonel Lee? Remember what I said of his rotund manner. H.H.] Before Black Hawk would be talk to me friends I would be willing to answer your questions. you ask me now. Black Hawk wants to say that there is a spirit here by the name of James Shelby West. Mr. H.: Yes, I know. What does he want to say? [He had appeared on March 1. I had not been thinking of him on either occasion. H.H.] B. H.: He says that he used to live at 21 West Thirty-sixth Street. Mr. H.: That is true. B. H. (to the vision): This man wants you to tell him where he lived at that time. (Turning to Mr. H. and explaining) I ask him (the vision) to tell you where you lived at that time. Mr. H.: I lived with him. What does he say? B. H.: Now, wait a minute. He says: '14 East 54?' Mr. H.: Yes, afterwards I lived there. That is true. B. H. (to the vision): What do you want now you are come? No, I would not say that.—(To Mr. H.) He says that he wants his name and the reference to him in the book you are writing now about this thing. Mr. H.: That is possible. B. H. (to the vision): He says it is possible. Good-bye!"

This was the old gentleman to the life: he was a bit self-assertive. And at the time, I was at work on this edition. But I don't believe Mr. T. knew anything about it, and between T. and Black Hawk neither appears to know what the other knows.

Black Hawk's "No, I would not say that," above, tallies with some points elsewhere to show that he exercises some discretion in reporting his visionary visitors—apparently that

he declines to report matter that might be too intimate to give before a considerable audience.

"B. H.: There is a H. W. here. Who wants to speak to Margaret in earth life. Do anybody know him? (To the vision) Where did you come from, old man; where did you live? (To the questioner) Alleghany, he says. Pennsylvania. Who knows Margaret W.? Margaret D. Mrs. DeK.: Margaret D.? [A different surname. H.H.] B. H.: Margaret D. Yes, H. W. wants to speak to her. Mrs. DeK.: Her friends are here. Margaret D. is not here but her friends are here. B. H.: An uncle, probably. Mrs. DeK.: I will send the message if Henry Wade will give it to me. B. H.: Before Black Hawk gives the message you find out about this Henry Wade. She might not want to hear from him! Mrs. DeK.: I see what you mean, Black Hawk, but Mrs. D. is not here; I will have to write to her. B. H.: Well, the mails carry sometimes! (Laughter.)

I have sent the foregoing to "Margaret D.," who is a very level-headed psychical researcher, and finds it exceedingly interesting.

"B. H.: And now Black Hawk sees that Augustin man what I talk about before. Mrs. DeK.: Augustin Daly? B. H.: And he wears the same hat now, to identify himself, that he do when we was here before. That big brown hat, you remember? Mrs. DeK.: Yes."

I remember it too. There has been much discussion and a good deal of nonsense talked over the notion of spirits wearing clothes. If spirits impress themselves telepathically on the minds of sensitives, why should they not impress with clothes if they want to—or without? They have done both.

"B. H.: All right, ask me some questions. C. P. S. is here. And a W. E. And a Daniel H. Mr. H.: What about him? Are you sure you got the name right? B. H.: No, I probably got it wrong! What is the name? Mr. H.: See if you can tell me. B. H.: I see a man stands in front of me; looks about forty years of age. Kind of stout man, thick-set. And he wears a high hat. And I want to go back; he takes me to a city by the water somewhere, to the south of this place. And with him is a James Hearn. Mr. H.: I don't recognize that name. B. H.: Of Baltimore. They was together in some business. Mr. H.: Baltimore is correct. That was a long time ago. I don't remember the name, James Hearn? Well, it was a long time ago. [There was a Hurd. H.H.] B. H.: And when you father goes out you was far away from home. You was

north of home? Mr. H.: Try that aagin. Ask him again. B. H.: Do you mean when he died? Mr. H.: I was at home, but he was not. B. H.: He says you was north of him, north-west when he died. Mr. H.: That is a mistake. [I was nearly due East. See below. H.H.] B. H. (to the vision: Where were you, anyway? He says you are wrong). (To Mr. H.) He says 'sea-food.' [He was one of the founders of the Baltimore oyster industry. H.H.] Mr. H.: Yes. B. H. (to the vision): Did you die on the water or on the land? Where were you? (To Mr. H.): He says he had a boat with your mother's name on it. [He did not die on it. H.H.] Mr. H.: That is quite possible; he had several boats. B. H. (to the vision): What was the name of this man's mother, then? (To Mr. H.): He says: 'Ann Eve Siebold H.' Mr. H.: That is correct.

"Mr. H.: I ought to tell you that that description of my father is correct, including his wearing a high hat. [He always wore one—a white one in summer. This was over sixty years ago. H.H.] B. H.: In the old country? Black Hawk jokes with you, man. Mr. H.: It would be right to thank you for that. B. H.: You are welcome. [Note the contrast of his answer to my thanks before quoted. H.H.] Mr. H.: Did you see all those people standing by you? B. H.: Black Hawk does. Mr. H.: See if you can get my father's name. B. H.: Well, he don't be here; he told me Daniel H. Is that right or wrong? Mr. H.: It's both, right and wrong. B. H.: No, not either. Mr. H.: My grandfather christened my father Dan but not Daniel. B. H.: I will have to go into the corner for that! [as naughty children have to? H.H.] for Black Hawk be wrong! Shoot him quick.

Two or three more points here. Probably Black Hawk got my father's name as Dan, but reported it as Daniel, as people were constantly doing while he was here. His age as forty is suggestive. He died at fifty. See Colonel Lee above on this limit. The impression of our not being together when he died seems a mixture of several impressions. He was killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, some hundred and fifty miles west of Baltimore. But he was quite in the habit, before (and after?) his death, of thinking of me as at school in New Haven, northeast of home.

"Mr. C.: Have you heard from Colonel Roosevelt since he has been there? B. H.: No, I hain't seen him never; who was he?

Black Hawk on Immigration.

"B. H.: That ain't half as serious as the trouble you are going to have in this country of your own over here. For

instance: if you are half a dozen people you live in your little town, and somebody comes in that town and he comes in from Europe and he can't talk and he can't read and he can't write but he can think. And you don't do very good for him, and pretty soon he gets mad, then he does something to you. The question is, who be to blame? That is just what America has done and says, 'Come in here,' and you want to keep him down. Your whole social structure in America depends on your keeping down a certain element; they got to be kept down if others are going to be up. It is the same all over the world; America does everything she can for these peoples; she should have strained them when they come anyway: but instead of that she says: 'Come in now.' Now you got them in you are going to have trouble. It ain't American citizens but it is the people who have been coming in without questions; it is going to make your troubles, and it is going to make a lot of them.

"B. H. (Then B. H. turns to the vision): Now wait a minute, do you want to talk about anything? I know you can't give a definite message to her: so what is the use of giving any? That is my idea; no, I would not say that, not if I were you. If you don't say nothing you don't have nothing to take back! If you don't say nothing you keep yourself out of a lot of trouble! I am the only one who has got to talk!

More Veridicity.

"B. H.: There is an old lady by the name of A. E. S. H., an old lady. Mr. H.: Yes, I knew her. Is there any message? B. H.: There be a blood tie to you she says. Mr. H.: Yes, rather close, I should think, for she was my mother! That is all! B. H.: She was older than you are when she died; but you are catching up to her she says! Mr. H.: I have got a good many years to go yet. B. H.: She was ninety-two when she died? Mr. H.: Yes, that is right. B. H.: She says she has never lost her interest—except for a few months when she was asleep here—her interest in material affairs; she says she likes to read as well as ever, and she does read the papers that she used to like. And she asks you if you are going to Vermont soon? Mr. H.: I hope so. B. H.: She says it is beautiful up there now, on the hill, and she has been there too. Near a lake ain't it? Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: You have fixed so people can go in swimming there, years ago. Mr. H.: Is there any other message about going in swimming?"

I made a swimming pool. All this is rather remarkable. My mother was unusually fond of scenery. Some years before her death I built the summer home sometimes alluded to in the preceding pages, and it was a constant regret to us both that she was too old for the long journey to it. Remark

a note on this topic in the preceding séance. Evidently Black Hawk then got half-way impressions which this time were clearer.

Of course skeptics will say telepathy, and I cannot be sure it was not; but telepathy is getting a good deal to carry these days.

This experience and the one recounted by Dr. L. P. Jacks in the *Atlantic* for August, 1919, may throw some light on each other. In a sitting, two controls of the same surname, whom Dr. Jacks calls Old Scott and Young Scott, gave satisfactory accounts of themselves, but alternated with each other without the medium giving any clue to the fact, so making a puzzling confusion, until Dr. Jacks realized what was the matter. And soon after he realized it, everything was thrown into confusion again by the unheralded utterances of a third Scott, who, when asked for an explanation, announced himself as Sir Walter.

Regarding these facts, Dr. Jacks remarks: "This I submit is incompatible with fraud—no fraudulent medium would play the game quite so stupidly as that. But what, in heaven's name, is it compatible with? With survival—hardly. With telepathy—hardly. . . . I can imagine half a dozen hypotheses, including survival among them, any one of which covers a part of the facts, but none of which covers them completely."

They seem to me compatible with both telepathy and survival, and with no other explanations that I can think of. Let us go back to Mr. T.'s two announcements of Ann Eve at Burlington. The only guess I can make regarding them is that my mother persistently wanted to tell me through Mr. T. what she succeeded in telling only on her second attempt—that in her first attempt she could telepath to him only the faint and fragmentary impressions which he then gave; but that on her second attempt, her channels and his having been prepared in the previous attempt, she was more successful.

Now, reasoning along this line, doesn't it seem a good guess that old Scott got his first telepathic impression through, then young Scott came along and flung his before it, and then they both kept "speaking at once," until at last the reiteration of their names awoke in the medium's or sitter's mind, or both, some recollection regarding Sir Walter, and,

with the general tendency of mediums to do a bit of elaborating of their own, he brought out impressions of Sir Walter?

Under the spiritistic hypothesis these speculations seem to me in entire accordance with the facts, and to cover them, while I know no other hypothesis under which they do.

“B. H.: Your father die away from home. Mr. H.: Yes. B. H.: He die away from home and you were away from home. Mr. H.: I was home. B. H.: I am trying to get it straightened out.

“B. H.: There is a Henry World here. Would you know who that is? Does anybody know? To this girl here (pointing to the stenotypist) there is an Emille come and he says that his girl is sick . . . and he says to feed her bran. (To the vision: Do you think she is a horse?)

From the notes of the last two sittings I have selected several bits of practical advice on all sorts of subjects, ostensibly sent through Black Hawk. I have written to Mr. T.'s sponsors inquiring if they know of any results where any of the advice has been followed, but have not yet had any answers. Perhaps after the Summer dispersal I may get something, for the *Unpartizan Review*, but I will not keep this book waiting.

Even without waiting, however, the bits of advice, in connection with the Emperor gang's apparent usefulness to Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, have suggested a change in my guesses on an important point. Several times I have reiterated the impression that however our communication with an advanced stage of existence may be extended, it will never go beyond the lines within which, according to the old assertion, we must earn our attainments by the sweat of our faces. Yet most of the people who think they believe that old dictum, contradict it by praying for all sorts of enlightenment, and of course believing that they may get it. I now realize that I have been guilty of a similar inconsistency: for side by side with the impression that we will get no helpful advice from, let us say, any incarnate part of the cosmic soul, I have reiterated the impression that we here are a part of it, and that “what we are pleased to call our minds” are inflows from it, shaped and limited by our respective individual conformations. Telepathy seems to

indicate more and more that, instead of an individual in the old narrow sense, each of us is a center of activity—more or less activity—of all the mind there is. So to make consistent my two inconsistent guesses, I must make the third guess that a decision on the part of one of us to sell property or plant trees or keep a child in the sunlight, is an operation of the cosmic soul in us. Now if such a decision comes to us when we are awake, or comes, as so many or perhaps most of the best ones apparently come, while we are asleep, to be realized as soon as we are awake (though the dream is not often remembered), why should the decisions not come all the more freely through those whose sensitiveness is more free than that of most of us? We go for advice to friends whose inflow in the particular respects, we consider more free than our own: why should we not expect similar inflow—sometimes right and sometimes wrong, of course—from those of unusual *general* sensitiveness? Perhaps this point deserves special attention, and perhaps increased experience will justify the speculation. Possibly it may yet become, in increased clearness, part of our general beliefs. But note, please, that advice about our affairs here, is not detailed information about affairs there.

And I still hold to my conviction that the sum of human knowledge is not going to be materially increased by gratuitous communications from a higher sphere—that what we may get, even from Psychical Research, must be got by *research*. That has certainly been so up to this time, as Hodgson, James, Lodge, Crawford, and many others would feelingly testify.

CHAPTER LVIII

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF "MRS. VERNON"

MY friend who is known under the pseudonym of Mrs. Vernon, holds a position in New York which precludes all temptation to deceive for the sake of money or notoriety, and she gives gratuitously and generously of her time and strength to those who seek consolation or instruction from her impressions. She is about forty years old, in buoyant health, of quick apprehension, open mind, genial humor, and the ways generally of a cultured home and cultured circle. Her psychic sensibilities in no way interfere with her keen interest in life's pleasures and its duties. She alone is a sufficient refutation of the widespread notion that superusual psychic sensibilities are supernormal—or infranormal.

Psychics was first mentioned between us at a reception at the Metropolitan Museum, of which her husband is a very active supporter. As we sat chatting, I asked if any impressions ever came to her amid such confusing scenes. She answered that music (the band was playing) often stimulated them, but that the effect was apt to be neutralized by the passing and re-passing of the people. She added that nevertheless while we had been talking she had been getting a persistent impression of the capital letter F, and asked me if it could mean anything. I answered that considering that the dominant influences in my life had been five women, two of whom consecutively I had married, and all of whose given names, strange to say, were the same, and began with F, her seeing Fs persistently when I was by, was at least interesting.

She does not go into trance or write involuntarily, but simply tells of impressions, some teloptic and some telakoustic, which may come to her at any time, but which are encouraged by moments of voluntary abstraction, sometimes with the eyes closed. She has favored me with several sit-

tings, of which, like sittings generally, some apparently meant nothing, and others a great deal.

Her controls she believes to be her departed friends in the aggregate, without attempting to distinguish them, and she generally alludes to them as "they."

