

take good care of himself." (This statement, if made concerning Mr. William —, my brother-in-law, at whose house I was a visitor, would be true.)

"Henry is here in the spirit—says he is a friend of yours, but considerably younger; knew your family well; there is something about over the water." (I did not at first think of Henry "C.," and, upon my saying that I did not know who was meant, the remark about "over the water" was made, and this reminded me of Henry "C.," of Hartford, Conn., with whom I had planned a European trip. It seems he had spoken of it to his friends, for it was mentioned in his obituary published in the *Hartford Courant*.) "Gives you his love." "I see you in your library—books all around and a desk there. There are four in your family. I see a lady—she is your sister; your mother is there—she is lame in this (right) foot. There is a little girl—not so very little—she is a sister's child; she plays music a great deal."

Is the sister who is with me older or younger than I?

"She is a great deal older; at least, she looks so. I see your father's picture, with a remarkable expression; no hair on top of his head; hair around the base. You have had trouble with irregularity of heart action. You thought something might be the matter with the heart. But there was nothing. It was nervous, sympathetic; came from the stomach. You must be very particular about your diet. Be careful what you eat. About two years ago you made a change which was very beneficial."

Shall I take medicine?

"No, there is no use giving you medicine. You are not that kind of a man. You would let the vials stand until the bottoms dropped out before you would take it. Do you know fussy willow? You can take some of that and pour on boiling water and let it stand, and take a wine-glass full of that if you like.

"I don't like your mother's condition, but she will live a good while yet. You lead a very regular, quiet life, with nothing to excite you, and are in comfortable circumstances, financially, and it will be a long time before you are in the spirit-land. There is one Tom here, and says that he is a friend of yours—that his family lived near you. His hair is very grey—says, remember him to his wife. Your father is here; says you thought of doing something to your house; that you had better postpone. You will go away within two years on account of somebody's health."

Do you mean permanently?

"No. You are so settled that nothing on earth can take you away. Your mother's mind is preserved remarkably. Is it not wonderful?"

How many are her family?

"Five brothers—three are living—two in the spirit. Three sisters."

Wrong. There are five sisters.

"I can see only three. Your sister who is with you has had trouble with one tooth since you came away. Your niece, who is with you, has a humour, a breaking out." I don't think so. "She has. Ask your sister and she will tell you. You are staying with friends here—a sister. You have a niece who paints. She will go to Europe within two years and meet some one there whom she will marry. You have a friend, the last three

letters of whose name are 'S—O—N.' He is at a distance from here. You have a grandmother in the spirit named Elizabeth. One of your grandmothers had a relative named Sarah, who died from a sore in her side. Your mother will know about it. You deal in real estate." No. "There is something about land—I see land." I own land. "Hurry and ask your questions. I am tired.

"You do not readily believe. You are willing to receive evidence, but hard to convince. You have been around a good deal, and know the world well."

I do not remember the precise date of my visit to Mrs. Piper. I think it was in February, 1889. My niece made the appointment for me, giving her no information regarding me. I waited about an hour in the parlour while she was occupied with another, Dr. Savage, she said, and said that she was tired. At my first leisure, two or three days afterwards, I wrote out the above, putting down what she said in the order in which it was said, as nearly as I could recollect.

In the early part her statements were, in the main, positive and emphatic. Afterwards, especially at the last, mostly tentative and interrogatory, and at the last, in response to my inquiries for names of friends in the spirit-land (made for the purpose of testing her powers), her guesses were no better than anyone could make. She many times repeated, "I am tired."

All the statements relative to my family were strikingly accurate, except as to the number of my sisters, and that relative to my sister having trouble with her tooth. My niece had the humour or breaking out, although I was not aware of it, and questioned it.

Mother was at the time nearly eighty-eight, now past ninety, and still a cyclopædia of historical, literary, and general information.

The diagnosis for me was correct, so far as I know or can judge. The family physician had examined me for heart trouble and said substantially the same, and a system of dieting adopted two years previously had helped me greatly.

Father's picture is as described. (It represents him at eighty-five. He died at ninety-three.) There was a "Tom," commonly so-called (Thomas Clark), answering the description, who married my cousin and removed from here to California, where he died, a full believer in the Spiritualistic faith.

Father's mother's name was Elizabeth. I was thinking of doing something to the house which is not yet done. Mother knows nothing of the "Sarah." The prophecies regarding my niece and myself have not been fulfilled.

My recollection of the order in which the statements were made was approximate only. There was no connection between them, but abrupt changes of subject.

Before the séance Mrs. P. asked if I came for medical advice. I said, "No," my object being merely to investigate, to witness myself phenomena of which I had heard.

A. J. C.

Meriden, Conn., *July 15th, 1890.*

33. *Mr. F. S. S. Record of Séance with Mrs. Piper [about June, 1888].*

The following record was written immediately after returning from Mrs. P.'s house :—

A week before the séance recorded below, I went with another man, both of us unknown to Mrs. Piper, to make an appointment. She gave us a sitting at that time, but with no success.<sup>1</sup> I then made an appointment for a week ahead, not through the Psychical Society, but on my own account, and *not* giving my name. My friend, subsequently to my second séance, assured me that he had given no information of any kind whatever to Mrs. P., or to anyone else. At the second meeting the medium soon began to talk in the usual broken English dialect, so dear to mediums, as follows :—

“There is a ‘Lou’ in your surroundings. She is Louise, but she is called ‘Lou.’” (My sister has a step-daughter of this name.) “There are five of you ; three brothers, one of them Harry.” (Answer : “No, Harry is a brother-in-law.” I have one own brother.) “Then there are Lizzie and Fanny, who are associated together.” (My brother-in-law has two sisters, Lizzie and Fanny.) “Lou is now with Lizzie.” (They were at the time together at Greenfield, Mass.) “Lou and Harry are associated” (father and daughter), “and Lizzie and Fanny” (sisters). “Then there is your mother.” (Question : What is she like?) “She wears her hair, which is wavy and grey, drawn simply back on the sides” (accompanied by gesture exactly indicating). “She has a very sweet face, and pleasant smile.” (Two marked characteristics.) “She has a sister ; she is Sarah.” (Question : Well, Sarah is her middle name. What is her other? Could not answer.) “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.”

(This part of the conversation is very interesting, as it bristles with many facts. My aunt is of very different nature and temperament from my mother in many ways. Her thought is original ; she is progressive and radical in her ideas. Positiveness and firmness are most certainly characteristics of hers. My aunt had given several sittings to Mrs. P., but with no success ; hence she had become somewhat sceptical ; 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, as neither of us had spoken of the other to the medium. Her allusions to her “having to be a good deal bigger than she is now, &c.,” are also very pertinent.)

“You and your brother have lately had a change.” (Question : What do you mean?) “Your domestic relations have changed, you are living in a different place.” (My parents had lately died, and my brother and I had moved from the house where we had all lived.) “There is somebody in your surroundings who is lame.” (I had been lame off and on for several years, from an injury to the shin-bone from a blow. At the time of my visit to Mrs. P. there was no trace of lameness in my gait. Question : What is

<sup>1</sup> I learn from Mr. S. that Mrs. Piper tried but was unable to go into trance on this first occasion. Both Mr. S. and his companion are well known to me.—R.H.

the matter ?) "He is lame here below the knee, on the shin. It is like an accident ; there is a growth of some kind." (This was said before touching the place. There had been some enlargement of the periosteum.) "Yes, Frank"—(I had previously mentioned my first name in course of inquiry)—"has had a good deal of trouble with the knee. You don't sleep well, do you? Your condition is poor from wakefulness." (Perfectly true.) "You have been on a journey lately for your health." (Question : Where?) Answer : "Isn't there a place called New York? Well, you went in that direction and then south." (I had been shortly before this for a change and for my health as far south as Aiken, S.C.) "You will take another journey before long. You will be called away by another's illness." [This did not come true.] "I can't see it all definitely, but you will go away in about a month."

"Is there any bill on your mind?" (Question : Bill, what do you mean—what kind of bill?) "A bill, or a mortgage, or anything? Are you thinking of buying any building?" (Two days before this séance a man had spoken to my brother and me about taking a house as an investment, upon which there was a mortgage. We three were the only persons cognisant of this.) "You are sometimes blue and discouraged, owing to poor physical condition ; but you will come out all right, and you have a happy-go-lucky temperament." (I had suffered so from sleeplessness, owing to my lameness, that it did wear upon me a great deal.)

There the medium came to, and the séance ended. This is my only experience of the sort.

F. S. S.

34. "*Mr. M. N.*" March, 1888.

*April 5th* [1889].

Briefly stated, the three cases of prophesying which I have experienced with Mrs. Piper, and which have come true, are as follows :—

About end March of last year I made her a visit (having been in the habit of doing so, since early in February, about once a fortnight). She told me that a death of a near relative of mine would occur in about six weeks, from which I should realise some pecuniary advantages. I naturally thought of my father, who was advanced in years, and whose description Mrs. Piper had given me very accurately some week or two previously. She had not spoken of him as my father, but merely as a person nearly connected with me. I asked her at that sitting whether this person was the one who would die, but she declined to state anything more clearly to me. 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 from heart failure, when he was recovering from a very slight attack of bronchitis, and the very day that his doctor had pronounced him out of danger. Previous to this Mrs. Piper (as Dr. Phinuit) had told me that she would endeavour 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 endeavoured 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 favour, 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. The disposition was made in my favour, 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, and thought this would be a good test. A few days afterwards we went to my wife's grandmother's to dinner, and we asked our aunt how all the family were, and particularly if she knew anyone who had a swollen or sore thumb. She said, "No." Shortly after this conversation my aunt stated that she had received a letter from cousins in Philadelphia. My wife asked how they were, and particularly for a certain cousin Jennie. "Oh, by-the-bye," was the reply, "Jennie has had a little accident ; she has injured her thumb in some machine."

I chose these three instances for their simplicity, and I hope they will be of service to you. My wife, as a rule, attended my sittings with Mrs. Piper, and can attest these facts. I cannot be sure of any other I can call upon to support my testimony. I have certainly mentioned certain foretellings to others before they became facts, but I cannot recall to whom I have done so, as these matters have chiefly concerned myself and my wife. I leave it to your good taste to print nothing that will identify me or my family with any publication you may issue, either at your meetings or in the papers. I can also say that 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.

[“ M. N.”]

I hereby corroborate the above statements.

[“ Mrs. M. N.”]

35. *Mr. and Mrs. T. About June, 1888.*

[From Mrs. T. Detroit, June 3rd, 1889.]

In response to the request contained in your note of May 27th, I will give you as full an account as possible, knowing that you desire the facts for scientific reasons alone.

Mr. T. or myself had never seen Mrs. Piper, but we had heard of your Society, and that you used her mediumistic power for the purposes of investigation. For that one reason, and that alone, I had sufficient confidence to wish to consult her. I am not a believer in the generally so-called medium, and previous to our visit to Mrs. P. had been an absolute sceptic. We were visiting in Taunton; took the early train to Boston, and left on the 3 p.m. train for Detroit. We reached Mrs. Piper's shortly after 9 a.m. She was an absolute stranger to us, as we were strangers to her, meeting her then for the first time. My husband introduced himself and me as Mr. and Mrs. T., and requested a sitting, which she declined to give, having an appointment at 9.30. We were urgent for the sitting, and she yielded sufficiently to say that if we desired to wait, and the parties failed to keep the appointment, she would give us the time. We waited and secured the sitting. Nothing was aid of ourselves—we were there to test her power. I had lost a very dear aunt in November, and my loved father had gone on in May. Grief-stricken under the double bereavement, I was soul-hungry for some word—if word or sign were possible. Mrs. P. could not know of this, for we do not believe in mourning robes, and I wore not a particle of black.

You can, therefore, imagine my astonishment when, after Mrs. P. was under control, and the greeting by the little French doctor (the voice was that of a brisk old man and a foreigner; he introduced himself as Dr. Findlay, or such a name; said he was French), we were greeted by our Christian names of Frank and Mary, and told there was a lady there who was so glad to see us and wanted to speak with us; her name was Mary—(hesitating on the surname, but giving it correctly). "She is not strong yet, and will speak to you through me. She left you so suddenly—she scarcely realised it, and it was a great grief to her to leave her children. She is still weak, but is gaining strength. She knows now it was all for the best. She asks, 'How are my dear children, Mary? Don't let them forget me. I want them to feel I am ever near them, and tell Cyrenius (her husband) not to grieve so—that all is well, and that the babe is with me and our other children. Tell him I could not be reconciled to it at first, but now I know it is best, and I am happy here. I have tried so hard to make myself known to you at home, but could not. I am often there, and see the home life going on, and see your care of them. Mary—and you, Frank—you were so kind and thoughtful, and I love and thank you both. Oh, Mary! I've seen my own dear mother's face and been with her; and you know, Mary, how I have longed to know her,' &c. I then asked, Did you want me to stay with the children, aunt Mary? "That has been part of my happiness here."

The doctor then said, "The lady is tired and must rest awhile." He described her perfectly, even to a peculiar motion of the hand, and spoke of much pertaining to the home and of persons in my husband's family and my own, calling each one by Christian name—describing them or saying something of each one—of at least fifteen or twenty individuals. He spoke so rapidly, and of so many, I became confused, and from surprise was dumb-founded. Then he said, "Here comes a gentleman who wants to speak to you. He is hurrying and motioning to me. Why, what's the matter with him? He is lame—the left leg is drawn up as if from rheumatism." (My

father slipped on the ice six weeks before his death, and had broken his left leg below the hip ; the bone did not knit, and it was several inches shorter than the right.) "It's your father, Frank." "No, not my father," said my husband. "I tell you it is your father." "It is my father," said I. "Well, it is your father any way." Then came the greeting from my father and a description of the life there, and of his first day there, and that his only unhappiness was that he could not tell me how well it was with him. He had found so many of his friends there—his father and mother and my mother. He spoke of the home here and of my step-mother, and of much known to him alone. He spoke of the life at some length and in words and manner peculiar to himself. My father had been a great student, with an intense love of books, and always expressed his thoughts with a piquant, caustic, ready eloquence, as rare as it was peculiar to himself. Anyone who had ever heard my father speak could not mistake the beautiful and rounded phraseology of his address to us. It could be no one but my father.

Dr. F. then said the old gentleman was weary and must rest, but he was so glad to have seen us. Dr. F. then spoke of my sisters and others, and of circumstances about us, and asked if we had any questions. I had received so much more than I had anticipated that I could think of no question to ask. I must have time to think it all over. What did it mean? It could not be mental transference. Dr. F. had talked rapidly and steadily for more than an hour without the slightest hesitation, and of persons and things some of whom were far from our thoughts.

All of the foregoing that I have written, as given us, was true in every particular. I cannot explain it in any material way.

MARY E. T.

[From Mr. T.]

Detroit, *June 12th*, 1889.

As you request a statement from me, I will answer the items in your letter instead of my wife.

On our way to Taunton, a year ago, we stopped in Boston a few hours and called at Mrs. Piper's house, hoping for a sitting. She was out, and I left a card with my name signed, as it will be at the end of this letter, asking her to name an hour she would give us during the coming week. The name was written hastily with a lead pencil, and in an awkward position while standing at the door. I did not hear from her, so on our return to Boston, on our way home, we called on her again. She said she had not been able to read my name and therefore had not answered the note. We waited a long time for others to come who had engaged the time, talking more or less on general subjects. I told her my surname and that we lived in Detroit, but nothing more. From the initial F. she might have guessed that my name was Frank, but she could not have gotten at it in any other way. My wife's first name she could not have known, as we were careful not to address each other before the sitting by our given names. Almost the first words, if not the first ones, after she went into the trance state, were "Frank and Mary, I am glad to see you." During the sitting she mentioned fully twenty relatives and friends, all but one or two of whose names were given without mistake, and most of them without hesitation. The name of Cyrenius troubled her, but was given finally without our help.

