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# ONE HUNDRED CASES FOR SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

*Edited by*  
A. T. BAIRD



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*I am absolutely convinced of the fact that those who once lived on earth can and do communicate with us. It is hardly possible to convey to the inexperienced an adequate idea of the strength and cumulative force of the evidence.*—SIR WILLIAM F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

*I am ashamed and grieved at having opposed the psychic facts. Genuine psychical phenomena are produced by intelligences totally independent of the parties present.*—PROFESSOR C. LOMBROSO, University of Turin.

*When I remember that I branded as a fool that fearless investigator, Crookes, because he had the courage to assert the reality of psychic phenomena, I am ashamed both of myself and others, and I cry from the very bottom of my heart, "Father, forgive! I have sinned against the light."*—PROFESSOR OCHOROWICKZ, University of Warsaw.

*I am constrained to believe by the invincible logic of facts.*—PROFESSOR RAOUL PICTET, University of Genoa.

*The facts revealed necessitate the complete overthrow of the materialistic physiology and conception of the universe.*—DR. GUSTAVE GELEY, Metaphysic Institute, Paris.

*I tell you we do persist. Communication is possible. I have proved that the people who communicate are who and what they say they are. The conclusion is that survival is scientifically proved by scientific investigation.*—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

## FOREWORD

I HAVE only compiled this book and it could not have been published without the cooperation of many individuals, authors and publishing firms—all total strangers to me—who, when I approached them for the cases cited, granted permission freely and generously.

The general public, either too busy or too lazy to delve into the literature of psychical research, is unaware of the strength of the case for survival of human personality after bodily death, and it was the desire to try and dissipate that ignorance that urged me to compress some of the work of countless investigators into this small volume.

The cases have been collected from many sources, ranging from eighty years back right up to the present day.

Many shrewd and skeptical investigators—working alone or in societies for psychical research—have contributed them, and these people were specialists in this line, ever on the alert to detect and expose fraud. To the person accustomed to accepting information on the subject from the sensational Sunday press, the cases of evidence cited may seem surprising, and he may well wonder if they have been correctly quoted—too good to be true!

On that point the reader is asked to use his own judgment, but he is also asked to bear in mind that the investigators whose cases are presented in this book spent much time, money, and patience in the process, and they did not embark on their self-imposed task “for the fun of the thing.” They were in deadly earnest in trying to solve this great human problem, and whether they succeeded or failed, the reader must form his own opinion, but he should remember that the problem of human survival can be solved in only one way, and that way is to prove that human personality does survive death. It is all a matter of scientific fact, proof, and evidence, while morality, theology, and philosophy have no bearing whatsoever on the problem.

The reader must not for one moment imagine that the case for survival rests solely on the hundred examples quoted in this book; a thousand equally good cases could be produced as easily; in fact, at times I was

embarrassed with the wealth of material at my disposal and I may mention that my difficulty was in rejecting! Perhaps later, someone more energetic and enthusiastic, with more time and patience than I have, may publish *Five Thousand Cases for Survival*, and even then there will be plenty in reserve. Even though the Oliver Twist-like critic should still demand more, his wish could easily be granted.

I think that all the writing in the world will not convince anyone so thoroughly as evidence found for oneself, but that is no reason why the investigations of others should not be collected and placed on record in a convenient form. Hence this book.



## Chapter 1

### DREAMS

ORDINARY, normal dreams do not enter into the scope of this chapter; it is only the **veridical dream** of the supernormal variety which comes within the province of psychical research that we are concerned with.

Such numbers have been recorded that skeptics find it difficult either to deny or explain them by normal or Freudian psychology, and these dreams are in a class by themselves, impossible to account for by any mechanistic scheme or chance-coincidence.

A fairly large number are concerned with deceased persons, usually containing communications from such, and the *prima facie* explanation is that they are due to the action of the discarnate. The cases which follow possess a very definite bearing on that point.

The cases in this chapter were easy to collect; though more than a dozen have been quoted and I am not certain that I have included the best available, another compiler would probably select different instances, equally good or better. **The *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research contain hundreds of instances**; in fact, several books on the subject of dreams of this variety could be published, and there are still many in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research and the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*!

#### CASE NO. 1

#### *The Perth Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case is taken from an extract of a letter sent by the Rev. Charles McKay, a Catholic priest, to the Countess of Shrewsbury:

"In July, 1838, I left Edinburgh to take charge of the Perthshire missions. On my arrival at Perth, I was called upon by a Presbyterian woman, Anne Simpson, who for more than a week had been in the utmost anxiety to see a priest. (This woman stated that a woman lately dead [date not

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI, 33.

given] named Maloy, slightly known to Anne Simpson, had 'appeared to her during the night for several nights' urging her to go to the priest, who would pay a sum of money, three and tenpence, which the deceased owed to a person not specified.)

"I made inquiry, and found that a woman of that name had died, who had acted as washer-woman and followed the regiment. Following up the inquiry I found a grocer with whom she had dealt, and on asking him if a female named Maloy owed him anything, he turned up his books, and told me that she did owe him three and tenpence. I paid the sum. Subsequently the Presbyterian woman came to me, saying that she was no more troubled."

#### CASE NO. 2

##### *The Sarawak Case*<sup>1</sup>

My wife, since deceased, had a brother residing at Sarawak, and at the time to which I refer he was staying with the Rajah, Sir James Brooke. The following is an extract from the second volume of *The Rajah of Sarawak*, by Gertrude L. Jacob, page 238:

"Mr. Wellington (my wife's brother) was killed in a brave attempt to defend Mrs. Middleton and her children. The Chinese, it appears, taking Mr. Wellington for the Rajah's son, struck off his head."

And now for the dream. I was awakened one night by my wife, who started from her sleep, terrified by the following dream. She saw her *headless* brother standing at the foot of the bed, with his head lying on a coffin by his side. I did my best to console my wife, who continued to be much distressed for some considerable time. At length, she fell asleep again to be wakened by a similar dream. In the morning and for several days after, she constantly referred to her dream, and anticipated sad news of her brother.

And now comes the strangest part of the story. When the news reached England, I computed approximately the time and found it coincided with the memorable night to which I have referred.

<sup>1</sup> Myers, F. W. M., *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 365.

## CASE NO. 3

*The Brixham Case*<sup>1</sup>

The facts of this case were vouched for by the Rev. R. B. F. Elrington, Vicar of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, and he certified to the good character of the witnesses concerned:

"In the early spring of 1881, Mrs. Barnes of Brixham, whose husband was at sea, dreamt that his fishing-boat was run into by a steamer. Their boy was with him and she called out in her dream, 'Save the boy!' At this moment another son sleeping in the next room to hers, rushed in, crying out, 'Where's Father?' She asked what he meant, when he said he had distinctly heard his father come upstairs, and kick with his heavy boots against the door, as he was in the habit of doing when he returned from sea. The boy's statement and her own dream so alarmed the woman that early next morning she told Mrs. Strong and other neighbors of her fears.

"News afterwards came that her husband's vessel had been run into by a steamer, and that **he and the boy were drowned.**"

## CASE NO. 4

*The Wingfield Case*<sup>2</sup>

The following is a letter written by Mr. Frederick Wingfield, Belle-Isle-en-Terre, Côtes-du-Nord, December 20, 1883:

"On the night of Thursday, March 25, 1880, I retired to bed after reading till late, as is my habit. I dreamed that I was lying on my sofa reading, when on looking up, I saw distinctly the figure of my brother, Richard Wingfield-Baker, sitting on the chair before me. I dreamed that I spoke to him, but that he simply bent his head in reply, rose and left the room. When I awoke I found myself standing with one foot on the ground by my bedside, and the other on the bed, trying to speak and to pronounce my brother's name.

"So strong was the impression as to the reality of his presence and so vivid the whole scene as dreamt, that I left my bedroom to search for my brother in the sitting-room. I examined the chair where I had seen him

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., I, 141.

<sup>2</sup> Myers, F. W. H., *Phantasms of the Living*, I, 199-201.

seated, I returned to the bed, tried to fall asleep in the hope of a repetition of the appearance, but my mind was too excited, too painfully disturbed, as I recalled what I had dreamed. I must, however, have fallen asleep towards the morning, but when I awoke, the impression of my dream was as vivid as ever—and, I may add, is to this hour equally strong and clear. My sense of impending evil was so strong that I at once made a note in my memorandum book of this 'appearance,' and added the words, 'God forbid.'

"Three days afterwards I received the news that my brother, Richard Wingfield-Baker, had died on Thursday evening, March 25, 1880, at 8:30 p.m., from the effects of terrible injuries received in a fall, while hunting with the Blackmore Vale hounds.

"I will only add that I have been living in this town some twelve months; that I had not any recent communication with my brother; that I knew him to be in good health, and that he was a perfect horseman. I did not at once communicate this dream to any intimate friend—there was unluckily none here at that very moment—but I did relate the story after the receipt of the news of my brother's death, and showed the entry in my memorandum book. As evidence, of course, this is worthless; but I give you my word of honor that the circumstances I have related are the positive truth."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Wingfield wrote: "I have never had any other startling dream of the same nature, nor any dream from which I woke with the same sense of reality and distress, and of which the effect continued long after I was well awake. Nor have I upon any other occasion had a hallucination of the senses."

Prince Lucinge Faucigny, Mr. Wingfield's friend, confirmed the foregoing in every detail.

*The Times* obituary for March 30, 1880, recorded the death of Mr. R. B. Wingfield-Baker, of Orsett Hall, Essex, as having taken place on the 25th. *The Essex Independent* gave the same date, adding that Mr. Baker breathed his last about nine o'clock.

## CASE NO. 5

*The MacKenzie Case*<sup>1</sup>

"I am the owner of a very old mechanical business in Glasgow, with for twenty years past a branch in London, where I have resided for that period, and in both of which places my professional reputation is of the highest order.

"Some thirty-five years ago I took into my employment a tender, delicate-looking boy, Robert MacKenzie, who, after some three or four years' service, suddenly left—as I found out afterwards—through the selfish advice of some older hands who practiced this frightening away systematically to keep wages from being lowered—a common device, I believe, among workmen in limited trades. Passing the gate of the great workhouse (Scottish poorhouse) in the Parliamentary Road a few years afterwards, my eye was caught by a youth eighteen years of age ravenously devouring a piece of dry bread on the public street, and bearing the appearance of being in a chronic state of starvation.

"Fancying I knew his features, I asked him if his name were not MacKenzie. He at once became much excited, addressed me by name, and informed me that he had no employment; that his father and mother, who formerly supported him, were now both inmates of the 'poorhouse'—to which he himself had no claim for admission, being young and without any bodily disqualification for work—and that he was literally homeless and starving. The matron, he informed me, gave him daily a piece of dry bread, but dared not, under the rules, give him regular maintenance. In agony of grief he deplored his ever leaving me under evil advice, and on my unexpectedly offering to take him back he burst into a transport of thanks such as I cannot describe.

"Suffice it to say that he resumed his work, and that, under the circumstances, I did everything in my power to facilitate his progress. All this was mere matter of course; but the distinction between it and the common relations of master and servant was this: on every occasion of my entering the workshop he never, as far as possible, stopped following my movements. Let me look towards him at any moment, there was the pale, sympathetic face with large, wistful eyes literally yearning towards me

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., III, 95.

as SMIKE'S did towards Nicholas Nickleby. I seemed to be 'the polar star of his existence,' and this intensity of gratitude never appeared to lessen in degree through lapse of time. Beyond this he never ventured to express his feelings. His manhood, as it were, his individuality and self-assertion, seemed to have been crushed out of him by privations. I was apparently his sole thought and consideration, save the more common concerns of daily life.

"In 1862 I settled in London and have never been in Glasgow since. Robert MacKenzie, and my workmen generally, gradually lost their individuality in my recollection. About ten to twelve years ago my employees held their annual soir  e and ball. This was always held, year after year, on a Friday evening. MacKenzie, ever shy and distant, as usual, refused to mingle in the festivities, and begged of my foreman to be permitted to serve at the buffet. All went off well, and Saturday was held as a succeeding day of festival. All this, however, I only learned after what I am now about to relate.

"On the Tuesday morning following, immediately before 8 a.m., in my house on Campden Hill, I had the following manifestation; I cannot call it a dream, but let me use the common phraseology. I dreamt, but with no vagueness in common dreams, no blurring of outline or rapid passages from one thing disconnectedly to another, that I was seated at my desk, engaged in business conversation with an unknown gentleman who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert MacKenzie, and feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if more desirous of an immediate conversation, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and MacKenzie once more came forward.

"'What is all this, Robert?' I said somewhat angrily. 'Did you not see I was engaged?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'but I must speak with you at once.'

"'What about?' I said. 'What is it that can be so important?'

"'I wish to tell you, sir,' he answered, 'that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and to tell you so,



and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed, because I am innocent.'

"I said, 'What?' getting the same answer.

"I then naturally asked, 'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?'

"I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer in the Scottish dialect, 'Ye'll sune ken.' (You'll soon know.)

"This question and the answer were repeated at least twice—I am certain the answer was repeated thrice—in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *qua* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, 'Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball! Robert MacKenzie has committed suicide.'

"With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, 'No, he has not committed suicide.'

"How can you possibly know that?"

"Because he has just been here to tell me."

"I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at MacKenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was an indescribable pale bluish color, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I could not account, but by the following post my manager informed me that he was wrong in writing of suicide.

"On Saturday night, MacKenzie, on going home, had lifted a small black bottle containing *aqua fortis* (which he used for staining the wood of bird cages, made for amusement), believing this to be whiskey, and pouring out a wine glassful, had drunk it at a gulp, dying on Sunday in great agony. Here, then, was the solution of his being innocent of what he was accused of—suicide—since he had inadvertently drunk *aqua fortis*, a deadly poison.

"Still pondering upon the peculiar color of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by *aqua fortis*, and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's *Domestic Medicine and Surgery*, page

172, I found these words under **symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid**: '*Aqua fortis* produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that **the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown.**' This refers to indication of sulphuric acid, 'generally outside of the mouth, in the shape of brown spots.' Having no desire to accommodate my facts to this scientific description, I give the quotations freely, only—at the same time—stating that before reading the passage in Mr. Walsh's book, I had not the slightest knowledge of these symptoms, and I consider that they agree fairly and sufficiently with what I saw, viz., a livid face covered with a remarkable sweat, and having spots (particularly on the forehead), which, in my dream, I thought great blots of perspiration. It seemed not a little striking that I had no previous knowledge of these symptoms and yet should take note of them.

"I have little remark to make beyond this, that, in speaking of this matter, I have been quite disgusted by skeptics treating it as a hallucination, in so far as my dream must have been on the Wednesday morning after the receipt of my manager's letter informing me of the supposed suicide. **This explanation is too absurd to require a serious answer.**

"**My manager first heard of the death on Monday—wrote me on that day as above—and (the apparition occurred) on Tuesday morning, immediately before the 8 a.m.** post delivery, hence the thrice emphatic, 'Ye'll sune ken.'