Here is an account of some of my sittings with Mrs. Vernon, from notes taken at the time. I quote, with occasional variations, from my articles in *The Unpopular Review*, Nos. 18, 20, and 22.

M = Medium. S = Sitter. Sitter's brief interjected comments, in square brackets.

Passages where the medium speaks as the control, between quotation marks.

After a little natural chat:

"M.: Now let me see if any impressions will come to me.

[Sat back in her rocking-chair, right elbow on arm of chair, index finger on cheek, and chin resting on bent fingers. Seemed rather to 'open' her mind than to concentrate it.]

"S.: Shall I try to will you into anything?

"M.: No: leave me absolutely alone, only saying Yes or No if I ask you anything, or commenting naturally on anything I say.

"S.: While talk may take you off from the thread, won't it relieve the strain sometimes?

"M.: Yes, it often rests me. That will work itself out.

"S.: Foster wanted his sitters to help him with their wills, and they often did. But here I'm delaying you all this time.

"M.: Oh, that's all right. Now let me see.

[Resumes pensive attitude. After a minute or two said:]

"M.: Somebody seems to want to present himself, as he says.

"S.: Little stilted, isn't he?

"M.: Yes, and now I get the words Inexcusable, Unwarrantable, Indefensible.

"S.: Why, he's given to language, isn't he?

"M.: Yes, it's queer, but somehow they almost always are at the start. Now there's a sudden and complete change. It often happens so. What I see may be symbolic. I see a turnstile—you know what a turnstile is—in the country, and somebody seems to be pushing through, and points to distant fields, and says: 'They prove the old saying that distant fields look green.'

"S.: All fields do until the grain crops ripen—unless they're sandy or rocky.

"M.: Someone is caught in the turnstile, and keeps going

round and round, trying to get to the distant fields, and yet has left the one he was in.

"S.: That does seem symbolic of conditions already foreshadowed in my mind by what you have said."

Then, in a series of fragmentary impressions, she slowly and dramatically built up a peculiar personality and set of circumstances entirely unknown to her, and known to me, but far from my thought at the time, which goes to negative the sensitive getting them from me.

As is generally the case with the best evidence, it was too intimate for publication, but it seems to me, as strongly as any I know, to indicate impressions caused by a post-carnate personality. Yet of course all that I can verify in it, necessarily had been in my own mind, from which she may have got the facts telepathically; but the arrangement and manner of presentation were not in my mind, and I cannot see how they could have been a purposive process of hers. The metaphor of the turnstile was not in my mind, though at my summer home one of the turnstiles is a favorite loitering place.

I had come to the meeting expecting her to read from my mind its preoccupations with the recent death of a near and dear relative. There was nothing of the kind.

All this impressed me as more strongly evidential than anything I had experienced outside of dreams, or read of. I was much tempted to say: "That settles it," but refrained on considering that my feelings had never been so much involved in any previous similar experience.

Mrs. Vernon gets her impressions consciously—as Foster got most of his, and Home many—not, like Mrs. Piper, Mr. T., and many others, in trance, with no subsequent recollection of them. She "sees things," as she saw the letter F, not only letters, but full names, persons (not very distinctly so far), and all sorts of objects and scenery, largely symbolic. She feels in her own person, sometimes very deeply, the sensations, both physical and emotional, of the persons (?) she "sees" or is impressed by.

At the close of the session, the person alleged to be manifesting said that there were several others waiting to mani-

fest, but that they had given way to him, because he came for sympathy, and his need was greater than theirs. All that fitted the facts of his earthly experience.

Our second interview was not as significant as the first. I had, as already said, lately lost a dear relative, and was surprised that during the first interview, Mrs. V. did not at least read from my mind about her, to the exclusion of everything else. At the next sitting something like the expected manifestation came, but it was not very consistent or evidential, and requires pretty liberal interpretation to take on much significance. I should not give it at all were it not that the experiences at other sittings amply justify the liberal interpretation.

“M.: Who is this pirouetting in and making me low obeisances?”

“S.: Man or woman?”

“M.: She changes the furniture all around, fixes it up from what it used to be.—Dwells upon changes that have been made in furniture. Tries to identify herself in that way.

“She seems very busy about the house. Has a carpet sweeper that bumps in places—calls my attention to the rugs and floor coverings. It’s awful funny, all this fuss. She bumps the sweeper over the rugs to make me look at them. She seems to be giving all this, not as of consequences, but for identification.—Dwells on the floor covering.

“Very nice pleasant personality. I like to have her come about, and her courtesies (old-fashioned) look as if she were pleased to see me.

“Takes me into the garden, and shows me old-fashioned flowers. She says every nosegay there is an old-timer.

“You know I get mixed up in symbols sometimes.

“Now she shows me vegetables too. They seem to look like turnips. It all has to do, it seems to me, with a place like home—furniture, garden, etc., seem to have to do with a dwelling—a home.

“She tries to tell me of something a long while ago. I can’t make it out—something like fifty years. That’s why she tried to make everything appear to me old-fashioned. Now she goes back to the floor-covering—to that blooming rug again. What she wants to tell me about that rug I can’t make out. It’s sort of fluted, doesn’t lie flat—isn’t smooth. Does this mean anything to you?”

“S.: No.

“M.: Well she keeps at it—bumping over the rug, moving the furniture, and fixing it all up. If the rug isn’t perfectly

straight and even, it upsets her. Whether she's trying to designate herself in that way, I don't know.

"She might just have been trying to demonstrate neatness in that way—trying to evidence herself to me as a very neat person—particularly about housekeeping. She keeps going back to the rug to prove herself very neat and orderly. Now it appears to me quite distinctly that she doesn't care to show anything about the rug itself, but merely her orderliness.

"Now she shows me the rug rolled up, and everything put away for the summer. Before, things were as if people were living there. Now she shows it to me for the summer.

"Would she be likely to speak of country?"

"S.: A little more than average perhaps.

"M.: Well she insists on that. Now she shows me a post. Now a fenced-in place like a garden.

"Seems to think you should know her by her interest in the country—in property in the country. Everything is about a place in the country.

"It's very vague and mixed up. I don't think I've got it right at all. I've done the best I could with it."

The indications named below might perhaps, without much straining, be supposed to point toward the manifestations as from my lately deceased relative.

Her liveliness and elaborate curtseys—*but* she was well over seventy years old when she died.

Her fussing over the furniture. She was a notable house-keeper, but hardly an artist on the sweeping machine.

She had for many years superintended preparing the house to be left empty in summer.

The furniture of the city home of her later years was most of it bought some sixty-five years ago, some of it earlier; and there were several more recent purchases of colonial pieces and rugs.

She was an exceptionally "pleasing personality," and Mrs. V. is far from the only person who "liked to have her come about."

She had lived a considerable part of her life in the country, and in summer during the rest of it, and had been a good hand at raising a few flowers, but never had a garden or anything to correspond with the assertion that "every flower is an old-timer." See more below regarding the "garden."

In the city house where she died, other members of the

family had lived just "fifty years," so there may be some point to the insertion in the mixed manifestations, of that phrase.

She was fond of the country, and had been successful in developing "property in the country"—subdividing and building. This marked characteristic is rare in women.

The "post" and "fenced in place like a garden" had a peculiar suggestion, of whose veridicity Mrs. V., when I told her of it, was enthusiastically confident; but Mrs. V. is, happily for her and her friends, a very enthusiastic person, and more apt to accept suggestions of veridicity than the staid old gentleman whom she kindly permits to investigate her remarkable powers. The suggestion is this: my relative had very many devoted friends, who manifested their love by sending for her funeral a very remarkable mass of flowers—so many that they literally filled the entire lot at the cemetery, even covering all the stones but one tall shaft. When I told Mrs. V. of this, she exclaimed: "Why, of course that's what I took for the garden. It of course was deeply impressed on her mind, and she impressed it as well as she could on mine, and I naturally took it for a garden." Well, the collection of flowers was far from being like an "old fashioned" garden, but the vision of the "post" and the "fenced in place" (presumably by posts) is certainly suggestive of the cemetery lot.

Writing all this out gives it considerably more significance in my mind than it had during the sitting, but the amount is as nothing compared with that of the first sitting, of which unfortunately so little can be published. Neither has it the striking patness of some later sittings.

Of the next sitting I omit much that had no meaning for me.

She began with a lot of matter, not very definite, that suggested to me a movie-show studio to which several of the older members of the Century Club were kindly invited to have their moving portraits taken for the Club's last twelfth-night function, and I was rather expecting to hear from Mr. Choate and Colonel Church, who had passed away since that memorable event.

But she suddenly switched off, as mediums so frequently do, saying:

"M.: I see an M (not the real letter)—word sounds like Mary or Marian [substituted names, the actual one was very rare]. It has nothing to do with 'moving pictures.' [My notes leave me in doubt whether I had told her of my thinking of them, or whether she read it from my mind.] She just says she's here. I don't know whether she has any message to give you.

"Words come that sound like partition—division—separation—something divided—separated.

"Word that sounds like aunt. [This was a 'butting in.'] What does she mean by that? It may have nothing to do with Marian. Did you have an aunt S.?

"S. (somewhat startled): You bet! Two of 'em!

"M.: Did she have anything to do with you as a little boy?

"S.: Yes.

"M.: She gives me all sorts of illustrations of parental affection for you as a little boy—bending over and washing your hands and straightening your tie and fixing you up generally. [Pause.]

[I had an aunt S. who did just those things.]

"M.: Marian 'assumed' something. All these people seem contented enough—not unhappy like some others. [She had changed since her earthly experience then.]

"Marian 'assumes' that you will remember something without—something about very young—very young. I have those two words. Did you know her then?

"S.: 'Very young' is a comparative term. How young?

"M.: I don't know. That's all I get.

"It seems as if I were walking along, and somebody says: 'Halt! Stop!' I don't know whether it means something she did. Did she go away suddenly?

"S.: Yes.

[Long pause.]

"M.: I see a D. Was it her surname?

"S.: No.

"M.: It may not be connected with her at all [*i.e.*, may be another 'butting in'].
 "She shows me a place—seems like a Western one—like Denver. Any reason for that?

"S.: No. I hardly think so.

"M.: Marian seems to feel that you recognize her. You certainly were not thinking of Marian before she appeared?

"S.: I certainly was not.

"M.: I can't tell whether I'm guessing at the name, or

whether I hear it, and now again I see the town: somebody shows me a picture of it. It looks like the beginnings of a town, and yet seems a busy place."

I knew a "Marian," and only one that I can remember, when I was a "very young" man. She did become "separated" from all her former associations; did "go away suddenly" to, I think, the "beginnings of a town," but not "a Western one," and it would perhaps have been natural for her to use the expression: "I 'assume' that he remembers me." But it was hardly natural that she should wish to recall herself and her story to me, at least if what is natural here is natural "on the other side." But if the assumed indications from the other side are to be accepted as true, a broader charity prevails there than here—a broader charity than conditions here make practical. Her story here was a very tragic one—of retribution for unwise conduct. When I told it to Mrs. V. she said: "I felt all that," and when I remonstrated: "Why didn't you tell me?" she said: "I make it a rule not to tell such impressions, because I feel that they may be given me by mischief makers." I said: "So far as I have looked into the evidence, it seems to me, despite many beliefs to the contrary, that there is no mischief on the other side." "Why," she remonstrated, "do you believe that those who go from here have their characters all changed at once? I have had many proofs to the contrary." And then I realized for the first time that my impressions have been inconsistent: for, while holding them very tentatively, I have grown more and more firmly into the one that, while the ostensible change is into conditions of wider insight—nearer to those where "to know all is to pardon all," the apparent changes of intelligence and character are nevertheless far from sudden and revolutionary; and that therefore mischief makers must persist there, just as better people do.

The next sitting began by Mrs. V.'s announcing the name "Frank," who was to be identified by search for legal documents, and a place in the country.

None of this meant anything to me, when, apparently without connection, came the name "Putnam," followed by

"Putnam would have it." "Refusal." "Let Putnam decide." "A certain compilation." "Fanciful." "Expensive or Extensive."

"S.: Which?"

"M.: He tries to say that either one will do."

Now Frank More (of whom I had not thought before Putnam's name was mentioned), Putnam (the Major's father) and I owned in 1864-5 "a certain compilation" called the *Rebellion Record*, which was made up of "documents," some of them "legal," which were "searched for" and selected, not improbably from a "chest" where they were gathered and kept, by Frank More as editor. He lived, I think, "in the country."

When the compilation was started, it was expected that the war would be short, and the compilation finished in three or four volumes. But the length of the war proved this idea "fanciful," and continued the compilation till it became "extensive" and "expensive" in a dozen volumes. We tried to sell it to a specialist in military publications, giving him a "refusal," and in our negotiations, it was probably said more than once: "Let Putnam decide."

Toward offsetting the implication of this series of facts, stands the one that Frank More and I were never so intimate as to make it probable that after fifty years he would try to renew, from a postcarnate life, his acquaintance with me. But the same was true of "Marian" and most of Mrs. Vernon's visitors.

These unlooked-for manifestations are frequent, and some months later, as Mrs. Vernon and I discussed all the manifestations that she had experienced with me, she said that they seemed to her almost as if arranged, but certainly not by herself, to make it impracticable for me to account for them by telepathy. At one of the later sittings, as I was about leaving, she stopped me to say that she was strongly impressed that "they" had brought to her persons not specially prominent in my mind, in order to convince me that she had not got them from my mind.

I asked if that was merely her opinion from our experiences, or if she felt that "they" were communicating it to her.

She answered that the impression was strong that they were telling her, and wanted her to tell me. But we had already talked so much over this point that such an impression might easily have grown up in her ordinary consciousness.

But while I have been writing these comments, I have been struck by a fact that may be of weight in determining the laws of the manifestations. Though they generally, even the best of them, related to matters not *at the time* prominent in my consciousness, the clearest of them did relate to facts that *at one time had been* of very deep interest to me.

This reinforces an impression that I have long had, to the effect that psychic experiences are eternal things—all stowed away in James's "reservoir" or in the Cosmic Mind, and ready to reappear through the sensitives, and possibly in a wider memory which may be attained by the soul enfranchised from the flesh. Such a soul would then have what we so often long for here—keen memories of forgotten joys.

Mrs. Vernon never has seen a face clearly enough to describe it. Generally she gets an impression like that of a human being at a distance, later comes an impression of a man or a woman, and then of the person's experiences, apt to be indicated in pantomime, like that of my recently lost relative and my Aunt S. The impressions are often symbolic, as of the weary round in the turnstile and some in the next report.