Mary Newcomb—the name you ask for—she also stumbled over somewhat. The point that made the strongest impression on both of us was the message that came from my wife's father. He was a man of strong personality, and many peculiarities of speech. The message seemed as though he were speaking, and in nearly his natural voice; it was so natural that we both were startled.

. . . . .  
F. N. T.

36. *Miss Lillian Whiting. January 4th, 1889.*

[Appointment made by R. H., but Miss Whiting had made one or two previous attempts to have a sitting with Mrs. Piper, to whom her name was known.]

The Brunswick, Boston, *January 5th, 1889.*

My sitting with Mrs. Piper yesterday was one of curious and satisfactory interest. As a test I asked her to describe my rooms at the Brunswick. This was done in several particulars. One thing described was a photograph of the novelist, Edgar Fawcett. "What does that man do?" I inquired. "He writes books," was the reply. In my room are several pictures of Miss Kate Field. This was noted by the medium as "so many pictures of one lady—oh, a great many!" "Tell me about that lady," I said. "She appears before the public in some way. Yes, I see! she lectures. She has a very strong intellect—a brilliant mind. One of these pictures I do not like. It is not good of her. You should put it away. Turn the back to the wall." [This is true; the largest picture I have of Miss Field being one that does her injustice.]

The prophecy was made that I should go abroad within a year to remain indefinitely, and that hereafter my life would be spent mainly in England. The place was described; a country estate, north of London. We can see whether this will be verified. At this time nothing could seem more improbable and all but impossible to me. This I said to the medium, stating that I had not money enough to dream of doing such a thing, but she replied that it would come.

My writing methods and many personal details were correctly given.

LILLIAN WHITING.

*July 7th, 1890.*

Glancing at the proof copy of the above, for which I am greatly indebted to your courtesy, may I add that the prophecy of my going abroad has not been fulfilled; but that circumstances occurred, after my sitting with Mrs. Piper, which were entirely undreamed of by me previously, and which would have resulted in almost a literal fulfilment of the prophecy, only prevented by an equally unlooked-for event? That is, the prophecy nearly *approached* completion, but did not reach it.

I had a subsequent sitting for a friend—with a lock of hair and regarding an illness. Mrs. Piper described the person more vividly than I could have done, and prescribed a medicine that proved highly efficacious. . . .

LILLIAN WHITING.



37. Mr. "C. D." May 3rd, 1889.

Mr. "C. D.," a student of psychology, went to Mrs. Piper under an assumed name. He recorded the sitting immediately afterwards, and it was a very successful one on the whole, many correct statements being made about Mr. "C. D.," his family, and acquaintances,—all matters known to Mr. "C. D." There were a few mistakes, and some attempts at prophecy which were failures.

38. Dr. C— L—. October 31st, 1889.

[Appointment made by me. But I believe that Dr. L— had called on Mrs. Piper previously, and had given his name.—R. H.]

Boston, November 9th, 1889.

I saw Mrs. Piper October 31st. She did not know me before.

She reminded me of an accident by which I, as a seven-year-old boy, was very nearly drowned. It is very seldom that my thoughts occupy themselves with the incident. I did not at the time fully realise the danger.

The trance person and I spoke French two or three times during the sitting. He did not seem to be desirous of talking it a long time. He would very soon translate my answer into English, and then go on in English.

Asked if he could tell me which gentlemen I had dined with the previous day, he described both of them in a surprisingly accurate way, their appearance as well as their character.

He told me how many we were at home, described my sister, and gave even her name, Marie. She is in Norway.

He saw me surrounded by books and papers.

He told me that my stomach and nervous system had been broken down, and described my illness at the time very well.

I have been trying to press my brain for more, but I think this is about all of any importance that resulted of the sitting.

C— L—.

November 20th.

In conversation Dr. L— told me that Mrs. Piper in trance said nothing that was incorrect.

R. H.

39. Mrs. G. H. Browne.

[March 5th, 1891.]

Mrs. Browne (*née* Webster) wrote her account early in March, 1891. Her first sitting was about July 22nd, 1886. I abridge her statements.

"Mrs. D—, who sewed almost daily at the house of Mr. R—, where I lived, had told me the story (No. 28, from Miss E. R. Webster) which I sent you, and also that Professor James was interested in Mrs. P. and Miss R—, 'Cora,' and I determined to go to her. No one but Miss R.'s sister knew our intention." Mrs. Piper consented to sit for one of them and Mrs. Browne took the sitting.

"The first words she uttered in her 'trance voice' were: 'It is Dr. Finnee' (I spell it as she pronounced it, the accent was decidedly on the

last syllable, but the 'e' was not the French one), 'who is talking to you.' I did not understand and she repeated it twice, always the same pronunciation."

Phinuit talked about "Otto," who was in Europe at the time, and called him Her-r-r—, and said: "You will marry in two and a-half years. You will marry Herr." [I was married in a little more than three years, but not to Herr.] Phinuit described two other men and gave their names correctly, George and Fred. He called Mrs. Browne Emily from the first, and kept apologising for mispronouncing it; Emily being her first name.

"The next day, after my first sitting, Miss R. went to see her, but got nothing new, I believe."

The second sitting was probably in the fall of 1886. Phinuit got the name "Oscar Zinkeisen," known to Mrs. Browne, but wrongly said that he was older than she was.

Phinuit spoke of a man named "Frank Tarbelle." He was an acquaintance of "Cora's," and Mrs. Browne had never met him.

"In fact, much of what Mrs. Piper said to me was exactly the sort of thing one might dream; queer mixtures of things perfectly natural, and things too silly to repeat; slight suggestions magnified, and constant reiteration of points which took her fancy; astonishing accuracy in much, and very little that could be shown to be absolutely wrong."

"I have not the slightest recollection of the date of my third sitting. I think, however, it was four years ago next spring. Mrs. P. sat for both Miss R. and me.

"We took the hair of two friends. "Cora" had both in one compartment of her purse, and when she gave the first lock to Mrs. P. the latter complained that it had been with other hair which she demanded, saying she could make nothing out of lock No. 1. On receiving lock No. 2 she immediately described the original of No. 1, giving an estimate of his character entirely coinciding with mine. While she was pressing these locks to her forehead, she seized my hand and held it forcibly (part of the time to her forehead) while she described the owners of the locks. I have forgotten whether she told the name of lock No. 1, but No. 2—whom she described most fully—was "Bertram Ellis." You will notice that she mentioned him in Mr. Browne's sitting. I am very certain that she spoke of him the first or second time I went, though I find nothing of it in the notes I took. Mr. Ellis was a friend of Mr. Browne's, and a man whose distinguishing characteristics were very easy to describe. It was evident that his influence was the stronger of the two. . . ."

EMILY W. BROWNE.

#### 40. *Mr. J. Rogers Rich.*

The following report has been made from contemporary notes of the sittings. On the day of each sitting I made notes in my diary of all the important points. There was much repetition at my sittings, and a few other matters were referred to, especially concerning the landing of my ancestors in

America, which I have not had the opportunity yet either to prove or disprove.

Having frequently heard of the remarkable things said to be done by Mrs. Piper, I finally persuaded myself to call on her. 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—a state which was entirely new to my experience—and after a moment's silence, which followed her rather violent movements, 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?" and then the conversation continued in English, with rarely a French word, and more rarely a French expression coming into it. Nearly all my interviews were begun in the same manner. I had given no means of identification, and simply awaited results. At the time I made my first visits to Mrs. Piper I was quite unwell with nervous troubles, for which I had been under treatment by a noted specialist. 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, which I was to do myself. I speak of this now, as I shall have occasion to refer to it farther on. My profession (painting) was described, and my particular talents and mannerisms in design were mentioned. I was surrounded with pictures—"Oh! pictures everywhere!" At this interview 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." Two living aunts, who are very dear to me, my brother and his wife "Nellie" were well described, and in such a way as to have made it impossible for Mrs. Piper to have so minutely informed herself about them.

*Second Sitting, on October 5th.*—Mention was made of an old friend whom I had lost sight of for a long time, last hearing of him in a mining camp in Southern California. He ("Dr. Phinuit") suddenly said: "You will hear in a few months from Lennox—you call him 'Frank.' He is doing well and is prosperous." On my asking where he was, if still in California, he said, "No," but had "gone across water to Al—Aul—Aula—how you call that?"

I suggested "Australia," which seemed to puzzle the good "Doctor" for he doubted the name, hesitated, but finally said, "Yes, Australia." Within a year afterwards I received very unexpectedly a letter from this friend, then in Florida, saying that he had been mining in *Alaska* and met with some success and was at the moment of writing doing better than ever before. At this sitting 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 of 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 spelled 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." I speak here of the pronunciation of my name as I will later on refer to it again. Was told of the arrival in this country of my paternal ancestors from Scotland in the middle of the last century, and the family name was correctly given as Richie, but I have not as yet verified the accounts of their settling here as the "Doctor" gave me, and which differ much from family traditions. On placing in Mrs. Piper's hands the marriage register of my grandfather, she gave a very minute description of it, although she could not possibly have seen it or its contents. Phinuit said there were lots of people's names—it was a marriage—a blood-relation—my grandfather and grandmother. This was all correct; the certificate was of a Quaker marriage, and signed by a large number of persons.

*November 8th, 1888.*—My sitting on this date was quite remarkable. 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 colouring 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. At this sitting a remarkable incident happened. 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 moustache, a trick which my friend formerly practised much. "Newell" also told me that his cousin was then visiting his brother, a fact which I afterwards learned to be true.

*December 3rd, 1888.*—I had my fifth sitting with Mrs. Piper, but the result was not remarkably interesting, being mostly devoted to family affairs and certain friends who were perfectly described. All this time I had been using the medicines given me by the "Doctor," and generally with the best results. At this sitting he changed the prescription.

*December 29th, 1888.*—This sitting, similar to my last one, was interesting in its relation to private family affairs, and some remarkable descriptions of these.

*January 31st, 1889.*—My seventh sitting was amusing in one thing. I had been following the treatment prescribed by the "Doctor," and had prepared at my home the herbs, &c., 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" (referring to a respectable coloured cook in my employ at the time) "had not followed my directions, had used the wrong proportions, had forgotten to watch the cooking, and was a fool any way!" 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!" I took a piece of embroidery made by a sailor while abroad on a cruise and at once "An old, wizened-up man" came to its influence. "Who is he?" "Why, D.'s grandfather," giving me the correct name of my friend but one by which I had never known him, but which I only knew after an acquaintance of a year or more, he having followed the sea, as usual with sailors, under an assumed name.

*March 26th, 1889.*—My eighth sitting. A test was given me by a friend of which I knew nothing. The article was placed in cotton wool within a box, wrapped in paper and tied with a string. The "Doctor" said he "could see it," and described the object fairly well, but said that if I would open the box he could tell just where it came from. I had no idea what was in the box, and the box was not opened until I returned it to my friend. As it was, he described well my friend X, who gave me the parcel; then he described his friend Y, who had given the article, the person who gave Y the article from "far off over the sea," and explained certain characteristics of these persons and their connection with my friend X. All of these descriptions, X afterwards told me, were correct, and the article which the "Doctor" described as a "charm," and "glittering," proved to be a beautifully carved, but not "glittering," button, latterly worn as a charm with a gold attachment, formerly in the possession of a noble Japanese family of great antiquity, and surreptitiously taken from there by a visitor and brought to this country. A lock of hair belonging to a friend who is quite noted for his amusing self-conceit was greeted with a laugh and recognised 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, and the same questions put as to how were the "fellows at the club." My hand was cordially shaken, and I remarked the same movement of twisting the moustache, which was kept up by Mrs. Piper during the interview. "Newell" spoke of a "pastel" which I was drawing as a wedding present, 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-bye. 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.

Then I produced a dog's collar. After some handling of it the "Doctor" recognised 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 described 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 honour of the election of Grover Cleveland.

*July 12th, 1889.*—My tenth sitting. This was of little interest outside of certain affairs which the good "Doctor" talked about. I tried no tests and had no experiences.

*July 17th, 1889.*—My eleventh sitting. The "Doctor" this time gave me his full name, &c., as follows:—

"Dr. Jean Phinuit Sciville, 113 or 115, Rue Dupuytren, Paris. Ami du Docteur Latimer." This was my last sitting with Mrs. Piper before she went to England. It was again of little or no interest to report about.

Among other curious things told me by the "Doctor" was the following. 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.

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 realised.

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 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.

J. ROGERS RICH.

167, Tremont-street, Boston, Mass.

April 14th, 1891.

#### 41. *R. Hodgson. Locks of Hair.*

I knew nothing concerning the first five locks of hair, but did know from whom the hair came in the sixth case. The first five cases were complete failures. In the sixth case perhaps there is no more than can be accounted for by chance. I did not know to whom the hair sent to me in the seventh case belonged. It was sent to me from Albany, N. Y., wrapped, at my request, in rubber cloth. I took it out of the cloth before giving it to Phinuit, and saw that it was white.

1-5. Locks of hair sent from England, tried in March, 1888. Complete failures. While holding lock 5 Phinuit said: "Here's a spirit named J—. Something very sad about it. And I can see two little boys and a girl here, and there's a person named Alice in the family." [This apparently independent of the hair. The name mentioned was the same as that in my second sitting. See p. 62.]

6. *June 27th, 1888.*—Mother in spirit. [No.] Friend in her family named Joe. [No.] Sister got married, and very unhappy life. [No.] Good deal of intellect. Had some pain in right breast, and I think up through this (right) jaw. [Left side.] There's four in her family, an elderly lady rather stout, looks like a mother-in-law. [Yes, yes.] Charles, uncle of hers.

[No.] Very nice lady, but set as the hills. Plenty of determination, will, intellect, and good sense. Morally, all right. Open, frank, sincere, true. [The preceding notes in this case were made by the lady herself, now dead. The description of her character, so far as it goes, I think, is correct. I knew nothing of the other circumstances mentioned.—R.H.]

7. *June 10th, 1891.*—There's been a friend passed out of the body. There's an elderly gentleman connected with this. Oh, and he's such a nice old fellow! And I get John right off with this. There's somebody—Adams. Oh, I get such a pain in my head. Take that away quick. [Giving the hair back to me.] There's a relative of the old gentleman whose hair that is, who's insane. [Taking hair again.] He had trouble with his heart and throat. He couldn't hear very well. He has a daughter in the body who was very much devoted to him. Henry—still in the body. I'll have to take this another time. John calls for Henry and says: "Don't worry about Charles. Let him take his own course and all will be right. Don't oppose. He'll be better for the journey." That's not been passed out so very long. He was very fond of music.

*June 23rd, 1891.*—Oh, this is the elderly gentleman, John, that I told you of. There's somebody named Carter connected with this. There's very little influence in this. It's nearly gone. It belongs to somebody who has passed out of the body.

[Mrs. S., who sent me the hair, writes as follows:—"Yes. The friend has passed out of the body. He was an old man of 90, and a remarkably genial, lovable man. John is not right. The old gentleman's name was William, and John is not a family name. Nor is the name of Adams right; no such name that we know of. There is a relative of the old gentleman who has a disease at present that makes her delirious much of the time, but there's no insanity anywhere in the family. He died of heart failure and had a lung and throat trouble. Yes, he was very deaf. Yes, he has a daughter living who was *exceedingly* devoted to him. All that about Henry, and John calling for Henry, and what he says has nothing to do with the old gentleman, but "not been passed out so very long" is true. The old gentleman died only the middle of last April. Yes, he was very fond of music. On the second date, *June 23rd*, there is almost nothing. John is not the right name, nor is there any such name as Carter connected with the family. The old gentleman was my grandfather, who died only two months ago. Some of the things were strikingly true. He was deaf, fond of music, and had this one daughter (my mother) who was passionately devoted to him."]