"I attribute the whole to MacKenzie's yearning gratitude for being rescued from a deplorable state of starvation, and his desire to stand well in my opinion. I have colored nothing, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions."

**The wife of the narrator, in a letter to the S.P.R., confirmed that her husband informed her of MacKenzie's appearance and his statement that he had not committed suicide, as soon as she entered the bedroom on Tuesday morning, before he had read his manager's letter.**

#### CASE NO. 6

#### *The von Goertz Case*<sup>1</sup>

"During our years in Bessarabia the Countess von Goertz, my paternal grandmother, died. . . . I never saw her and knew very little about her,

<sup>1</sup> De Castellane, Count Bohdan K., *One Crowded Hour* (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), 48-49.



but I always heard that she had a very great affection for my father. This deep feeling between them was evidenced in an interesting and curious manner. One morning, just before receiving the news of her death, my father said to me:

"‘Your grandmother has died.’ In response to my question as to whether he had had a letter, he answered: ‘No, I have had no letter; but I know that she is dead, because last night I had a dream in which she came to me and brought my coffee, saying: “This is the last time that I shall bring you coffee, son, for today I die.”’

"Of course I tried to comfort my father, and although I was then only a little boy, I advised him not to believe in dreams. He remained, however, convinced that she was dead and asked me to watch for the post. This arrived every morning by special messenger, who brought it from the station eighty miles away. There were three messengers in constant service who had relays of horses along the route, and were thus able to make the journey in twelve hours. The next morning brought no news. Only on the third day did I discover in the mail-bag a telegram from the estate in German Poland, where my grandmother had been living. I took out the telegram and carried it to my father. It was an announcement of grandmother's death at exactly the hour she had appeared to him in his dream."

#### CASE NO. 7

#### *The Rubinstein Case*<sup>1</sup>

Lillian Nichia, a pupil of Rubinstein, the great pianist and composer (1829-1894), tells this story of a death compact:

"One wild, blustery night I found myself at dinner with Rubinstein, the weather being terrific even for St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). The winds were howling 'round the house, and Rubinstein, who liked to ask questions, inquired of me what they represented to my mind. I replied, 'The moaning of lost souls.' From this a theological discussion followed.

"‘There may be a future,’ he said.

"‘There is a future,’ I cried, ‘a great and beautiful future; if I die first, I shall come to you and prove this.’

<sup>1</sup> *Harper's Magazine* (December, 1912). Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences* (Boston).

"He turned to me with great solemnity. 'Good, Liloscha, that is a bargain; and I will come to you.'

"Six years later in Paris I woke one night with a cry of agony and despair ringing in my ears, such as I hope may never be duplicated in my lifetime. Rubinstein's face was close to mine, a countenance distorted by every phase of fear, despair, agony, remorse and anger. I started up, turned on all the lights, and stood for a moment shaking in every limb, till I put fear from me and decided it was merely a dream. I had for the moment completely forgotten our compact.

"News is always late in Paris, and it was *Le Petit Journal*, published in the afternoon, that had the first account of his sudden death.

"Four years later, Teresa Carreno, who had just come from Russia, and was touring America—I had met her in St. Petersburg frequently at Rubinstein's dinner-table—told me that Rubinstein died with a cry of agony impossible of description. I knew then that even in death Rubinstein had kept, as he always did, his word."

#### CASE NO. 8

#### *The C— Case*

The facts of this case were given to me by a lady whose integrity and good faith I have not the slightest reason to doubt. It occurred within her own household and the young engineer who was lost at sea was her brother. Here is the story in her own words:

"In the spring of 1914, my brother D—, age twenty-one years, decided to sail as an engineer to Canada to gain further experience and see a little bit of the world before settling down to a most promising career for which he had fitted himself by study and hard work.

"Through my father's influence he obtained an appointment as engineer in a lightship commissioned to Halifax, Canada. This ship, *Halifax Lightship No. 19*, sailed from Greenock, Scotland, on Friday, April 24, and word was received by us on May 22, from the company, that the ship had safely reached St. John's, Newfoundland, so that no apprehension was felt regarding D—.

"On Friday, May 22, my mother had a very restless night, during which she heard D— repeatedly calling to her, 'Ma, Ma,'—his usual manner

of addressing her. My mother was certain that something had happened to D—— and next morning related her experience to my sister, who was home at that time. My sister put her off by saying that D—— must be all right as the ship had reached St. John's on May 17. Nevertheless, despite my sister's arguments, my mother maintained that D—— had called to her and she feared the worst.

"Later, we were informed from Canada that the ship had reached St. John's as stated, but had left that port on May 19 to complete her voyage to Halifax. On May 22, at 10 p.m., the ship went on rocks during a storm and foundered with all hands, some bodies never being recovered; my brother's was one of these. This happened one mile from the shore, but the villagers who saw the distress signals were unable to do anything owing to the storm.

"Any anxiety that was in our minds vanished when we heard that D——'s ship had arrived at St. John's; surely he must be safe now.

"Later in the year my mother had another experience. War broke out in August, 1914, and my other brother who had only turned nineteen was called up at once, as he was a member of the R.N.V.R. The night he went away my mother was naturally very upset—her one son missing, presumed drowned, and her other boy now called away—no one knew where.

"Mother says she was *not* dreaming when D—— appeared at the foot of the bed (for various reasons Mother was sleeping in the boy's bedroom that night). He looked at her and said, 'Don't worry, Ma, I'll look after B——.' This comforted her very much and it may be argued that it is only chance-coincidence, but the fact remains that my brother B—— came through the whole war and returned without a scratch.

"He was an engineer officer in the salvage section of the Royal Navy—an extremely dangerous and hazardous branch. Two ships that had been salvaged and on which he was, were torpedoed, but he escaped on both occasions, despite the fact that he could not swim a stroke."

#### CASE NO. 9

#### *The Chaffin Will Case*<sup>1</sup>

We are indebted for the following case to one of our Canadian mem-

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXXVI, 517.

bers, who, having had his attention drawn to it by a newspaper report, instructed a lawyer resident in the state (North Carolina) where the events occurred, to investigate the facts on his behalf. The facts had already been put in evidence in a contested law suit, so that they have on two occasions undergone the scrutiny of persons professionally trained to sift and weigh evidence. The lawyer instructed by our Canadian member, Mr. J. McN. Johnson, Attorney-at-Law, of Aberdeen, North Carolina, has forwarded to the Society a very full report, including (1) the original newspaper article, (2) official records of the proceedings in the Superior Court in Davie County, N.C., and (3) a sworn statement by Mr. Johnson as to interviews he had with some of the principal persons in the case, together with sworn statements by two of the persons themselves. What follows is partly an abstract of these documents, and partly quotations from them. The full case can be studied by those who desire to do so at the Society's rooms.<sup>1</sup>

James L. Chaffin, the testator, was a farmer in Davie County, N.C. He was married and had four sons, in order of age, John A. Chaffin, James Pinkney Chaffin, Marshall A. Chaffin, and Abner Columbus Chaffin.

On November 16, 1905, the testator made a will, duly attested by two witnesses, whereby he gave his farm to his third son, Marshall, whom he appointed sole executor. The widow and three other sons were left unprovided for.

Some years later he appears to have been dissatisfied with this disposition of his property, and on January 16, 1919, he made a new will as follows:

"After reading the 27th chapter of Genesis, I, James L. Chaffin, do make my last will and testament, and here it is. I want, after giving my body a decent burial, my little property to be equally divided between my four children, if they are living at my death, both personal and real estate divided equal; if not living give share to their children. And if she is living, you must all take care of your mammy. Now this is my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal.

"JAMES L. CHAFFIN.  
This January 16, 1919."

<sup>1</sup> 31 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.2.

This second will, though unattested, would, according to the law of North Carolina, be valid as being written throughout by the testator's own hand, on sufficient evidence being adduced that it was in fact his own handwriting.

The testator, having written out his will, placed it between two pages of an old family Bible, formerly belonging to his father, the Rev. Nathan S. Chaffin, folding the pages over so as to make a sort of pocket. The pages so folded were those containing the 27th chapter of Genesis, which tells how the younger brother Jacob supplanted the elder brother Esau, and won his birthright and his father's blessing. The sole beneficiary under the first will was, it will be remembered, a younger brother.

The testator never before his death, so far as can be ascertained, mentioned the existence of this second will to anyone, but in the inside pocket of an overcoat belonging to him he stitched up a roll of paper on which he had written the words, "Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my daddy's old Bible."

On September 7, 1921, the testator died as the result of a fall. His third son, Marshall, obtained probate of the first will on September 24 of that year. The mother and the other three brothers did not contest this will, as they knew of no valid reason for doing so.

From this point it will be convenient to follow the words of the sworn statements obtained by Mr. Johnson on his visit to the locality on April 21, 1927.

EXTRACT FROM STATEMENT OF JAMES PINKNEY CHAFFIN,  
TESTATOR'S SECOND SON

"In all my life I never heard my father mention having made a will later than the one dated in 1905. I think it was in June of 1925 that I began to have very vivid dreams that my father appeared to me at my bedside but made no verbal communication. Some time later, I think it was the latter part of June, 1925, he appeared at my bedside again, dressed as I had often seen him dressed in life, wearing a black overcoat, which I knew to be his own coat. This time my father's spirit spoke to me; he took hold of his overcoat this way and pulled it back and said, 'You will find my will in my overcoat pocket,' and then disappeared. The next morning I arose fully convinced that my father's spirit had visited me for



the purpose of explaining some mistake. I went to my mother's, and sought for the overcoat, but found that it was gone. Mother stated that she had given the overcoat to my brother John, who lives in Yadkin County, about twenty miles northwest of my home. I think it was on July 6, which was on the Monday following the events stated in the last paragraph, I went to my brother's home in Yadkin County and found the coat. On examination of the inside pocket I found the lining had been sewn together. I immediately cut the stitches, and found a little roll of paper tied with a string, which was in my father's handwriting, and contained only the following words: 'Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my daddy's old Bible.'

"At this point I was so convinced that the mystery was to be cleared up, I was unwilling to go to my mother's home to examine the Bible without the presence of a witness, and I induced a neighbor, Mr. Thomas Blackwelder, to accompany me, also my daughter and Mr. Blackwelder's daughter were present. Arriving at mother's home we had a considerable search before we found the old Bible. At last we did find it in the top bureau drawer in an upstairs room. The book was so dilapidated that when we took it out it fell into three pieces. Mr. Blackwelder picked up the portion containing the Book of Genesis, and turned the leaves until he came to the 27th chapter of Genesis, and there we found two leaves folded together, the left-hand page folded to the right, and the right-hand page folded to the left, forming a pocket, and in this pocket Mr. Blackwelder found the will which has been probated [i.e., was probated in December, 1925].

"During the month of December, 1925, my father again appeared to me about a week before the trial of the case of Chaffin v. Chaffin, and said, 'Where is my old will?' and showed considerable temper. I believed from this that I would win the law suit, as I did. I told my lawyer about this visitation the next morning.

"Many of my friends do not believe it is possible for the living to hold communication with the dead, but I am convinced that my father actually appeared to me on these several occasions, and I shall believe it to the day of my death."

## STATEMENT OF THE SAID THOMAS A. BLACKWELDER

"My name is Thomas A. Blackwelder. I am thirty-eight years old, and the son of H. H. Blackwelder. My house is on a farm in Callihan township, about one mile from the place where James L. Chaffin died in 1921. I think it was on July 6, 1925, that Mr. J. P. Chaffin, the son of James L. Chaffin, and a neighbor of mine, came to my house, and asked me to go with him to his mother's home, and at the same time stated that his father had appeared to him in a dream and instructed him how he could find his will. Mr. Chaffin told me at the same time that his father had been dead about four years, and had appeared to him in a dream, and made known to him that he should look in the breast-pocket of his old overcoat, and there he would find something of importance. Mr. Chaffin further stated that he had gone to this overcoat and found a strip of paper in his father's handwriting, and he wanted me to go with him to his mother's and examine the Bible, and after some time we found it in a bureau drawer in the second story of the house. We took out the Bible, which was quite old, and was in three different pieces. I took one of the three pieces of the book, and Mr. Chaffin took the other two pieces, but it happened that the piece that I had contained the Book of Genesis. I turned the leaves until I came to the 27th chapter, and there we found two leaves folded inward, and there was a paper writing folded in these two leaves which purported to be the last will of James L. Chaffin."

It appears from Mr. Johnson's own statement that, in addition to Mr. J. P. Chaffin and Mr. Blackwelder, Mrs. J. P. Chaffin, their fifteen-year-old daughter, and the testator's widow were present when the Bible was found.

Soon after its discovery, the second will was tendered for probate. The son, Marshall, who had proved the first will, had died within a year of his father's death; he left a son, R. M. Chaffin, who was made a defendant in the suit to prove the second will, and who, being a minor, appeared by his mother as guardian *ad litem* and next friend.

The case came up for hearing in December, 1925. A jury was sworn, and the court then adjourned for lunch. When the hearing was continued

one of the lawyers announced that during the interval an amicable adjustment of the issues had been arrived at, and that the new will would be admitted to probate without opposition. The following is taken from an official copy of the minutes of the presiding judge:

## JUDGMENT BY CONSENT

*In Re* Will of J. L. Chaffin, *Decd.*

NORTH CAROLINA, DAVIE COUNTY. In Superior Court.

*December Term, 1925*

## JUDGMENT, DECREE:

This case coming on to be heard, and being heard, and the following issues having been submitted to the Jury, "Is the paper writing dated January 16, 1919, and every part thereof the last Will and Testament of the deceased—Jas. L. Chaffin?"

*Answer—"Yes."*

And the Jury having answered said issue Yes, It is now on motion of E. H. Morris, A. H. Price, and J. E. Busby, attorneys for the Plaintiffs, Ordered, Decreed, and Adjudged that the said last Will and Testament of James L. Chaffin, deceased, be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Davie County in the Book of Wills, and that the will dated November 16, 1905, and probated on September 24, 1921, Will Book No. 2, Page 579, purporting to be the last will and testament of the deceased James L. Chaffin is hereby cancelled, rescinded, annulled and made void.

When the trial commenced, Marshall's widow and son had been prepared to contest the second will. However, during the luncheon interval they were shown the second will. Ten witnesses were prepared to give evidence that the second will was in the testator's handwriting, and the widow and the son themselves seem to have admitted this as soon as they saw it. At any rate, they at once withdrew their opposition. The public, which had crowded the court in the hopes of watching a bitter family feud fought out, retired disappointed.