Mrs. Vernon does not, like Mrs. Piper, impersonate her controls, but merely talks about them. In a sense, she is as much of an inquirer as her sitter. That is: she in no way sets up for a prophetess, or even for the apostle of a cult. She interprets her years of psychic experience to be caused mainly by telepathic hypnoses from intelligences that once were incarnate. But she has no desire to impose this belief upon anybody else, and regards herself rather as a co-investigator with the sitter, as to whether their joint experience is for or against her convictions.

At one of our subsequent sittings, the manifestations were more striking than most of the previous ones, and more

fortunate than most good manifestations, in not being so intimate as to preclude publication; in fact they referred to matters of public record and even newspaper notoriety; but Mrs. V. is positive she never knew anything about them.

"They" began, as usual, with an expression remote from the center of the subject.

"M.: Shylock exacting his pound of flesh...could not be more tenacious.' Can't make it out: looks like capital T. Can you fit it up to anything?"

"S.: Not yet.

"Here the words 'once circuitous, now direct' [she pronounced it circuit-us, alluding to a circuit. We discussed the pronunciation and she said]:

"M.: Often when I'm in this trance condition [first time she had given it that name. I should not give it at all. There's nothing like Mrs. Piper's trance or Mr. T.'s about Mrs. V.] words come to me without my realizing what they mean, and later I have to try to find out. [This was astonishingly illustrated farther on in this sitting.]

"It's curious I don't know what this word is: 'Libel.' Why should I take a word like libel? Do you know any reason?"

"S.: No—not yet.

"M.: Well, I don't like to take such a word without reason. I don't know that I ought to take that. [Compare on mischief-making, in 'Marian' experience some pages back.]

"I think she [*sic?*] is different from what we started with. It sounds like libelous references, in eighteen seventy-something.

"S.: Sure you've got that date right?"

"M.: It's a man now identifying himself in libelous references long, long ago. I thought it was in 1873—somewhere along there.

"S.: Who made the libelous references?"

"M.: Could this refer to the first—exacting the pound of flesh? Were the libelous references made by anyone whose name began with P?"

"S.: No. Shall I help you?"

"M.: No. Do you know anybody who acted like that?"

"S.: Wait till my notes catch up.

"M.: And meantime I'll grope for some more. [Pause.] B.: That was it, not P—He shouts Brandish to show me the B, and gesticulates. What year were you born in?"

"S.: '40. What led you to ask?"

"M.: I don't know: he's trying to fix a date. Now he's on to 7, trying to tell me something about 7.

"S.: You can't see this man?"

"M.: No! He's trying to wave a flag—some sort of a banner. Can you understand what that means?

"S.: No.

"M.: Oh I can't understand! [Pause.] It seems to be like a flag of truce.

"S.: Is there but one man all through here?

"M.: Yes, so it seems—the communicator. Do you think I could have it right? Was there a truce? Perhaps he wants to declare one now. He's still waving the flag, and waiting for me to get the meaning of it. It means something I can't get at. Wasn't there such a man years ago, and a disagreement and libelous trouble? Does this make up into anything?

"S.: Yes.

"M.: Well that's what it is. Is the B right?

"S.: Yes.

"M.: He's trying to tell me the whole thing. Can you tell me why he waves that flag?

"S.: It would do for a flag of truce. Shall I help?

"M.: No, you might give it all away. Was there an R connected with it?

"S.: No. An R looks a good deal like a B.

"M.: Yes, it does. [See below.] Was it outside New York State?

"S.: No.

"M.: 'New York,' he keeps saying over and over again. Something was overruled, and he reaches out his hand to shake hands with you, and he says 'overruled' (by somebody). I don't know whether you were overruled or whether he was.

"S.: Shall I help you?—give him a message?

"M.: Yes, it might help along, but don't bring me in.

"S.: Well! tell him that if he was overruled, I'm ready to shake hands. I doubt that he was exactly overruled, but may have been influenced.

"M.: Well, he just says 'overruled' and holds out his hand.

"S.: Can you get anything more?

"M.: I don't seem to. Why does he keep saying New York State? It seems stupid to me. There was no estate, was there?

"S.: No.

"M.: Perhaps he means the City of New York, but he just keeps 'New York State,' 'New York State.' Does that mean anything?

"S.: Suggests something. Can you get any idea of his looks?

"M.: No. He comes to clear away an impression. He wants it as much for himself as for you. Wants that impression cleared away.

"S.: Funny as Punch!

"M.: Isn't it? Always mixed up so!

"S.: Well, this is clear enough to me.

"M.: Had a Committee anything to do with it?

"S.: After a fashion.

"M.: Well, he gives me the idea that a number of men debated upon it. 'Butler.' There's that R we couldn't locate: it belongs at the end of the name beginning with B. It often comes that way. What did that New York State mean? Isn't it funny? You know I wander along and along. You ask why should this man come? He came because he wanted to shake hands."

Here are some circumstances that occurred many years ago, but not in the eighteen-seventies, as Mrs. Vernon was impressed, when she said that "the 7 may have belonged anywhere in the figures—instead of Eighteen seven-something, Eighteen-something-seven."

President (then Professor) Butler said, in *The Educational Review*, for February, 1899, which my house then published, that the president of the Board of Education was "a fine old educational mastodon," and that certain men named were "not so easily impressed as are some others by the cohesive power of public plunder." The president of the Board—call him L.—and I were on very friendly terms, and he saw fit to take the later expression to himself, and wrote to me about it. My answer was intended to be conciliatory, but, as letters so often are, was misunderstood. The disagreement was of course acute. A common friend or two intervened to adjust the matter, but Professor Butler refused to withdraw the expressions. Rumors of "libelous proceedings" came, and Professor Butler prepared an explanatory paragraph for the next number of *The Educational Review*, a proof of which I sent L. But the day I sent it, Professor Butler and I and my partner were arrested on an indictment for criminal "libel." Of course it had been true that "a number of men debated upon it" in the Grand Jury. It is quite possible that in bringing the indictment, the District Attorney had "overruled," or at least overpersuaded L.: for his relations with me made it very strange that he should proceed to extremes before notifying me; but perhaps a better explanation of that word "overruled" would be that the judge "overruled" the indictment, on the ground that it did not state that the publication was issued in "New

York" (so much insisted upon by Mrs. V.'s control) and therefore under his jurisdiction. Assuming that L.'s post-carnate self wanted to communicate with me, he might well have used "New York" and the word "overruled," in either or both of the connections suggested, for purposes of identification, as well as extenuation.

The relations between him and me were peculiar. His character was such that under the circumstances "Shylock exacting his pound of flesh . . . could not be more tenacious," and yet such that regret for having given me so much annoyance, when his cause of complaint was really against another man, would follow him, if such things can, years beyond the grave, and send him to seek to recover his old place in my esteem. This impulse would have been strengthened by the fact that the District Attorney who brought the indictment subsequently swore that he had never seen the proof of the conciliatory paragraph which I sent the complainant, and which probably would have led to a stoppage of the proceedings.

These circumstances, whatever one's view of the manifestations, certainly fitted Mrs. Vernon's summing up of the case: "I think the man came because he wanted to clear his record and go on developing. That shows the importance of not doing mistaken things in this life."

These proofs happen to have been read by one who knew L. much better than I did, and he says Mrs. V.'s impressions fit him exactly.

Granting that Mrs. Vernon got from my mind the facts just detailed, did she, apparently before getting a coherent notion of them, and apparently before knowing where she was coming out, form the opinion that "Shylock exacting his pound of flesh could not be more tenacious"? But on the other hand, did L. express that opinion of his own proceedings? Or did Mrs. V.'s controls have a view of the situation, and express that opinion? Or—what?

And where did the flag of truce come from, and the image of the man offering to shake hands?

We have had four or five sittings since those described, but for some reason that we cannot account for, the susceptibility,

or power, or whatever it is, has given but faint manifestations in my presence. There has been no falling off in sympathy between us: indeed Mrs. Vernon still humorously calls me her "prize sitter," in spite of the fact that while the manifestations to me have so signally fallen off, they have been to several other sitters perhaps the best she has ever shown.

My own persistent guess is that the controls have, for the time at least, given me all that they think best. But this guess assumes that there *are* controls, which Mrs. Vernon firmly believes, while my opinion is in a very muddled state of suspense, as this paragraph plainly shows.

This falling off in my instruction from Mrs. Vernon conforms with a conviction long impressed upon me by the paucity of my powerfully veridical dreams (there were but two very powerful ones, and only two or three minor veridical ones of importance enough to abide in my memory), and by the falling off of the artistic dreams that I once had so frequently—the conviction that in my case I am allowed just so much as is essential to a reasonable faith, and no more; and that if I fail to keep alive my faith in that much, I fail at my peril. I even have a suspicion that to those who need less, less may be given, and more to those who need more.

But here is something later that bears on that question. Stainton Moses's and Mrs. Piper's old friends Imperator & Co. have turned up with Mrs. Vernon, as they have with several other sensitives. They were the main stumbling block in the way of James accepting the spiritistic doctrine. I don't think they should affect it one way or the other, but—I used to think: I don't know what to think now—are merely a side issue, involuntarily created by Stainton Moses, and passed around telepathically through sitters, and perhaps teloteropathically between sensitives. "The woods is full of 'em," and Mrs. Vernon may have got impressions of them anywhere, even from me. Each of them claims to have been more than one person on earth, and probably none of them ever were on earth at all, or anywhere else outside of the imaginations of the sensitives. They are a priggish lot, as will be seen even from this short extract.

"M.: Feel like a very wise and high company, titanic misery. ... The Imperator group don't like your attitude towards them. They say that they (hesitates).

"S.: Let it out!

"M.: They say: Why hesitate to take by the hand Wisdom and Justice—the heads of the band.

"S.: Tell 'em if they had Modesty with them, I'd be more ready.

"M.: Now wait! It sounds like

"Control with aplomb your desire to sneeze,
And you are sure to obtain what will certainly please."

They're not to be sneezed at, is what they want to say. Controls may have taken that from some of the group, and put it in their own language.

[A friend who sat with us suggested before that they were talking in my way—not in their priggish way.]

"M.: They impress me as a group of kind and wise spirits who take charge of this kind of communication."

Some later expressions of theirs (?) before another sitter, to the effect that I might laugh at what they said, show that these alleged spirits are no more in sympathy with me than I with them. *Now if* it should turn out after all, say in a century or two—or less, that this gang are actual personalities in a "spirit world," their influence (for they profess to boss communications generally) may account for the falling off in Mrs. Vernon's impressions during my later sittings. I don't believe this, or think it probable, but what I believe or think probable, or what anybody does, is of pretty small account in the present stage of our knowledge of these matters. The one important thing is to keep on studying and guessing. Some of the guesses are already reaching a very suggestive uniformity.

I have lately received an account of a strange experience of another sitter with Mrs. Vernon, which unfortunately was too intimate to publish, but which gives a most startling confirmation of still another strange experience, also unfortunately too intimate for publication, from another source. The reasons for these cryptic utterances, and why the matters are not publishable will be easily realized when it is stated that they both bore on second marriages. They assert, in the

ostensible next stage of existence, an astonishing absence of jealousy regarding the experience of survivors in this stage, and at the same time indicate a range of morality entirely above anything to be expected in this stage.

But here is part of what happened regarding the Emperor gang at a subsequent sitting:

"M. (after period of abstraction): 'Infra Dig.' Now what can that mean? you know I always begin far off and don't know what's coming. It was so with Shylock in the Butler case.

"S.: Yes, I realize it very well: it doesn't look like the purposeful working of your own mind.

"M.: It certainly is not. Now let's see what will come next. [Pause.] Return—returning something. Somebody is turning over the leaves of a book, with a stick or paper cutter, and pointing to passages. Looks like a man suggesting inconsecutive passages—at variance with the truth of the thing. To be expunged—is there a word 'expunged'?

"S.: Certainly. Probably not made from *ex sponged*!

"M.: Expurgated will do.

"S.: I can't guess the etymology of that.

"M.: Here comes the name James. James no longer doubts—no longer doubts Emperor, it sounds like, but reveres him as a developed—sounds like dictator—who at will—ushers in—the various characters—who wish to communicate—or may be sent for. I take it to mean that he can get the people he wants to come. I think it takes a very well developed medium over there to get these highly developed souls. Black [note illegible] couldn't just out of hand like that."

I told Mrs. Vernon that it seemed justifiable to suppose that Emperor, or possibly James, wanted to indicate that the "inconsecutive" passages speaking lightly of Emperor & Co. in this book (the second edition of which I had just begun to prepare) were "infra dig"—were "at variance with the truth" and should be "expunged" or "expurgated"—that, as I had reiterated the day before, James, to whom Emperor & Co. were a stumbling block, "no longer doubted, but revered Emperor," etc., etc.

It is certainly very suggestive that this impression should have come to Mrs. Vernon just as I was preparing the second edition of this book, and when, I believe, she knew nothing more about the book than Mr. T. did, as before cited.

Mrs. Vernon answered to the effect that Imperator's showing up (as I have above indicated) through her and, she believed, "all of us," (*i.e.*, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Cameron, and the other sensitives) really had the force of cross-correspondences, and convinced her that he had charge of communications—that he and his companions were mediums over there. I reminded her that Rector generally professed to communicate for those who could not communicate themselves, and that the Hodgson control and, I seemed to remember, some others, had said that, with rare exceptions, Rector did *all* the communicating. If he's done all professed in the current flood of involuntary writing, he has been as busy as our old friend the devil.

She then told me, what she had not happened to mention before, that she had been impressed by an ostensible relative of another sitter: "They hang out the shingle 'Imperators'" (the plural). I remarked that that was rather inconsistent with the priggish dignity for which they seemed such sticklers, and then gave her the substance of the following:

It would, of course, be absurd to believe that all the inconsistent and ridiculous stuff, however spontaneous and sincere, purporting to come from a higher plane of being, really does so come. The question is where to draw the line, and the temptation is the old one of accepting things we like, and rejecting those we don't like.