The remaining records are of sittings given by Mrs. Piper since her return from England. (See also last part of No. 41.) The greater part of eight sittings between May 15th and June 25th inclusive was occupied by endeavours to obtain definite information concerning some articles furnished to me by a gentleman, whom I shall call for the present Mr. "V." I reserve these for later publication, partly because I wish to make some further experiments in connection with the matters involved in the articles, and partly because I wish to ascertain the result of further inquiries concerning the statements already made.



42. *Sitting on December 4th, 1890.*

The first sitting given by Mrs. Piper since her return (*February, 1890*) to America was in the presence of her physician and Professor William James and a stenographic reporter. Unfortunately, as I have already mentioned (see p. 5), her physician has refused to make any report whatever. An incident, however, occurred at the sitting having reference to some relations of Professor James, and I give the account of it here, with additional statements in explanation.

[Extracts from stenographic report of sitting.]

P. : You are not the captain. You are William. I know you ; you are James. I am glad to see you. Do you know the—the—the—little one ? J. : Which little one ? P. : A little one, Eliza. [Makes several attempts to pronounce the name ; then pronounces it correctly.] It is a little one in the spirit. Do you know a father named William ? J. : Of course I do ; but what William ? P. : He is what you call the papa. That little one that talked to me. J. : Does she talk to you, Eliza ? P. : She has got the remembrance of her papa ; do you know what I mean ? J. : Yes. P. : The last one she remembers is papa. She wants him to — [Takes watch and other articles out of Mr. James's pocket. Gets knife and holds it up to head ; fumbles it with fingers.] J. : You want to open that ? [No answer ; makes motion of drawing it away.] P. : William ? J. : Yes. P. : The last thing that the little one remembers is the knife ; the knife ; her papa opened the knife. She asked him to open the knife. That is the last thing she says she remembers. J. : What did she die of ? P. : [Taking hold of J.'s necktie.] Diphtheria. She got that of a lady. A lady came into the place that had a trunk. You know trunk ? Some clothes that had been tending the lady. J. : I see ; correct. P. : She tells me and your mother tells me that. J. : Is my mother with Eliza ? P. : She has got her, Emily. J. : Whose knife is this that you are holding ? P. : This knife is not the one.

\* \* \* \* \*

P. : William, do you know what I mean ? You know what Eliza said ? That is the name, Eliza. J. : Who is that the name of ? P. : That is the name of the one I was talking about. That is the little child.

\* \* \* \* \*

P. : Where is the knife ? [J. hands knife.] P. : William, I want to ask you if you know this little one is very small ? Will you find out what she means by the knife ? J. : I will. P. : She says something about William—that is papa—to open the knife. J. : Does she want him to open it now or does she say that she did ? P. : She wanted him to open it, I believe ; I can't tell you exactly ; that is the last thing she remembers. Do you know anything about it ? J. : No, I don't know anything about it. P. : He took her up the last, do you know, and put her back again. J. : Can she tell him anything about where she now is or who with ? P. : She is with—do you know his sister ? J. : No, I don't. P. : Don't know Mary ? J. : No. P. : Don't know Lizzie, L—I—Z—Z—I—E ? There are two or three and she is with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

P. : Will you tell Mary that it is the lady's clothes ? J. : I will. P. :

Will you tell William that Eliza says she caught her diphtheria from the lady's clothes? J.: That is right.

[I think there was another slight reference to this matter, but not important.]

[A. M. R., *Stenographer.*]

[Addressed to me. Dictated by W. M. Salter to his wife.—W.J.]

516, North-avenue, Chicago, *December 9th, 1890.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—We are greatly obliged for the account of the sitting with Mrs. Piper. Baby Eliza did play with my knife, and asked me to open it but a short time before she died—indeed, it was the last show of intelligence that I distinctly remember. I have told this incident to many people, and the whole question is whether in any way it could have got to Mrs. Piper. Margaret thinks she did not tell her, but she is not absolutely sure. If Mrs. Piper had not heard of it in any way it is certainly remarkable.

[From Mr. W. M. Salter.]

Chicago, *December 17th, 1890.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—Mrs. Piper stumbled (with my assistance) on to my sister Mary's name a year ago in Chocorua. The first name she used then was "Lizzie," and who was meant I could not say. I have a living aunt whose middle name is Elizabeth, but she is never called Lizzie. "Emily" I do not recognise at all—have never known or heard of an Emily in our family. If I could only be *sure* Margaret had not told Mrs. Piper of the knife incident!

WM. SALTER.

[From Mrs. W. M. Salter.]

Chicago, *December 17th, 1890.*

DEAR WILLIAM,—We were very glad to get your letter with the stenographic report of the Piper interview. I hope that you will not object to our keeping it. I am ready to swear, if necessary, that I did not tell Mrs. Piper of the knife incident when I went to see her last October with mother. I recall clearly the whole interview. And, indeed, my baby's illness is something I can speak of to no one. Time for me only adds to its pathos.

\* \* \* \* \*

MARY G. SALTER.

P.S.—I think there is small chance of Margaret's having told Mrs. Piper the incident of the knife. She says that her first impulse was to deny absolutely having done so. Almost the whole interview was taken up with Mrs. Piper's account of her English experiences. Towards the close she referred to Baby's death. Because Margie cannot remember just what she said she is unable to positively assert anything in regard to it.—Yours,

M. G. S.

[Statement by Professor James.]

It seems *unlikely* that so interesting an incident as that of the knife could have been mentioned to Mrs. P. by Margaret G. in the few minutes' talk which she could have had about the death of "Eliza." It was more likely to

have been mentioned to me, but if so, it has sunk to an unrecoverable part of my consciousness.

Mrs. P. saw "Eliza" when at Chocorua in 1889. She saw Margaret once, soon after her return from England, and Mary Salter and Mrs. Gibbens together once, in October last.

[W. J.]

[Statement by Mrs. Piper.]

December 22nd, 1890.

Mrs. Piper states that neither Mrs. Gibbens nor Mrs. Salter nor Miss Gibbens said anything whatever to her concerning any knife incident in connection with Eliza. Mrs. Salter made one reference only to Eliza during her conversation in the fall, viz.: "I thought I might get a word from Baby." This impressed Mrs. Piper because Mrs. Salter was much affected when she made this remark. Miss Gibbens on a prior visit talked more freely about Eliza and the grief which Mrs. Salter felt, but said no more about the details of the death than Mrs. Piper had learned in England from Mr. Clarke, who had told her that the child was dead and that the cause of death was diphtheria. Mrs. Piper is not quite sure whether he said diphtheria or scarlet fever.

[R. H.]

Mrs. Salter writes on December 27th, 1890:—

When I saw Mrs. Piper she talked almost exclusively about her own affairs. I merely referred to my child's death when I asked her for a sitting, otherwise I said nothing about it.

43. *Miss Edmunds. . June 1st, 1891.*

[From notes made during the sitting by Miss Edmunds.]

[Mrs. Piper knew my name; that I was English; had seen me at the office of the S.P.R.; and, during the conversation we had before the sitting, I had made a passing allusion to a nephew; beyond these facts I think that she knew nothing of me. (This nephew was not alluded to during the sitting.) The following account is an abridgment.]

Phinuit stated that I had a father in spirit and mother in body, describing some characteristics of each one. . . . John—no, Joseph—Joseph. [Father and mother each had a brother named Joseph, both deceased.] There's one, two, three, four brothers. [True.] One, two passed out—little things—with their father—that's all there was of you passed out. [True.] James. [Pause.] James. [Emphatically, and writes the name on my pad.] (I don't know any one in the family of that name.) Yes, you do, I know—James in body, married your aunt. (Oh, Uncle Henry.) [James Henry Thomas, whom we have always called "Uncle Henry." But father used to call him "James Henry."] There's a little one, came after he [father] passed out. [True.] Al—Alice, another little girl. (Not Alice.) [Forgetting for the moment that Lillie's name is Alice Lillian, and that my brother usually calls her Alice and writes to her as such.] Yes, Alice. You call her *Lil*, but she's *Alice*! [Phinuit enumerated the girls in the family correctly, giving the name "Echel, musical," and stating that one was in Australia, summing up:] There's yourself, one married,

one in Australia, one that studies, one that paints, and the two little ones. [My older brother was wrongly said to be married. Ellen, the name of a little sister who died in infancy, was referred to as sending a message, and as being "a big girl now." Mary was mentioned and "Aunt Ellen." Mary and Ellen were great aunts.]

[Here Phinuit made a sudden dart at my watchcord, and I thought of his "scent for trinkets" as he pulled out a heart-shaped locket made of the serpentine rocks at the Land's End, which had been in my possession since a child.] Ha! You had that a long time, since you little girl—rock—sea washed over that. Your mother's influence comes with that—no, your mother's mother—your grandmother. [True.] [Takes the watch from the other end of the cord.] School watch? No, you *not* had that so long as this. [Holding up the locket.] Ask me something else—I'll tell you about the watch presently. [Pause.] No, your father knows that,—see, I hold it up and he say, "Oh, I know that." [Phinuit holds up the watch as if to show it to some invisible person behind him.] He gave it to your aunt, and she gave it to you. [True.] Box, oh, box, he knows that! [I had taken from my pocket a little round black box which father used to keep in his desk, full of old coins.] (What was in it?) [It was then empty.] Oh, I'll tell you presently. I can't hear what he says. [Looking over his shoulder as though listening to someone behind him, while I mentally said, "Coins, coins," and formed a distinct picture of them in my mind.] Picture, where's picture? [Working his finger round a hole in the lid where I believe at one time was a picture under glass.] But *you* don't know. He does.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little shiny things in box. (Chain?) No. (Coins?) Coins, yes, coins, coins, *I knew!* [Other names given were Uncle William (correct), Fred and Albert (both brothers), Jessie (sister), Carlote (Charlotte, sister), "named for a relative on mother's side" (correct), Margaret (unrecognised), Edith (married sister), Fred her husband (correct), with further correct descriptions of character, &c.]

L. EDMUNDS.

July 1st, 1891. (See also No. 50, p. 154.) [Mrs. Holmes present. L. E. taking notes.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Once Phinuit turned to me with :] How's Catherine? (Who is Catherine?) You know—your sister—the one whose name I did not give you last time. [I had not mentioned to Phinuit that he had omitted to give the name of one sister, although I had made a note of the fact.] (I have no sister named Catherine.) Yes, you have. (Not Catherine, but Kate.) It's Catherine, that's what your father told me. (That's funny, for father disliked the name of Catherine, and took special pains to register the name of my sister as Kate, so that she should not be called Catherine.) Phinuit here looked a little disconcerted, and mumbled, "Well, that's what he said."

[After another interval with Mrs. Holmes, Phinuit turned to me and said :] You've got something here you want me to tell you about. I'll tell you

all about it. Hodgson gave me something with influence of yours, and I did not tell him right—where is it? Give it to me again. [I gave him the bookmark, and wondered how he knew that he had given wrong information about it.] Yes, that's it. It's something to do with your sister Editha. (No, I do not think she ever even saw it.) Well, you let me have it for a time, and I'll tell you all about it. I'll put it in my hair. . . . This mark has something to do with school-friend. (No.) No, not exactly that, but I see something about school about it. It's something to do with somebody that was under you—someone that you had to teach. There's an influence comes with it—a little girl—rather pretty. Light hair and dark eyes—bright. You had something to do with teaching her. Nice little girl. She seems to recognise this. She's passed out of the body. You heard from her when she was ill. [All true.] There's another influence comes with it—not her brother, but she was very fond of him. She called him cousin—Gideon—he's in Australia. [It is not known where he is now.] He is erratic, but he is doing well, *physically* [laying great stress on the last word]. He has not passed out. He will return. Ella—Elma—Emly—Elmly—Oh, what is it? Emily—no, Emma—Maria sends her love to Emma—do you understand? Maria sends her love to Emma, and says she is often with her. Emma is not well—not at all well—not happy. [Maria was the little girl's name; Emma is the mother's name, and Gideon the name of her nephew, whose whereabouts is not at present known.]

[Note by R. H.]

At a sitting on June 25th, I gave Phinuit the bookmark, which Miss Edmunds had carefully wrapped up between two pieces of plain card. I knew nothing of the history of the bookmark. My notes are as follow:—

“[Phinuit asks me to read it.] A little faint influence about the young lady with you. Didn't she wrap them up? (Yes, I think so.) Fleishy lady connected with this in body. It was given to her mother as a bookmark. This has been in some book like a Bible thing, and it looks like I get the influence Margaret. There's also Edith. There's an influence here of a lady that's fond of her brother—Miss Edmunds' brother. . . . This hasn't so much of her influence as Edith's. I think Edith made it. (Is Edith in the body?) Oui. Isn't Miss Edmunds funny? She's handled this, hasn't she? She put it there [indicating between cards], and I get all her influences come back with it. This came across water originally. These [cards] were handled more by her than this [mark], and the mark has been handled more by the person who made it than by anybody else.”

On my return from the sitting, Miss Edmunds informed me that the statements about the bookmark itself were incorrect. I did not see Mrs. Piper again until after the sitting of July 1st.

*July 6th, 1891.* (See also No. 51, p. 155.)

[At the sitting on July 6th, besides giving information concerning some tests which I had brought with me, Phinuit gave messages “from father,” and stated that:] Your mother has been having pains in her head. She's gone from the place where I saw her first. [I was then myself under the impression that mother was visiting my sister, but (October 2nd) I have just

heard that she made that visit in September.] [Remarks about my sister Ethel.] There are two children just alike in spirit—they were twins [true]—with your father now. There are two Charlottes, sister and aunt. [True, and Phinuit makes a prophecy concerning my sister Charlotte.] [Messages to my brother Albert.] You are going to visit Albert soon. I see you in his surroundings. There will be a change for him soon after that. [Then, breaking off:] You take this as a test from me—your mother has had a fall. She has slipped and hurt her foot. Now you remember that I said so. [December, 1891.—My mother had no fall.] You are going into the country and also near water—three different places. To the water with a lady, Mrs. Holmes. I see you with her by the water. And you'll also go to a country place where there are children and mountains—a mountainous place—and you'll see your brother last of all. [October 2nd.—I had then just received an invitation from Mrs. Holmes to spend a week with her at the seaside, but I had not mentioned the fact either to Phinuit or Mrs. Piper, and Mrs. Holmes said that she had not mentioned it. I also have visited “the mountainous place where there were children,” and am hoping soon to visit my brother (as she did.—R.H.), but all these circumstances were previously known to me and I expected each event to happen in the order which Phinuit described.] [Mention was also made in this sitting of a younger brother, and his name given without effort—Martin.]

L. EDMUNDS.

44. Mrs. C. June 19th, 1891.

[Mrs. C. had a sitting alone with Mrs. Piper in 1889. Of this no record was made. Little mention of her husband was made in that sitting, which was chiefly occupied by the subject of her daughter's ill-health. Mrs. C. lives in New York, and I believe that her name was unknown to Mrs. Piper. I was sent out of the room early in the sitting, and could hear only fragments of the conversation after this. At the close of the sitting Mrs. C. gave an account which I took down at the time. I abridge this account, and embody the information since received from Mrs. C. The names mentioned during the sitting have been changed to others in the record at the request of Mrs. C. I made the appointments for both sittings.—R.H.]

[Re fountain pen.] This brings John in the spirit. John the son in body. [Correct.] Phinuit described a little elderly lady, nervous, in my surroundings, and said she wouldn't live long. This suggests my sister, who is never in very good health. [An aunt living in New York, aged 76, not nervous, death not anticipated for several years, began to fail about June 20th, and died July 10th.]