Mr. Johnson in his statement said: "I endeavored with all my skill and ability by cross-examination and otherwise to induce some admission that possibly there was a subconscious knowledge of the will in the old Bible,



or of the paper in the coat pocket, that was brought to the fore by the dream: but I utterly failed to shake their faith. The answer was a quiet: 'No, such an explanation is impossible. We never heard of the existence of the will till the visitation from my father's spirit.' Clearly, they **none of them had any conscious recollection, at the date of testator's death, of any mention of a second will, or they would not have allowed the first will to be proved without opposition.** Nor was it a matter which, if once mentioned, they were likely to forget, during the short period which intervened between the making of the second will (January, 1919) and the testator's death (September, 1921). . . . **I was much impressed with the evident sincerity of these people, who had the appearance of honest, honorable country people, in well-to-do circumstances."**

## CASE NO. 10

*The Beede Case*<sup>1</sup>

Professor O. R. Libby, of North Dakota University, in forwarding an account of this case to Dr. Walter F. Prince, testified to the character of Judge Beede as follows:

**"I have known Judge Beede for about twenty years, and he is a man of unusual intellectual ability. . . . He for a long time served as a missionary among the Indians. . . . Judge Beede has made some remarkable observations among the Indians, and has obtained, apparently, their complete confidence.** I believe ethnologists consider his records in many respects unique and valuable."

This is Judge Beede's account:

**"February 4, 1926, about 7:15 a.m., my wife, whom I had not seen for over ten years, except once, and then at a distance, appeared to me as I lay asleep or partly asleep on a cot in my sleeping-room; and I said (seemed to say), 'How did you get in with the door locked?' She said, 'Oh, I got in, all right.' Then she said (seemed to say), 'I have been unhappy here in this world, I have laid it to you. I am out of that error now and am in gladness.'** I said, "That's good —. It was in my mind to go on telling her that I would build on to the house another room for her,

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Human Experiences* (Boston), I, 145-46.

for at the moment I took the matter to mean that she would come and live with me, as I had asked her to do. But just at that moment there was a terrible banging on the door by a nearly deaf Sioux Indian Congregational minister (I am Episcopalian), who had come to get aid from me on account of the death of a child, and I fully awoke, and Mrs. Beede disappeared. On attempting to rise from the couch I found myself so weak that I could hardly get to the door (from what cause I do not know); and at about 10 a.m., as I was still on the couch, a wire was brought which read, 'Mama passed on at 7:15 this morning.' Due to variations of time, it is impossible to say whether the 'apparition' was at the moment of death, or shortly before, or shortly after. . . . The communications (talk) seemed to be a sort of flash by which a whole idea was definitely communicated, not words actually spoken, requiring a negligible amount of time. She was dressed as I last saw her ten years before, though she had adopted a quite different mode of dress, as I later learned."

## CASE NO. 11

*The Byfleet Case*<sup>1</sup>

"Like Mother, Mrs. Byfleet was psychic, and after I received her motherly welcome, I found that she was very much disturbed. In a dream that night she had seen Jack (her son), who had just left home, walk into her bedroom, as was his custom on homecomings, remove his sailor's cap and smile at her. She was sure from something in his manner that he was dead.

"As she finished telling me the dream, George Byfleet (her husband) came in and told me that (my) dad had said if I wanted to ride home I was to be in the village by 5 p.m. Hearing that, I suggested that there was just time for a pint of beer, and took the old man to the village pub. There he confided to me that he had seen the same vision that his wife had, but that he hadn't mentioned it to her. He had seen Jack come into his room, and was so sure that it was the boy that he had gotten out of bed and followed him downstairs to have the usual glass of whiskey, which was ritual between father and son on homecomings.

"Dad came along punctually and I knew, as soon as I saw him, that he was very much upset. Hardly had old Jack, his horse, pulled up before

<sup>1</sup> Alexander, Patrick, *As the Sparks Fly Upward* (London: Jonathan Cape), 269-70.

the pub when Dad burst out, 'This is a hell of a bloody start for the New Year. The *Formidable* has been torpedoed.' Byfleet swallowed his beer and, refusing another, asked us to go home with him. As soon as Mrs. Byfleet heard the evil news, she declared that Jack had gone down with that ship. Dad said, 'That's damned nonsense; Jack was told to report to another ship, and you know it.' Nothing would convince her, though, that Jack hadn't been killed, for in spite of the fact that he had gone to join another ship, in her dream he had had the letters H.M.S. *Formidable* on his cap. Her premonition proved true. At the last moment before sailing, Jack Byfleet had volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade on the *Formidable*, and within two hours the ship had been sunk by mine or torpedo."

## CASE NO. 12

*The Austrian Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case, which was brought to the notice of the Society for Psychical Research by an Austrian member of the Society, concerns Baroness X—, an old friend of his. The Baroness had been ill for a long time and died in agony at 11:20 p.m. (Austrian time) on April 29, 1930, in Vienna. Mrs. F—, then living in Scotland, and who had been on very intimate terms with the Baroness, received a printed notification of the death which merely stated "on the evening of April 29, 1930"—the hour was not mentioned.

When Mrs. F— received this news she immediately wrote to Baron X— on May 5, 1930:

"Now I must tell you a very strange thing happened on the night of April 29. I already knew on that night that the Baroness had died—because she came here and said good-bye to me. It was like this: On Tuesday evening I went to bed feeling very tired about 9 p.m. and fell sound asleep. About 11:15 p.m. I awoke with someone pressing a kiss on my forehead and on looking up I saw the Baroness standing by the side of my bed; she looked as though she desired to say something, or was waiting for me to speak or answer, but I was so startled, not to say afraid, I was speechless, so after gazing at one another for a minute or two the Baroness vanished. Her expression was so sad and inquiring I

<sup>1</sup> Salter, W. H., *Ghosts and Apparitions* (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.).

cannot forget it. What I have just written you is not a hallucination but real fact. I related it to Mr. F—— on Wednesday morning and he said, 'You were dreaming.' . . . I really saw the Baroness as clearly as I see the paper I am now writing on and I was wide awake."

On July 7, 1930, Mr. F—— wrote to the Society stating that on the morning of April 30 Mrs. F—— had said she had seen the Baroness on April 29, and that he had regarded the incident as only a dream, although his wife thought otherwise.

Later, Mrs. F——, when asked how she fixed the time of the vision, replied that soon after the Baroness vanished the hall-clock struck the half-hour and that when she regained her composure and looked at the bedroom clock it showed "the hour to be eleven (i.e., that the hour hand stood between eleven and twelve): therefore the vision was somewhere between 11:15 and 11:30. I fixed it at 11:20."

It should be observed that at the time of the vision, Austrian and British (summer) time were identical, and that 11:15 mentioned by Mrs. F—— before she knew of the death was very close to the actual time of death in Vienna.

#### CASE NO. 13

#### *The Michigan Boulevard Case*<sup>1</sup>

This incident is not quoted in direct support of the survival theory, although evidence on behalf of survival is often obtained by clairvoyance of this type. Strictly speaking, the most that can be claimed in this case is that it shows how a flash of clairvoyance functioned just once, unexpectedly, in the lifetime of Irene Kuhn, an American newspaperwoman who had worked on behalf of American journalism in Europe and China. In the latter country she had met and married a fellow American reporter, Bert L. Kuhn, and when their baby girl was two weeks old, much against her will and mainly to please her husband, she returned, taking the baby with her, to the United States for a holiday, her husband remaining behind in China.

She was walking one December afternoon on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, when "suddenly and without warning sky, boulevard, people,

<sup>1</sup> Kuhn, Irene, *Assigned to Adventure* (London: George Harrap & Co.), 280-87.

lake, everything vanished, wiping from my vision as completely and quickly as if I had been struck blind. Before me, as on a motion picture screen in a dark theatre, unrolled a strip of green grass within a fence of iron palings. Three young trees, in spring verdure, stood at one side; beyond the trees and the fence, in the far distance, factory smoke-stacks trailed sooty plumes across the sky. Across from the trees stood a small circle of people, men and women, a mere handful, in black clothes. And coming to a halt on a gravelled road by the grass was a limousine from which alighted two men who turned to offer their hands to a woman in black, emerging now from the car. The woman was I.

"I watched myself being escorted against my will to the group which now parted to receive me. I made no sound, but struggled against the necessity of moving towards them. I took one step and then stood stock still. Gently the two men urged me forward, a step at a time, until at last I was among the others, and looked at the small hole cut in the grass—a hole not more than two feet square.

"I looked once and turned my back on it, wanting to run away, but held there by some irresistible force. There was a small box which someone, bending over now, was placing in the earth with infinite tenderness—a box so small and light I could hold it in my hand and hardly feel it. What was I doing here? Where was I? Why was I letting someone put this box into the ground—this little box which held something very precious to me? I couldn't speak or move. These people—who were they? Then I recognized only the faces of my husband's family, tear-stained and sad. The silence screamed and tore at me. I looked about. All the clan were there. Only he was missing. Then I knew what was in the box, and I crumpled on the grass without a sound."

When the vision fled she looked so ill, as she supported herself by a lamp post, that a passing stranger came forward to assist her. He called a taxi and she was driven to the office of her brother-in-law, who, likewise startled by her appearance, poured out for her a good drink of whiskey. She soon pulled 'round, dismissed the incident from her mind—just a piece of too fervid imagination, the outcome of her loneliness—but she did not forget it.

Her holiday was continued until February, when she decided to sail from Vancouver on the *Empress of Canada*. As soon as she boarded the



ship the purser advised her to get in touch with the passenger agent, who, when she approached him, produced a wire from the Kuhn family in Chicago: "Please advise Mrs. Bert L. Kuhn husband dangerously ill, best not sail."

At the moment the *Empress of Canada* sailed—without her—she received another wire: "Bert dead."

She returned to Chicago, where she accepted the offer of a job on the *Mirror*; meanwhile her husband's ashes were being sent home to Chicago to rest beside his father's in the city of his birth.

"And it was on May 30 that, all arrangements having been completed, I went with my two brothers-in-law in a limousine to Rosehill Cemetery, which I had never seen before.

"We drove across the city, through the cemetery gates and came to a stop. The men got out first and waited to help me. I put my foot on the ground, and something held me back. For a second I couldn't raise my eyes because I knew what I should see. At last I looked. There was the spring grass underfoot. There were the three young trees in fresh leaf; there the fence of iron palings, and the smoke-stacks of the city's industries far beyond in the distance. My feet were weighted with lead. I didn't want to go.

"Bert's brothers urged me forward gently. I saw the ring of black-clad mourners over to one side, waiting. I stopped.

"You didn't have to open a full grave, did you?" I asked.

"How do you know?" asked Paul with astonishment.

"There's just a little square hole big enough to take the box with Bert's ashes, isn't there?" I pressed on.

"Paul's face was white beneath his natural tan.

"Yes, that's right. They said it would be foolish to open a full grave for a small box of ashes. But how did you know?" he persisted.

"I didn't answer. I was thinking of that December day on Michigan Boulevard when I had seen into the future, over the bridge of time. . . ."

Lest anyone should imagine that Irene Kuhn was a woman much given to dreams and fancies, a perusal of her book will soon alter that opinion. Her life, before this incident, although full of adventure and excitement, was lived in a practical fashion, her emotions and feelings always under strict control.

## Chapter 2

### HAUNTED HOUSES

THERE is nothing superstitious in the investigation of such curiosities as haunted houses; if phenomena occur, as is so often alleged, then it is the duty of the psychical researcher to investigate, record, and study them, and this has been done in many cases in a perfectly cool, calm, and judicial manner. Attempts have been made to obtain permanent records of visual and auditory phenomena by means of scientific instruments and to observe what happens in a purely dispassionate manner.

Various theories have been advanced to account for this type of phenomenon. The common version is that it is due to the direct action of the discarnate, while others hold the view that certain "atmospheres" exist in houses of this nature, permeating and affecting the minds and senses of all dwellers sensitive enough to feel this influence. Telepathy from the living and the dead are other theories advanced, while the materialist considers the entire phenomenon can be explained by natural causes, rats, mice, wind, heat, cold, and creaking boards, etc., and if these explanations do not cover the entire range, then hallucination and imagination meet the case. Nevertheless, the fact remains that figures have been seen, and that animals—which know nothing of theories—have acted in an extraordinary manner, as well as physical noises heard that seem to invalidate all the theories.

Only the future can decide what the final verdict will be.

According to Ingram's *The Haunted Houses and Family Traditions of Great Britain* there are at least 150 haunted houses in this country. The most ancient case of haunting is that of Pausanias, a traitorous general, who, immured in the Temple of Athene at Sparta, died of starvation. After his death terrifying noises were heard in the temple, but when a magician came and laid his ghost they ceased entirely.

There is one type of haunting that is in a class by itself, that of premonitory haunting which usually foretells disaster or death, and many old castles in Europe have a traditional ghost, the appearance of which is

usually regarded as the herald of death. The White Lady of the Royal Palace, Berlin, the White Lady of Schönbrunn, the Dark Lady of Norfolk Castle and the Grey Lady of Windsor Castle are traditional and well known. The Berlin apparition is well authenticated; she is supposed to be the ghost of Countess Agnes of Orlemunde who murdered her two children. She appeared eight days before the death of the Prince Elector John George in 1589 and twenty-three days previous to the death of Sigismund in 1619. The attempt on the life of Count Frederick William was made in 1850, shortly after she had been seen in the palace gardens. The Schönbrunn White Lady has a similar record; her appearances were prior to the death of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico in 1867, the Mayerling drama, and before information was received of the death of the ex-Archduke John Orth in 1889.

As recently as November, 1930, the question came before the Berlin courts as to the right of a man to keep his family ghosts on the premises. Lucy Regulski, eleven years of age, was alleged to be disturbed by the spirit of her uncle, and as the house had acquired a bad name, the owner applied for the eviction of his tenants. The court decided in favor of the tenant Herr Regulski; he could keep as many ghosts as he wished, the value of the property had not deteriorated thereby.

#### CASE NO. 14

#### *The D—— Case*<sup>1</sup>

"In relating simply what I saw one July morning in the year 1873, I will first describe the room in which I saw it. It is a bedroom with a window at either end, a door and a fireplace at opposite sides. . . . The room is on the upper story of a house some miles from the city of D——. One morning . . . opening my eyes I saw right before me the figure of a woman, stooping down and apparently looking at me. Her head and shoulders were wrapped in a common grey woolen shawl. Her arms were folded, and they were also wrapped, as if for warmth, in the shawl. I looked at her in my horror and dare not cry out lest I might move the awful thing to speech or action. . . . After what may have been only seconds—of the duration of this I cannot judge—she raised herself and went backwards towards the window, stood at the table and gradually van-

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings, S.P.R., II, 141-44.*



ished. . . . Now I could take my oath that I did not mention this circumstance to either my brother or the servant, as had I done so, the latter, whom we valued, might have left.

"Exactly a fortnight afterwards, I noticed my brother was out of sorts at breakfast time. 'I've had a horrid nightmare,' he said. 'I saw it early this morning as distinctly as I see you. A villainous looking old hag, with her head and arms wrapped up in a cloak, stooping over me.' 'Oh, Henry,' I said, 'I saw the same thing a fortnight ago.' He answered, 'Why did you not tell me?' 'I was afraid you would laugh at me,' I said. 'This is no laughing matter,' he said, 'for it has quite upset me.'