My mind has lately approached a settlement by provisional acceptance of some things I *don't* like. Among them has been the presence of disagreeable people in the next plane. Of course the most skeptical are, in spite of themselves, somewhat influenced by the traditional faiths, and long after I rejected the notion of Hell, I kept the notion that Heaven if there is one, must be an abode of perfection; and this was strengthened by a statement of some control, I think G. P., or perhaps Phinuit, that in their plane, the bodily ills we know here do not exist. The same notion was farther confirmed in a dream, in which a friend who had passed on seemed to intend, for strong reasons, to impress me with that belief. Hence my scheme excluded both Hell and an imperfect Heaven, and with them all idea of defective people on the next plane.

But with the help of Mrs. Vernon's large stock of common sense, and of much alleged later testimony from the controls to the effect that things over there are pretty much as they are here, only more so on the good side, I have got rid of what I had of the old notion that people going from here jump over there into perfection—robes, harps, halos, and all; and I have come to think it vastly more probable that they carry with them an appreciable share of their defects and foibles. This admits the Emperor group, despite their being a set of cranks deeply impregnated with the foibles of sacerdotalism, whose society James would rather avoid, with which preference of his, as with so many others, I am in hearty accord.

But my revised and improved impressions do not dispose of Emperor's professing at one time to have been Marcus Aurelius; and at another, St. Paul; and at still another Augustus Cæsar. These claims were James's chief objection to the spiritistic hypothesis. But even in regard to all that, I now make a mitigating guess or two. With the enlarged telepathy that seems likely on the next plane, and with the readiness of sensitives, even here, to apparently temporarily absorb other intelligences into themselves, and manifest them to us, it does not seem an inexcusable guess that Emperor,—apparently showing himself, as he does, a great sensitive, even if a great prig—may often get "possessed" by other personalities, and announce himself as each of them, just as Mr. T. announces himself as Colonel Lee and Black Hawk, or as the sensitives generally more or less represent other characters, even if no farther than manifesting their pain, shortness of breath, and other sensations. These considerations tend to dispose of my first impression that Emperor and his group were figments of Stainton Moses's imagination, developed by Mrs. Piper's, and farther by Mrs. Vernon's and Mrs. Cameron's, and probably those of others; and the same considerations admit the possibility of the group being real personalities. Of course this impression is given here but tentatively, but if it should be confirmed, a great obstacle to the spiritistic hypothesis would be put out of the way.

That James should now "revere" Emperor, as a "developed dictator" is a form of expression not in consonance

with my intimate knowledge of James in this life. It is in entire consonance, however, with Imperator's constant bragging about himself; and no more inconsistent with his being on the whole a passably decent chap, than is the habit of the sacerdotals on this side of the veil calling themselves "Reverend."

The whole business, however—"expunging" anything that I had printed about Imperator and his friends, even if I accepted it as a mandate from the other world, I should accept only as a mandate from an authority with some characteristics that I would not tolerate in anybody in this world—or that one.

It helps, however, to depict the very rational heaven, with defects enough to keep us at work, which seems slowly and spasmodically emerging from the mists of Psychological Research.

CHAPTER LIX

THE INVOLUNTARY WRITERS

WITHIN a few years there has been an enormous increase in the number of recognized sensitives, especially if all the involuntary writers are to be included under that term. I have come to regret that throughout the first edition I called them "heteromatic" writers. I had little more right to call them heteromatic than Myers had to call them automatic: for either term connotes an opinion, and I hardly had any, while I presumed to think that Myers's opinion would have been better expressed by my term than by his. Lately I have simply used the term "involuntary."

It begins to look as if the capacity for involuntary writing exists in some degree in everybody, just as Sir William Crookes believed many years ago that some telekinetic power exists in everybody. Involuntary writers and ouija board operators are turning up everywhere. The publishers are overwhelmed with their manuscripts, not one in ten of which gets printed. They range all the way from books claiming to be written by Shakespere, down to alleged utterances from recent average earth-dwellers.

These books generally agree in beginning with some very natural-appearing communication from ostensible denizens of the next plane, reminiscent of their life with friends here. The conversations are sometimes very interesting, and tend to convince the reader that the communications are what they purport to be. Next, generally, they proceed to some particulars of the life beyond. In the main features, these agree with each other to an extent strongly suggestive of actuality. Next, however, the communicators, whoever or whatever they may be, generally go on to morality and theology; and here, as always, agreement begins to disappear: each goes "thon's" own way, said way generally being that of the writer's traditional imaginings

and "beliefs." Some of it is pretty good, and most of it is very bad—its philosophy cheap, and the theology and mythology traditional and commonplace. Writers who, in the presence of interested sitters, produce matter appropriate, sensible, dramatic, and full of verisimilitude, when alone run into all the vain imaginings—such as metempsychosis—that have been made in disregard or ignorance of Biology. Psychology, in short, of Evolution, and even of Psychical Research; and they produce reams of sentimental twaddle—about ether vibrations, mother love, moonlight, and "search for truth" without giving any truth whatever not already known to everybody.

And yet in saying all this, I am struck for the thousandth time with the absurdity of attempting to gauge the spiritual needs of others by one's own: for I had in mind Mrs. Cameron's *Seven Purposes*, and I just learn that the part of that excellent book which I thought of least importance, has so appealed to the public that the publishers have reprinted it separately.

These involuntary writers are among all orders and conditions of men—and more especially of women. Many are of the very best. As an example of the state of affairs, I was lately invited to meet at luncheon at the house of a leading scientific man, Miss S., an involuntary writer whose productions had greatly impressed him. I found her a dear little girl in the twenties, whose family I had known for two generations before her own. She wrote some statements of alleged experience from an alleged William James, which, if true, could easily be confirmed, and which one of his sons says cannot be confirmed at all. I shall have another word to say about Miss S. later.

Unfortunately the greater part of the exaltations that appear in the involuntary writing are the exaltations of minds that "mistake aspiration for inspiration." This tends to give one a distaste for the whole subject. The worst of it is that it dulls one's interest in the material that is of real significance and worthy of anybody's study. The twaddle, if published, which not a tenth of it is, falls into the hands of the skeptical, is taken to be a fair specimen of what

Psychical Research is busy over, and alienates intelligent readers.

A striking feature of involuntary writing in general is that its merit varies substantially in proportion with the voluntary literary capacity of the writers. Mrs. Curran, the "medium" of Patience Worth, was heralded as never before having written anything but ordinary correspondence; but a friend of hers told me that for years the friend had been glad to give up any engagement she could, for the sake of hearing Mrs. Curran tell a story. Moreover she said that a strong feature of Mrs. Curran's stories was her extraordinary capacity as a mimic of dialect.

The other leading involuntary writers, including Mrs. Verrall "Mrs. Holland," Mrs. Cameron, and Mrs. Travers-Smith, are all people of marked literary capacity, and on the other hand, the mass of involuntary writing containing little but nonsense, is the work of people who could voluntarily write little else.

In all the arts we recognize moments of inspiration, and the moments of involuntary writing are akin to these; Mrs. Curran shows it in a slightly strained expression of countenance when she is at the ouija board; and Miss S., though she seems in excellent health, and thinks her involuntary writing does her good, nevertheless when she takes up her pencil, has a nervous twitching of her arm, slaps down her periods from a height of eight or ten inches, and always into the right spot, and from the same height makes nervous jerks at the paper in moments of hesitation or apparent perplexity on the part of the alleged communicator.

There seem to be various degrees of hypnotism from some source through the ouija board, and even through the writing pad. But for that matter, comparatively few writers can compose well without its gentle aid to concentration.

All this points to some auto-hypnotic stimulation producing the involuntary writing, and is against accounting for it by the spiritistic hypothesis as usually conceived. But perhaps it admits the spiritistic hypothesis somewhat enlarged: certainly there are things in the writings of Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Travers-Smith, not to speak of earlier sensitives, that make it very hard to get away entirely from that hypothesis.

Yet it is very hard for us to take the perfectly rational step of conceiving a postcarnate intelligence different from an incarnate intelligence, because we know so little of what to conceive. But we do know something. And here is a temptation to reiterate once more the groping impression that always comes over me in connection with this subject. Its statement in various forms and connections may help us to clearer notions of it. The discovery of telepathy enables us to conceive of an intelligence with much closer and wider relations to minds outside of itself than incarnate intelligences have. When we have groped to this conception, we are nearer one form of the guess of inspiration—of the cosmic soul flowing through the individual, in such channels as Nature may have vouchsafed him—these channels constituting his individuality. And this guess gains some clearness and probability from the inability professed by some recent writers to conceive of matter, force, and mind as disconnected with each other—to conceive of even a particle of star dust without its modicum of force and mind. These guesses lead to the farther one that mind, like force and matter, is constantly flowing through us. And here we are back to the collateral guess that mind never dies. This guess, however, looks mightily like a generalization from observed facts. With this ammunition in your belt, start, if you please, to account for involuntary writing by the only visible alternate to the spiritistic hypothesis, namely, that by some process—auto-hypnotization or what you please, the involuntary writer gets, not a spirit, but her “subliminal intelligence” to write. Now perhaps the best guess at that subliminal intelligence is that it is such inflow as her constitution permits, of the Cosmic Soul, and that the Cosmic Soul contains, among other things, a telepathic blending of all postcarnate intelligences. And when, perhaps at the instance—telepathic, unconsciously telepathic if you please—of the sitter, the medium opens her soul for the discarnate intelligence, it sometimes flows in. And sometimes it does not: hers may not be the right channels, the discarnate intelligence may not be in the flowing mood, or there may be other difficulties.

Or there may be a flow of the same sort of stuff, only less

purposeful, that comes in our ordinary unauto-hypnotized experience—that led Landor to write the *Imaginary Conversations*, or other writers to write similar things. When the same sort of thing gets into a sensitive, if the sensitive is a gifted one, the result may be the Patience Worth books; and if an ordinary person, we get the piles of worthless MSS. already alluded to.

If the impressions of the involuntary writers do come more or less pell-mell from all the minds of the universe, or at least all that have ever been directly connected with our planet, it would be strange if the proportion of nonsense in the impressions were not very large. And yet in this connection, Mrs. Vernon makes a suggestion well worth considering. As such coherent and evidential matter as has come in our sittings has virtually all grown up out of fragments that at first seemed disjointed, so she believes that the apparent nonsense consists of disconnected and partial fragments which, if completed, would make sense. That, however, does not account for the bookfuls of *consecutive* nonsense. And yet there's almost as much difference of taste regarding serious nonsense as regarding humorous nonsense: as I said before: a part of Mrs. Cameron's very good book that seemed to me nearest to serious nonsense, is the very part of which there has been a public demand for a separate reprint.

But be all that as it may, it is certain that among the mass of sense and nonsense in all the books, there are many passages of sense, and not only of sense, but of a high order of intelligence, and not seldom of eloquence and pathos. James, up to the last, was skeptical of the spiritistic hypothesis because of the sacerdotal twaddle and inconsistent claims of personality in the Imperator gang. In his mind he permitted that to balance the coherence, naturalness, and veridicity of the ostensible communications from his friends Hodgson and G. P. Now to demand a different attitude in this, may or may not be to demand the attitude of the curate who, when breakfasting with his bishop, assured him that in his own questionable egg "some parts were good." In other words, the question is whether, in the alleged post-carnate and extra-carnate communications, a vitiated part vitiates the whole. The analogy of the egg, however, is not

altogether a fortunate one: for there, a vitiated part does vitiate the whole; but with virtually all commentators who know what they are talking about, the defective psychic parts do not necessarily vitiate the sound ones: on the contrary, virtually everybody with knowledge enough to be entitled to an opinion thinks that all the apparently sound matter is worth most serious consideration; and those who know most, have nearly all come to the spiritistic hypothesis, and probably would rather substitute for the egg analogy, that of the nuggets of gold, however irregular their shapes, which are found amid masses of worthless matter. No two sensitives are alike, and even the best of them color their impressions by their individualities. For all these reasons, does it not seem justifiable to accept the apparently veridical matter at its face value, and leave the rest alone unless called up by other developments?

Now to give a little of the best in these books:

The following speaks for itself. It is from Mr. Arthur Hill's *Man Is a Spirit*. He says it

"is contributed by a gentleman who takes the name of Captain James Burton. He is the same medium (amateur) through whose communications the position of the buried ruins at Glastonbury have recently been located. 'A week after my father's funeral I was writing a business letter, when something seemed to intervene between my hand and the motor centers of my brain, and the hand wrote at an amazing rate a letter, signed with my father's signature and purporting to come from him. I was upset, and my right side and arm became cold and numb. For a year after this, letters came frequently, and always at unexpected times. I never knew what they contained until I examined them with a magnifying-glass: they were microscopic. And they contained a vast amount of matter with which it was impossible for me to be acquainted. . . . Unknown to me, my mother, who was staying some sixty miles away, lost her pet dog, which my father had given her. The same night I had a letter from him condoling with her, and stating that the dog was now with him. (All things which love us and are necessary to our happiness in the world are with us here.) A most sacred secret, known to no one but my father and mother, concerning a matter which occurred years before I was born, was afterwards told me in the script, with the comment: "Tell your mother this, and she will know that it is I, your father, who am writing." My

mother had been unable to accept the possibility up to now, but when I told her this she collapsed and fainted. From that moment the letters became her greatest comfort, for they were lovers during the forty years of their married life, and his death almost broke her heart.

“As for myself, I am as convinced that my father, in his original personality, still exists, as if he were still in his study with the door shut. He is no more dead than he would be were he living in America.

“I have compared the diction and vocabulary of these letters with those employed in my own writing—I am not unknown as a magazine contributor—and I find no points of similarity between the two.”

Of books on Involuntary Writing I know none superior to Mrs. Travers-Smith's *Voices from the Void*. Yet there are no “voices,” and the words, whatever their source, certainly do not come from a “void.” With memories of James and Myers and Hodgson and Mrs. Verrall, not to speak of the living, I am yet tempted to say that the best hundred pages yet written on *Psychical Research* are in this little book. But of course such superlatives express only impressions of the moment. What Sir William Barrett thinks, was shown by his writing an introduction, and, perhaps I may be permitted to say, sending me a copy. To many readers of these lines, the fact that the author is the daughter of Edward Dowden will be introduction enough. The book boils down an active and varied experience of six years into a hundred moderate pages, and it is all very interesting as well as instructive and suggestive.

It relates many experiences of the ouija board, of a sort hitherto, so far as I know, unsuspected. Beside several vivid controls known when living to the sitters, it presents several interesting and vivid ones that, like the Emperor group, are apparently fictitious. One of the fundamental classifications in the sciences growing out of *Physical Research* seems to be that of controls and communicators into identifiable and non-identifiable. The first will include those known to have had an earth life, and the second those not known to have had one.