He said I would get a letter from my brother very shortly. [Not true.]

He said there was a stick with a funny handle, marks on it, a walking-stick, that belonged to an old gentleman, grandfather, my father, who had it when in the body, and that he wanted me to have it, that *Sis* has it and that I must ask for it. [The sister writes that there is a walking-stick used by her father. It has not a crook handle, but a knob.]

The names Anderson or Andrews and Flack were given [not recognised]. He kept feeling about me and said: “You have something about you belonging to him” [my husband]. Felt my ring and said: “Oh, he gave you that many

years ago." After searching about and touching various objects, he said: "You've got my watch." I took it out. He said: "Your husband says it's his watch, but it's not his chain." This was correct. I had broken my own watch about a month before, and since then have carried his watch, but had taken off his chain and put my own chain on. Until the watch was mentioned I had entirely forgotten that I had it.

Phinuit said that I had a bad time with my teeth a while ago, and that my husband was with me [*i.e.*, in spirit] when I had them extracted. I had two teeth extracted under gas a month or six weeks ago.

References were made to a document, which made it clear that a certain insurance paper was intended. This I was requested to publish, on the ground that it would be of benefit to myself and a satisfaction to my husband who would then feel that justice was done. The circumstances connected with this document, which are too private to be mentioned in this report, concerned a matter which was of the most vital interest to my husband. It is the very matter he would be most likely to speak of if he were actually in communication with me. Some specific advice was given about the publication of this document. [This advice proved upon inquiry to be irrelevant.]

A correct statement was made about the unfortunate sale of some of my property. Henry was correctly given as the first name of the man who defrauded me.

A prophecy made that Mrs. C. would be out of her difficulties "when snow came" was not fulfilled.

[Note by R.H.]

[At a sitting on July 8th, Phinuit said:] "John's lady feeling particularly blue to-day. I think this is the day John passed out of the body. I hear this from John himself."

Mrs. C. writes on July 10th:—

"Your note of the 8th is just received. I am sorry to say that Phinuit is 'mixed' in his facts, as the date of my husband's death was June 18th, the day before our sitting with Mrs. Piper. During the 8th, at the time you had this sitting, I was not particularly 'blue,' and there was nothing *unusually* depressing in any way, but I had a bad headache, and was feeling generally tired and miserable; but the condition was more physical than mental.

*Sittings 45-50.*

When I was in New York early in May, 1891, Mrs. Julia Sadler Holmes, a member of our Society, gave me, at my request, two locks of her hair for experiments with Mrs. Piper; but I had not explained to her that Phinuit prefers locks cut close to the head, and I found later that these two pieces had been cut several inches away.

On May 21st, 1891, at the end of a sitting where Phinuit had been describing the influences of other articles (sent to me by Mr. V.), I gave him one of the two locks which I had first received from Mrs. Holmes. Phinuit said: "I've seen this influence before. This came from across

the water. Relative of this person across the water. Her name spells with an 'E.' (No.) The influences are all mixed." And he declined to do anything further with it.

Being aware that Miss R. was to have a sitting on May 23rd, I placed the second of the two locks in a clean envelope, different from those which I am in the habit of using, and requested Miss R. to give it to Phinuit during the course of the sitting. She did so, and Phinuit at once said that *my* influence was on the envelope, that the hair was the "same influence" as that which I had recently given him, that he got the name Esther with it, but that it had very little "influence" about it, and he wanted a "better" piece. During a sitting which I had on May 25th, Phinuit referred to this incident, and repeated that he wanted a "better" piece of hair, but did not mention the name Esther. I wrote to Mrs. Holmes on the subject and requested her to send me another lock of hair cut close to the head, and some article of dress, such as a collar, which had come much in contact with the skin (Phinuit claiming that such objects had "influence"), and she sent me a "veritable scalp-lock," and a piece of ribbon which she had worn round her neck. I gave these to Phinuit on June 5th. In this and in the two following sittings with the articles received from Mrs. Holmes, the notes were taken by me during the sitting, and copies of them forwarded to Mrs. Holmes. The remarks in square brackets (except where otherwise specified) were either interpolated by Mrs. Holmes herself or incorporated by me from her letters in answer to my inquiries.

45. *Sitting on June 5th, 1891.*

[Last part of sitting.]

*Re Hair.*

Ha! that's in the body. That's the same influence I had before, but that's a better piece. She's thinking about going away. [Yes.] She's had considerable sorrow. [Yes.] Lady relative of hers passed out in last year. [Yes, Emma Holmes.] She's done a great deal of good. She's a nice lady, a lady who has a great deal of firmness of character. She doesn't tell all her sorrows to others. You ask her how *Mrs. French* is. [My mother has a cousin Soph. French, or it may be Phinuit sees Mrs. French, the medium, whose circles I have been attending recently.] And there's somebody connected with her by the name of *Anna* [Mrs. Holmes had recently made the acquaintance, through me, of Dr. *Anna* Lukens.—R.H.], and *James* in the body. There's a gentleman in her surroundings and he's kind of cranky. [Yes.] His name is William. [No.] She's changed her home within a year or two. [Yes.] She's a bright lady, mighty deep, though; nervous, too; has some trouble with her stomach. [Yes.] She had something the matter with her foot. [No, son's foot.] Had to have something done to it not long since. Somebody connected with it by the name of Harris, and Fred. [Yes, Harry and Fred.]



*Re Ribbon.*

Same influence. Her hair is grey and black, mixed, and she dresses in very prettily, and she goes near the water very often, and she writes sometimes quite nicely. Lady's mother—Auntie called Eliza—Elzie—Eliza is not right, but something like it. She wants to know about *Mamie*. [See next sitting.—R.H.] Who's Cooper? Who's Miss Roberts? And Miss Davis? A little sister passed out of the body quite a number of years ago. [Yes, a sister died in babyhood. Recognise Cooper, Roberts, Davis. "Lady's mother" (mother-in-law) in spirit life is named Elizabeth. I know also a lady, called "Aunt Eliza" in my childhood, aunt by marriage. She is still living, however.]

[*Further comments.*]

[In the envelope which brought the "ribbon" and hair was enclosed a letter from Mrs. Holmes's son, *Harry*, in which he refers to the cutting of his foot accidentally, and its being "fixed up" by a doctor. This letter is dated May 9th, 1891.—R.H.] [His letter (Harry's) was brought to me from New York by my son *Fred*. It was sent originally to the man who is "*cranky*," who forwarded it from B. The cranky man is associated with a geologist named *Davis*, who located some lead and silver mines near B, and then ran off with the secret. We have been quite excited with this *Davis*, who has now returned to B. Mrs. Piper caught all this from Harry's letter, which had probably been carried in the cranky man's pocket. The only mistake she made was in the colour of my hair—it was never *black*, but shaded from a brown to a gold. Curiously, what she handled she could not see, and the cut foot in Montana was shown to her as mine. Possibly because this son *Harry* (not *Harris*) is nearer to me than any other living thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Closely connected with this Southern business is one *James Roberts*, a friend of the K—— family. Fortunes hang upon his honesty and ability. I think the *Miss Roberts* and the *Miss Davis* are undoubtedly these two gentlemen. The *Coopers* are all related, and associated socially and financially with *James Roberts*, the K——'s, and the "*cranky*" man.]

46. *Sitting on June 10th, 1891.*

*Re Hair and Ribbon.*

There's somebody connected with this named *Vaughn*. [Yes.] And *Mamie*. [About that *Vaughn*. He committed suicide. . . . If the name were *Manie*, it would fit the situation just now, as the *Manie K.* (sister-in-law to my daughter) . . . is constantly on our lips.]

*Re Strip of Velvet.* [Since the previous sitting I had received from Mrs. Holmes a strip of velvet which she had worn.]

Same influence. She lives out a little way. [Mrs. Holmes lives in a suburb of New York.] There's a big vine [No, a tree in blossom] round the end of the house where she is, on the right as you go in. She's a very nice lady. Who's *Emily*? [My sister who died in babyhood.] (I don't know.) Well, she knows who she is. . . . She's got a mother, a father, and a

brother in spirit. [Yes. Not mother, but mother-in-law.] Either the father or the brother is named William. [It's the brother. His name was William Henry Harrison Sadler. I generally called him *Henry*.] There's somebody named *French* connected with her. [Yes.] She takes me to New York. [Yes.] (How do you know it's New York?) I can see N. Y. I see a desk, and a piece of statuary stands at the end of the desk, and I see a letter on it with N. Y. at the top. [The desk had ornaments, but no statue. There are two bronze statues, however, on a bookcase near.] The letter begins: "My dear Lucy." She has a friend named Jones. [Yes. Who hasn't?] . . . *Emerson*. [Not recognised.] You ask her if she didn't have an aunt named Caroline or Katherine in spirit. [Yes, we called her Auntie Mason.] [See Notes to next Sittings, No. 47.—R.H.] And there's Doctor Somebody here. (Who? Can you get his name?) [Doctor unknown.] It's in the surroundings of a doctor. I think this lady had a sister who went across the water some time ago. I don't think you know this. [No, I went myself.] . . . I see a letter on the desk:—

June 2, 1891.

MY DEAR LUCY,—

Will go to-morrow evening  
if possible. In case you do not hear  
come round.

[I did not write this in the letter, but said these very words to her next day, or nearly.] (Can you see how it's signed?) I'm trying to. The last letter is "s." (That's right.) [I was thinking of the last letter of the name Holmes.—R.H.] [Here Phinuit tried to write the initials. His attempts show two separate capital S's, another doubtful capital S, a scrawl like a capital U, two initials together like LS, then three initials together, the first of which might be L or J or Q, the second of which might be S or G, and the third of which is most like S.—R.H.] Signed by initials. Looks like A. R. S. You know she's got three names. (That's right.) Looks like "L" or "J." (Is that the first or last or the middle one?) The first. I'll get more another time. [When Mrs. Holmes signs "initials," her J is as much like an L as it is like a J.—R.H.] [Lucy H. wrote me, June 1st, to meet her and go to H. the next Sunday. June 1st, I wrote her to visit me; our letters crossed. Friday, June 5th, I called upon her, saying, "Will you go to Gilmore's concert with me to-morrow evening? In case you do not hear to the contrary, expect me about 5 p.m. Saturday. I will come round for you, take you to the concert, and then home with me for Sunday. I did not address her as "My dear Lucy," but did sign my initials to a postal card, sent another mail, J. S. H.]

47. *Sitting on June 15th, 1891.*

[Mrs. Holmes understood that I was to try to get information from Phinuit, during the sitting, of her doings 11.30—12.30.]

*Re Glove, Mrs. Holmes.*

Who's Ella? [See below.] I've seen this influence before. Somebody's sweetheart. You handed me some influence like this before. Give me the piece that goes with it. I saw the date with this, you know. N.Y.

(That's right.) This lady's been across the water. [Yes, once only, to England.] Been across two or three times. Spent much time in Paris. [Ella has. I have never been on the Continent.]

*Re Velvet as well, also Hair and Ribbon.*

This [velvet] is a bonnet tie. Nice generous bit of hair, this is. Cut right close to the head. *Dersyer*, I see that written. [Unrecognised by me.] She has a large blue vase that was given to her by an elderly gentleman and lady across the water. [No, but we have two Bolton vases brought from Ireland, by Miss Maggie K.] Ask her if she knows anybody named *Sweat*. [Yes, Frances Sweat, sister of my aunt Louisa, died many years ago.] . . . You know you have to go up steps to get into her house. There's a little thing in front that you swing in. (Hammock?) Yes, hammock. [Baby's swing on side piazza. Hammock is in garden.] There's a chair with a crooked back. [No.] A funny back that throws back with a spring. [We have a velvet chair in New York that falls back with a rod—too big for this cottage.] There is a young lady with very dark hair sitting therein this minute. (About 11.55 a.m., June 15th, 1891.) [Do not know.]

12 Noon.—The elderly lady has a parcel, a square package, looks like a book, in her hand. She's been reading, and she's just arranged something on her head. It looks like a little wrap she's thrown over her head. The lady herself has gone to speak to the younger lady, and she has on a dark dress with little light spots in it. [Wrong, but see Mrs. H.'s letter concerning the dress.—R.H.] . . . She has a friend that she's very fond of, named Ella or Ellen. [Eleanor B., commonly called Ella.] How do you spell that? That's her name—S—T—R, S—T—A—. [Gives it up, apparently.—R.H.] She knows who *Louise* is, Louise in spirit. [I have Aunt Louise in the body.] (What is she doing?) [I explained about appointment from 11.30 to 12.30.—R.H.] She came mighty near forgetting it. [No, I thought very much about it.]

12.15.—She looks as if she's putting some flowers in a vase. [Yes, I was.] She trims and puts them in that. [Yes, pulled out dead ferns and placed vase on desk.] Since I saw her influence the other day [Wednesday, June 10th.—R.H.] she has been having the pillows changed in the room where she sleeps, and some things changed in the bed [Yes, bed broke down—new post put in], and she's been having something put up over the window. [Yes.] Do you know her girl? (Her daughter?) Yes. (Yes, I know her.) She's a nice girl. . . . Her daughter has a friend who's going to be married right away. [Yes, we guess so.] (A lady?) *Ovi*. The last part of her name ends in *son*, doesn't it? (No.) Last part of her first name? (No.) She has three names. *Eliza* comes with this (*velvet*) and she's in the body. [Yes, "Aunt Eliza," sister of *Albert's mother*.] [See below.—R.H.]

12.22.—Now she's doing something to a picture—the mother, who is still in the body—I think there's something the matter with her teeth. [My notes are not clear as to whether this statement was about Mrs. Holmes or her mother, but my impression during the sitting was, I believe, that it referred to the mother of Mrs. Holmes, viz., Mrs. Sadler, who writes on Dec. 4th, 1891: "I cannot remember toothache on June 15th, 1891. Have

had general trouble with my teeth all the year."—R.H.] [Yes, lost gold out of my back tooth yesterday.] [Phinuit asked at beginning of sitting if he wasn't right about the mother, father, and brother being in spirit. I said that the mother-in-law was in spirit.—R.H.] I hear the name of William Henry, who's called Henry. [At beginning of sitting Phinuit asked me if William wasn't the name of the brother. I said that the lady recognised that, although she didn't at first.—R.H.] Did you ever see her paint? (No.) [My daughter is an artist.] She's doing something with a brush. Now she's dropped that—she sits down at desk to write. *Charles* is on the page in front of her. [I sat at desk to write, not my daughter.] [The above remarks, including the painting, were applied by Phinuit to Mrs. Holmes.—R.H.]

12.25.—Now I see her go to the window and speak to a man, short, kind of stout. [Yes, the butcher.] She reaches up and pulls something down. [I opened blind for more light and arranged curtain.] She's gone back to sit down again, at the desk. [Yes.] I hear "Caroline, aunt, passed away with stomach and heart trouble, recognises this influence." [Yes. A dear friend, Aunt Caroline Mason—*Katherine* was her sister-in-law, also called by me Aunt Kate.] She seems to be writing. [Yes, I was writing with planchette.] *Albert*—cousin, a wandering sort of fellow, something to do with soldiers, fighting. Old-fashioned picture of him taken some years ago. [Yes, on a hobby-horse.] He doesn't know whether she or his mother, her aunt, has the photo. [Aunt Eliza has it.] He was very fond of shooting. [Yes, but Albert is alive.] *Maria*. A relative on her husband's side. [Maria Holmes, but on my mother's side, wife of her brother. I am named Julia *Maria* from this aunt.]

12.30.—She's got a whole box of things. She's pawing them over for all she's worth. [I was.] You ask her for another piece of fresh hair, cut close, but I don't want to rob her head.