"About four years later, a boy of four or five years of age left alone in the drawing-room came out pale and trembling, and said to my sister, 'Who is that old woman that went upstairs?' My sister tried to convince him that there was no old woman, and though they searched every room in the house, the child did maintain that the old woman 'did go upstairs.'

"A gentleman with whom we became acquainted in the neighborhood started when we first told him of what we had seen, and asked had we never heard that a woman had been killed in that house many years previously and that it was said to be haunted."

The witnesses in this case were all alive at the time it was published in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. and known personally to Professor Henry Sidgwick and Sir William F. Barrett.

#### CASE NO. 15

#### *The Morton Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was submitted to F. W. H. Myers by his friend, Miss R. C. Morton, a lady of scientific training. It was very well authenticated and corroborated by six written and signed statements, as well as by the original informant:

"The house was built about the year 1860; the first occupant was Mr. S., an Anglo-Indian, who lived in it for about sixteen years. During this time, year uncertain, he lost his wife to whom he was passionately attached and to drown his grief took to drinking. His second wife, a Miss I. H., hoped to cure him of his intemperate habits, but instead she

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VIII, 311-32.

also took to drinking, and their married life was embittered by constant quarrels, frequently resulting in violent scenes. A few months before Mr. S.'s death on July 14, 1876, his wife separated from him and went to live in Clifton. She was not present at the time of his death, nor, as far as is known, was ever in the house afterwards. She died on September 23, 1878.

"After Mr. S.'s death the house was bought by Mr. L., an elderly gentleman, who died rather suddenly within six months of going into it. The house then remained empty for some years—probably four."

Miss Morton takes up the story:

"My father took the house in March, 1882, none of us ever having then heard of anything unusual about the house. We moved in towards the end of April and it was not until the following June that I first saw the apparition.

"I had gone up to my room, but was not yet in bed when I heard someone at the door and went to it, thinking it might be my mother. On opening the door, I saw no one; but on going a few steps along the passage, I saw the figure of a tall lady dressed in black standing at the head of the stairs. After a few moments she descended the stairs, and I followed for a short distance, feeling curious.

"During the next two years—from 1882 to 1884—I saw the figure about half a dozen times, at first at long intervals, and afterwards at shorter, but I only mentioned these appearances to one friend, who did not speak of them to anyone. During this period, as far as we know, there were only three appearances to anyone else:

"1. In the summer of 1882 to my sister, Mrs. K., when a figure was thought to be that of a Sister of Mercy who had called at the house, and no further curiosity was aroused. She was coming down the stairs rather late for dinner at 6:30, it being then quite light, when she saw the figure cross the hall in front of her, and pass into the drawing-room.

"2. In the autumn of 1883 it was seen by the housemaid about 10 p.m., she declaring that someone had got into the house; her description agreed fairly with what I had seen.

"3. On or about December 18, 1883, it was seen in the drawing-room by my brother and another little boy. They were playing outside on the

terrace when they saw the figure in the drawing-room, close to the window, and ran in to see who it could be that was crying so bitterly. They found no one in the drawing-room and the parlormaid told them that no one had come into the house.

"After the first time, I followed the figure several times downstairs into the drawing-room, where she remained a variable time, generally standing to the right-hand side of the bow-window. From the drawing-room she went along the passage towards the garden door, where she always disappeared.

"The first time I spoke to her was on January 29, 1884. I opened the drawing-room door softly and went in, just standing by it. She came in past me and walked to the sofa and stood still there, so I went up to her and asked if I could help her. She moved, and I thought she was going to speak, but she gave only a slight gasp and moved towards the door. Just at the door I spoke to her again, but she seemed as if she were quite unable to speak. She walked into the hall and then by the side door she seemed to disappear as before.

"I have also attempted to touch her, but she always eluded me. It was not that there was nothing there to touch, but she always seemed to be beyond me, and if followed into a corner, simply disappeared.

"The appearances during the months of July and August, 1884, became much more frequent; indeed, they were then at their maximum, from which time they seem gradually to have decreased.

"On the night of August 1, I again saw the figure. I heard the footsteps outside on the landing about 2 a.m. I got up at once and went outside. She was then at the end of the landing at the top of the stairs, with her side view towards me. She stood there some minutes, then went downstairs, stopping again when she reached the hall below. I opened the drawing-room door and she went in, walked across the room to the couch in the bow-window, stayed there a little, then came out of the room, went along the passage and disappeared by the garden door. I spoke to her again, but she did not answer.

"On the evening of August 11 we were sitting in the drawing-room with the gas lit but the shutters were not shut, the light outside getting dark, my brother and a friend having just given up tennis; my eldest sister, Mrs. K., and myself both saw the figure on the balcony outside,

looking in at the window. She stood there for some minutes, then walked to the end and back again, after which she seemed to disappear. She soon after came into the drawing-room, when I saw her but my sister did not. The same evening my sister E. saw her on the stairs as she came out of a room on the upper landing.

"The following evening, August 12, while coming up the garden I walked towards the orchard, when I saw the figure cross the orchard, go along the carriage drive in front of the house and in at the open side door, across the hall and into the drawing-room, I following. She crossed the drawing-room and took up her usual position behind the couch in the bow-window. My father came in soon after and I told him she was there. He could not see the figure, but went up to where I showed him she was. She then went swiftly 'round behind him, across the room, out of the door, and along the hall, disappearing as usual near the garden door, we both following her. We looked out into the garden, having first to unlock the garden door, which my father had locked as he came through, but saw nothing of her.

"On August 12, about 8 p.m. and still quite light, my sister E. was singing in the back drawing-room. I heard her stop abruptly, come out into the hall and call me. She said she had seen the figure in the drawing-room close behind her as she sat at the piano. I went back into the room with her and saw the figure in the bow-window at her usual place. I spoke to her several times but had no answer. She stood there for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then went across the room to the door and along the passage, disappearing in the same place by the garden door.

"My sister M. then came in from the garden, saying she had seen her coming up the kitchen steps outside. We all three then went into the garden, when Mrs. K. called out from a window on the first story that she had just seen her pass across the lawn in front and along the carriage drive towards the orchard. This evening, then, altogether four people saw her. My father was then away and my youngest brother was out.

"On the morning of August 14, the parlormaid saw her in the dining-room about 8:30 a.m., having gone into the room to open the shutters. The room is very sunny and even with all the shutters closed it is quite light, the shutters not fitting well and letting sunlight through the cracks. She had opened one shutter when, on turning 'round, saw the figure

cross the room. We were all on the look-out for her that evening; in fact, whenever we had made arrangements to watch and were especially expecting her, we never saw anything.

"During the rest of that year and the following, 1885, the apparition was frequently seen through each year, especially during July, August and September. In these months the three deaths took place, viz., Mr. S. on July 14, 1876; the first Mrs. S. in August and the second Mrs. S. on September 23. The apparitions were of exactly the same type, seen in the same places and by the same people at varying intervals.

"At Mr. Myers' suggestion, I kept a camera constantly ready to try to photograph the figure, but on the few occasions I was able to do so I got no result; at night, usually by candle-light, a long exposure would be necessary for so dark a figure and this I could not obtain. I also tried to communicate with the figure, constantly speaking to it and asking it to make signs, with no result. I also tried especially to touch her, but did not succeed. On cornering her, as I did once or twice, she disappeared.

"Some time in the summer of 1886, Mrs. Twining, our regular char-woman, saw the figure, while waiting in the hall at the door leading to the kitchen stairs, for her payment. Until it suddenly vanished from her sight, as no real figure could have done, she thought it was a lady visitor who had mistaken her way.

"During the next two years, 1887 to 1889, the figure was very seldom seen, though footsteps were heard, the louder noises having gradually ceased. From 1889 to the present, 1892, so far as I know, the figure has not been seen at all; the lighter footsteps lasted a little longer, but now even they have ceased. The figure became much less substantial on its later appearances. Up to about 1886 it was so solid and lifelike that it was often mistaken for a real person. It gradually became less distinct. At times it intercepted the light; we have not been able to ascertain if it cast a shadow."

### *Proofs of Immateriality*

"1. I have several times fastened fine strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, after all the others have gone up to their rooms. I have at least twice seen the figure pass through the cords, leaving them intact.



"2. The sudden and complete disappearance of the figure, while still in full view.

"3. The impossibility of touching the figure. I have repeatedly followed it into a corner, when it disappeared, and have tried to suddenly pounce upon it, but have never succeeded in touching it or getting my hand up to it, the figure eluding my touch.

"4. It has appeared in a room with the doors shut.

"On the other hand, the figure was not called up by a desire to see it, for on every occasion when we have made special arrangements to watch for it, we never saw it. On several occasions we have sat up at night, hoping to see it, but in vain—my father, with my brother-in-law, myself with a friend three or four times, an aunt and myself twice, and my sisters with friends more than once; on none of these occasions was anything seen. Nor have all the appearances been seen after we have been talking or thinking much of the figure.

"The figure has been connected with the second Mrs. S., the grounds for which are:

"1. The complete history of the house is known, and if we are to connect the figure with any of the previous occupants she is the only person who in any way resembled the figure.

"2. The widow's garb excludes the first Mrs. S.

"3. Although none of us had ever seen the second Mrs. S., several people who had known her identified her from our description. On being shown a photograph containing a number of portraits, I picked out one of her sister as being most like that of the figure and was afterwards told that the sisters were much alike.

"4. Her step-daughter and others told us that she especially used the front drawing-room in which she continually appeared and that her habitual seat was on a couch placed in similar position to ours.

"5. The figure is undoubtedly connected with the house, none of the percipients having seen it anywhere else, nor had any other hallucinations."

### *Conduct of Animals in the House*

"We have strong ground for believing that the apparition was seen by two dogs. Twice I remember seeing our dog run up to the mat at the

foot of the stairs, wagging its tail and moving its back the way dogs do when they are expecting to be caressed. It jumped up, fawning as it would do if a person were standing there, but suddenly slunk away with its tail between its legs and retreated, trembling, under a sofa. Its action was peculiar and was much more striking to the onlooker than it could possibly appear from a description.

"In conclusion, as to feelings aroused by the presence of the figure, it is very difficult to describe them; on a few occasions I think the feeling of *awe* at something unknown, mixed with a strong desire to know more about it, predominated. Later, when I was able to analyze my feelings more closely and the first novelty had worn off, I was conscious of a feeling of *loss*, as if I had lost power to the figure. Most of the other percipients speak of feeling a cold wind, but I myself have not experienced this.

"R. C. MORTON."

#### CASE NO. 16

#### *The Egham Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was vouched for by the English poet and dramatist, **Stephen Phillips** (1868-1915), regarding a house he leased in Egham, near Windsor:

"I went there for peace and quiet, and yet, although many people knew my purpose, nobody had the pluck to tell me that the place had the reputation of being haunted. We found it out pretty quickly ourselves, my household and I. No sooner had we been installed in the place than **the uncanniest noises conceivable beset us**. There were **knockings and rappings, footfalls, soft and loud; hasty, stealthy hurryings and scurryings and sounds as of a human creature being chased and caught and then strangled or choked**. Doors banged and were opened and closed unaccountably as if by unseen hands. I would be sitting quietly in the study writing when the door would open soundlessly. That in itself is enough in the dead of night to a man with his imagination aflame. It was susceptible of explanation, however: 'It is only a bit of a draught,' I would say to myself, as I held my breath and watched, but draughts do not

<sup>1</sup> *The Herald* (New York: July 24, 1904). Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*.



turn door handles, and on my life the handle would turn as the door opened, and there was no hand visible.

"This happened repeatedly. All the household heard sounds and experienced the same sensations.

"My little daughter reported having seen a little old man creeping about the house, but there was no such person to be found. . . .

"According to common report and local tradition, an old farmer strangled a child fifty years ago in the vicinity of our house at Egham. This tradition I learned after and not before our experiences.

"If there really is a ghost on the prowl it explains a lot.

"Needless to say, we gave up our lease of the residence and got out of it like a shot. The servants left so precipitately that they did not even take their boxes, so you may imagine how scared they were. The house has not had another tenant since, and I learned that before my advent it rarely, if ever, was occupied.

"As a man of reasonable intellect I am open to accept any feasible explanation of our experiences. Indeed, as the house continues 'To let' and is still reported to be haunted, I should be quite glad if some respectable body such as the Psychical Research Society would endeavor to clear the matter up."

#### CASE NO. 17

#### *The Sayce Case*<sup>1</sup>

When the Rev. A. H. Sayce was thirteen years of age, he and his brother visited friends in a house near Bath, which they had just taken, and while there events took place which made an indelible impression upon his memory:

"On a Thursday afternoon when the light was failing I closed my books and went upstairs to prepare myself for dinner while there was still sufficient light to do so without the help of a candle. I was standing, brushing my hair before the toilet table which stood in front of the window, when I happened to turn to the right and there saw a man standing a few steps away at the entrance of the dressing-room. I can still see him as he stood facing me, with a closely shaven face, fine features, dark brown hair parted in the middle, and a dark coat buttoned below

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*, 42-44.

the chin like an oriental *stambouli* or a clerical coat. The button was of gold; and there was a gold button also on either wrist.

"The suddenness of the apparition naturally startled me, and without imagining for a moment that it was anything more than an ordinary individual who had found his way into the house, I rushed downstairs into the morning-room and there told my hosts that there was a strange man upstairs. I was naturally laughed at, and informed that poring over books indoors day after day had excited my 'nerves.' By the time dinner was over I had been induced to believe that such was really the case.

"The following Sunday I awoke early in the morning. The log fire was nearly extinct, but there was still sufficient light from it to enable the outlines of objects to be discerned. In the dim light I saw a human figure pass to the foot of the bed and there stand for a moment or two between the bedstead and the dying fire. I asked my brother Herbert, who was sharing the bed with me and happened also to be awake, who it was. He, too, saw the figure and replied, 'It's only Lizzie'—the daughter of our hosts, whose room was close to ours, and therefore we both turned 'round and went to sleep again. In the morning I mentioned to our hostess, Mrs. Boyd, that her daughter had visited our bedroom during the night. She replied, 'What could she have been doing there?' and then the matter passed out of our memories until it was recalled to me the following autumn by Mrs. Boyd.

"The next event of which I know was a visit paid by a Mrs. Herbert to the house in the spring. On a certain Sunday morning she asked if she might change her room, as she had had an unpleasant experience early that morning. She had seen a man come out of the dressing-room, pass along the side of the bed and then stoop down so as to be concealed by its foot. She jumped out of bed to see who was there, and nothing was visible. The whole story was naturally treated as a dream by those who heard it.