I append a few extracts from Mrs. Travers-Smith, hoping that they may send you to the book itself. In two or three instances I have connected kindred ones from different parts

of the book, and changed a word here and there to facilitate condensation.

"Messages vary according to the communicator, and the handwriting changes as different personalities appear.

"For some unknown reason [involuntary writing] leads in certain cases to continual pain in the arm, an irresistible desire to write, nervous upset, and consequent physical prostration.

"Automatism awakes in the medium supernormal powers which he or she does not possess in the normal state. I have seen automatic drawing executed by persons who, in their normal state, were without either artistic taste or training, which would do credit to an art student of many years' standing. [Compare, my dreams, pp. 885-9. H.H.] Successful experiments in so-called psychometry may be made in this way, and a faculty for prevision undoubtedly shows itself sometimes. Of course it is an open question whether these powers are merely awakened in the medium, or whether an external influence is at work. . . . It is, I think, not advisable that an experimenter should advance any positive opinion on this subject. I am quite convinced that he or she is in a supernormal state when sitting, and consequently is handicapped in criticizing results."

"Communicators may either have passed over or merely be asleep or drowsy. [Instances of the latter, as well as the usual ones, are given. H.H.]"

"As a rule we find controls most unwilling to submit to tests of any kind; indeed, they are as indignant at such a suggestion as one might expect a person to be who walked into a drawing-room and was subjected to a personal examination by his host. [Contrary to my reading and observation. H.H.]"

"At the second or third sitting of the circle . . . Peter Rooney made his appearance. . . . He used various movements on the board to express his feelings—love, hate, pleasure, annoyance, surprise, etc. We became quite familiar with these movements, and, blindfolded as we always were, we quite realized Peter's changes of mood. . . . Peter begins by a very careful examination of the alphabet; he moves in and out between the letters until he has traversed the entire board, and in case the letters are not in the usual order [The author used a table covered with glass, under which she placed movable cards bearing the letters. H.H.] he notes the fact carefully. He is most sensitive to noise. . . . He is most impatient, and makes no allowance for any hesitation on the part of the person reading and noting down his messages, addressing the unfortunate individual. . . . as 'Fool!' if he asks that a word or sentence be repeated."

"Peter is very fond of telepathic experiments. He used to ask the people present to choose a number or a letter or even

a word unknown to the sitters, and to write it on a piece of paper, and hold it under the ouija table out of their range of vision. The traveler [the little board on which the hands are placed. H.H.] would then make a sudden dive over to the place where the paper was held, examine it most carefully by dipping over the table, touching the paper on which the numbers were written, and generally dart back to the correct letters or numbers on the board... If a letter is laid under the glass, the traveler goes over, examines it carefully, rubbing the glass above the writing several times, darts back, begins generally by mentioning the sex of the writer, then by degrees and with many careful examinations of the writing gives a character sketch which generally proves fairly correct... Unless a medium is present who has the quality necessary for blindfold sitting, he seldom comes."

"A control who is an entire contrast to Peter... calls himself 'Eyen,' and says he was an Egyptian priest [Egyptian priests are almost as pervasive as Indian maidens—and braves. H.H.] attracted to the sittings at my house by the fact that I possess a piece of serecloth in which his mummy was wrapped. Eyen is not a test control like Peter; he cannot do any ouija-work with blindfold sitters; he avoids all experiments as quite beneath him. He is extremely sentimental, much inclined to flatter his mediums, and most untrustworthy in his statements and in the controls he professes to send us, who generally prove to be Eyen himself in fancy dress... I have known him to 'block the telephone,' as he calls it, for a month at a time, and exclude any communications except his own; the only means we have found useful in driving him away has been to hypnotize both mediums, and suggest that Eyen should not be permitted to speak... I had repeatedly tried automatic writing without success. One evening about three or four months after he appeared, Eyen told me he had brought a spirit-light for me, and that I was to give mine to the friend who sat with me, who had none... that Eyen would put his hand on my head, and I was to place my hand on the head of my friend... 'You will soon find you can do automatic writing, and your friend will perhaps draw automatically.' On the next occasion on which we sat... automatic writing came through quite easily to me. The drawing also was successful to a certain extent; the subjects Eyen permitted to come through were very limited! At first only mummies were drawn, and later what Eyen called 'Nile flowers.'... Eyen has proved a fraud and a liar in most ways... More than once he has spelt out most sensational tales."

"The next control who occurs to me calls himself Astor... He dives across that table towards me, and presses the traveler

against my arm, as if contact with me gave him insight into my mental state... He has predicted some quite unforeseen events in a most remarkable way. In one case he made what seemed a rash and absurd prophecy about a business affair of my own, at which I laughed, I remember, but within a week this totally unlikely event came true... He is a much more rational creature than Peter or Eyen....."

"'Shamar' says she was a Hindu, and that she is my spirit guide, Eyen being merely 'the guide of my Astral'!... She has been very faithful in bringing me interesting communicators. She is quite different from Peter, Eyen, and Astor. She has no sense of humor; she never indulges in anything of an imaginative nature; she never foretells future events... Both Astor and Shamar have remarkable gifts for elucidating the history of objects placed on the board... Peter, Astor, and Shamar have always the same personalities, and we can count on the communicators each will call up for us."

"Why should any influence—control or communicator—be attracted to the séance-room?... This is a question I almost invariably put to controls and communicators, and their replies... are almost always the same... that a bright light attracted them... When I am sitting myself, and ask, 'What attracted you to this room?' the answer generally is, 'I saw a woman wrapped in flame.' Sometimes they describe a brilliant light on the head of the medium, but as psychic strength increases, the light seems to envelop the whole body... I often ask the communicator when several persons are present: 'How many people can you see in this room?' Generally the reply is: 'I can see only you.' But if any particularly sensitive person is there, the traveler moves toward him, and, apparently has a good look at him, says he can see him dimly, as if in a mist. Voices, other than the medium's, seem difficult to hear.

"I have observed that controls, when in doubt about some fact concerning one of the sitters or anyone else present... dart across toward the person in question... press against his arm, or is obviously glad if his hand is laid for a moment on the indicator."

"Each control seems to have his or her private circle of acquaintances... and if you can 'tell a man by his friends,' you can do so in the case of controls. Sir Hugh Lane never comes through any control but Peter Rooney... Eyen's communicators are most untrustworthy... whereas Shamar's circle is an interesting one. She... takes some time to find them."

"I believe that no clairvoyant vision comes except in a state of semi-hypnosis... I am inclined to think that these impressions come from source external to the medium, who may

have the past or present in his or her subconsciousness, but so far as we know cannot have the future. No psychic subject is more difficult than that of prevision."

"..... One meets certain controls who... possess the marvelous quality of looking into the future. [I am very skeptical. Coincidence accounts for a great deal. H.H.].... Allowing that we are in any way agents in determining our own fate, how does the clairvoyant foretell our destiny, which is as yet undetermined?... I have had my past and present pictured most accurately and my future for four years ahead, and this reading included the most unlikely and important events. [The author gives several illustrations. H.H.].... Unless in exceptional cases, the 'fortune-teller' seldom foresees great public events, such as the war."

"I should be glad to give hope and comfort to those who have suffered during the past four years.... All that I can tell them conscientiously is that I believe the spirits of those who have gone out into darkness live on, and for a time, at least, preserve their memory of earth.

"I am not by any means convinced, but I am inclined to believe that under certain unexplained conditions we are able to communicate with the dead....."

"If I may venture to advise persons who long to speak once more with those they have loved who have vanished into darkness, I should say it is wise and sane not to make the attempt. The chances against genuine communication are ten to one; the disappointments and doubts connected with the experiment are great.

"So now that I have arrived at my final words, I feel I cannot have satisfied anyone; not the eager believer—for any faith I possess rests on very small foundations; not the keen student of psychic matters—for I cannot say that I think these studies should absorb anyone while the world provides work to be done which brings in so much richer results; and not the determined skeptic—for my inclination is to smile at him as one would at an obstinate child; not to argue with him, but to leave him firm in his faith, for he is the really credulous person—the true believer in himself who never pauses to consider our limitations."

The taste which I have given, of this exceptional book, by no means does justice to its interest, still less to its power to entertain and amuse. I do hope however that I will have made you realize the author's exceptionally judicial temper.

Among other recent books highly worthy of attention are *The Gate of Remembrance* and *The Hill of Vision*

by Frederick Bligh Bond. The author is an eminent architect who was in charge of certain excavations at Glastonberry Abbey, and was sorely perplexed regarding the foundation of a certain chapel, to point out which all tradition failed. In 1907 his friend, Mr. John Alleyne, an involuntary writer, gave him a plan and explanations which purported to come from former denizens of the abbey, and which guided him to the object of his search. Their communications were in early English and monkish Latin, in neither of which languages, I understand, was the writer versed. They are also very quaint and interesting in themselves. These are published in *The Gate of Remembrance*.

The Hill of Vision contains a set of involuntary writings from the same hand in 1909-12, and also in 1918, the first set prophesying the war, and the last set prophesying its close, naming the conclusive day, August 26, 1918, and also prophesying the chaos in Russia and elsewhere that has followed the war.

Our old friend Emperor showed up occasionally, butting in among the monkish writers, in what Mr. Bond calls "masterful aspect," and Mr. Ralph Adams Cram (of Boston), who coöperated in preparing the volume, calls "him a somewhat dominating and even irritable personality." The involuntary writer, Mr. Alleyne, had never heard of him, but Mr. Bond had read him up in Stainton Moses, and may have involuntarily passed him on to Mr. Alleyne. He functions this time as Augustus Cæsar, and with a lot of mystical characters, not our old friends Rector, Doctor, and the rest, gives the prophecies. I don't find his old sign of the cross anywhere in the book.

In spite of him, however, the book is interesting, and entirely different from its equally interesting companion. I have given an entirely inadequate idea of them, but refer you to them with great confidence.

Although Mr. Cram believes the communications in these books came from postcarnate intelligences, a belief that the intelligences are complete personalities would be at variance with some of his firmly-held preconceptions regarding immortality. Therefore he believes that they came from some sort of surviving separate memories, and thinks he finds

evidence for his ideas in the communications themselves. For a fuller exposition of this novel theory, you must hunt in the books themselves.

In addition to the innate probability of much of the individual testimony, geometrically increasing weight of course is due to any concurrence that there may be between individuals. In one respect the concurrence has lately become very impressive. As already said, the mediums had for the first time presented us with a rational heaven. The testimony through them has enormously increased of late, and has all fundamentally stuck to the same heaven. It has been colored, like all such testimony, by the tastes and superstitions of the mediums, but it has almost uniformly stuck to the assertion that death is only a matter of *coelum non animum**—that we start there the same that we leave here, with the powers and sensibilities that we have cultivated here, and with the feeble ones that we have neglected or vitiated; and that we pursue much the same sort of life there that we have pursued here, but without the sufferings and temptations due to our mortal bodies, and with opportunities free from many of our mortal limitations. Beneath all the contradictions and absurdities in the vast and rapidly increasing mass of testimony, this current steadily flows—so steadily that it has attracted the attention of virtually all intelligent observers.

While this cloud of witnesses has been accumulating, students of their testimony have been deeply impressed by its coherence and mutual support. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle thus sums it up (*The New Revelation*, pp. 28-9, 63-4, 69-70, 73-4, 107-11):

“When... we find a very great uniformity in the messages and an agreement as to details which are not at all in accordance with any pre-existing scheme of thought, then I think the presumption of truth is very strong. It is difficult to think that some fifteen or twenty messages from various sources of which I have personal notes, all agree and yet are all wrong’.....

“They agree that like goes to like, that all who love or who have interests in common are united, that life is full of interest and of occupation, and that they would by no means desire to

* *Coleum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.* They change the sky but not the soul who rush across the sea.—*Horace.*

return. All of this is surely tidings of great joy, and I repeat that it is not a vague faith or hope, but that it is supported by all the laws of evidence, which agree that where many independent witnesses give a similar account, that account has a claim to be considered a true one. If it were an account of glorified souls purged instantly from all human weakness, and of a constant ecstasy of adoration round the throne of the all powerful, it might well be suspected as being the mere reflection of that popular theology which all the mediums had equally received in their youth. It is, however, very different to any pre-existing system. It is also supported... by the fact that the accounts are the ultimate product of a long series of phenomena, all of which have been attested as true by those who have carefully examined them.....

"The life has a close analogy to that of this world at its best. It is pre-eminently a life of the mind, as this is of the body. Preoccupations of food, money, lust, pain, etc., are of the body and are gone. Music, the Arts, intellectual and spiritual knowledge, and progress have increased.... These new forms are the absolute reproduction of the old ones at their best, the young growing up and the old reverting until all come to the normal. ... the male spirit still finds his true mate though there is no sexuality in the grosser sense, and no child-birth.... How close is the connection between kindred souls over there is shown by the way in which Myers, Gurney, and Roden Noel, all friends and co-workers on earth, sent messages together through Mrs. Holland, who knew none of them, each message being characteristic to those who knew the men in life—or the way in which Professor Verrall and Professor Butcher, both famous Greek scholars, collaborated to produce the Greek problem which has been analyzed by Mr. Gerald Balfour in *The Ear of Dionysius*, with the result that that excellent authority testified that the effect *could* have been attained by no other entities, save only Verrall and Butcher. It may be remarked in passing that these and other examples show clearly either that the spirits have the use of an excellent reference library or else that they have memories which produce something like omniscience.

"Accounts of life in the next phase, though derived from the most varied and independent sources, are still in essential agreement.... I have read three fresh independent descriptions which again confirm the point. One is the account given by 'A King's Counsel,' in his recent book, *I Heard a Voice*.... A second is the little book *The Light on the Future*.... The other came in a private letter from Mr. Hubert Wales... a cautious and rather skeptical inquirer who had put away his results with incredulity (he had received them through his own automatic writing). On reading my account of the conditions described in the beyond, he hunted up his own old script....

He says: 'After reading your article, I was struck, almost startled, by the circumstance that the statements which had purported to be made to me regarding conditions after death coincided—I think almost to the smallest detail—with those you set out as the result of your collation of material obtained from a great number of sources. I cannot think there was anything in my antecedent reading to account for this coincidence... the *Proceedings* of the S. P. R. which I had read at that time, do not touch, as you know, upon after-death conditions.'