[*Further comments.*]

I have a small steamer trunk in my bedroom, full of MSS., &c. About 12 noon I ran up to this trunk after a red pencil. At 11.30, June 15th, I sat down to my writing-desk in bay window to write with planchette. Noticing some flowers fading in glass dish on the desk, I stopped to pull out dead ferns and rearrange the daisies. On the paper under planchette was the name *Charles*, which Lucy Hothersall had partially written last week, Sunday. (No, I never spoke to her of Mrs. Piper or our experiments.) It was very hot, and planchette was evidently wilted. He, she, or it did manage, however, to spell out Phinuit once or twice, with a very *squeaky* pencil, which rasped me so, I threw it away, and got the new red one from "box of things" upstairs.

Strange Phinuit, in second sitting, should have given "Caroline and *Katherine*" together. They were sisters-in-law. I always called them *Aunt*, though neither were related by blood. Caroline Mason's daughter, Emma, married my mother's nephew, Edgar Holmes. We were intimate from childhood, and I never knew any difference between my own aunt, Maria Holmes, Edgar's mother, and "Auntie Mason," Emma's mother. *Albert* Holmes is *Edgar's* cousin and mine. *Albert's Aunt Eliza*, his mother's sister, adopted him on the death of his mother, *Susan*, and we cousins always called

her Aunt Eliza. She is now living, and Albert has always lived with her, except when he wanders away; he is rather of a roving disposition. Catherine Mason Curtis, Emma's aunt, is principal of Livingston Park Seminary. Emma and I were educated there and called her Aunt Kate. These may be prosy details to you, but they are important as proofs of Phinuit's power.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have a dark blue dress with small white spots, but I did not wear it at all on June 15th. The hammock is only a few yards from the parlour bay window, swinging from a pear and cedar tree, around which twines a grape vine, forming a natural arbour. It is out of sight of the piazza with the wooden swing, on the opposite side of the house, in the garden. There are three steps leading up to the side piazza where swing is, and it is the first thing one would naturally notice coming from the depôt. There are also three steps leading to front piazza, where you sat sneezing that cold night, but no hammock or swing in view from that.

During the two weeks footboard was in city being mended we put pillows out on grass and looked them over. We did this twice. . . .

The something over windows was curtains. We put up a new set in the sitting-room downstairs. This room has an antique oak folding bed, too large to be got upstairs, and I slept here all winter, but *my* bedroom is really the one above, where mahogany bed is. I had it at first and moved back there this spring. This is why Phinuit speaks of them both as "*my* room." The curtains were too long. My daughter arranged the extra length in a *lambrequin* drapery over the top, which I afterward rearranged to suit myself. . . . We did this about June 1st.

I cannot remember the exact second when I fixed blind and flowers, or spoke to butcher—will take the watch next time. They all occurred within the hour, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. I went to box of things about noon, in the middle of experiment.

I think Auntie Mason died with stomach and heart trouble. Was sick a long time, up and down.

JULIA HOLMES.

Mrs. H. writes on June 21st, 1891 :—

At 12.30, June 15th, I went upstairs, changed morning dress for street costume, opened trunk, searched among your letters for address of Dr. Lukens, and took the 1 p.m. train for New York. I was at the trunk about 12.40. J. S. H.

At this stage I acquainted Professor Bowditch with the circumstances of the previous experiments, and arranged with him that Mrs. Holmes should write down, at the time, accounts of her doings between 11.15 and 12.30 on the mornings of June 23rd and 24th, sign them and obtain her daughter's signature, and post them immediately to Professor Bowditch. Similarly, I was to send at once to Professor Bowditch my notes taken during the sitting. This programme was carried out, but it will be seen from the reports that there is practically no correspondence between Phinuit's descriptions and the notes made

by Mrs. Holmes during the time of the experiment. A few days later I sent the notes of the sittings to Mrs. Holmes, requesting her to comment upon the statements made by Phinuit, and to specify whether Phinuit's descriptions given during the hour of experiment appeared to be correct pictures of incidents which had happened at other times.

48. *Sitting on June 23rd, 1891.*

[R. H. taking notes.] (*Entranced 11.25 a.m.*)

1. 11.30.—[R. H. gives Phinuit a fresh lock of hair in piece of muslin fabric, which Phinuit then separates.] That's the same lady. That's our friend in New York. (Right. I want you to tell me what's she's doing.)

2. 11.35.—Just at this very minute she's reading. She's got a book, looking in it. I get the name Elizabeth. (How do you get it?) I can hear it. And there's somebody connected with her, named Alice.

3. 11.37.—She's laid the book in a chair. She goes to a mirror and she's doing something to her front hair. You know how she wears it, with funny things here—frizzelettes. She's tidying them up a little.

3½. 11.40.—Now I see her walking to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, &c.

11.41.—Whose little child is that? (Can't you tell me?) I think it's her grandchild. Looks like a boy. She's stopped and spoke to him, stopped the pacing to and fro, you know.

4. 11.42.—Now it looks as if she was showing him some pictures. (In a book?) Looks like pictures of persons, you know. (Portraits?) Things like that.

5. 11.44.—Now she goes to the desk, now gone back to the chair; takes up book, folds it and puts on a shelf high up. Now she goes to the desk, and has seated herself.

6. 11.45.—She says: "Oh, how strange!" W—I—L—L—I—A—M —and there's something about *water*, W—A—T—E—R. I don't know what that is. (Do you see those words written?) I do.

7. She leaves that—she's going upstairs. She goes to the room to her right. She turns in, she takes up a garment off the cot and brushes it. She's got a little cold. Now I see her go to a closet—she stands a minute.

11.47.—Oh, she's hanging up this garment, smoothing it down, and she's closed the door. (Of the closet?) Of the closet.

8. She isn't feeling just well, she's got a slight headache. She's now arranging something here [touching me down the buttons of waistcoat]. Fastening it. [Front of dress, apparently.]

9. 11.50.—Now the lady that I saw before [at previous sitting] goes and speaks to her and calls "Mother." The lady [mother] leaves the apartment and is going down again. The one that's calling looks as if she was going outside with something in her hand and watering the flowers. The elderly lady goes to the door and is speaking to her while she's doing that.

10. She's got on a dark garment with stripes, *stripes*. Now I see her talking to a kind of a stout person—looks like a servant. (A woman?) *Oui.*

She's turned back from the doorway more into the passage-room. The woman leans over the railing [from upstairs] and asks her about the garment which she [the servant] has in her hand. The lady tells her she had better put it on the line.

11. 11.57.—The servant has disappeared. She goes to the back part of the building. A lady in black comes in, dressed in—like mourning; a caller. She [subject of experiment] takes from a little stand in the room a photograph and shows it to the lady [caller]. The photograph is of another lady at a distance. She wants to know if she doesn't think it's good. She's now in general conversation with the lady. I'll have to wait till she changes that. The lady who has called has a little black thing in her hand, looks like an umbrella.

12.3.—[Here Phinuit explains that the spirit William is telling him some things, that other things he sees himself.]

12.5.—I'm sorry she's got this tickling sensation in her throat. She does this, h—m, h—m [clearing the throat], while she's talking.

12. 12.6.—Lady just going out now. She's rather stout, nice-looking lady [*i.e.*, the caller]. She [Mrs. Holmes] mentioned to the lady that she was trying some experiments with a friend of hers, but she doesn't tell her how or which way. She walks out with her a little way.

13. 12.7.—The lady's [Mrs. Holmes] got a little rheumatism in one of her legs. Caller lady comes around in a carriage. The carriage waits for her. Any questions you want to ask me? I'm getting a little obscure, can't see so well.

14. 12.8.—Now she's picked up something and eating it. (What is it?) It looks like a little round thing, kind of white. Perhaps it's a cake.

15. 12.10.—Now there seems to be something going on here. There's a boy called, and she delivers to him a parcel. Now she's gone to lie down, and she'll probably stay there some time, so I'm going to leave her. (See anything written on desk?) T-e-l-l m-e t-h-i-s i-f y-o-u c-a-n.

16. 12.13.—(Can you see the daughter?) She's thinking about going away. Isn't that all right? (I don't know. Do you mean going away from where's she's living?) Yes.

17. You tell her—elderly lady—the boy's not going to be ill, and to take good care of *herself*.

18. 12.15.—She's got a book. I didn't see her pick it up. Oh, it's the same book. She's lying there, reclining.

19. 12.20.—She's just had a picture changed on the wall. She had somebody else move it. He's gone now. He says "Good-bye" [*i.e.*, the "spirit" William, who, according to Phinuit, has been supplying most of the information].

12.25. [Trance ends.]

[Notes made by Mrs. Holmes during the hour of sitting. In envelope addressed to Professor Henry P. Bowditch, postmarked "New York, June 23, 2 p.m.," and "Back Bay, Boston, June 24, 7 a.m."]

Spuyten Duyvil, *Tuesday, June 23rd, 1891.*

Experiment began at 11.5, cottage parlour. I sat at desk in dark blue

calico wrapper with white spots, and wrote until 11.30 a letter beginning "Dear Dr. Hodgson." My daughter, Mrs. Margaret K—, lounged on sofa in white muslin dress, reading. Went to bookcase, took out encyclopædia, carried it to sofa and read until door bell rang at 11.30. Mrs. K— answered bell; found at door a one-eyed beggar who wanted money. She went upstairs for pocket-book and stopped to eat a piece of pea-nut candy; came down, gave him some money, and returned to parlour.

From 11.30 to 11.45 we sat in parlour and *shelled peas* without interruption. Conklin, the grocer, passed window. From 11.45 to 12 Mrs. K— continued shelling peas and I sat at desk writing Dogmatic, Bigoted, Nice, Smart, Wings, in big letters, on sheets of paper.

From 12 to 12.15 played piano while my daughter sang to big rag doll, rocked it, trotted it on knee, danced round the room with it, and finally tossed it [to] ceiling.

From 12.15 to 12.30 sat on floor and built block houses. We both built a tower of Babel, and closed our hour of experiment with a grand downfall.

(Signed)

MRS. JULIA HOLMES.

MARGARET H. K.

[Later notes by Mrs. Holmes on the report of sitting, June 23rd, 1891.]

2. No, not reading—my daughter had just laid down book, 11.30. Yes. *Elizabeth Hoyt Holmes*, my mother-in-law, has a granddaughter *Alice*.

3. No. My daughter laid book down, went upstairs, stood before mirror, opened bureau drawer, for purse—does not recall touching her hair. 4-7. Wrong.

8. Yes. Slight headache—very unusual for me.

9. No. My daughter left apartment. I did not.

10. I wore dark blue dress with *spots*, not stripes. Yes, we have a new servant, stout person. I did not talk to her then.

11. A lady called in her carriage six weeks ago. She took Margaret's photograph from table, admired it, asked for it, put her parasol against table while holding photo. I gave her the picture. Do not remember her dress. [It was afterwards ascertained that it was not black.]

12. This lady dined with us last Friday. After dinner, I told her the story of Phinuit's experiments, how he saw me at "box of things," &c. Called him "clairvoyante's control." No name mentioned.

13. Yes, left knee—leg sometimes gives out. Yes, lady's carriage waited outside and drove round a little. While waiting for it to return we *walked in the garden*. See 12.

14. No.

15. No.

16. My daughter is building a house in B . . . She will move there in the fall.

17. I have worried about the *girl*, not the boy. Thought of asking Phinuit to read her hair.

18. No.

19. No, we have had no picture changed in this cottage; we did in the city.



49. *Sitting on June 24th, 1891.*

[R.H. taking notes.] (*Entranced 11.29.*)

1. William has been telling me lots of things. This lady lost a little child many years ago, a little child that scarcely lived, stillborn or nearly so.

2. Her own mother is quite well, but she's a little bit deaf. A little trouble on right side of head of mother. The right ear is a little troublesome sometimes. Years ago she had quite a severe illness in the stomach, but recovered, and she'll stay in the body some time yet. William remembers it. [The foregoing concerns Mrs. H.'s mother.] This lady [Mrs. H.] takes a good deal from her mother. Aunt Caroline on the mother's side. You want me to go and see what she is doing? (Yes.) Sometimes William tells me and sometimes I go myself. He takes me there.

3. 11.34.—Her throat's a little better to-day.

4. 11.35.—She has a big stick in her hand, looks like a handle. She's got it, and she's reaching up quite highly and arranging a picture on the wall. A cord from which the picture is suspended. Now she steps to the window and takes the stick and reaches up and drawing the draperies—sort of *portière* that hangs by the window on one side. She stands the stick in the corner, and makes the canopy thing drop down from outside. William tells me it is a-w-n-i-n-g.

5. She's got on a greyish gown.

6. 11.40.—Now she's helping this fleshy person I told you about—looks like a servant—to arrange furniture and things in the room.

7. 11.42.—Now she's disposed of this person and she's sitting down.

8. 11.44.—Well I'll be hanged if she isn't musical. Her fingers going like this [tapping with fingers as if strumming on a board]. (Do you hear anything?) No, I think she's doing it for fun, to see if I can see it. Now she goes to the desk. She's writing something. Does she write to you what she's doing? (Yes.) She's writing down: *Drawn curtain. Talked to Willie* Who's Willie? (I don't know.)

9. *Told Mary to brush my cloak. Please hang in closet in my room after putting on line.*

10. *My dear mother, I will send things to you to-morrow if possible.*

11.50.—That's all. Now she's stopped.

11. 11.51.—*Samps.* Can't get any more of that now. Perhaps I'll get that later. I see *June*.

12. She's got a letter that's got your influence there, on her desk. She's just lifted it up and looked at it. Have you been writing to her? (Yes.) She's laid it on one side now.

13. 11.54.—Do you know she's got something? She's just picked it up; looks like a watch—a round thing, shiny. *Fo d* on now, she's writing something. *June 24th.* Then a dash—two ones and two and five, *1125.* (She's in the same surroundings?) She's at her desk. That what you mean? (Yes.)

14. *Had a call from Mrs. French.* I don't think that's quite right, but t looks like it.

15. *Sampson*. (Is *Sampson* written there?) Yes, that looks like on the note to mother.

16. Do you know *Steven*? (No, I don't think so. Do you see that written?) No, I hear it.

17. 12.2.—I see *Mary* written. She had a grandfather named John. (Do you see that written?) No, I hear that.

18. 12.3.—As true as you live she's had the portrait of a gentleman moved on the wall. I see *portrait*. (Written?) Yes.

19. 12.5.—She gets up, and takes a little red wrap-like thing, and puts over her shoulders. Then she goes back, and sits down again in the same seat. "Oh dear!" she says. She takes the book on her knee now. She writes pretty fast this minute.

20. Here comes the same girl now. (The servant?) Yes. Raps on the door and passes her a paper. She [Mrs. H.] says, "Lay it down, please—thank you." Servant passes out.

21. Now the daughter comes in and sits down in rocking-chair and talks with her mother about making arrangements about a house.

22. Who do those two children belong to? Her daughter? She don't know but she'll send one of them away for a little time. For rest and change, you know. Have you been there yourself? (Yes.)

23. 12.8.—Did you notice that little body of water near there? (Yes.)

24. I should think she wouldn't like to be watched like this, but she don't mind.

25. 12.10.—Do you know, I see the name *Margaret*.

26. This lady [Mrs. H.] likes Miss P—.

27. The daughter says something—she'll have somebody—sounds like *Ed*—something—trim up that tree.

28. 12.12.—Her daughter shows her something white like cloth, and asks her how to put it together, which is the best way to have it go.

29. Right behind the lady [Mrs. H.] is a stand with something yellow in it like fruit.

30. 12.15.—Upon my word, that lady's going out to drive. She thinks she won't go till a little later, so it's all right. What time of day? She's talking about lunch. She doesn't know whether to drive before lunch or after. She finally thinks she'll not go till after.