"In the following September the married daughter of the Boyds and her husband paid a visit to the Court. A few days later we were lunching there, and I heard from Mrs. Holt a somewhat vivid account of the experiences they had just had. They occupied the drab room, and she slept on the side of the bed nearest the dressing-room. Early on the previous Friday morning she was roused from her slumbers by feeling

'a cold, clammy hand' laid across her forehead. She opened her eyes, and saw the dark brown figure of a man hieing away from her into the little dressing-room. She awoke her husband, who told her she had had a nightmare; but she refused to sleep again on that side of the bed. The next night Mr. Holt was rendered sleepless by a toothache and, therefore, as he informed his wife, had there been any ghosts about, he must have seen them. By Saturday night, however, his toothache was cured, and his sleep accordingly was sounder than usual. He was startled out of it by feeling the same 'cold, clammy hand' as that described by his wife and, as he opened his eyes, seeing the same figure retreating into the dressing-room. He looked at his watch and found that it was four o'clock. He got out of bed and sponged his face and head with cold water; then returned to the bed and sat up in it for a moment or two. Before he could lie down 'the figure' returned from the dressing-room and stood close to his shoulder. He was able to measure it against the window-frame, but I do not remember what he said was the exact height. His description of 'the figure,' however, agreed exactly with what I had seen, even to the three gilt buttons. While he sat gazing at it, the figure slowly vanished out of view.

"That there was a ghost in the Court now began to be noised abroad, and the old servants of our friends threatened to leave them. In the course of the winter, consequently, they gave up the place and took a house elsewhere. From that day to this I have heard nothing more about it or its occupants, ghostly or otherwise."

#### CASE NO. 18

##### *The New Guinea Case*<sup>1</sup>

"One night, in Moreton's house, I had a curious and uncanny experience. I was sitting at the table, writing a long dispatch which engaged all my attention; my table was in the middle of the room, and on my right and left hand respectively there were two doors, one opening on to the front and the other on to the back veranda of the house; both doors were closed and fastened with ordinary wooden latches, which could not possibly open of their own accord as a spring lock might do;

<sup>1</sup> Monckton, C. A. W., *Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, Ltd.).

the floor of the room in which I was, was made of heavy teak-wood boards, nailed down, the floor of the veranda being constructed of laths of palm, laced together with native string. As I wrote, I became conscious that both doors were wide open and—hardly thinking what I was doing—got up, closed them both and went on writing; a few minutes later, I heard footsteps upon the coral path leading up to the house; they came across the squeaky palm veranda, my door opened and the footsteps went across the room, and—as I raised my eyes from my dispatch—the other door opened, and they passed across the veranda and down again on to the coral. I paid very little attention to this at first, having my mind full of the subject about which I was writing, but half thought that either Poruma or Giorgi, both of whom were in the kitchen, had passed through the room; however, I again rose and absent-mindedly shut both doors for the second time.

“Some time later, once more the footsteps came, crash crash on the coral, squeak squeak on the veranda; again my door opened and the squeak changed to the tramp of booted feet on the boarded floor. As I looked to see who it was, the tramp passed close behind my chair and across the room to the door, which opened; then again the tramp changed to the squeak and the squeak to the crash on the coral. I was by this time getting very puzzled, but, after a little thought, decided my imagination was playing me tricks, and that I had not really closed the doors when I thought I had. I made certain, however, that I did close them this time, and went on with my work again. Once more the whole thing was repeated, only this time I rose from the table, took my lamp in my hand, and gazed hard at the places on the floor from which the sound came, but could see nothing.

“Then I went on to the veranda and yelled for Giorgi and Poruma. ‘Who is playing tricks here?’ I asked in a rage. Before Poruma could answer, again came the sound of footsteps through my room. ‘I did not know that you had anyone with you,’ said Poruma in surprise, as he heard the steps. ‘I have no one with me, but somebody keeps opening my door and walking about,’ I replied, ‘and I want him caught.’ ‘No one would dare come into the Government compound and play tricks on the R.M.,’ said Poruma, ‘unless he were mad.’ I was by this time thoroughly angry. ‘Giorgi, go to the guard-house, send up the gate-keeper and all

the men there, then go to the jail and send Manigugu (the jailer) and all his warders; then send to the *Siai* (a sailing ship) for her men; I mean to get to the bottom of all this fooling.' The gate-keeper arrived, and swore that he had locked the gate at ten o'clock, that no other than Government people had passed through before that hour; that since then, until Giorgi went for him, he had been sitting on his veranda with some friends, and nobody could have passed without his knowledge. Then came the men from the jail and the *Siai*, and I told them some scoundrel had been playing tricks upon me and I wanted him caught.

"First they searched the house, not a big job, as there were only three rooms furnished with spartan simplicity; that being completed, I placed four men with lanterns under the house, which was raised on piles about four feet from the ground; at the back and front and sides I stationed others, until it was impossible for a mouse to have entered or left that house unseen. Then, again I searched the house myself; after which Poruma, Giorgi and I shut the doors of my room and sat inside. Exactly the same thing occurred once more; through that line of men came the footsteps, through my room in precisely the same manner came the tread of a heavily booted man, then on to the palm veranda, where—in the now brilliant illumination—we could see the depression at the spots from which the sound came, as though a man were stepping there. 'Well, what do you make of it?' I asked my men. 'No man living could have passed unseen,' was the answer. 'It's either the spirit of a dead man or a devil.' 'Spirit of dead man or devil, it's all one to me,' I remarked; 'if it's taken a fancy to prance through my room, it can do so alone; shift my things off to the *Siai* for the night.'

"The following day I sought out Armit. 'Do you know anything about spooks?' I asked. 'Because something of that nature has taken a fancy to Moreton's house.' 'Moreton once or twice hinted at something of the sort,' said Armit, 'but he never would speak out; I will come and spend tonight with you, and we will investigate.' Armit came, but nothing out of the ordinary occurred; nor did I ever hear of it afterwards, and before a year elapsed the house had been pulled down. When Moreton returned, I related my experience to him; and he then told me that one night, when he was sleeping in his hammock, he was awakened by footsteps, such as I have described, and upon his calling out angrily to demand who was



making the racket, his hammock was violently banged against the wall. 'I didn't care to say anything about it,' he said, 'as I was alone at the time, and didn't want to be laughed at.'"

I have told this story for what it is worth; I leave my readers, who are interested in the occult or psychical research, to form what opinion they choose. All I say is that the story, as I have related it, is absolutely true.

## CASE NO. 19

*The Borley Rectory Case*<sup>1</sup>

The criticism that good accounts of haunted houses are a thing of the past cannot apply in this instance; for this case is right up-to-date, investigated from 1929 to 1939 by 100 people drawn from many walks of life: university students, B.B.C. officials, clergymen, doctors, scientists, consulting engineers, and army men, etc., none of whom were interested in the subject until they began their investigations of what is claimed to be the best authenticated case of haunting in the history of psychical research.

In this book, it is impossible to do more than sketch a bare outline of the haunting of Borley Rectory, and readers desiring the full account should consult Harry Price's record.

In June, 1929, Mr. Price, after a reporter's statement had been published in the *Daily Mirror* on the 10th of that month, was asked by the editor of that paper to take charge of the investigation of the haunting of Borley Rectory.

Mr. Price's first consideration was to learn something of the history of the place. It was built in 1863, on the foundation of two—probably more—earlier dwellings, one of which, according to tradition, was a monastery. Local legend declared that a lay brother at the monastery and a young novice in the nunnery at Bures were caught in the act of eloping by other monks and sentenced to death. The man was beheaded while the woman was buried alive in the walls of the monastery.

The Rev. Henry Bull was the first rector, from 1862 to 1892, and was succeeded by his son, the Rev. Harry Bull, from 1892 to 1927. The Rev. Guy E. Smith was rector from 1928 to 1930, followed by the Rev. L. A. Foyster from 1930 to 1935. On account of the strange happenings in the

<sup>1</sup> Price, Harry, *The Most Haunted House in England* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.).

house, the bishop decided that no more rectors should live there, and in 1936 the livings of Borley and Linton were merged into one, the Rev. A. C. Henning acting as minister of both parishes. In 1938 it was sold to Captain W. H. Gregson, in whose hands it remained until it was destroyed by fire in February, 1939.

From the three surviving sisters of the Rev. Harry Bull, Mr. Price received an account of the hauntings: bells were rung, articles mysteriously disappeared and reappeared, and the figure of a nun was seen on one occasion by four persons collectively. The Rev. L. A. Foyster continued the story: the figure of the Rev. Harry Bull was seen several times, articles played tricks, crockery was smashed, windows were broken, bells were rung and voices and footsteps were heard. Once Mrs. Foyster was given a terrific blow in the eye by an unseen assailant and on another occasion struck on the head by a piece of metal thrown downstairs. Unseen hands scribbled messages on various walls, all apparently addressed to Marianne (Mrs. Foyster), as follows: "*Marianne Light Mass Prayer*," "*Marianne Please Help Get*," "*Marianne At Get Help Entant Bottom Me*," "*Light in . . . Write Prayer and O . . .*," "*Edwin*" and "*Get Light Mass and Prayers Here*."

Lady Whitehouse of Arthur Hall, Sudbury, and her nephew, Dom Richard Whitehouse, O.S.B., who had been friendly with the Bull family and various occupants of the Rectory, corroborated the previous statements and added a bit more: Lady Whitehouse's gloves and parasol had jumped from a bed to a dressing-table; a brass stiletto had landed in Dom Richard's lap; Mrs. Foyster, seriously ill, had been thrown out of bed on several occasions; doors were locked of their own accord and smoke had issued from a skirting board. "Happening to turn my eyes," Dom Richard stated, "towards a bit of the wall that jutted out from the landing, I was surprised to notice a fresh bit of writing on an otherwise clean bit of the wall. The message, which was scribbled in pencil, but quite legible, ran as follows: 'Get light mass and prayers, M. . . .' A little later, returning to the spot, the word 'here' was written up quite clearly under the other writing." Eventually, Lady Whitehouse persuaded the Foysters to live with her at Arthur Hall.

From Mr. Edward Cooper, groom-gardener at the Rectory, Mr. Price



heard, among other things, the story of a black coach drawn by two horses, driven by two figures wearing high top hats.

In June, 1929, Mr. Price and his secretary paid their initial visit to the Rectory. They searched the house from roof to cellar and with Mr. V. C. Wall were speculating on a terrific crash that they had just heard when, "We descended by the main staircase and had just reached the hall when another crash was heard and we found that a red glass candlestick, one of a pair we had just seen on the mantelpiece of the Blue Room, had been hurled down the main stairs, had struck the iron stove and finally disintegrated into a thousand fragments on the hall floor. Both Mr. Wall and I saw the candlestick hurtle past our heads. We at once dashed upstairs, made another search and found nothing. We returned to the hall . . . and the entire party sat on the stairs . . . just waiting. A few minutes later we heard something come rattling down the stairs . . . and in full light the following articles came tumbling down the stairs: first of all some common seashore pebbles, then a piece of slate, then some more pebbles."

On October 13, 1931, Mr. Price, with Mrs. Henry Richards, Mrs. A. Peel Goldney and Miss May Walker, returned to the Rectory, still occupied by the Foyster family. The party arrived at an appropriate time for phenomena: a glass of Chambertin wine was turned into black ink, and an empty claret bottle was hurled down the staircase well, smashing itself into bits at their feet; after that, bell-ringing, taps, etc., were merely an anticlimax!

Up till May, 1937, Mr. Price, with an occasional visit to the Rectory, had been receiving reports concerning the phenomena, but on the 19th of that month he decided to take a lease of the house for one year from the Rev. A. C. Henning. Next, he inserted an advertisement in *The Times* inviting intelligent, critical and unbiased observers to join him in his investigations. He received about 200 replies, out of which he selected 40—all total strangers. They were provided with a book of instructions for their guidance should any manifestations occur. Then they set to work in couples. Mr. Price and Mr. Ellic Howe, on June 2, 1937, were sitting in silence when they heard a series of short, sharp taps and a quarter of an hour later were startled by two loud "thumps" that

"left nothing to the imagination." On June 16, a tobacco tin was moved three inches outside the line chalked 'round it and a small box seven feet from where it had been left. Mr. Mark Kerr-Pease, a pro-consul at Geneva, home on holiday, while taking his supper in the pantry found that he had been locked in. Fortunately for him the key was on the *inside* of the door. On June 28, at 11:40 a.m., he placed a screw on the mantelpiece in the Blue Room, ringing it very carefully with chalk; and at 11:45 a.m., glancing at the mantelpiece, noticed that the screw had been removed to one side of the chalk, this happening while he was in the room only a few yards away. On the walls pencil markings appeared and every one was ringed and dated; yet daily new markings continued to show up before his eyes. On September 21, while on duty with his cousin, Mr. Rupert Haig, a sack of coal weighing about fifty pounds was moved a distance of eighteen inches, its original site being indicated by a stain on the floor.

On July 28, 1937, Professor C. E. M. Joad, after thoroughly examining the walls, found a mark that had not been there previously.

So it went on with other observers: articles were removed outside their chalk markings, sounds of dragging footsteps were heard, doors slammed on windless days, new pencil lines appeared on walls, bells were rung and keys were mysteriously turned.

In October, 1937, Mr. S. H. Glanville, his son Roger, Mr. A. J. Cuthbert and Mr. Mark Kerr-Pease decided to hold séances to try the "spirits." They used a planchette, which told them that the nun whose body was buried in the Rectory ground was the cause of the haunting. She had been murdered in 1667 and, still earth-bound, wanted mass and prayers said for the benefit of her soul. They also obtained a great deal of information concerning the lives of past rectors that for obvious reasons cannot be revealed.

Five months later, Miss Glanville and her brother tried the planchette and this time a new "communicator" appeared; his name was "Sunex Amures" and he threatened to burn the Rectory, starting the fire in the hall. On May 19, 1938, Mr. Price's lease of the Rectory expired.

On February 27, 1939, exactly eleven months after the threat, the Rectory was gutted by fire, which started exactly as forecast by Sunex Amures.

Captain W. H. Gregson, the owner of the Rectory at the time of the

fire, informed a newspaperman that a constable had seen "a woman in grey and a man wearing a bowler hat" cross the courtyard in front of him about four o'clock on the morning of the fire. Captain Gregson said there was no woman in the house at the outbreak; he was quite alone. "The fire," stated the Captain, "was caused through a big pile of books (which I was dusting and sorting in the main hall) falling over on to a lamp and upsetting it. The only suggestion of any mysterious influence lies in the fact that I stacked the books quite carefully, and that in ordinary common sense they should have remained in their stack without falling over at all."

Mr. Price summed up his opinion on the Rectory phenomena thus: ". . . Is Borley Rectory haunted or is it not? My answer to my own question is 'Yes, decidedly!' It is difficult to put into cold print the enthusiasm with which I record my affirmation. But then the reader has *not* had a glass candlestick hurled at him from above when he knew there was no one above to hurl it! The reader has *not* seen two keys fall from two doors simultaneously, when he was looking at them, knowing that no mortal hand supplied the energy. The reader has *not* interviewed about 100 people, as I have, who have experienced similar manifestations. But I *will* ask him to weigh very carefully all the evidence submitted in my monograph before he hastily gives his verdict."