They do not often touch directly, but their many implications are in astonishingly close agreement with all the more direct ostensible testimonies. Mr. Wales continues:

".....in this persisting state of existence, they have bodies which, though imperceptible by our senses, are as solid to them as ours to us, that these bodies are based on the general characteristics of our present bodies, but beautified; that they have no age, no pain, no rich and poor... that, after a period which is usually shorter than the average life-time here, they pass to some further state of existence; that people of similar thoughts, tastes, and feelings, gravitate together... that a painful death is 'absolutely unknown.'... 'Work' with us has come usually to mean 'work to live,' and that, I was emphatically informed, was not the case with them—that all the requirements of life were somehow mysteriously 'provided.'... I gathered that people begin there at the point of intellectual and moral development where they leave off here."

But in spite of all this, Dr. Hyslop, who knows the literature perhaps as well as anybody, says (*Contact with the Other World*, 384):

"There is no agreement in communications from the dead about their life. The disagreement is as great as it is about philosophic views among the living. Perhaps there is no literature in which contradictory conceptions of spiritual existence are more numerous than in the real or alleged descriptions in spiritualistic records."

The inconsistency seems to be in his perhaps inadvertent use of the words "their life": His context seems to imply that he means their *ideas*, and refers to the vagaries of the involuntary writers on which I am animadvertent a dozen pages back; and he goes on to refer to these ideas as partly brought over from the present life, partly originating in the

sensitives, and even where sitters are present, reflected from them.

Now I go beyond the limits indicated by the title of this chapter, to call attention to some of the most remarkable recent cases, which I recommend to your attention, but for the particulars of which I have no room.

The American Society has distinguished itself by one report of some 2,500 pages, in three volumes, on a single case—that of “Doris Fisher”—a young woman in whom, in childhood, blows and other shocks developed several personalities. The first two volumes of the report tell the self-sacrificing, ingenious, and successful methods by which Dr. Walter Franklin Prince effected a cure, and the third volume reports the experiences of Dr. Hyslop with Doris, including some with her as sitter before his medium, Mrs. Chenswith. In these sittings many people, from Doris’s mother back to Cagliostro, “manifested,” sometimes in very interesting ways, sometimes in ways that, in a faith less insatiable than Dr. Hyslop’s, would tempt to skepticism and even ridicule. Parts of the Cagliostro record suggest a witches’ sabbath, while some of the other records are reasonable, probable, and often pathetic. Dr. Prince cured the girl, however, by mere scientific methods, without using any incantations against Cagliostro and his evil crew, who professed to be the causes of her trouble.

Another very remarkable, and so far as I know, unprecedented case is the Gifford-Thompson one, reported at length in the American Proceedings, and summarized in Dr. Hyslop’s *Contact with the Other World*. Thompson was a New York goldsmith who was “inspired” to paint pictures that bore an astounding resemblance to some by R. Swain Gifford that Thompson had never seen.

Were it not for the beautiful example of philanthropy combined with high scientific skill shown in Dr. Prince’s report, perhaps the thousands of pages of the Doris Fisher case would make no stronger appeal to the average reader

than do the seventy-two pages in the English Pr. S. P. R.'s parts LXXIII and LXXIV in Vol. XXIX, which contain "The Ear of Dionysius" by the Right Honorable Gerald Balfour, with a discussion of it by Miss Stowell and a rejoinder by Mr. Balfour. It is perhaps the strongest single argument for the spiritistic hypothesis known to me outside of my own experience; and it would not be easy to find more "good reading" anywhere in contemporary literature.

Before leaving the subject of the S. P. R., I wish to call attention to its continued unsurpassably high character. Since it was treated of in my first edition, its presidents have included Bergson, Gilbert Murray, and Lord Rayleigh.

And now to close, Greek-period fashion, with the initial and dominant subject of the chapter. I am skeptical of the value of anybody's generalizations regarding the flood of involuntary writing, but I will summarize those I have so far been able to form, in the hope that they may at least stimulate those of somebody else, and perhaps ultimately be found to contain some links of the truth.

I. The capacity for involuntary writing probably exists in everybody.

II. The involuntary writer's condition is, at the time, super-usual.

III. The writing consists of everything from meaningless marks and disjointed letters and syllables up to lengthy, coherent, and well balanced works of literature, like the productions of "Patience Worth"; and also works of graphic art, like the Gifford-Thompson paintings. This variety suggests, by analogy at least, the cosmic inflow.

IV. While the involuntary writers generally agree pretty well regarding the general life on the *next* plane, regarding planes after that they often run off into their traditional ideas of Heaven; and they generally exude, regarding all the planes, a lot of their traditional theologies, mythologies, and moralities.

V. The quality of the involuntary writing generally varies as the writer's capacity in ordinary writing or discourse.

VI. The nonsense should not be made to offset the sense.

VII. The medium's mind is sometimes plainly dominant, especially in literary compositions, which generally vary in merit in proportion to the writer's capacity when writing

voluntarily. This of course suggests the involuntary writing being due merely to an increase in the sort of cosmic inflow that seems to be the basis of voluntary writing.

VIII. The sitter's mind is sometimes plainly dominant. No. 7 of *The Unpopular Review* contains reports of a number of sittings held by a young student of Philosophy, where a still younger wife was the involuntary writer, and William James the ostensible communicator. As would be expected, the sitter dominated—more than in any writing which I recall. I have seen two books by professional authors, each based on the utterances of a sensitive, where apparently the authors, perhaps involuntarily, hypnotized the sensitives, and developed in them the controls and all that the controls had to say. One of the sensitives developed much apparent psychometry with articles supplied by the author, which was little if anything more than telepathy of what the author already knew of the objects. So was much prevision regarding matters the author had been considering. With a long enough wait, some of the previsions were of course realized and noted, while those not realized were forgotten. Most involuntary writing is this sort of stuff.

IX. An ostensible excarnate mind seems sometimes plainly dominant, as Frederick's in *The Seven Purposes*, Claude's in *Claude's Book*, and X's in *Letters from a Living Dead Man*. etc., etc. Here, of course, is the crux of the whole subject. And after much is disposed of by the other considerations, under this one there is much left which no other solution yet offered fits as closely as does the spiritistic hypothesis.

X. All these facts seem to fit in with the guesses suggested by virtually all the other forms of the Cosmic Inflow we have been investigating.

Journalists are getting hold of these records and making books of them, often editing the records to conform with the journalist's ideas of taste and fitness, and with the confessed purpose of making entertaining reading, in disregard of the supremely momentous problems involved. Such books of course are very apt to mislead investigators, especially the new and unskilled, and to add to the laborious weeding out imposed upon the skilled—so far as there are yet any who could be called skilled, even by themselves.

CHAPTER LX

FINAL SUMMARY

(Modified from the first edition.)

Now to sum up the bearing of all that we have been over, upon our Cosmic Relations, and our hopes of immortality.

However we interpret it, those relations are certainly wider, at least among living men, than they were a generation ago. Whether they are longer than they then appeared to many, is not so clear. The hopes, however, are certainly greater.

The five years since the first edition have intensified my conviction that intimate acquaintance with that other world while we are denizens of this one, would be counter to the whole system which Nature has provided for our development. One constantly hears or reads the objection to the spiritistic hypothesis: "They tell us nothing of any use." Of course they don't—nothing is plainer than that we were put here to find out the things of "use" for ourselves. True, the controls do not give us tips for the stock exchange. They could give them, if at all, to both sides, to the buyer to buy and the holder not to sell, and so simply offset each other; or counsels of war, which would also offset each other; but they do tell us things which, though not of "use," in the sense of material utilities, are, if we believe them, of great use in the development of philosophy and character; and it even seems permitted to great love in great exigencies, to help that development directly.

Though they tell us nothing more than that they are there, happy and growing and waiting for us, and that we are to carry with us such mind and character as we develop here, they tell us, what is of more value than could be all possible recipes for comfort, and even for learning and for art: for unless we had to work out those things ourselves, we would be as nothing, and the whole purpose of the Universe, so far as we can divine it, would come to naught.

If the phenomena of "mediumship" and the "spiritistic" interpretation of them are to be judged by the pragmatic test, they stand higher than any truths we find in our laboratories. These last minister directly only to the body and the mechanical intellect, and through it, reach only indirectly the higher emotions, while the sensitives give us much through which sorrow is soothed, hope is sanctified, conscience is stimulated, and effort is encouraged. Many people have been lifted from hopeless deadening misery, and led into natural living through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Vernon and Mr. T. and Mrs. Cameron, to speak only of the mediums I know; and even my own uninspired labors in the earlier edition of this book, have been rewarded by assurances that they had saved two despairing mourners from suicide. Many people of exceptional intelligence and even exceptional skepticism have taken from the sittings the conviction that they have conversed with friends who had left their mortal bodies, and who were happy in a continued intelligent and active existence, free from the infirmities of the physical life we know; reacting with the universe much as they reacted here, only more widely; surrounded by those whom they had loved and lost; watching over those they had left behind, and exultantly happy in being able to communicate with them, and expecting to be rejoined by them. But the records contain little more—little to relieve man from the blessed necessity of eating his bread, intellectual as well as material, in the sweat of his face; and, perhaps more important still, little to make the interests or responsibilities of this life weaker because of any realized and haunting inferiority to those of a possible later life.

It would apparently be inconsistent in Nature, or God, if you prefer, to start our evolution under earthly conditions, educating us in knowledge and character through labor and suffering, but at the same time throwing open to our perceptions, from another life, a wider range of knowledge and character attainable without labor or suffering.

Yes, certainly, if the apparent purport of all these new and strange phenomena—what they reveal, and what they do not—is an illusion, it is certainly a blest illusion; but so far as the pragmatic test is to be relied upon, and not the pragmatic test alone, it is not an illusion.

I have no time or space or inclination to argue with those who deny a plan in Nature. He who does, probably lives away from Nature. It appears to have been a part of that plan that for a long time past most of us should "believe in" immortality, and that, at least until very lately, none of us should know anything about it. Confidence in immortality has been a dangerous thing. So far, we haven't all made a very good use of it. Many of the people who have had most of it, and busied themselves most with it, so to speak, have largely transferred their interests to the other life, and neglected and abused this one. "Other-worldliness" is a well-named vice, and positive evidence of immortality might be even more dangerous than mere confidence in it has been.

In line with the suggestion that interest in another world competes with life here, I have been struck with a remarkable circumstance that may be significant or merely accidental. The early active members of the S. P. R. were Moses, Gurney, Sidgwick, Myers, Barrett, Lodge, Crookes, Hodgson, Podmore, and James. Barrett, Lodge, and Crookes are given to Physical Science, and with them the mediumistic and speculative business has been a side issue. They survive full of years and honors.* Of the others, every man is dead, and not one of them reached his three score years and ten.

Perhaps I may properly add that of all the work I have ever attempted (except mathematics beyond my capacity, and that portion of what is called philosophy which may be equally so, but which seems to me mere word-mongering), I have found no work so trying as the psychic portions of this book: the sense of doubt and insecurity that haunts almost every sentence makes writing, and especially revision, immeasurably more anxious and laborious than I ever knew them in any other connection. While the study of recognized evolution and telekinesis was a pleasure, the sense of labor came and increased as I progressed toward the questions of the other life. James wrote somewhere that at times he had come absolutely to hate the whole thing. I would often have felt the same way, but for some experiences that James did not have, and in revising the proofs I realize that I have at last

* Crookes died five years after this was written.

come occasionally to share the feeling. After a longer confinement to the work than you are apt to suppose, my desire to get back to the studies of our usual life is like the desire to get from the fog into the sunlight.

All this, I think, supports the notion that whatever, if anything, is in store for us beyond this life, it would be a self-destructive scheme of things (or Scheme of Things, if you prefer) that would throw the future life into farther competition with our interests here, at least before we are farther evolved here. For one, while I am glad to be confident of the after life, I am perfectly content to wait patiently for fuller knowledge, and for the reconciliation of what appear to be the main probabilities, with whatever appears inconsistent with them.

How much these studies did to kill their leading devotees before old age, I don't know. Neither do I know that such a result was not the best possible reward of their devotion. Hodgson at least believed that it would be. It all calls to mind the relation of martyrdom to earlier religions.

So much for the effect of their labors. As to the effect of their faiths, James says (*Memories and Studies*, 194-5) :

“When I hear good people say (as they often say, not without show of reason), that dabbling in such phenomena reduces us to a sort of jelly, disintegrates the critical faculties, liquefies the character, and makes of one a *gobe-mouche* generally, I console myself by thinking of my friends Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson. These men lived exclusively for psychical research, and it converted both to spiritism. Hodgson would have been a man among men anywhere; but I doubt whether under any other baptism he would have been that happy, sober, and righteous form of energy which his face proclaimed him in his later years, when heart and head alike were wholly satisfied by his occupation. Myers' character also grew stronger in every particular for his devotion to the same inquiries. Brought up on literature and sentiment, something of a courtier, passionate and disdainful, and impatient naturally, he was made over again from the day when he took up psychical research seriously. He became learned in science, circumspect, democratic in sympathy, endlessly patient, and above all, happy. The fortitude of his last hours touched the heroic, so completely were the atrocious sufferings of his body cast into insignificance by his interest in the cause he lived for. When a man's pursuit gradually makes his face shine and grow handsome, you may be sure

it is a worthy one. Both Hodgson and Myers kept growing ever handsomer and stronger-looking."

But nevertheless they died before their time—a case of love of the gods, perhaps.

As this is the last we shall see of James in this book, I will say here one thing that has been vainly waiting for a place.

I frequently hear it asserted that if James survives, he would be more apt to communicate than anybody else. I don't think so. Since some time before his death Mrs. Piper had not been at her best, and there is no other medium so favorably developed. Moreover, on the spiritistic hypothesis, of the three leading controls, I should consider Myers more apt, and Hodgson and George Pelham much more apt, to communicate than James, and I knew the men well—all but Myers very well. But guesses upon this point have as yet very little to go upon, and my wisdom is at best that of hindsight.