31. *I must get these off by early mail to-morrow*. (She writes that?) *Oui*. No, I've made a mistake there. She says that.

32. 12.18.—She's taken up a little thing and looks as if she was doing something to the ends of her nails. Now she sits back and rocks.

33. The daughter's just going out. The mother goes towards the window and looks out. Then she puts her hands behind her and paces the room to and fro, to and fro, like she did before, you know. She goes towards door, which is open, then goes out into the yard.

34. 12.20.—Now she's stooped over looking at something, a flower. She's got a little pair of nippers and she's culling them. She's trimming the ends of them. She's nipping off the little briars on the lower end of the stems, and the lower leaves, to make a pretty nosegay.

35. 12.23.—Now she pulls up her gown and she steps up the steps and she comes in. Now she goes to a long mantel—like, takes a vase, puts water in it, puts the flowers in it, and stands it on her desk. Looks like roses.

36. 12.25.—Now she's just picked up her pencil. *Picked.* She puts her hand up to her ear. *Flowers, trimmed stems, put them on desk in my room.* I'm getting dim.

37. Now looks as if she was brushing herself [imitating]. (With her hands?) I don't see any brush.

38. 12.26.—Left room, goes out and upstairs. Goes to mirror and is tidying herself up. I cannot see any more. 11.29.—I'm too dim. I can't see any more. I haven't heard William so plainly. I've had to work alone a little bit. He helps me, he gives me strength. If I hadn't had him to help me, I couldn't do half so well. The influence of the articles [lock of hair, ribbon, &c.] goes through me to him like a battery.

39. You ask her when you write if she remembers Florence. William says this.

[Notes made by Mrs. Holmes during the hour of sitting. In envelope addressed to Professor H. P. Bowditch, and postmarked "New York, June 24, 2 p.m.," and "Back Bay, Boston, June 25, 7 a.m."]

Wednesday, June 24th, 1891.

Cottage parlour at 11.15 a.m. I sit in bay window, making the word Phinuit in leaves. For fifteen minutes I sew green leaves on a sheet of white paper. From 11.30 to 11.45 I write a few lines to Phinuit on this sheet. At 11.45 I stop writing and go to the garden to pick flowers and hunt for a child's sun hat. Do not find the hat, but pick up a small blue jacket. At 12 I lie in the hammock and "loaf with (Walt Whitman) and my soul" for fifteen minutes. Then a boy drives up with a cart and a dog. I get up, pat the dog, take down hammock and speak to the boy. At 12.15 I return to parlour, write a few lines to Phinuit, and lie down on sofa. I lie on the same sofa, in the same dress which my daughter, Mrs. K—, wore yesterday, imitating her manner and attitude. At 12.30 I rise, sit at desk and write to Professor Bowditch. It is now 12.45.

JULIA HOLMES.

[Later notes by Mrs. Holmes on the report of sitting on June 24th, 1891.]

1. Yes, I lost a little child, years ago—a premature birth—never knew the sex.

2. Yes, my own mother is a little deaf (don't remember in which ear), sometimes worse than others. Yes, her illness generally takes that form. Has a chronic inflammation of stomach and bowels. Do not remember any special severe sickness so long ago (forty years). William might. No. I am not at all like my mother.

3. Shouldn't have noticed throat if Phinuit hadn't called my attention to it. Yes, I have some irritation there—the tonsils are always a little swollen.

4. No, didn't have stick in my hand, and we have no *awnings* anywhere. [See *Addendum*, p. 153.] I daily dust a painting which hangs over writing-desk. I use a small feather duster. Picture hangs close to curtain.

5. I had on white muslin.

6. We have a new servant, who is fleshy, named Bridget. No, I was not helping her arrange furniture at this time.

7. No, not at this hour.

8. I played piano while my daughter rocked rag doll, *the day before*, about this time, 11.44. I played "Johnny, get your gun," &c., to see if Phinuit could hear me. Yes, I was "doing it for fun, to see if I can see it." I left piano and returned to desk. I wrote two lines in a letter to Dr. Hodgson, and made words to look at. I did not write "*Drawn curtain*," but I explained in my letter to Dr. Hodgson, finished in the afternoon, about some *curtains* put up three weeks previously. [All this on the day before, June 23rd.—R.H.] Did not say or write "*talked to Willie*."

9. No.

10. Six weeks ago I wrote my mother I would send her things by express—may have said "to-morrow if possible."

11. See 15.

12. Yes, I had Dr. Hodgson's last letter of instructions on my desk, to which I repeatedly referred.

13. Yes, I had watch on my desk, consulted it every fifteen minutes, and wrote the hour and minutes on paper.

14. No, had no call from Mrs. French—no one called.

15. *Sampson* was a nickname given to my baby, Charles Hoyt Holmes, on account of his extreme littleness. He lived six months. *Sampson* was not written anywhere, and I wrote no note to mother at this time.

16. I know *Mary Stevens*, née Holmes, my mother's niece. My mother also has an uncle *Stephen*.

17. I had a great-great-grandfather named *John Sadler*. No *Mary* was written.

18. Wrong. We have no portrait of gentleman on any wall.

19. I got up and put on a red shawl over my muslin dress, wore it in the garden, in the hammock, and after experiment closed. I wrote pretty fast fifteen minutes later, when finishing notes for Dr. Bowditch—hurried to catch postman.

20. Wrong.

21. No, my daughter was in New York. We have often talked over a new house, which we have been designing during the last month.

22. My grandchildren Kenneth and Marjorie K—. We have not discussed sending them away, but I have been anxious about Marjorie, and wished she might have a change.

23. Yes. Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Hudson River.

25. Margaret is my daughter.

26. True.

27. We have not said anything to *Ned* about *training tree*. He is the gardener. [See *Addendum*, p. 153.]

28. No

29. A yellow table stands just back of my writing chair. Had a dish of cherries there day before experiment.

30. No.

31. Wrong.

32 and 33. At 11.14 my daughter went to the station. I hadn't small leaves enough to make the word *Phinuit*. I went to the garden for another branch, came back, and cut off the smallest ones with some little scissors lying on desk. Cutting out round dots for the *i*, some leaves fell in my lap. I brushed them off with my hands. Think I cleaned nails with these scissors just before beginning to cut leaves. Don't remember sitting in rocking-chair, but did pace up and down two or three times after coming from garden. It is my *habit*.

34. Yes, the smaller leaves were all at the *end* of the branch—not to make a *nosegay*, but a *Phinuit*.

35. At 12.15 I lifted my dress, came up steps, went to bookcase, put flowers (daisies) in a yellow vase, but *forgot the water*. I put vase back on bookcase. There was a pitcher of roses on desk—*wild* roses, brought on Sunday. The same wild roses are painted on the pitcher.

36. At 12.25 I took my pen and wrote few lines to *Phinuit*. No, did not say "Put them on desk in my room," but gathered up stems left from word *Phinuit* and laid them on top of desk by the roses.

37. May have brushed a few leaves from my dress just here, but think I did it all before—remember going to open window to let leaves fall in grass.

38. Don't remember doing this at any time.

39. Can't remember *Florence*.

*Addendum*: That *pole* my daughter put out of the window to poke Walter's coat off the roof may be the pole *Phinuit* saw. Could he have mistaken the coat for an awning? I was writing to you about it, and my letter lay upon desk during hour of experiment.<sup>1</sup> Could he have sensed the word *Walter* and mistaken it for *Water*? He confused me and my daughter, and he mixed up the two days of experiments, but he really did *see* a good deal.

While lying in hammock, morning before first experiment, June 23rd, I looked into cedar and pear trees and *thought* if I were mistress here, I should "have *Ned* trim up these trees." But nothing of this kind was *said*. It was about this time my daughter came to the window with the *pole* when I laughed and cried out to her: "Oh, if *Phinuit* could only see you *now*."

JULIA HOLMES.

[Note by R.H.]

The following statements were made by *Phinuit* to me at a sitting on June 25th, 1891:—

11.40.—She is taking books out. She's been dusting them. [No.]

12.31.—She's written two notes and posted them off this very day.

<sup>1</sup> June 23rd. "Wonder if *Phinuit* saw [my daughter] wrap the window curtain about her shoulders and poke *Walter's* old coat off the bay window roof with a long pole about 10.30 this a.m."—[Extract from letter to me from Mrs. Holmes, written June 23rd; received by me on return from sitting on June 24th.—R.H.]

[Yes.] There's been a dark-coloured man there within 24 hours. [No.] I saw her just a little while ago, combing her hair, brushing her hair. [Yes.] She's going to make a call, then she's going to do a few little things at home. [No.] She wrote a lot of numbers in one of the books—objects that she's going to get—a sort of list. [My daughter did—made a list, went to the city, and called on Ella, June 24th, not 25th.]

50. *Miss Edmunds and Mrs. Holmes. July 1st, 1891.*

[I was at Bar Harbor June 26th to July 3rd, and having learned by letter from Mrs. Holmes that she intended to spend a day or two in Boston, and wished to have a sitting with Mrs. Piper, I explained the circumstances to Miss Edmunds (my assistant), and requested her to accompany Mrs. Holmes to the sitting and take notes. Mrs. Holmes came to my office upon her arrival in Boston, on June 30th, and had an interview with Miss Edmunds, who was to have a sitting on July 1st. Mrs. Holmes did not wait till July 1st, and went to see Mrs. Piper in the afternoon of June 30th in the hope of obtaining a sitting. Mrs. Piper could not give her a sitting then, but Mrs. Holmes had some conversation with Mrs. Piper and, inadvertently, "revealed her identity" as the subject of the experiments which I had been making. The new matter, therefore, mentioned to Mrs. Holmes at this sitting can hardly be regarded as of evidential value, and I give the details only of the attempt to obtain from Phinuit some description of my own doings during the hour of the experiment.—R. H.]

[L.E. taking notes.] (*Mrs. Piper entranced about 11.30.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

[L. E. speaks of the *time*—twelve o'clock—and suggests that Phinuit be "sent after" Dr. Hodgson. Phinuit does not seem to comprehend at first, and goes on:] . . .

[Phinuit is told again to see where Dr. Hodgson is.] Is that where Marie D— is? I'll go there. I saw him a minute ago. (What is he doing?) [Long pause of nearly two minutes, during which Mrs. Piper breathes heavily and seems to be in a deep, natural sleep; takes her hand away from Mrs. Holmes, and her face is seen looking perfectly natural.] Ha! What do you think he is doing? He handed a book to Marie D—. She turns it over, flopped over some of the pages and handed it back to him. He says he is going out with Charles—going out towards the water—going to take a ride when I left him. He had one foot crossed over the other; shows the book to Marie and goes out. He looks like a countryman. (What's he got on?) Oh, he looks like a Scotchman. [Another pause, during which Mrs. Piper again seems asleep.] Oh, he's flopped over on his stomach! Now he's turned over the other way! I never saw him cut up like that before. He throws both arms up. Now he's stretching and yawning! . . . [Long pause again.] Ha! ha! He did something like leap-frog with Charles—like leaping frog. (On the sands?) No, on the front of the building, at the farther end of it. He going to take a drive now—will presently. [Pause again.] He's got into a kind of funny thing and rolled off.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Mrs. Piper came to herself at 12.40.]

[Notes by R. H.]

I made only the following notes during the time of the experiment:—

12.—Up from beach with Miss A. Carriage.

12.15.—Started for Green.

12.17.—Dropped book.

[I was staying at Mrs. D—'s, in Bar Harbor, as was known to Miss Edmunds and also, I believe, to Mrs. Piper. Phinuit usually calls Mrs. D. by the name Marie (Mary), and Mr. D. by his first name Charles. I did not look "like a Scotchman," but Phinuit's remarks might have done very well for George D., who wore knickerbockers and a tam o'shanter hat frequently during my visit. I had also specially noticed him lounging on the grass and flinging his arms and body about, but could not say at what time he did this, nor could he give me any information. Somewhere between 11.30 and 12 I strolled down to the edge of the water with Miss A., returning about 12. I fell on a slippery rock just as we left the beach. The carriage was waiting to take a party of us up Green Mountain. We waited a short time for some other members of the party, and then we mounted the high carriage, and, as Phinuit describes it, evidently near the right moment, "rolled off." The incident of the drive appears to be the only one that Phinuit hit correctly—as to time. As we started in the carriage we were joking about the possibility of Phinuit's seeing us.]

51. *Miss Edmunds. July 6th, 1891.*

[From notes made during the sitting by Miss Edmunds.]

[Mrs. Piper entranced about 11.45. I handed to Phinuit an envelope containing what I afterwards found to be a piece of narrow white silk ribbo Phinuit's remarks are abridged.]

[Phinuit takes the ribbon from its wrappings.] It's nothing but a string-like thing, nothing but string. I get Hodgson's influence—Hodgson and some woman put that together. [He then threw the wraps on the ground and tucked the "string" in Mrs. Piper's hair. I then gave him the large envelope containing some MSS.] That's another of Hodgson's tricks. . . . You see if there is not writing on that. (Yes, there is.) Open it out. [I open it out and put it over his head.] No, not that way; put it with the writing next to my head. [I turned it over.] There, that's better. I want to get Hodgson's influence off it. He has had something to do with it, but he didn't write it. Now, please, give me the wrapper it was in. You see, if we put anything like this into a wrapper the wrapper holds the influence. It's a kind of document. It does not belong to wrapper. I wanted to get it right side up, it was no good the other way. You wait a minute and I'll strain it all out. It has been written a long time—has not been much handled—came way across country. (Across the water?) [Hesitatingly.] Yes, across the water. (I don't know anything about it.) No, I know you don't, it's some of Hodgson's tricks. If I could only get the least bit of perspiration of the person who handled it, but there's nothing. And that thing—the string thing—is just a joke [taking it from his hair and throwing it on the floor]. Somebody connected with this [the manuscript] that's lost, someone that's lost, don't you understand? . . . There is

no magnetism in that. [The MS.—Creases it up and throws it after the ribbon.]

(Can you find out anything about this?) [Giving him some manuscript written by "Y.," which he throws away immediately, saying:] This makes me cross! . . . This takes me to a relative. (No.) I saw this with Hodgson. When he handed it to me it made me sick—I couldn't tell him anything about it—it's something to do with a woman. This woman is a perfect crank. What she says is no good—she's kind of funny. She's in body—not likely to go out yet; she live long time yet. You know all you want to of her. She thinks she is smart, knows a good deal, but she don't; she don't know so much as she thinks. She's married. It's got *your* influence on it, too—it was written for you—you had something to do with it after she wrote it. [True, I copied the hieroglyphs.] It's no earthly use. Her names spell with an . . . . [Three right letters given in last name.] Her first name, Lawlie, Larie, Laurie—no, Laura. (That's wrong. You are nearly right, though, with the last name.) She's a crank. I don't like her influence. She thinks she's very clever. She travels a lot. (Very true.) She's going across the water soon. . . . [Right name given—first name and surname.] . . . [Further description of character correctly given.]

[But I want you to tell me where Dr. Hodgson is. He wants you to call on him this morning.] Oh, I see Hodgson near the water. Who are those children—two of them? He's been talking to two boys.

1. This lady [meaning Mrs. Holmes] near the water. She's sitting in a chair [12.15] in front of the building. She's got a wrap round her. She thinks she is going in. She's got up to go now. Now she's patting both hands together—clap hands. I like her. Her astral body is very clear, very light. [Pause as if asleep.] I went right close to her. She has gone in and put on more wraps—you know, like a lady does—and she is going out to take a walk, a little walk for a little exercise.