Mr. Price says regarding the explanation of the phenomena, ". . . the spirit hypothesis is the one that best covers many of the observed phenomena at Borley Rectory."

## Chapter 3

### APPARITIONS

"ONLY one thing is certain about apparitions," wrote Andrew Lang, "namely, that they do appear. They are really perceived." Probably that is the very point on which the average person would join issue with him and contend that there are no such things as apparitions: science has explained them away. Yet strangely enough, more apparitions are reported today than ever before. Literally, thousands of such cases are on record, first hand, well authenticated and documented. Some years ago, a statistical investigation revealed the surprising fact that approximately one person in every ten had (or thought he had) experienced some psychical phenomenon.

A systematic inquiry into phantasmal appearances was instigated by the S.P.R. in 1882, and Myers, Gurney, and Podmore embodied the results in their book, *Phantasms of the Living*. Out of 5,705 persons chosen at random, 702 provided good cases that showed that "between death and apparitions a connection exists not due to chance alone." Later, in 1889, 32,000 answers were reviewed on the same subject by the S.P.R. and once more chance-coincidence was ruled out and the previous conclusion confirmed. The American S.P.R. and Flammarion, the French scientist, conducted censuses that produced the same result.

What are apparitions? Are they hallucinations? Such was the theory put forward years ago and still believed today. Or are they due to the direct action of the discarnate? Or are they . . . ?

Stories of apparitions are as old as the history of man, and all the ancient writings—Greek, Roman, Jewish, medieval, and oriental—contain many accounts of them. They happen to rich and poor alike. It is known that Josephine appeared to Napoleon at St. Helena warning him of his approaching demise. Mozart saw an apparition which ordered him to compose a Requiem and frequently came to inquire about its progress. He completed it in time to be played at his own funeral.

Do apparitions occupy an objective area in space or are they merely

ideas externalized by the percipient's mind? The old-fashioned school accepted the former theory, even though apparitions were seen in unusual clothes. The modern school of psychical research accepts the latter theory, and indeed it is the better explanation of the two: it accounts for the clothes as well. The idea is that the discarnate, more or less successfully, implants by the process of telepathy a certain piece of information concerning himself, and the percipient's mind creates a more or less veridical hallucination. Apparitions cannot be dismissed as fictitious products of the imagination when it is remembered that they often convey information found later to be correct that was not known to the seer.

The public are prone to confuse apparitions with ghosts, yet they are entirely different types of phenomena. Ghosts often appear at the same place at regular intervals, rarely conveying information or paying attention to the beholder. *Their* visits seem futile and purposeless, but apparitions are entirely different: they are seen once, very occasionally twice, then never again. They impart information, sometimes a warning of approaching death, often to inform of the passing of an absent friend, and occasionally to right a wrong.

## CASE NO. 20

*The Brougham Case*<sup>1</sup>

In December, 1799, Lord Brougham, then twenty-one years of age, was journeying in Sweden with some friends. He says:

"We set out for Gothenburg, determining to make for Norway. About one o'clock in the morning, arriving at a decent inn, we decided to stop for the night. Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in, and here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning.

"After I left the high school, I went with G., my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking,

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Times of Lord Brougham*, 201. Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*.



but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement written in our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G. went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after a lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all this schoolboy intimacy had died out and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head 'round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G., looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition—or whatever it was—that had taken the likeness of G., had disappeared.

"This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole story, with the date, *December 19*, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had had no communication with G., nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G. or with India, or with anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G. must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream; and so painfully vivid, so unfading was the impression, that I could not bring myself to talk of it or to make the slightest allusion to it."

Lord Brougham afterwards wrote that "Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India announcing G.'s death, and stating that he had died on December 19."

## CASE NO. 21

*The Lanne Case*<sup>1</sup>

The unusual feature of this interesting case is that it contains the instance of a warning from a person recently deceased to one who was about to die, and the percipient was totally unaware of the death of the communicator.

"On last November 27, an old woman named Mme Guérin, sixty-six years of age, living at No. 34 (fourth story) in the street Fosses-du-Temple, was slightly ill with what the doctor thought was a slight attack of indigestion. It was five o'clock in the morning; her daughter, a widow named Mme Guérard, had risen early, lit the lamp and was working at the fire by her mother's bedside. While working the daughter said to her mother, 'Why, Mme Lanne must have come back from the country.' (This Mme Lanne, a good-natured stout woman of sixty, had retired from a grocery business at the corner of the streets St. Louis and St. Claude with an income of 40,000 francs and lived on the first floor in the Boulevard Beaumarchais in a new house.) Mme Guérard added, 'I must go to see her today.' 'No use to do that,' said her mother.

"Why, Mother?"

"She died an hour ago."

"Why, Mother, what do you mean? Are you dreaming?"

"No, I am quite awake. I have not slept, but as four o'clock struck I saw Mme Lanne pass and she said to me, 'I am going, are you coming?'"

"The daughter thought that her mother had dreamed it and later in the day went to see Mme Lanne, only to find that she had died at 4 a.m.

"The same evening Mme Guérin vomited blood and the doctor said, 'She will not last twenty-four hours.' The next day at noon she had a second attack and died.

<sup>1</sup> Hugo, Victor, *Choses Vues*.



"I knew Mme Guérin, and the story was told me by Mme Guérard, a pious, good woman."

## CASE NO. 22

*The Marryat Case*<sup>1</sup>

Florence Marryat, in her biography of her father, Captain Frederick Marryat (1792-1848), the great writer of novels of the sea, gives this incident as she heard it from him, which happened towards the end of his life:

"The last fifteen years of my father's life were passed on his own estate at Langham, in Norfolk, and among his country friends were Sir Charles and Lady Townshend, of Raynham Hall. At the time I speak of, the title and property had lately changed hands, and the new baronet had repapered, painted, and furnished the Hall throughout, and come down with his wife and a large party of friends to take possession. But to their annoyance, soon after their arrival rumors arose that the house was haunted, and their guests, one and all (like those in the parable), began to make excuses to go home again. It was all on account of a Brown Lady, whose portrait hung in one of the bedrooms, and in which she was represented as wearing a brown satin dress with yellow trimmings, and a ruff around her throat—a very harmless, innocent-looking young woman. But they all declared they had seen her walking about the house—some in the corridor, some in their bedrooms, others in the lower premises, and neither guests nor servants would remain in the Hall. The baronet was naturally very much annoyed about it and confided his trouble to my father, and my father was indignant at the trick he believed had been played upon him. There was a great deal of smuggling and poaching in Norfolk at that period, as he knew well, being a magistrate of the county, and he felt sure that some of these depredators were trying to frighten the Townshends away from the Hall again. So he asked his friends to let him stay with them and sleep in the haunted chamber, and he felt sure he could rid them of the nuisance. They accepted his offer, and he took possession of the room in which the portrait of the apparition hung, and in which she had often been seen, and slept each night with a loaded revolver under his pillow. For two days, however, he saw nothing, and

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*, 164-66.

the third was to be the limit of his stay. On the third night, however, two young men (nephews of the baronet) knocked at his door as he was undressing to go to bed, and asked him to step over to their room (which was at the other end of the corridor), and give them his opinion of a new gun just arrived from London. My father was in his shirt and trousers, but as the hour was late, and everybody had retired to rest except themselves, he prepared to accompany them as he was. As they were leaving the room, he caught up his revolver, 'in case we meet the Brown Lady,' he said, laughing. When the inspection of the gun was over, the young men in the same spirit declared they would accompany my father back again, 'in case you meet the Brown Lady,' they repeated, laughing also. The three gentlemen therefore returned in company.

"The corridor was long and dark, for the lights had been extinguished, but as they reached the middle of it they saw the glimmer of a lamp coming towards them from the other end. 'One of the ladies going to visit the nurseries,' whispered the young Townshends to my father. Now, the bedroom doors in that corridor faced each other, and each room had a double door with a space between, as is the case in many old-fashioned country houses. My father (as I have said) was in shirt and trousers only, and his native modesty made him feel so uncomfortable, so he slipped within one of the outer doors (his friends following his example), in order to conceal himself until the lady should have passed by. I have heard him describe how he watched her approaching nearer and nearer, through the chink of the door, until, as she was close enough for him to distinguish the colors and style of her costume, he recognized the figure as the facsimile of the portrait of 'The Brown Lady.' He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and was about to demand it to stop and give the reason for its presence there, when the figure halted of its own accord before the door behind which he stood, and, holding the lighted lamp she carried to her features, deliberately grinned at him. This act so infuriated my father, who was anything but lamb-like in disposition, that he sprang into the corridor with a bound, and discharged the revolver right in her face. The figure instantly disappeared—the figure at which for the space of several minutes three men had been looking together—and the bullet passed through the outer door of the room on the opposite side of the corridor and lodged in the panel of the inner door.

My father never attempted again to interfere with the Brown Lady, and I have heard that she haunts the premises to this day. **That she did so at the time there is no shadow of doubt.**"

Sir Charles Townshend, proprietor of Raynham Hall, told Miss Lucia C. Stone that "I cannot but believe, for she (the Brown Lady) ushered me into my room last night." Miss Stone also reported that Colonel Loftus, a cousin of Sir Charles, saw the apparition while staying at the Hall. According to the Rev. W. P. M. McLean, rector of West Raynham, **the apparition was also seen in 1903.**

*Note.*—See also Case No. 36, page 76.

#### CASE NO. 23

##### *The Bellamy Case*<sup>1</sup>

"When she was a schoolgirl **my wife made a pact with one of her comrades that the one who died first should appear to the surviving one,** God willing. In 1874 my wife, who had neither seen her school friend nor heard of her, learned of her death. This news reminded her of the compact they had made and she then began to dwell upon it and spoke of it to me. **I knew of this agreement with my wife, but had never seen a photograph of her friend, nor heard anything concerning her.**

"One or two nights afterwards we were sleeping quietly; **a bright fire shone in the room and there was a lighted candle. I awakened suddenly and saw a lady seated beside the bed in which my wife was sleeping deeply. I sat up in bed and gazed at her. I saw her so clearly that I can still remember form and attitude.** If I had an artist's skill I could paint her likeness upon canvas. I remember that I was struck particularly with the careful way in which her hair was dressed; it was arranged with a certain elegance. I cannot say how long I sat gazing at her, but as soon as this odd phantom vanished I got up out of bed to see if the garments hung over the bed had caused some optical illusion. But there was nothing in my line of vision between me and the wall. **Since I could not think it a hallucination, I did not doubt that I had really seen an apparition.**

"I got back into bed and remained there until my wife awakened, some hours afterwards. **Only then did I describe to her the face which I had seen. Complexion, stature, etc.—all in exact accordance with my wife's**

<sup>1</sup> Myers, F. W. H., *Human Personality* (London: Longmans, Green & Co.), II, 350.

recollection of her childhood friend. I asked my wife if there was anything particularly striking in her friend's appearance; she answered at once, 'Yes, at school we used to tease her about her hair, which she always arranged with special care.' It was precisely this which had struck me.

"I must add that I have never seen an apparition before this and have not since.

"THE REV. ARTHUR BELLAMY,  
Bristol."

#### CASE NO. 24

#### *The Rosa Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case, guaranteed by Harriet Hosmer, the first prominent American woman sculptor, occurred while she was studying her art in Italy and was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of May, 1862, and later in the *Phantasms of the Living*:

"An Italian girl named Rosa was in my employ for some time, but was finally obliged to return home to her sister on account of confirmed ill-health. When I took my customary exercise on horseback I frequently called to see her. On one of the occasions I called about 6 p.m., and found her brighter than I had seen her for some time past. I had long relinquished hopes of her recovery, but there was nothing in her appearance that gave me the impression of immediate danger. I left her with the expectation of calling to see her again many times. She expressed a wish to have a bottle of a certain kind of wine, which I promised to bring her myself next morning.

"During the remainder of the evening I do not recollect that Rosa was in my thoughts after I parted from her. I retired to rest in good health and in a quiet frame of mind. But I woke from a sound sleep with an oppressive feeling that someone was in the room. I reflected that no one could get in except my maid, who had the key of one of the two doors of my room—both of which doors were locked. I was able dimly to distinguish the furniture in the room. My bed was in the middle of the room with a screen around the foot of it. Thinking someone might be behind the screen I said, 'Who's there?' but got no answer. Just then the clock in the adjoining room struck five; and at that moment I saw the

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*, 249-50.

figure of Rosa standing by my bedside; and in some way, though I could not venture to say it was through the medium of speech, the impression was conveyed to me from her of these words: '*Adesso son felice, son contenta.*' And with that the figure vanished.

"At the breakfast table I said to the friend who shared the apartment with me, 'Rosa is dead.' 'What do you mean by that?' she inquired; 'you told me she seemed better when you called to see her yesterday.' I related the occurrence of the morning, and told her that I had a strong impression Rosa was dead. She laughed, and said I had just dreamed it all. I assured her that I was thoroughly awake. She continued to jest on the subject, and slightly annoyed me by her persistence in believing it a dream, when I was perfectly sure of having been wide awake. To settle the question I summoned a messenger, and sent him to inquire how Rosa died. He returned with the answer that she died that morning at five o'clock.

"I was living at the Via Babuino at the time."

#### CASE NO. 25

#### *The Russell Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was sent to Professor Adams of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who in turn forwarded it to F. W. H. Myers:

"ST. LUKE'S CHURCH,  
SAN FRANCISCO,  
September 11, 1890.

"Some weeks ago our choir leader, a man robust in health and of a most skeptical turn of mind, saw positively the apparition of one of his singers who had just died.

"Mr. Russell, the bass of the choir, had a stroke of apoplexy in the street, on a certain Friday at ten o'clock; he died in his home at eleven o'clock. My wife, learning of his death, sent my brother-in-law to the home of Mr. Reeves, the choir leader, to discuss the music to be played at his funeral. He arrived at the choir leader's house at about half past one. Suddenly he heard an exclamation in the vestibule. Someone had just cried out, 'Good God!' In the middle of the stairway, sitting on a step, was the choir leader, in his shirt sleeves, showing signs of great terror.

<sup>1</sup> Myers, F. W. H., *Human Personality*, II, 45.



"When Mr. Reeves had come out of his room, he had seen Mr. Russell standing on the stairway, one hand on his forehead and the other holding a roll of music out to him. The choir leader went towards him, but the phantom vanished. It was then that he uttered the exclamation mentioned above.

"He knew nothing of Mr. Russell's death.

"This is the most authentic ghost-story that I have ever heard. I know all these persons very well and can swear to their sincerity. I have no doubt that the choir leader saw something, subjectively or objectively; it made him ill for several days, in spite of his usual fine health.