Since James's death there has been a lot of frightful drivel professing to come from him through various alleged mediums, and a little sense through some genuine ones. There has been nothing, however, which the S. P. R. has yet published; but Dr. Hyslop has published a good deal in *Pr. Am. S. P. R.*, VI, and a summary of it in *Journal VI*. He has also summarized it in his *Contact With the Other World*; and the involuntary writings by Mrs. Friend given in No. 11 of *The Unpopular Review*, bear on the same subject. I am not prepared to dissent from Professor Hyslop's opinion that it is worthy of the student's attention. James's make-up was so dominated by his magnificent intellect that, again on the spiritistic hypothesis, I would not expect him to be as effective a communicator as one in whom the emotions had more swing: little children, who are all emotion, are perhaps the best of the ostensible communicators.

By the way, I seem to have read of an authority generally considered, in Christendom, the highest, who said something about little children very congruous with this circumstance.

Now looking at history by and large, we children have not generally been trusted with edge tools before we had grown

to some sort of capacity to handle them. If the Mesopotamians or Egyptians or Greeks or Romans had had gunpowder, it looks as if they would have blown most of themselves and each other out of existence, and the rest back into primitive savagery, and stayed there until the use of gunpowder became one of the lost arts. But the new knowledge of evolution has given the modern world a new intellectual interest; and the new altruism, a new moral one. The reasons for doing one's best in this life, and doing it actively, are so much stronger and clearer than they were when so many good people could fall into asceticism and other-worldliness, that perhaps we are now fit to be trusted with proofs of an after life. It is very suggestive that these apparent proofs came cotemporaneously with the new knowledge tending to make them safe; and equally suggestive that it is when we have begun to suffer from certain breakdowns in religion, that we have been provided with new material for bracing it up.

At the opposite extreme it also is suggestive that these new indications that our present life is a petty thing beside a future one, have come just when modern science has so increased our control over material nature that, despite the salutary curbing from the war, we are in danger of having our interest in higher things buried beneath material interests, and enervated by over-indulgence in material delights.

If it be true that, roughly speaking, we are not entrusted with dangerous things before we are evolved to the point where we can keep their danger within bounds, the fact that we have not until very lately, if yet, been entrusted with any verification of the dream of the survival of bodily death, would seem to confer upon the spiritistic interpretation of the recent apparent verifications, a pragmatic sanction—an accidental embryo pun over which the historic student is welcome to a smile, and which, since the preceding clause was written, I have seen used in all seriousness by Professor Giddings. Conclusive or not, that "sanction" is certainly an addition to the arguments that existed before, including the general argument from evolution. And, so far as the phenomena go to establish the spiritistic hypothesis, surely they

are not to be lightly regarded because as yet they do not establish it more conclusively.

Now let us sum up the statements of the alleged personalities in the dreams of the sensitives, or in our own, regarding their alleged life after leaving the body. For convenience of statement I will, as before, generally assume the alleged personalities to be real, and the alleged statements to be actually made by them. But, as hitherto, this is provisional assumption, not assertion of opinion.

As already indicated, they give little knowledge of details. The only new statements of any consequence are that they still exist, with very much their old characters and interests. Whatever new kinds of interests are added to them, they not only do not tell us, but say they cannot. Whatever assurances of immortality the System of Things may permit them to give us, the System still seems to provide that, aside from that consolation and inspiration, the knowledge which makes this life here worth living must be discovered by ourselves.

There are, however, some details of their alleged post-carnate life, which, while not providing us with the philosopher's stone or any other short cut to knowledge or happiness, add to the interest and perhaps the probability of the alleged future life. At the cost of repetition let us summarize them. The communications, which have been enormously reinforced since the summary was first written, involve the following apparent conditions:

I. To begin at the beginning, many of the alleged discarnate personages say, and hardly any seem to contradict, that they enter the new life in a weak and dazed condition resulting from the enfeeblement and physical strain preceding death, and that it takes time to recover strength—even strength to “communicate”—just as it takes time to recover strength after depressions and shocks survived “in the body.”

II. This is their usual expression for the earthly life—this or some similar one contrasting their alleged disembodied state with earthly conditions. They seldom, if ever, express any contrast, in terms, between “life” and “death.” The process of death they generally speak of as “passing over,” “entering this [their] life” and similar phrases. Yet they

claim new bodies, and speak of fatigue in communicating, and even "need of air." Yet outside of liability to that fatigue, physical infirmities and pains no longer exist; the reminiscent ones are, generally but by no means always, manifested through the medium's body for alleged evidential purposes. This does not seem concurrent with fatigue of the medium.

III. In one particular the possibilities of this life are most happily expanded in ways that we can easily appreciate, and that give us wide conceptions of a rational heaven: for the emancipated ones seem to enjoy the cosmic memory. The expanded memory, however, seems generally to relate only to significant experiences, but not often to unimportant names of persons or things: otherwise the memory is usually much fuller in the communicating personalities than in their friends here who participated in the same experiences. But Mrs. Piper, Mr. T., and Mrs. Vernon are all at variance regarding this.

IV. Whatever the new opportunities may be, it seems that, the more intelligence and character have been developed here, the more able they are to use the new opportunities.

V. That life seems virtually superior to the limitations of space and time. The communicators can generally summon each other and communicate with us, almost instantaneously, regardless of what, to us, is distance.

VI. The personality there seems able to manifest itself as it was at any stage of its experience. Children manifest themselves as such, and also as having grown up since they departed. I have myself had a dream vision of a young adult still young twenty-odd years after departure; and shortly after, another vision of the same adult with more aged voice and the change in the hair that twenty years here would have produced.

VII. The life is a continuance, with a mere interruption at death, of the life here, though probably with additions not absolutely unlike those which new experience, opportunities, and outlooks give to the life here. The intellectual and emotional processes continue as here, only greatly facilitated; but with what additions we are not permitted, presumably not able, to know.

How much weight is to be attached to the fact that these manifestations bring before men for the first time an under-

standable and rational heaven? The heavens we have had before have not only been inconsistent with the universe as we know it, and with themselves, and absolutely unthinkable in connection with our present knowledge, but were generally sublimations of national or sectarian characteristics that were, like anything else, admirable only so far as they were not exaggerated. The contemplative virtues of India were exaggerated into the stagnation of Nirvana. The Greeks' civilization being based on slavery, they naturally made their heaven for their Gods alone, and consigned mere man to a very shadowy sort of future. The polygamous habits of Islam were exaggerated into the persistent orgies of the Mahometan paradise; and what shall we say, without treading on somebody's toes, of the various Christian ideals of heaven, ranging all the way from Fra Angelico's pretty stage pictures down to a perpetual camp-meeting? With the creation of these ideals, Christ himself had very little to do. Hell we will leave out, except that the lowest have a chance to work up.

The post-mortem life, then, indicated to us by the alleged participators in it, is simply this life with all its healthy interests expanded, and relieved of many of its limitations and its pains. Naturally the conditions are pronounced to a large degree inexplicable to us, but so far as we understand our own life, we can understand that one, and it has a most edifying congeniality with each man's taste, instead of the uniformity of each previous general conception, which to the holders of the other conceptions is generally loathsome. Swedenborg, who can be regarded as a precursor of the present indications, and who was unquestionably mediumistic, whatever that may ultimately be found to "mean," was perhaps the most conspicuous generalizer for any civilized world, of the Indian's very natural and rational idea of a happy hunting ground. Swedenborg's notion I know only at second hand, and it would ill accord with my idea of heaven that I should ever dig it out at first hand, though some people whom I esteem most heartily read him habitually. But I was merely told long ago, by one of his more moderately educated followers, that he taught that each man would do in heaven what he does here—that the spirit of the blacksmith would forge the spirit of the iron; the spirit of the carpenter would

fashion the spirit of the wood, and so on. I can readily presume that what he actually taught was more nearly that each man would do there what he *wants* to do here. Keep that within the bounds of rational desire, and it would probably make the best and least improbable heaven that has been turned out yet. Well, that's just about the heaven of the new controls, from those of Mrs. Piper to those of Mrs. Vernon, and though they may not be very good authorities, I don't know where to look for better ones.

It would not be a real heaven for Phinuit if he could not prescribe for people and swear at them a little, and be good to children; or for Imperator if he couldn't indulge his amiable orotundities; or for Myers if he could not quote the classics a little more than most of us can enjoy; or for good old Hodgson if he couldn't blow into a room like a breeze that would make the papers fly; or for George Pelham if he couldn't help his friends a shade beyond their need. Allowing each individual a little more elbow room than the strictest symmetries would require, such a life has the supreme merit, which I hope to be pardoned for expressing in the only phrase that really satisfies, that it has no damned nonsense about it. I have thus ventured to introduce the most dynamic word in the language into society from which superstitions have long banished it, for more reasons than one. Whatever nonsense there may be in the life depicted by the controls, final damnation is not a part of it. Though there are relics of mediums' superstitions in many places, sometimes very ludicrous ones, so far as I recall, no medium reported in the Pr. S. P. R. later than Stainton Moses gives any indication of irredeemable malevolent forces in the spiritual world, and the alleged Moses in Professor Newbold's sittings confessed having in life unconsciously colored with his own mistaken beliefs, the alleged communications through him indicative of malevolent spirits.

It is remarkable how uniformly kind and gentle the other reported communications generally are. As an illustration, while G. P. was living I occasionally saw in him a very sharp positiveness, and also credited him with a born aristocrat's Horatian hatred for the crowd; moreover, I did not regard him as particularly apt to put himself out for anybody

he was not fond of; but the communications from his alleged surviving personality show him, while abounding in other characteristics of the man as his friends here knew him, as having gained in the alleged other life an almost pathetic patience and gentleness and helpfulness toward everybody.

All this chimes in with what I have long noticed of the apparent effect of the old-fashioned everyday spiritualism on its votaries. In the little I have seen of them they have impressed me as exceptionally kindly people. And as to those above the everyday ones, remember what I have told about its effect on Hodgson, and what James says a few pages back, of the effect of the spiritistic beliefs of Hodgson and Myers.

Now, so far as one is ready to admit the absence of nonsense from the most modern of the heavens, it must seem congruous to admit it regarding the sources from which the ideal has emerged. If the heaven is reasonable, presumably the manifestations indicating it are, despite the fact that there is a good deal of mild nonsense in the human imperfections of the mediums and the controls, as in the rest of us: for, "thank God," in going to "Heaven" even the controls have not ceased to be human, and I humbly submit that as among the best features of the last heaven evolved.

But the controls all improve upon it, in one sense at least, by dwelling on the idea of progress, even for the worst of the arrivals—each control, of course, much according to his own taste, from Judge Edmonds' apocalyptic visions down to the more recent scholarly ideals of Myers and the philosophical ones of George Pelham. And that, I again humbly submit, is next to the best ideal of Heaven yet evolved—that every man, and woman too, at last is to have plenty of elbow room. This is part of the rationality of the whole business.

As there seems to be this margin for tastes in pursuits and, incidentally, companionships, why not the same in surroundings? Nobody ever imagined a heaven as beautiful as some parts of this earth. The controls indicate, whether truly or fallaciously, that though not directly evident to our senses, they are still happy on earth with vastly improved powers of enjoying the whole of it, and perhaps of enjoying other

planets as well, though that latter is thrown open to question by frequent calls for oxygen, and by "Colonel Lee's" answers to my questions. Yet there may be enough for their needs even in the interstellar spaces, and if Home's alleged imperviousness to heat means anything in the connection, our amiable ghosts, if they see fit, may travel to the suns. That call for oxygen, by the way, at first seems a blow to such faith in their expositions, as other portions of the expositions have tended to inspire. True, as they have had to (*via* the medium) speak and write our language, they may really each have a "spiritual body" whose needs they can indicate to us only in terms congruous with the temporal body we know, and without thinking to make due qualifications. There are hosts of expressions, though not always where needed, that point to just this set of considerations.

The desirability of immortality is not necessarily identical with the desirability of a belief in immortality. This latter is strongly indicated in a recent article in *The Nation* regarding the undesirable effects of the absence of such a belief, as illustrated in the life of Edward Fitzgerald. I give some extracts slightly modified and transposed for the sake of coherence among the fragments.

"Many critics have tried to reconcile the paucity of his achievements with his undoubted intellectual powers... shutting himself off from his famous friends to smile at their anxious ambitions, at Carlyle thundering against iniquities, Thackeray dallying with its [the world's? H.H.] conceits, Tennyson laboring to build in rhyme a meeting-place for the old faith and the new scientific inquisitiveness. What if they had seen and felt that a few passing years would sweep away all these things, merely to bring in other iniquities, and conceits, and compromises? Would not their hands have been palsied, and would not they have sunk into that philosophic silence which Carlyle so noisily proclaimed? Action, such a life as Fitzgerald's seems to say, is based on the fallacy of the present.

Fitzgerald himself said:

"'Death seems to rise like a Wall against one whichever way one looks. When I read Boswell and other Memoirs now, what presses on me most is—All these people who talked and acted so busily are gone. It is said that when Talma advanced upon the Stage, his Thought on facing the Audience was, that they were all soon to be Nothing.'

The commentator continues:

"The sense of the present as a fleeting point of time without meaning, rather than any failure of will, was what drove Fitzgerald from the crowded activities of London and made him a solitary recluse. Such a philosophy carries with it, no doubt, its own penalty; and, fleeing from the world, he could not altogether escape the hounds of *ennui*:

"For all which idle ease I think I must be damned. I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery; perhaps, however, all this ease is only intended to turn sour by-and-by."

"It was a part of his abstinence from the present, that he could not abide harassed with problems; and his distaste is well-known for the poems of Tennyson's own middle period, which dealt with questions of evolution and religion and social disease.

"Now it is true that Fitzgerald might have been thus partly paralyzed by 'the fallacy of the present' and yet had what some people are pleased to term a belief in immortality. But if so, it must have been more like the general belief of our ancestors—divorced from any natural and vivifying development of the life that is. It could not have been such a belief as makes a man feel a new significance and importance in things here when he regards them as germs of greater things to come, and demanding his best now that he may be at his best then."

Of course the new phenomena cast a new light on some of the old arguments for immortality. Let us glance at a few of them, not, however, restricting ourselves rigidly to those on which there is something specially new to say.

I. There would be an offset to the tendency of a knowledge of immortality to diminish the significance of this life, if it were believed that the soul begins the new life with the character developed here, and that it would get more out of that life in proportion to what it had brought to it. This is just what the new mass of alleged communications indicate. They are counter to the old assumption of a sudden change into perfect character and beatitude, with a pair of wings (without muscles to move them), and a halo, and a life of nothing to do but sing songs and insult "God" with the same kind of sycophancy that has long been the fashion here among many believers in immortality. On the contrary, the alleged communications indicate that death is a mere transference

into better conditions, of the individuality, even of the depraved individuality, with such capacities as it has developed.