2. Do you know who *Shelton* is—Shepard—what you call him? Don't you remember a little fellow with you at same school? He was taken from school on account of being ill. You were going to see him with a lady, to visit him. He passed out. Charles—Charlie—a little lame fellow. (No, I do not remember anything about it.) Can't you think? [In a tone of great disappointment.] (I do not remember a lame boy of that name.) [There was a lame boy with curvature of spine at school by the name of Candler (I do not remember first name unless it was Edward), for whom I remember feeling great pity, but I never spoke to him or visited him. I was friendly with his sisters—the boys were in another house. I have heard nothing of them since.]

3. I see Hodgson in the country—what's the name of that place?—country—in place where William is? (There are a number of Williams in the world!) Yes, but Hodgson doesn't know fifty million Williams! He is not in Charles' surroundings, but in with another William—not William James. There's a lady that has light hair. I get his influence and the lady's together. Now Hodgson is with her. I get their influence together. I see him in surroundings of—I get name William—not William James—you have to go across the water a little way and it is near the water—a country



place. He is not with Mrs. D— now—not there, but in another place. [Seeing he had made so many mistakes I asked a leading question to see whether he would alter his track.] (Is he not in Boylston-place?) No. Light-haired lady. He has been within a few days in surroundings of William—tall man, rather grey, and light-haired lady. Give me something of his. (I have not anything unless this.) [Handing envelope, addressed by Dr. Hodgson, which contained the “string.” Phinuit puts it to his forehead for a time and went on :] He’s writing now—lots of books and papers around him. Got his feet on something, I can’t describe well. I thought he was by the water ; that water is a tank thing that holds water, and he was washing his feet and hands, that was what the water was. You see it confuses me, Lullie. Mrs. Holmes was by the water. I saw her there, and I saw water around Hodgson, and I thought he was by the water, too, but he was washing himself. He was doing something with the water. Now he has sat down and is writing. [12.30.]

4. He is talking to someone named William, but not William James. I have got the two mixed—Mrs. Holmes and Hodgson. Now I get it clearer. He takes a stick and is poking about in the funniest kind of way, and he seems as if he is talking and laughing to me, and saying all kinds of things to me. He said : “Oh, Phinuit, you’re no good.” Now he says, “Now, Phinuit, you see if you can see that.” And he has piled a lot of things one on top of another [and in same breath] How’s Kate? You’ve sent her a book. Your father say it has reached its destination. [I had recently sent Kate a book.] . . . [Returns to Dr. H.] Oh, now I see him open the window—now he uses water. I see him brushing his hair. I see him drinking something from a cup. Now he’s making a picture like a great big scrawl—funny looking thing! Now I see him go to a closet-like thing and open it and take out something. (What is the “something”?) Looks like a dish of some kind. Now he is walking up and down. Oh, now he’s making such a horrid-looking face. He has put his hands in his pocket and sat back and is looking at something. He’s taken a wreath, a funny thing, and put it on his head. What are those books and papers round him? He’s got so many of them. Are they his? (I expect so.) He goes downstairs, pat-a-pat, and gets letter and goes upstairs, pat-a-pat. That’s not his house. An old lady there. (Landlady?) I don’t know. Who’s William? A light-haired old lady. (Light-haired?) Well, perhaps grey—it’s not black, anyhow. (Why, yes, grey is light, it is not dark.) Yes, grey is light. I was right in saying “light-haired.” A gent has called with a book in his hand. (Do you know him?) He lectures or something. Hodgson has sat down and talks to someone.

Boston, Mass., July 7th, 1891.

[Comments by R. Hodgson on the sitting of July 6th, 1891.]

The piece of ribbon was sent to me by a lady relative of T. C. Hartshorn, the translator of Deleuze’s *Practical Instructions in Animal Magnetism*, and the first manuscript given to Phinuit at this sitting was in the handwriting, many years ago, of Mr. Hartshorn, deceased. The ribbon had been worn by the lady. No one was “lost” in connection with the MSS., and the rest of what Phinuit said about these articles, though correct, can hardly be regarded as indicating any supernormal knowledge.

The second lot of MSS. I had taken at a previous sitting, and Phinuit seemed disgusted with it, and declined to tell anything about it, saying that it was rubbish, and he didn't want to have anything to do with it, and throwing it upon the floor. It was an almost undecipherable first draft of a lecture by a lady known to Miss Edmunds.

Mrs. Holmes made the following notes (either July 7th or July 8th, 1891) upon seeing the record of the sitting :—

1. At 12 noon I was sitting on the sand at Onset beach, thinking intently of Phinuit and willing him to see me. Supposing Dr. Hodgson to be with Mrs. Piper, I also concentrated my mind upon him. I had on black wrap trimmed with gold. At 12.15 I arose, patted the sand from my hands, and went to dinner at the Washburn House. I went into the hall, took off my wrap, hung up my umbrella, had dinner, came out about 1 p.m.—possibly 12.45—and walked to my room in another street.

2. I think possibly Phinuit heard the name *Charles Shelton*, and confused it with the lame boy. He is the father of the late Willis C. Shelton, the celebrated boy organist.

3. I was thinking much of my brother William, wondering if he could see me as Phinuit suggested. I was also apostrophizing Phinuit, saying, "Now come and try to see what I am doing. Are you here, Phinuit?" &c.

4. Yes, Phinuit evidently "got the two mixed, Mrs. Holmes and Dr. Hodgson." . . . I poked my parasol in the sand unconsciously, while thinking, but I piled up nothing.

I believe that Mrs. Piper and perhaps Phinuit also independently (since Mrs. Holmes had a sitting alone on July 3rd) knew that Mrs. Holmes was at Onset (by the sea), so that there is nothing remarkable in Phinuit's statements about her, except, possibly, the description of her clapping her hands about the time when she was patting her hands together to get rid of the sand.

The notes of my own doings, which I made during the hour of the experiment, are as follows :—

*July 6th, 1891.*

11.30. 12.—Getting up with usual incidents—boiling kettle, making tea, &c.

12 noon.—In office, turning chair upside down, &c. Getting letters, then writing these notes.

12.3.—Pull up window blind.

12.8.—Put on jester's cap with bells. Took it off.

12.12.—Walked about room with jester's hat on. Went into bedroom, took up ginger-ale bottle, having cheroot in my mouth unlit. Light cheroot. Printed "sly veal" on paper and placed it on top of desk, next little clock, saying, "Phinuit, do you see that?" repeatedly and pointing to it with pen. Open and read various letters, occasionally directing my attention to *sly veal*.

12.20.—Put teacup away in cupboard.

12.25.—Postman comes in with registered letter from England.

12.26.—Read Mrs. Sidgwick's letter—envelope contains photograph, &c.

12.35.—Take out large *shell* from box, and hold it up near *sly veal*. Take piece of brick from shell and fit it to the other fragment, &c. Then read reports of Mrs. H.'s sittings.

The description of my having bath, going downstairs to get letters, drinking tea, &c., would have been true if given at the right time ; but these form part of the usual morning routine, and were known to Miss Edmunds and I believe also to Mrs. Piper. Phinuit's account of my talking and laughing to him might, perhaps, have been a shrewd guess, since he was aware that I had arranged the experiment. His reference to my making "a picture like a great big scrawl," putting the "wreath, a funny thing" on my head, and the calling of "a gent with a book in his hand" might, indeed, be vague glimpses of my doings in printing the words "sly veal," putting the jester's cap on, and receiving the postman and signing in his little book for the registered letter. I sat down at my desk to sign, and interchanged a few words with the postman. This last incident must have occurred only a very few minutes before Phinuit's mention of the person calling. Taken altogether, there is enough coincidence to suggest that further experiments in this direction may be successful. It is worth while adding, with regard to possible hypotheses, that there were three "wreaths" (which had been there since Christmas) hanging in my room, and that I had contemplated placing one of these on my head during the hour of experiment, but found them too dusty.

52. *Dr. C—L—.* July 7th, 1891.

[See No. 38, p. 125.]

Boston, July 9th, 1891.

In the beginning of the sitting I had with Mrs. Piper on 7th July, she, or "Dr. Finlay," was uninteresting and vague, but gradually he grew interesting. He read some names of persons which I had written down on a paper, although Mrs. Piper was to all appearances sound asleep, and with her head bent down, so that she could not possibly see the paper. Asked to give some test that I could tell Dr. Hodgson, he said: "Do you know Dr. Hodgson?" and he continued: "You had a fire at your camp at night some time ago ; it did not last very long, but caused some confusion. I tell you this because nobody could possibly have informed me of it." This is perfectly correct. About four months ago, in a very windy night, in Mexico, a fire started in my camp, near the kitchen fire. The cook got his blankets and some of his clothes burnt, and most of our scanty provisions were destroyed, but the damage was nothing much to speak of, and I cannot recollect I ever mentioned this event any more. I feel at least certain I never spoke of it in U.S.; in fact it was too insignificant an accident ever to be mentioned any more.

I then asked whether I had been in any danger on the road, to which he answered: "You came nearly being shot at by the Indians. You were out with another man shooting, and they thought you were after them, but seeing that you were looking for deer they did not disturb you. This happened in the beginning of your journey, and you had no idea of any danger." In regard to this event, I suppose he refers to what took place about five weeks after my start on my journey. Two of my men who had been out prospecting all day reported on their arrival in the evening that they had seen fresh tracks of Apache Indians. We were a large party, and I did not feel any anxiety about their attacking us. Next morning I went out alone with a Mexican, shooting deer, and I heard in the course of the day a shot at some

distance. He said that this is what he refers to. The shot was fired off at such a distance that it was not meant for me, I am sure. He said that it was only intended to frighten me.

He next spoke of my family in Europe. They are all well, he said. My sister has just been, "or is just going to be, married. My married sister has just become a mother."<sup>1</sup> This is news for me, as I have had no mail for a very long time, but as soon as I get news from abroad I will let you know whether he is right. . . .

C— L—.

53. Miss A. October 16th, 1891, 11 a.m.

In accordance with my request, Mrs. Piper arranged to give a sitting on Friday, October 16th, 1891. The name of the sitter was, of course, not mentioned to Mrs. Piper. She is a member of our Society, residing in New York. I shall call her Miss A.

On October 19th she writes :—

. . . In my judgment, the tests were very conclusive, and the information given by Phinuit has proved correct in all three cases according to the statements of the owners of the articles I took with me for the experiment. I enclose an account of the sitting which I have been enabled to make from some quite full notes made [during the sitting] by the friend who accompanied me. The delay has been in getting the various items of information verified, as in the case of the locket the owner is unknown to me and could only be approached through a friend whom I could not get at till late on Saturday.

\* \* \* \* \*

For myself I am quite convinced, after this test, that objects do carry spheres, whereby the passive personality is enabled in trance to enter the lower astral plane, wherein all the memories of past and present are indelibly pictured. . . .

From conversation with Miss A. I learn that additional points were given correctly at the sitting which have been omitted from the report on the ground that the owners of the articles would object to their publication.

[Account by Miss A.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitter: "I have brought some things I want you to tell me about."  
Phinuit: "Do you know about them?" S.: "No, I want you to tell me." P.: "I feel a very strong influence here. It is your father—oh, very strong. He is out of the body. . . . [Continued with some characteristics of my father, all quite true.] S.: "I don't want to know anything about myself, or my relations. I want you to tell me something I don't know anything about." P.: "Ha, well, I will do what I can for you."

[Here a locket was given to the medium and she took it, but imme-

<sup>1</sup> This statement not correct, as Dr. L. writes to me from South America. He does not mention whether a sister had just been married or not.—R. H.

diately called out:] "There is another influence here, I feel it. Who is it?" [A friend of mine was sitting at other end of room taking notes.] S.: "She is a friend of mine, a dear friend. She is a good influence." P.: [Imperatively] "Tell her to come here." [My friend came up close, and the medium felt over her face.] P.: "Ha! she is good; but she is not very well—nervous—I don't mean irritable, but weak nerves. She thinks too much. She has had a great deal of trouble, but it has not been her own fault." [Here Phinuit seemed inclined to go on about the lady in question, but she said: "I don't want you to tell me anything about me," and I recalled him to the articles I had brought, and said I wanted him to tell me about them.] P.: "Oui, oui—yes, I will; but I have to go a long way off."

1. *Locket*.—[Here medium began fingering the locket all over.] P.: "There is a lady connected with it. She has passed out of the body. A young lady, too. She speaks French. She is out of the body. Her name is Al—Aleece—Alice. Somebody here named Win—Winnie—William. [Here medium began to cough hard.] He makes me cough. Oh! very bad cough; passed out of the body with—what you call it?—lung trouble, consumption. A lady comes with him. . . . I get the influence of a nice gentleman—he writes a good deal—a good head—a big head—a—what you call it?—good mind; but he is immensely extravagant." S.: "Can't you tell me who this gentleman is? Is he the one who coughs?" P.: "No, no. This is another influence. He has the locket. He has it." S.: "Do you mean it belongs to him?" P.: "Yes, he has it." [Here medium asked to have the locket opened, and then rubbed it all over her head, and finally held it for a full minute right on top of her head, breathing very heavily. I spoke, but got no answer. Then suddenly Phinuit's voice called out very loudly:] "Ha! I have it. This carries the mother's and the father's influence. It has hair—*cheveux*—two hairs in it. [Here medium began coughing again.] Too bad he has that cough. This takes me a long way—across water. [Coughed hard again.] Difficulty of the throat, but will improve—get better. Matured early—good mind. Too bad he has this trouble here. [I asked where, and medium placed her hand on my chest.] *Here, here*; and his heart was affected, too. Did you know that? Well, it was so. [Very emphatically.] You find out and tell them I say so, and it is so. Gone away across water. He is in spirit now. He has a good friend—Cory—Car—Carrie—Carey. Has a daughter living. . . . There is a spirit I get called Marie—Mary—an aunt of the lady who owned it—a lady in the body who had it." Here the medium wandered a little, saying to the sitter: "Do you know someone in the body—Hodgson? He gives me things I don't know, and wants me to find out for him," and as Phinuit seemed inclined to talk of other matters, I recalled the locket to his remembrance, whereupon he said:] "*Oui, oui*, but it takes me a long while, don't you know, to find out. I *will* find out—but it takes me far back—a long way. [Here medium began fumbling with locket again, rubbing it on her head.] This has several influences about it. Did you know that? Well, it is so. An aunt—Marie—Mary—in the spirit. A good influence is connected with it. She passed out of the body with something internal—stomach wrong. . . . Elizabeth—Elizabeth—do you know Elizabeth? Elizabeth.