"To state my own personal conviction, Mr. Russell was a man of very regular habits, very loyal and very dependable; he had sung in the choir for years without pay; his last thoughts must have been: 'How shall I let the choir leader know that I cannot rehearse tomorrow evening?' He died in an hour, without having regained consciousness.

"The attitude in which he showed himself bears out this hypothesis; it indicated his malady (pain in the head) and his desire to perform his duty.

"W. M. W. DAVIS,  
Rector."

A reporter of *The San Francisco Chronicle* later published Mr. Reeves's version of the incident:

"On Friday morning Edwin Russell, a well-known Englishman, had reached the corner of Stutter and Mason streets, when he had a stroke of apoplexy and died before noon. He had lived in our city for ten years and was respected in the commercial world. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and had a magnificent bass voice. For this reason he was a great asset to the choir of St. Luke's Church, and was in constant touch with the Rev. W. M. W. Davis, rector of the church, and with Harry Reeves, the new choir leader.

"It was to Mr. Reeves that the sensational thing happened which people are talking about. I interviewed him at the home of his sister, Mrs. Cavanagh, in California Street, and he gave me the following account:

"I had seen Russell on the Saturday before his death. He had come

to rehearse. I had asked him where I might find a good cigar and he had taken me to a good cigar store. Then I invited him to my home—or, rather, to my sister's home—to rehearse and we arranged to meet on the following Saturday. I thought no more of the matter until Friday afternoon. As is my custom to look through my volumes of music one or two days beforehand for selection to be sung on Sunday, I chose two Te Deums. I left my room and saw on the landing, which was half lighted as it is now, my friend Mr. Russell, so real, so alive, that I went forward at once to give him my hand in welcome.

“He had a roll of music in one hand and the other was before his face. It was really he. I am absolutely sure of it. Well, he melted away like a cloud which vanishes into thin air.

“I was about to speak to him but was struck dumb. I sank down against the wall, crying out, “Oh, my God!” My sister, my niece, and another person came up. My niece asked, “Uncle Henry, what's the matter?” I wished to explain but could not speak. Then my niece said to me, “Did you know that Mr. Russell is dead?” I was literally stupefied by this. I saw this Russell three hours after his death as well as I see you in that armchair.’”

CASE NO. 26

*The Court Dress Case*<sup>1</sup>

“My mother married at a very early age, without the consent of her parents. My grandmother vowed that she would never see her daughter again. A few weeks after her marriage my mother was awakened about 2 a.m. by a loud knocking at the door. To her great surprise my father did not wake. The knocking was resumed; my mother spoke to my father, but, as he still slept, she got up, opened the window and looked out, when to her amazement she saw her mother in full court dress, standing on the step and looking up at her. My mother called to her, but my grandmother, frowning and shaking her head, disappeared.

“At this moment my father awoke and my mother told him what had happened. He went to the window but saw nothing. My mother was sure that my grandmother, even at that late hour, had come to forgive her and entreated my father to let her in. He went down and opened the door but

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., I, 126.



nobody was there. He assured my mother that she had been dreaming and she at last believed it was so.

"The next morning the servants were questioned, but they had heard nothing and the matter was dismissed from the minds of my parents till the evening, when they heard that my grandmother had been in full court dress at a ball the night before—I think at Kensington Palace, but of this I am not sure—that, feeling unwell, she had returned home and after an hour's illness had died at 2 a.m. She had not mentioned my mother's name during her short illness."

## CASE NO. 27

*The Harford Case*<sup>1</sup>

"12th May, 1884.

"When my old friend John Harford, who had been a Wesleyan lay preacher for half a century, lay dying in June of 1851, he sent for me, and when I went to his bedside he said, 'I am glad you have come, friend Happerfield; I cannot die easy until I am assured that my wife will be looked after and cared for until she may be called to join me in the other world. I have known you for many years, and now want you to promise to look to her well-being during the little time which she may remain after me.' I said, 'I will do what I can, so let your mind be at rest.' He said, 'I can trust you,' and soon after, on the 20th day of the month, he fell asleep in the Lord.

"I administered his affairs, and when all was settled there remained a balance in favor of the widow, but not sufficient to keep her. I put her into a small cottage, interested some friends in her case, and saw that she was comfortable. After a while Mrs. Harford's grandson came and proposed to take the old lady to his house in Gloucestershire, where he held a situation as schoolmaster. The request seemed reasonable. I consented, providing she was quite willing to go; and the young man took her accordingly. Time passed on. We had no correspondence. I had done my duty to my dying friend, and there the matter rested.

"But one night as I lay in bed wakeful, towards morning, turning over business and other matters in my mind, I suddenly became conscious that someone was in the room. Then the curtain of my bed was drawn, and

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., IV, 29.

there stood my departed friend, gazing upon me with a sorrowful and troubled look. I felt no fear, but surprise and astonishment kept me silent. He spoke to me distinctly and audibly in his own familiar voice, and said, 'Friend Happerfield, I have come to you because you have not kept your promise to see my wife. She is in trouble and in want.' I assured him that I had done my duty and was not aware that she was in any difficulty, and that I would see about her first thing and have her attended to. He looked satisfied and vanished from my sight.

"I awoke my wife, who was asleep at my side, and told her what had occurred. Sleep departed from us and, on rising, the first thing I did was to write the grandson. In reply he informed me that he had been deprived of his situation through persecution, and was in great straits, insomuch that he had decided on sending his grandmother to the Union. Forthwith I sent some money and a request to have the old lady forwarded to me.

"She came, and was again provided with a home and had her wants supplied. These are the circumstances as they occurred. I am not a nervous man; nor am I superstitious. At the time my old friend came to me I was wide awake, collected, and calm. The above is very correct and not overdrawn.

"C. HAPPERFIELD."

#### CASE NO. 28

#### *The Madeira Case*<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Edmond Gurney of the S.P.R. investigated this case and saw both percipient and witness, receiving full *viva voce* accounts from each. The incident is told in two letters:

"September 15, 1886.

"The facts are simply these. I was sleeping in a hotel in Madeira early in 1885. It was a bright moonlight night. The windows were open and the blinds were up. I felt someone was in my room. On opening my eyes, I saw a young fellow about twenty-five, dressed in flannels, standing at the side of my bed and pointing with the first finger of his right hand to the place I was lying in. I lay there for some seconds to convince myself of someone being really there. I then sat up and looked at him.

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings, S.P.R., V, 416.*

I saw his features so plainly that I recognized them in a photograph which was shown me some days after. I asked him what he wanted; he did not speak, but his eyes and hand seemed to tell me I was in his place. As he did not answer I struck out at him with my fist as I sat up, but did not reach him, and as I was going to spring out of bed he slowly vanished through the door, which was shut, keeping his eyes upon me all the time.

"Upon inquiry I found that the young fellow who appeared to me died in the room I was occupying.

"JOHN E. HUSBANDS."

"CHURCH TERRACE,  
WISBECH.

October 8, 1886.

"The figure that Mr. Husbands saw while in Madeira was that of a young fellow who died unexpectedly some months previously, in the room which Mr. Husbands was occupying. Curiously enough, Mr. Husbands had never heard of him or his death. He told me the story the morning after he had seen the figure, and I recognized the young fellow from the description. It impressed me very much, but I did not mention it to him or anyone. I loitered about until I heard Mr. Husbands tell the same story to my brother; we left Mr. Husbands and said simultaneously, 'He has seen Mr. D——.'

"No more was said on the subject for days; then I abruptly showed him the photograph. Mr. Husbands said to me at once, 'This is the young fellow who appeared to me the other night, but he was dressed differently'—describing a dress he often wore—'cricket suit (or tennis) fastened at the neck with a sailor knot.' I must say Mr. Husbands is a most practical man, and the very last one would expect a 'spirit' to visit.

"K. FALKENER."

Mr. Gurney interviewed Mr. Husbands and Miss Falkener and summed them up: "They are both thoroughly practical and as far removed as possible from a superstitious love of marvels. . . . So far as I could judge Mr. Husbands' view on himself is entirely correct—that he is the last person to give a spurious importance to anything that might befall him,

or to allow facts to be distorted by imagination. As will be seen, his account of his vision *preceded* any knowledge on his part of the death which had occurred in the room."

## CASE NO. 29

*The St. Louis Case*<sup>1</sup>

This account was sent to the American Society for Psychical Research by Mr. F. G—— of Boston. Professor Josiah Royce and Dr. Richard Hodgson knew him well and vouched for his high character:

"Sir:

"11th January, 1888.

"Replying to the recently published request of your Society for actual occurrences of psychical phenomena, I respectfully submit the following remarkable occurrence to the consideration of your distinguished Society, with the assurance that the event made a more powerful impression on my mind than the combined incidents of my whole life. I have never mentioned it outside my family and a few intimate friends, knowing well that few would believe it, or else ascribe it to some disordered state of my mind at the time; but I know well I never was in better health or possessed a clearer head and mind than at the time it occurred.

"In 1867, my only sister, a young lady of eighteen years, died suddenly of cholera in St. Louis, Mo. My attachment for her was very strong, and the blow a severe one to me. A year or so after her death the writer became a commercial traveller, and it was in 1876, while on one of my western trips, that the event occurred.

"I had 'drummed' the city of St. Joseph, Mo., and had gone to my room at the Pacific House to send in my orders, which were unusually large ones, so that I was in a very happy frame of mind indeed. My thoughts, of course, were about these orders, knowing how pleased my house would be at my success. I had not been thinking of my late sister, or in any manner reflecting on the past. The hour was high noon, and the sun was shining cheerfully into my room. While busily smoking a cigar and writing out my orders, I suddenly became conscious that someone was sitting on my left with one arm resting on the table. Quick as a flash I turned and distinctly saw the form of my dead sister, and for a

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings, S.P.R., VI, 17.*

brief second or so looked her squarely in the face; and so sure was I that it was she, that I sprang forward in delight, calling her by name, and as I did so the apparition instantly vanished. Naturally, I was startled and dumbfounded, almost doubting my senses; but with the cigar in my mouth, and pen in hand, with the ink still moist on my letter, I satisfied myself that I had not been dreaming and was wide awake. I was near enough to touch her, had it been a physical possibility, and noted her features, expression, and details of dress, etc. She appeared as if alive. Her eyes looked kindly and perfectly naturally into mine. Her skin was so lifelike that I could see the glow or moisture on its surface, and, on the whole, there was no change in her appearance otherwise than when alive.

"Now comes the most remarkable confirmation of my statement, which cannot be doubted by those who know what I state actually occurred. This visitation, or whatever you may call it, so impressed me that I took the next train home, and in the presence of my parents, and others, I related what had occurred. My father, a man of rare good sense and very practical, was inclined to ridicule me, as he saw how earnestly I believed what I had stated; but he, too, was amazed when later on I told them of a bright red line or scratch on the right hand side of my sister's face, which I distinctly had seen. When I mentioned this my mother rose trembling to her feet and nearly fainted away, and as soon as she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, with tears streaming down her face she exclaimed that I had indeed seen my sister, as no living mortal but herself was aware of the scratch, which she had accidentally made while doing some little act of kindness after my sister's death. She said she well remembered how pained she was to think that she should have unintentionally marred the features of her dead daughter and, unknown to all, how she had carefully obliterated all traces of the slight scratch with the aid of powder, etc., and that she had never mentioned it to a human being from that day to this. In proof, neither my father nor any of our family had detected it and positively were unaware of the incident, yet I saw the scratch as bright as if just made.

"So strangely impressed was my mother that even after she had retired to rest she got up and dressed, came to me and told me she knew at least that I had seen my sister. A few weeks later my mother died, happy



in her belief that she would rejoin her favorite daughter in a better world."

Later, Dr. Hodgson received letters from the father and brother of Mr. F. G—— corroborating the incident, exactly as he had stated.

CASE NO. 30

*The Wünscher Case*<sup>1</sup>

"About a year ago there died in a neighboring village a brewer called Wünscher, with whom I stood in friendly relations. His death ensued after a short illness, and as I seldom had an opportunity of visiting him, I knew nothing of his illness nor of his death. On the day of his death I went to bed at nine o'clock, tired with the labor which my calling as a farmer demands of me. Here I must observe that my diet is of a frugal kind: beer and wine are rare things in my house, and water, as usual, had been my drink that night. Being of a very healthy constitution, I fell asleep as soon as I lay down. In my dream I heard the deceased call out with a loud voice, 'Boy, make haste and give me my boots.'

"This awoke me, and I noticed that, for the sake of our child, my wife had left the light burning. I pondered with pleasure on my dream, thinking in my mind how Wünscher, who was a good-natured, humorous man, would laugh when I told him of this dream. Still thinking on it, I heard Wünscher's voice scolding outside, just under my window. I sat up in bed at once to listen but could not understand his words. What can the brewer want? I thought, and I knew for certain that I was much vexed with him that he should make a disturbance in the night, as I felt that his affairs might surely have waited till the morrow.

"Suddenly he comes into the room from behind the linen press, steps with long strides past the bed of my wife and the child's bed; wildly gesticulating with his arms all the time, as his habit was, he called out, 'What do you say to this, Herr Oberamtmann? This afternoon at five o'clock I have died.' Startled by this information, I exclaim, 'Oh, that is not true!' He replied, 'Truly as I tell you, and what do you think? They want to bury me already on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock,' accentuating his assertions all the while by his gesticulations. During this long speech of my visitor I examined myself as to whether I was really awake and not dreaming.

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI, 341.



"I asked myself: Is this a hallucination? Is my mind in full possession of its faculties? Yes, there is the light, there the jug, this is the mirror, and this is the brewer; and I came to the conclusion: I am awake. Then the thought occurred to me, what will my wife think if she awakes and sees the brewer in our bedroom? In this fear of her waking up I turn 'round to my wife, and to my great relief I see from her face, which is turned towards me, that she is still asleep, but she looks very pale. I say to the brewer, 'Herr Wünscher, we will speak softly, so that my wife may not wake up; it would be very disagreeable to her to find you here.' To which Wünscher answered in a lower and calmer tone: 'Don't be afraid, I will do no harm to your wife.' Things do happen indeed for which we find no explanation—I thought to myself, and said to Wünscher: 'If this be true, that you have died, I am sincerely sorry for it; I will look after your children.' Wünscher stepped towards me, stretched out his arms, and moved his lips as though he would embrace me; therefore I said in a threatening tone, and looking steadfastly at him with a frowning brow: 'Don't come so near, it is disagreeable to me,' and lifted my right arm to ward him off, but before my arm reached him the apparition had vanished. My first look was to my wife to see if she were still asleep. She was. I got up and looked at my watch; it was seven minutes past twelve. My wife woke up and asked me: 'To whom did you speak so loud just now?' 'Have you understood anything?' I said. 'No,' she answered and went to sleep again.

"I impart this experience to the Society for Psychical Research, in the belief that it may serve as a new proof for the real existence of telepathy. I must further remark that the brewer *had* died that afternoon at five o'clock, and was buried on the following Tuesday at two.