It is a craven soul that would consider conditions better unless they give opportunity for more development, more work, more service to others, and more effect in the general progress. These ideals of a future life are, however, comparatively recent products of evolution, and are of still limited diffusion among the human race. Now would not an intelligent and beneficent evolution make the development of certainty (I do not say of belief) regarding a future life proceed at the same rate with the evolution of such ideals regarding it as would tend to make that certainty a stimulus to the right conduct of this life? Faith in a future life has heretofore had little or no effect on the conduct of many professing to hold it, because it has had few, if any, of the qualities of a realized certainty. May we not now be on the brink of realized certainty?

II. Cannot the *sporadic* appearance of the new alleged channels of communication with a life beyond death be reasonably regarded as an indication of genuineness? Is not the limited sporadic appearance of this new sensibility just as consistent with the order of evolution as the earlier limited and sporadic appearance of sensibilities to light, heat, contact—mechanical and sapid—and all sensibilities whatever? And is not the *tardiness* of the evolution of the new sensibilities also just as consistent with evolution in general as was the tardy appearance (compared with all evolution that preceded them) of the old sensibilities?

III. As all previous conceptions of a "plan" of the universe, and a plan making for good, were immensely clarified and broadened by the gradually accumulated evidences of material evolution, does not that "plan" appear clearer and broader still when, to the evidences of it, are added the new evidences, doubtful as they are, for post-material evolution? If so, post-material evolution would seem part of the plan.

IV. Evolution has more and more demonstrated so many of the conflicts and agonies of the world to be promotive of good, that it is daily becoming more reasonable to believe that all are. Is it not consistent with this belief to make it include the belief that the agonizing separations by death are,

after all, but temporary, and efficient in fitting those separated to give more to each other and receive more from each other when the separation ends?

V. This brings us to a new aspect of the idea that I have dwelt upon before, which, more than perhaps any other, gives the universe consistency and purport—the idea that these planets and these creatures on them are evolved in order that each creature may either develop, or appropriate from the cosmic soul, an individual soul with its possibilities of finding happiness, and increasing happiness for itself and others; and that, with the increase in the number of such souls, happiness throughout the universe may be increased. The new aspect of the idea is this: As there seems a limit only to primary mind-potential, as there is to matter and force, but none whatever to its products, if the possibilities of the mind-product are not to be kept down to those of the matter and force, these must be used over and over again for new bodies, in order that there may be more souls; and there must be more souls that there may be more happiness. Wouldn't it be a futile change if all bodies died merely to give place to others? Can we imagine anything more absurd than that the trouble should be taken to shift the myriads of people three times a century, when, unless those dying here survive elsewhere, the job could have been done just as well by a single unchanging set of them, as by multiplied generations? Why not avoid the agonies of death and separation by keeping the same people right along until the planet should be filled up? Change seems reasonable only on the assumption of better conditions, to which the soul passes after those experienced here. And the mere fact that the souls are not kept along here, when the only apparent reason for putting them here is happiness, raises a presumption that they are kept along beyond here. But the only way of starting them, so far as we know or seem to have any business to know, was in bodies of flesh and bone, subject to sundry limitations and inconveniences; and there's nothing to prevent our guessing, as so many of us have, though none of our guesses are necessarily good, that at "death" we are merely relieved of those troublesome bodies—perhaps transferred to better ones.

But the biggest source of the happiness for which all

this mechanism appears to have been set running, is companionship with each other, and *if* one of us is shifted into a better body, he has been taken out of that companionship, so far as it depends on the senses yet evolved, and that hurts so much that it often seems that unless the break is temporary, the whole scheme for happiness is farce and irony. Is it possible that there are being evolved new senses which prove that the break *is* temporary, and that, after all, the scheme is effective? The presumption of this is, gains weight with what appears to be a constant increase in the probability that our thoughts and feelings are not mere results of bodily function, but are, in their elements, inflows from the Cosmic Soul, the body being their temporary receptacle and a mechanism for starting them on an unending development.

There is one of the old arguments on which I have been receiving so much new light by the simple process of growing old, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it, although it hardly has a legitimate place in the connection. When one has long watched his friends, not to speak of himself, he cannot fail to be increasingly impressed by the way life develops character. In a normal life, courage (moral, not physical), patience, toleration, and the power to see and weigh all sides, grow as long as the body is able to obey the mandates of the soul. Is it not counter to Nature's general ways that this development should proceed up to the end of a mortal life only to be suddenly cut off? Allow the growth of character amply to justify itself, is there not still a residuum of incongruity out of all balance with Nature's general ways, in the development of the soul for extinction, just as we develop the ox for slaughter? The death of the body releases its share of force and matter for the development of a new body, but the extinction of the soul could not add, in any way that we can conceive, to the sum of happiness that we see Nature constantly striving to increase.

When during the last century science bowled down the old supports of the belief in immortality, there grew up a tendency to regard that belief as an evidence of ignorance, narrowness, and incapacity to face the music. May not disregard

of the possible new supports be rapidly becoming an evidence of the same characteristics?

When the vast majority of those who have really studied the phenomena of the sensitives, starting with absolute skepticism, have come to a new form of the old belief; and when, of the remaining minority, the weight of respectable opinion goes so far as suspense of judgment, how does the argument look? Isn't it at least one of those cases of new phenomena where it is well to be on guard against old mental habits, not to say prejudices?

Is it not now vastly more *reasonable* to believe in a future life than it was a century ago, or half a century, or quarter of a century, or five years? Is it not already more reasonable to believe than not to believe? Is it not already appreciably harder *not* to believe than it was a generation ago?

So far as I know, the dream life, from mine up to Mr. T.'s, vague as it is, is an argument for immortality *based on evidence*. Before it was only an assertion of genius.

The mediums are not generally among the world's leading thinkers or moralists—are not all more aristocratic founders for a new faith than were a certain carpenter's son and certain fishermen; and only by implication do the mediums suggest any moral truths, but they offer more facts to the modern demand for facts.

It begins to look mightily as if the founders of the religions have been men endowed with exceptional psychic power—hypnotic, telekinetic, telepathic, teloptic telekoustic—as if Christ really did perform “miracles” and hypnotize his followers with the vision of his transfiguration; as if Mahomet and Swedenborg really did have visions of a state of existence beyond ours—though Mahomet's, it must be confessed, appear slightly mixed; and as if Buddha under his bo-tree manifested many of the phenomena now made the subject of Psychical Research.

Spiritism has a bad name, and it has been in company where it richly deserved one; but it has been coming into court lately with some very important-looking testimony from very distinguished witnesses; and some rather comprehensive

minds consider its issues supreme—the principal issues now upon the horizon between the gross, luxurious, unthinking, unaspiring, uncreating life of to-day, and everything that has, in happier ages, given us the heritage of the soul—the issues between increasing comforts and withering ideals—between water-power and Niagara.

Are the new developments at best merely to reform life here by reviving hopes of immortality which may be disappointed? Paradoxical it is, but true, that hopes of immortality can never be disappointed: for if they are not realized, we shall never know it.

But Nature has not built some of us to be content with that, nor am I ready to believe that she has built us to fool us. We have *fooled ourselves* frightfully—all through history. But has Nature, in many great issues, fooled us to our hurt? In answering, perhaps you would ask what I consider "Nature"—whether these manifestations are Nature or ourselves. My rejoinder would be: They are Nature; they contain no purpose of ours. Then you say: The inviting of them is purposeful. And I say: The phenomena themselves are not—with *our* purpose: not you nor I nor the trance medium, nor even the receptive Foster, is responsible for them. Nature gives them to us of her own motion. Despite her little deceits, like the Mantis and protective coloring, despite the misinterpretations of our ignorance, despite the relentlessness of her laws, by and large she is honest. The doubt of immortality is not over the innate reasonableness of the belief: the universe is immeasurably more reasonable with it than without it; but over its practicability after the body is gone. We, in our immeasurable wisdom, don't see how it can work—we don't see how a universe that we don't begin to know, which already has given us genius and beauty and love, and which seems to like to give us all it can—birds, flowers, sunsets, stars, Vermont, the Himalayas, and the Grand Canyon; which, most of all, has given us the insatiable soul, can manage to give us immortality. Well! Perhaps we ought not to be grasping—ought to call all we know and have, enough, and be thankful; but on whatever grounds we despair of more (if we're weak enough to despair), surely

the least reasonable ground is that we cannot see more: the mole might as well swear that there is no Orion.

Sill compared the Cosmic Ocean with the Polar Sea then imagined. Peary has since proved that no such sea ever existed in fact. But in regard to the other, we have, since Sill wrote, been receiving strange messages which profess to come from explorers whom we knew before they left, and come often with their phraseology and mannerisms so close that if they came from any before-unexplored part of earth, no one would think of doubting them—so close that, even coming from sources generally held impossible, they startle us and convince many skeptical investigators of their genuineness, and draw from other investigators close and constant attention with an inclination toward acceptance inch by inch. On the other side, many people of high intelligence (though perhaps none with intelligence as high as James' or Lodge's) have declared the mere messages *a priori* fraudulent or obviously illusive.

Well, whatever they are, the case is not closed, and will not be until it is cleared up, even if, as James thinks not improbable, it takes a century: the facts are too insistent and too important. We know already that something does exist to which every observer has given some such name as the Cosmic Ocean: the question is whether some messages from it are from explorers who have left us, or are from other sources; and if so, from what sources. That they were always forged by the messengers who bring them seems absolutely out of the question. Even Imperator and his gang, if they were unconsciously forged by Moses, and copied by Mrs. Piper and later sensitives, have fooled (if they have fooled) very few, and they have fooled, if they have fooled, because there were no facts with which to test them. But the *facts* in regard to G. P., the Thaw babies, Hodgson, and the hosts of other communicators from the recent mediums, including the involuntary writers, are abundant to prove that the presentations of them and the verisimilitude of their messages, are too nearly exact to be accidentally coincident figments of imagination, and so nearly exact as to be beyond any powers of mimicry that we under-

stand, even supposing the mimic to be in possession of the data for mimicry, which now is overwhelmingly proved impossible.

But however bright anybody's hopes may be, it is not natural, and would not be well, that the prospect should absorb our constant attention. The principal reasons why it should not are found in the history of monasticism. The best that the prospect can do for us is to serve as a cheerful background for our duties and our sorrows; but this background once acquired, the natural place for our attention is on the duties, and, though harder to recognize, on the sorrows too, when our attention is called there.

At a final survey it all seems to me as nearly as I can express it, about like this. We have grown up with anthropomorphic ideas of spirits. But the new physics and the new psychology, especially admitting telepathy, have materially modified them. To the latest science the ghost is still the essential personality we know here: but as already said, that is merely an individualized aggregate of cosmic vibrations with the power of producing on us certain impressions. That to produce those impressions, we must have that particular part of the vibrations which we call body, is a very primitive notion, and to-day perhaps rather a stupid one. All the vibrations which we care for come in dreams, while the body lies almost as inactive as if non-existent. We know now that after that portion of the vibrations constituting "the body" disappears, there still exists somewhere—perhaps only (though that is losing probability every day) in the memories of incarnate survivors, the capacity of impressing us, at least in the dream-life, as of old. And that life begins to look mightily as if it were the true life, the waking life being only ancillary to its development. Now with our anthropomorphic habits, we want to know "where" this abiding capacity to impress us abides. The thinkers generally say: In the Cosmic Reservoir, which I would rather express as the Psychic Ocean, boundless, fathomless, throbbing eternally.

The evidence seems very strong that the currents and inflows of the Psychic Ocean—or hadn't we better leave the metaphor (though perhaps you will call the changed terms but a new

one) and say the telepathy from the Cosmic Soul?—can restore or create in the individual soul everything we have experienced or do experience, and probably infinitely more that we are to experience—that those currents can restore and continue lost thoughts and lost joys and lost loves; and make new combinations and evolutions that beggar all our experiences and imaginings. Regarded rightly, the brightest prospect we can conceive is that

“.....we—all we—
Are drifting rapidly
And floating silently
Into that unknown sea,
Into eternity.”

Some of the old arguments are taking on new aspects, and there are two of them so responsive to the pragmatic eddy in current thought that they may be worth drawing attention to. The first has weight only with those who, like perhaps most thinking men who went through the philosophic change introduced by Evolution, have known both denial and belief regarding immortality. It is the enormous increase the belief brings to coherence and expansion in one's view of the Cosmic Relations. The second argument is in the following question, and will weigh with only those who find an affirmative answer: Does the course of my life seem to conform to some plan, not mine, which is profoundly significant if I am to survive the combination called my body, and which is foolishness if I am not?

Now all this is going to appear to you either hifalutin nonsense, or a not unthinkable interpretation of facts, with some reasonable claim to be held, at least provisionally, until we get more facts. If it shall appear the former, regard an old man's vagaries as charitably as you can. If, happily for me, perhaps for both of us, it shall appear the latter, you may have found among all these dreams and metaphors and guesses, some word worth while.

Every book ought to contain things which will make its reader an inhabitant of a larger universe than he was before, and such is peculiarly the duty of any book attempting the themes of this one. Unless it has done that for you, it has

failed. If it has done that, though I may never know that it has, the labor in it is compensated.

And now good-bye, and thank you for all your patience. We may not meet again here: for I leave soon; but whether we do or not, perhaps some time we shall meet where meeting may be easier.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX

Volume II begins on page 513.

For reasons explained in the Preface add 70 to all references beyond 930, or search for the topic in the Supplementary Index.

Consult also Index to Supplement in Second Edition, on page 1060.

Wherever any term indicating "spirit" is used, it is to be regarded as provisional, not as expressing opinion on the spiritistic theory.

In long titles an attempt has been made to index sub-titles alphabetically under their most significant words, but that is not always practicable. Where the page-number of a sub-title is followed by a comma, the succeeding words refer to the sub-title—not to the main title unless the page-number is followed by a semicolon.

Many words are indexed in various forms: e.g., Dream, Dream life, Dream states, Dreaming, Dreams, Hypnosis, Hypnotic, Hypnotism, Hypnotized.

Works cited are named in italics, and generally located only under the first citation.

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