There is a picture here—there is hair here—two hairs. He was a good man, had a good mind. . . . Who is a Richard? There is Richard here—do you know him? This has been laid away—not used all of the time. . . . I get El—Ellen—Elinor—a cousin—and a Julia. I see a big building—a gentleman—the gentleman with good mind. Edward, his son, studying books in a large place. . . .” [Here medium seemed to be getting so confused that I said: “That is enough about the locket,” and placed another object in her hand belonging to a different person. I regret this now, and think it was a mistake, as, later on, the medium got the articles rather mixed, and if I had kept her to the one she would possibly have got clearer indications concerning it. After telling a good deal about the two other objects, Phinuit suddenly said:] “There was something around the locket—give me what was around it.” [The wrapper, an envelope folded several times, was handed to the medium. She felt it all over and put it on top of her head, then said:] “Several influences about this. I can’t tell much. Feel a doctor strongly!” [Medium threw the envelope away and asked for locket again.] P.: “The gentleman who has this is physically well, and is fine, handsome—what you call it?—good, good-looking.” [Here the sitter suggested the French phrase, “Un bel homme,” as Phinuit seemed to be waxing so enthusiastic over the said gentleman’s appearance. Phinuit said, “*Oui, oui,*” but did not repeat the idiom.] P. “He has light hair and complexion. He is a nice man, big head, writes a great deal. I see him in an office—he dictates to others.” [Asked here what he meant exactly by dictating, as I thought *giving orders* might be the sense intended; but Phinuit explained that “the others around the nice gentleman wrote down what he was saying.”] P.: “He is a good man—I like his influence. Henry—do you know Henry? He will tell you who Henry is—ask him. I feel Henry’s influence strong. . . . [Here medium interpolated some remarks having evident reference to the other objects given her.] . . . He has a good mind—is intellectual. He has a wife who is a nice lady. I get Ag—Aug—August—A—U—G—U—S—T.” [Thinking this might be a date which would be useful I asked Phinuit about it, but could get nothing definite.] P.: “The locket has passed through four hands. A child had it first—given to a child.” [This seemed to me so unlikely that I imagined Phinuit to be off the track, and to put him upon it again I said: “Can’t you tell me the name of the owner?” Phinuit replied he “would try”—and spelled out G—E, J—E, Jose—Josey—G—E, but seemed very uncertain, and constantly appealed to me for corroboration, but I could not help at all as the Christian names were unknown to me.] P.: “Marie—the aunt out of the body—nice, good influence. I get William with it. His son’s name spells with an “S.” . . . Je—Josey—no, that is not it. [I asked if *Josephine* was what he meant.] No, no, J—U—D—S—O—N. [Spelled out very rapidly, but did not seem satisfied with it.] . . . You tell the nice gentleman he is to go away unexpectedly—will be called away suddenly. J—O—H—N [spelled out quickly]. Who is he? Ell—Ellswart—Ellsworth. Do you know him? George [came very suddenly]. No, that is not it. The gentleman had a friend Cory—Car—Carey. . . . Jo—Josey—Joseph [called out suddenly]—Joseph.” S.: “Is that the name of the nice gentleman?” P.: “There is a ‘U’ and an ‘E’—Jose—Joseph.” [This last came quickly and with a

certain tone of conviction, so I asked again if that was the gentleman's name, but Phinuit could not tell me.] . . .

Here I thought the medium had been long enough in trance—45 minutes—and I said to Phinuit: "I think this is enough. I don't want to know any more." Whereupon Phinuit said hastily, angrily: "You can't send me away. I will go when I get ready." I explained that I thought the medium would be too tired and that it was enough. P.: "I will go when I get through. Don't you want me to find out something more for you?" S. "No, that is all I want to know about the locket, &c., &c." P.: [Eagerly.] "Well, I will tell you about yourself, then." [Here followed some amusingly correct characteristics of my own, very drolly phrased. He pronounced me to be physically well, but insisted that I slept with my head too high and that it was bad, must give it up; mentioned some events likely to happen in the near future which have vaguely shaped themselves in my own mind as among the possibilities. Here I said again: "I don't want to be told anything I know already." P.: "Don't you want to know any more? Ask me whatever you want" [and after a little more talk said:] "Now I am going," and shortly thereupon medium came out of the trance.

What particularly struck me as very marked, and also curious in the whole experience, was the docility of the passive personality—calling itself Phinuit—to the influence of a strong will. Even when I did not speak my thought, but mentally willed that certain subjects should not be touched upon—as, for instance, recollections of some deceased relations of mine—it was odd to note how the medium would glance off suddenly and go upon quite a different tack where my sphere was not armed against intrusion, such as temperamental facts, characteristics, habits, and so forth.

2. *Ring*.—Sitter: "Here is a ring, Dr. Phinuit, I want you to tell me about." P.: "Do you know about it?" S.: "No, I want you to tell me." P.: "I do not like the influence of this. It makes me feel bad—*mauvais*—bad, bad. Someone connected with it who is wrong in her head—insane—a lady. She began to lose her mind at an early age. Oh! it makes me feel bad. . . . Bad influence. . . . Someone connected with it passed out of the body with cancer. I do not like it." [Very positively said.] Here the medium seemed so distressed that the sitter took the ring from her hand and put a watch in place of it.

3. *Watch*.—P.: "This is a better influence. [Here medium breathed very heavily and was quiet for what seemed fully two minutes.] Ha! it takes me a long way. I can see the surroundings of that watch. [Here medium wanted it opened for her.] It had a curious looking chain—a—what you call it?—fob. It has a gentleman's influence. Came from across the water many years ago. It has been in Italy. The gentleman has passed out of the body. I see a brick house, door in the centre, two windows over the door and two windows each side—no—*one* window each side of door. You come up to it by a—what you call it?—walk—path—and passing around the house at the end is a very singular looking tree. The man who has it is in the body. There is a sister named Ann—Ann—Annie (suddenly). I get the name Elizabeth. Who is Elizabeth?—Eliza—Lizzie. I get Elizabeth strongly—and Henry, too. Henry gave it to Elizabeth—is not that so?" S.: "I don't know—will have to ask." P.: "Well, it is so. I say it is so

[angrily], and you will find it so when you ask. . . . I feel the influence of someone who worked with great, round rolling things." [Various occupations here suggested, and finally Phinuit seemed to adopt the idea that it was a printing house he meant, for he immediately after said :] "There was a brother who was a printer. He has handled this. He has passed out of the body. He was Henry. Someone connected with it named Dav.—Davis. . . . I see this now in a box with other things—little things—what you call them?—trinkets—kept in cotton. It makes me sad now. Elizabeth—Eliza—don't you know Elizabeth? There is an Eliza. [Very positively.] J—O—H—N [spelled rapidly]. . . . I get him—who is he?—and Jo—Joseph [called out quickly and positively]. . . . Jen—Je—Jes—Jenny. Ask who J—E—N, N—I—E is. . . ." [Here medium seemed to wander a little and presently called out : "What was around the locket? There was something around it"—and when wrapper was given her Phinuit resumed upon the locket.]

[Notes.]

None of the three articles in question were mentioned to Mrs. Piper before she went into trance, nor were they even taken out of the bag in which they were brought, or unwrapped, till they were handed to the medium. The sitter had handled them as little as possible, and knew nothing whatever of their associations, and in the matter of the locket did not even know the owner. Nor did the lady who took the notes at the sitting know anything whatever concerning the articles.

1. *Locket*.—I got the locket the evening before the sitting, through a friend whom I met by accident in the street, and upon stating to her that I wanted some personal article of an individual unknown to me, she said: "We are close to Mr. —'s office and I will go in and ask him if he happens to have any trinket about him that he will lend." I waited outside in the street till my friend returned with a little object wrapped up in a paper envelope and handed it to me, saying that "she knew what it was, but knew nothing of its history," &c. I was not told what the article was, nor was I acquainted with the owner—had never seen him and knew only his surname in a casual way. I did not look at the object given till the sitting with Mrs. Piper was over and she had come out of the trance, when we both examined it.

The gentleman who owns the locket bought it for himself when a child, quite a little fellow, with some money that had been given him as a present. It had been put away for many years and quite forgotten; seven or eight years ago it was by chance recalled to his memory, which occasioned a search for it, and, when found, he attached it to his watch-chain, and has worn it since. The locket within has a picture of the owner's mother on one side, and the hair of his father and mother on the other. The gentleman who had cough, owner identifies as an uncle—Charles by name—a brother of his mother. He himself never saw this uncle Charles, but remembers, when a little boy, hearing him spoken of as out of health—in his own words, "A physical wreck"; that he had consumption, and went to South Africa, where he seemed for a time to improve, but finally died there. Owner knows no name like Cory or Carey in connection with the locket, and, in fact, cannot verify any of the names. He says they may all be correct for all he knows



and belong to different members of his mother's family, who lived in Scotland, and he has never been brought into contact with any of them, his mother having been the eldest of a family of 10 or 12, and she married early and came to this country, where he was born and has always lived. He never knew any of his aunts, uncles, or cousins till a few years ago, when he went abroad and met certain ones who come in later in connection with this.

He says his mother might have had a sister *Mary*; he has a sister living christened *Mary Ann*, now called *Marian*, and that at one time the locket may have been in her keeping, but he is not sure of this.

The "son, studying books in a large building upstairs," owner thinks is an allusion to a cousin of his, whose chance acquaintance he made in England some years ago. This young cousin was the son of an aunt; his father was very proud of the lad's cleverness and took Mr. — to see him. They found the boy in a large building up some stairs, surrounded by books, which he was studying. He cannot remember whether the young man's name was *Edward* or not, as he was merely introduced to him and never saw him afterwards, nor has even thought of the incident till brought up in this connection.

The doctor mentioned when the envelope was handled, owner thinks may be an allusion to his father-in-law, who was a physician, and there was a very intimate relation between them.

Knows nothing about the name *Judson*, or *Ellsworth*.

Thinks the attempts to find out his own name were good, his names being *Joseph George*, and there is a "U" and an "E" in his surname. His mother's name was *Elizabeth*. Thinks the allusion to some throat difficulty, in contradistinction to the lung trouble connected with the uncle, refers to his mother, for she suffered with a bronchial affection which occasioned severe spasms in the throat for some years, and she finally died of the malady—has been dead many years. He thinks the allusions, "good mind—matured early," refer also to his mother, who was very quick, intelligent, and capable. He says the allusions to himself are true: he is very extravagant—to use his own words: "Has had two fortunes and has gone through both of them"; is physically well, has a big head; writes, but dictates more—says he is "too lazy to write himself when he has others to do it for him." Has a wife, and she it was who hunted up and found the locket, when it had been so long laid away and forgotten. Says it would be impossible at this distance of time to verify any of the names. They are none of them familiar to him except *Elizabeth*—his mother's, and *Alice*—that of his little niece [who is living, seven years old, and does not "speak French"].

My friend who asked Mr. — for the locket says the description of him is excellent as to appearance. He has a big head, is intellectual—is very good-looking, and is a very kind, generous-hearted man. Mr. — says he knows of nothing likely to call him away suddenly in the matter of his business.

2. *Ring*.—The ring and watch were handed to me just as I was going to keep my appointment with Mrs. Piper. They were in a box, tied up. I had never seen them, and did not even know of their existence till entrusted to my keeping. The owner is known to me, but not intimately, so that I

knew nothing whatever of the circumstances connected with the articles, which the owner pronounces to be correctly stated in every particular, but has never before spoken of them to anyone.

The ring, an old-fashioned gold one, with English hall-marks on the inner rim, and a few small stones set in the middle, was given to present owner by a young man named John —. Owner always suspected him of having stolen it, as he was of bad character, and would not say how he had come by it. Owner never would wear it, and has often thought of throwing it away, but has kept it in a box with some other old-time trinkets done up in cotton, the watch being one of them.

The young man's father owed a large sum of money to the mother of the present owner of ring, but there having been no papers to prove the loan, upon the mother's decease the father of John [who gave the ring] repudiated the debt altogether, which naturally caused much trouble and bad feeling. The father died of cancer in the stomach. Present owner has a sister, who, at the age of three years, had a great fright from being left alone in a burning house. When rescued she could make no audible sound, and gradually became entirely idiotic. She is now fifty years old. Her name is Elizabeth—was called Eliza and Lizzie. Present owner of ring had sole charge of her for many years, but on her becoming worse she was placed in an institution for the insane, where she now is. She has always been a great care and anxiety to the present owner of ring.

3. *Watch.*—The watch is also old-fashioned, with a gold engraved back and dial, and is of Geneva make. It was bought by an uncle of present owner while he was abroad. His name was Joseph, and he lived quite a while in Italy. Does not know of his having been a printer, but may possibly have been one. He always wore the watch, and at his death it came to the mother of present owner. The mother used often to give the watch to the insane daughter, Elizabeth, as it amused her and kept her quiet. The owner cannot identify the building so minutely described, but thinks there is somewhere in the family a picture of some such house, and will endeavour to look it up. Present owner has another sister living, named Annie. John was the name of the young man who gave the ring. *Joseph* the name of the uncle who had the watch. Owner keeps in same box with watch and ring a little crystal seal with Joseph engraved on it, which belonged to the uncle. *Jessé* (not Jen-nie) was the name of the mother of present owner.

[Miss A.]

I have ascertained from Miss A. that her companion at the sitting had never seen Mrs. Piper before. This lady herself writes :—

October 21st, 1891.

To MR. HODGSON,—I desire to verify Miss [A.'s] statement, that I *knew nothing* of the articles submitted to Mrs. Piper during the *sitting* at her house recently.

I know the owner of the watch and ring, and though my acquaintance with her is less than Miss [A.'s] I know her to be a truthful and reliable person, and I believe her report relating to the history of these articles to be strictly true.

I have also received the following statement :—

October 21st, 1891.

This is to certify, as the owner of the ring and watch given to Miss [A.] for the sitting with Mrs. Piper, that I am positive Miss [A.] did not know any of the family or other circumstances connected with the articles, all of which were truly stated by Mrs. Piper.

The day before the sitting I had taken a brooch for Miss [A.] to use in the sitting, but on second thoughts I believed the ring and watch would be better, as I wanted to find out, if possible, who first had the ring, and how the person who gave it to me got it. I brought the ring and watch to Miss [A.] the next morning in a box with an elastic band round it, and told her nothing but that a ring and watch were inside.

I have never spoken to her of our family connections, and she could know nothing about them.

The owner of the locket replies to my questions :—

Q. Were any names or initials on locket? A. No. Q. Had Uncle Charles any other Christian name? A. Don't remember. Q. Was he the brother of owner's mother? A. Yes. Q. Was the locket *new* when bought by present owner? A. Yes. Q. Did the Uncle Charles have a friend with a name anything like Cory or Carey? A. Don't remember. Q. Has he a daughter living? A. Don't know. Q. Has this Cory or Carey a daughter living? A. Don't know. Q. Did owner's mother have a sister Mary? A. Yes. Q. Did his mother have an Aunt Mary? A. Yes. Q. Was this Mary closely connected with a William? A. Owner's mother's sister Mary's husband was named William. Q. Will you inform me if the owner should soon be called away suddenly? A. Not yet. Q. Will the owner try to identify the following names, probably connected with his mother? Richard, Ellen or Elinor—cousin of owner or owner's mother—Julia, Edward, Henry. A. Mother's brother named "Henry," living. Don't remember [the others].

The owner of the ring and watch replies to my questions :—

Q. Were any names or initials on ring or watch? A. No. Q. Did the owner of watch identify the *Henry* referred to? A. No. Q. Does the owner recognise any name like Ellsworth? A. No.

I have records of various sittings with Mrs. Piper since October 16th, 1891. These are reserved for later publication, except several incidents which have an immediate and important bearing on the name of Phinuit. I have referred to these incidents in the course of my introduction.

## PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL MEETINGS

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The 51st General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, March 4th, 1892, at 8.30 p.m., the PRESIDENT in the chair.

MR. MYERS read a paper on "Indications of Continued Knowledge of Terrene Events shown by Phantasms of the Dead," printed below.

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The 52nd General Meeting was held at the same place, on Friday, April 8th, at 4 p.m. The chair was taken by PROFESSOR O. LODGE.

MR. MYERS gave an address on "Hypermnestic Dreams," being a further portion of his study of the Subliminal Consciousness. This, with "The Mechanism of Genius," given at the 50th General Meeting, is printed below.

"A Record of a Haunted House," by the chief percipient in the case, a lady known to Mr. Myers, was also read by him and is printed below.

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The 53rd General Meeting was held at the same place, on Friday, May 27th, at 8.30 p.m., the PRESIDENT in the chair.

A paper by MRS. H. SIDGWICK, on "Further Experiments in Thought-Transference," was read. It is proposed to print this in a subsequent number of the *Proceedings*.

Portions of a paper by DR. HODGSON, printed below, on "Mr. Davey's Imitations by Conjuring of Phenomena sometimes attributed to Spirit Agency," were read by MR. MYERS.