"KARL DIGNOWITY,

(Landed Proprietor)

Dober Und Pause,

"12th December, 1889."

Schlesien."

In a letter to F. W. H. Myers, Fräulein Schneller (sister-in-law to the percipient), who had reported the case, wrote, "The usual time for burial in Germany is three days after death. This time may be prolonged on application. There are no special hours fixed."

In conversation Fräulein Schneller described her brother-in-law as a man of strong practical sense and of extremely active habits.

The S.P.R. received the "Sterbeurkunde" from the "Standesbeamte" Siegismund, Kreis Sagan, certifying that Karl Wünscher died on Saturday, September 15, 1888, at 4:30 p.m., and was buried on Tuesday, September 18, 1888, at 2 p.m.

Later Herr Dignowity wrote on January 18, 1890: "Frau Wünscher told me that the time of the burial was settled in the death-room immediately after Wünscher's death, because relations at a distance had to be summoned by telegram. Wünscher had suffered from inflammation of the lungs, which ended in a spasm of the heart. During his illness his thoughts had been much occupied with me, and he often wondered what I should say if I knew how ill he was."

Finally, Frau Dignowity (born Schneller) wrote from Pause, January 18, 1890:

"I confirm that my husband told me on the morning of September 16, 1888, that the brewer Wünscher had given him intimation of his death."

#### CASE NO. 31

#### *The Belasco Case*<sup>1</sup>

David Belasco was owner and manager of the Belasco Theatre in New York, and in a booklet issued in connection with the production of his own play, *The Return of Peter Grimm*, he makes the following statement:

"My mother convinced me that the dead come back by coming to me at the time of her death. One night, after a long, exhausting rehearsal, I went to bed, worn out, in my Newport home, and fell at once into a deep sleep. Almost immediately, however, I was awakened and attempted to rise, but could not, and was then greatly startled to see my dear mother (whom I knew to be in San Francisco) standing close by me. As I strove to speak and to sit up she smiled at me a loving, reassuring smile, spoke my name—the name she called me in my boyhood—'Davy, Davy, Davy,' and then leaning down, seemed to kiss me; then drew away a little and said, 'Do not grieve. All is well and I am happy,' then moved towards the door and vanished.

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*, 150-51.

"The next day I related the incident to my family and expressed the conviction that my mother was dead. A few hours later (I was still directing rehearsals of *Zoza*) I went to luncheon during a recess with a member of my staff, who handed me some letters and telegrams which he had brought from the box-office of the theatre. Among them was a telegram telling me that my darling mother had died the night before, at about the time I had seen her in my room. Later I learned that just before she died she roused herself, smiled, and three times murmured, 'Davy, Davy, Davy.'

"I am aware that such experiences as this are, by some, explained on a theory of what they call 'thought transference,' but such explanation, to me, is totally inadequate. I am sure that I did see her. And other experiences of a kindred nature served to confirm my knowledge that what we call supernatural is, after all, at most but supernormal. Then, after long brooding on the subject, I determined to write a play in terms of what I conceive to be actuality, dealing with the return of the dead."

## CASE NO. 32

*The Bowyer-Bower Case*<sup>1</sup>

On the early morning of March 19, 1917, Captain Eldred Bowyer-Bower of the R.F.C. was shot down while flying in France.

On that day, his half-sister, Mrs. Spearman, was living at the Grand Hotel, Calcutta, totally unaware that her brother was in France; he had been there only three weeks before he was killed.

On January 18, 1918, she wrote to her mother:

"Now I have never told you this before because I was afraid you would not understand. Eldred was greatly in mind when baby was born and I could only think of him. On March 19, in the late part of the morning, I was sewing and talking to baby; Joan (another child) was in the sitting-room and did not see anything. I had a great feeling I must turn 'round and did, to see Eldred; he looked so happy and had that dear, mischievous look. I was so glad to see him and told him I would just put baby in a safer place, then we could talk. 'Fancy coming out here,' I said, turning 'round again, and was just putting my hands out to give him a hug and

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, S.P.R., IX, 39-46. Salter, W. H., *op. cit.*, 53.

a kiss, but Eldred had gone. I called and looked for him. I never saw him again. At first I thought it was simply my brain. Then I did think for a second something must have happened to him and a terrible fear came over me. Then again I thought how stupid I was and it must be my brain playing tricks. But now I know it was Eldred, and all the time in church at baby's christening he was there, because I felt he was and knew he was, only I could not see him. . . . I did not tell anyone of the vision I saw of my brother for quite one or two months after I heard of his death. . . . My husband was not with me, and I did not write to him about it, because he did not believe in that sort of thing."

On June 5, 1918, Mrs. Chater, Captain Bowyer-Bower's sister, wrote: ". . . One morning while I was still in bed, about 9:15, she (the child) came to my room and said, 'Uncle Alley-Boy is downstairs.' Although I told her he was in France, she insisted that she had seen him. Later in the day I happened to be writing to my mother and mentioned this, not because I thought much about it, but to show that Betty still thought and spoke of her uncle, of whom she was very fond. A few days afterwards we found that the date my brother was missing was the date of my letter. This letter has since been destroyed."

"Alley-Boy" was Captain Bowyer-Bower's pet name since childhood, and his niece Betty was only a little under three years of age at the time.

Captain Bowyer-Bower's mother wrote:

"Mrs. Watson, an elderly lady I have known many years, wrote to me on the afternoon of March 19 after not corresponding with me for quite eighteen months, and said she felt she must write because she felt I was in great anxiety over Eldred . . . and I asked her in my reply what she felt about Eldred, and she replied to this effect: On the afternoon of the day she wrote, about tea-time, a certain and awful feeling came over her that he was killed."

Two weeks after March 19, 1917, Mrs. Spearman saw the name of her brother in the "Missing List" in the newspaper. His mother, however, received notice on March 23, 1917, that he was officially reported missing, but it was not till May 10, 1917, when his body was found, that his death was ascertained.

## CASE NO. 33

*The Schenck Case*<sup>1</sup>

Colonel C. de W. Willcox, former professor in the U.S. Military Academy, wrote to Dr. Walter F. Prince:

"One day (in about 1900), Mrs. A. D. Schenck, the wife of Captain A. D. Schenck, of the Second Artillery (my old regiment), stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, at eleven in the morning, gave a cry and said she had seen her son killed in action in the Philippines, where this youngster was serving during the insurrection. No effort made by her family or friends could calm her. Later in the day a telegram from the War Department brought the news that the young man *had* been killed, and on making allowance for the difference of longitude, it was found that the hour given agreed with that of Mrs. Schenck's vision. What I have given here is my recollection of what we all regarded as a remarkable incident."

Dr. Prince obtained the address of Mrs. Charles C. Smith of Washington, D.C., a daughter of the Mrs. Schenck referred to, who corroborated with this testimony:

"My mother was sewing one morning at Fort Screven, Georgia, outside Savannah on Tybee Island. She got up from her chair with a little cry. It impressed us very much, because she said, 'Oh, I saw your brother. I saw Will's shoulder disappear as he fell backward.'

"She was restless all that day, nor could we quiet her anxiety. When the evening papers came, they spoke of a clash in the Philippines, and we hid the papers from her. The next morning (copied from my scrap-book) appeared this notice: 'A scouting party of Americans, led by Lieutenant Schenck, ran into a Filipino ambush. Four men were killed and five wounded.' After that, more definite news seeped in, until General Otis' report of: 'Twenty-fifth Inf., Jan. 29, 1900, near Subig, Luzon, First Lieut. William T. Schenck killed.'

"This accorded to the very hour and day that my mother had felt his departing presence. My mother was always particularly close to this one of her six children, afterwards posthumously cited for bravery in action.

"ELIZABETH SCHENCK SMITH."

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Human Experiences*, I, 78-79.



Dr. Prince applied to the War Department, who confirmed the date—but not the hour—of Lieutenant Schenck's death. The place of the incident was not at Fort Warren, as stated by Colonel Willcox, but at Fort Screven. The error is extraneous to the psychic core of the incident, and is easy to understand, after it is learned that Captain Schenck was stationed at Fort Warren in 1897-98, and went from there to Fort Screven. The more so, when, as Colonel Willcox afterwards wrote, it was found that his informant, a brother officer of his and of Captain Schenck's, was also at Fort Warren.

## CASE NO. 34

*The Byers Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was guaranteed by Professor Horace G. Byers, Ph.D., LL.D., University of Washington, who wrote as follows:

"About three days before the birth of our first child my wife was in a highly nervous and sensitive condition. She awakened me by sitting up suddenly in bed and crying out, 'Grandmother.' We at that time lived in Seattle, and my wife's grandmother, by whom she had been brought up, was in Chicago. I inquired what caused the excitement and was told that **her grandmother had stood by the side of the bed, looking intently at her.** Such a dream is perhaps nothing remarkable, but the fact remains that the **next morning I received a telegram, saying that the grandmother had died the preceding night.** The above are the bare facts. I am unable to explain the event other than as a strange coincidence or a long range example of telepathy between two sensitized minds. I have no accurate data as to hours of death or vision."

At request, Professor Byers' wife also wrote, March 14, 1929:

"Mr. Byers has asked me to add my version of my experience in what we have always felt, mental telepathy.

"As a word of introduction, please let me say that I was the only grandchild and had lived with my grandmother ever since I could remember; and when my mother died my grandmother felt a strong sense of trust and responsibility in my care, as it had been my own and my mother's wish, expressed after a talk together shortly before her death, that I continue to live with her. Also, it was easy to fix the date, as it was the night

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Human Experiences*, I, 79-80.



she, my grandmother, died and three days prior to the birth of my eldest daughter.

"It was some time during the night of June 2, maybe really early on June 3, 1904, as I don't remember that I looked at the time. My grandmother had been ill and in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for some weeks. I had felt that I should be with her, but, under the circumstances, she knew and I knew that it was impossible. Anyhow, I didn't realize how ill she was. I awoke enough to feel that she was bending over me, had been there for some time, trying to tell me something. I made out a figure, but couldn't see her, as it was dark, but I knew it was she and that she was wanting to tell or ask me something. I put up my arm to slip it around her neck, and it was the absence of any physical presence that startled me wide awake. I don't mean that I was startled by fear, but by dismay, because I've always felt she was trying to tell me something.

"I don't know the hour of my grandmother's death. The telegram reached us in Seattle the afternoon of June 3. But my husband didn't tell me of her death till after my baby was born. It was several weeks later, in thinking over the 'vision,' that I asked my husband if it had occurred on the night of her death, and he assented immediately with a very definite answer, as though he had been thinking of the two things in conjunction."

In response to queries, Professor Byers stated that his wife's experience took place at 3 a.m. of June 3, that it certainly was not a dream, but a "vision," while awake, and that never at any other time, so far as he knows, has she cried out in the night on account of any similar impressions. The telegram arrived the next morning, according to Professor Byers; the next afternoon, according to Mrs. Byers. But they are clear that, at any rate, it arrived the next day, and that the grandmother died the same night as the vision. She was old—seventy years of age—and had been in the hospital several weeks and was not known to be seriously ill; her death was unexpected.

#### CASE NO. 35

#### *The McConnel Case*<sup>1</sup>

In this example, it will be observed that the correspondence of time between the death and the apparition are well vouched for by several competent witnesses of the R.F.C. (R.A.F.)

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings, S.P.R., XXXIII. Salter, W. H., op. cit., 58.*

On December 7, 1918, at 3:25 p.m., Lieutenant David McConnell, while flying from Scampton, Lincs., to Tadcaster, was killed by his machine crashing. The accident was witnessed, and his watch, which had stopped at 3:25 p.m., fixed the exact time. At his funeral on December 11, his father, hearing that one of his friends, Lieutenant Larkin, at Scampton, had a vision of him about the time of his crash, wrote to him a letter which produced the following reply:

"David [McConnell], in his flying clothes, about 11 a.m. went to the hangars intending to take a machine to the 'Aerial Range' for machine-gun practice. He came into the room again at 11:30 and told me that he did not go to the range, but that he was taking a 'camel' to Tadcaster drome. He said, 'I expect to be back in time for tea. Cheero.' He walked out and half a minute later knocked at the window and asked me to hand him his map, which he had forgotten. After I had lunch, I spent the afternoon writing letters and reading, sitting in front of the stove fire. [After disclaiming any previous belief in the supernormal, he continued] I was sitting as I have said, in front of the fire, the door of the room being about eight feet away at my back. I heard someone walking up the passage; the door opened with the usual noise and clatter which David always made; I heard his 'Hello, boy!' and I turned half 'round in my chair and saw him standing in the doorway, half in and half out of the room, holding the door-knob in his hand. He was dressed in his full flying clothes, but wearing his naval cap, there being nothing unusual in his appearance. His cap was pushed back on his head and he was smiling, as he always was when he came into the room and greeted us. In reply to his 'Hello, boy!' I remarked, 'Hello! Back already?' He replied, 'Yes, got there all right, had a good trip.' I am not positively sure of the exact words he used, but he said, 'Had a good trip,' or 'Had a fine trip,' or words to that effect. I was looking at him the whole time he was speaking. He said, 'Well, cheero!' closed the door noisily and went out. I went on with my reading and thought he had gone to visit some friends in one of the other rooms, or perhaps had gone back to the hangars for some of his flying-gear, helmet, goggles, etc., which he may have forgotten. I did not have a watch, so could not be sure of the time, but was certain it was between a quarter and half-past three, because shortly afterwards

Lieutenant Garner-Smith came into the room and it was a quarter to four. He said, 'I hope Mac (David) gets back early, we are going to Lincoln this evening.' I replied, 'He *is* back, he was in the room a few minutes ago.' He said, 'Is he having tea?' and I replied that I did not think so, as he (Mac) had not changed his clothes, but that he was probably in some other room. Garner-Smith then said, 'I'll try and find him.' I then went into the room, had tea, and afterwards dressed and went to Lincoln. In the smoking-room of the Albion Hotel I heard a group of officers talking, and overheard their conversation and the words 'crashed,' 'Tadcaster,' and 'McConnel.' I joined them, and they told me that just before they had left Scampton, word came through that **McConnel had crashed and been killed, taking the 'camel' to Tadcaster.** At that moment I did not believe it, that he had been killed on the Tadcaster journey. My impression was that he had gone up again after I had seen him, as I felt positive that I had at 3:30. Naturally I was eager to hear something more definite, and later in the evening I heard that he had been killed on the Tadcaster journey. . . ."

The account of their conversation was corroborated by Lieutenant Garner-Smith, which he stated took place at 3:45, and another officer wrote that Lieutenant Larkin told him about the incident on the following morning.

The mention of the "naval cap"—an important detail—is explained by Mr. McConnel:

"My son David was proud of his connection with the earlier service. Having a complete kit of the naval flying service, **he always wore the naval flying uniform about the aerodrome and was one of only three at the drome who had followed the same course in entering.** . . ."

Lieutenant Larkin had no doubt as to the identity of the man he saw, and later he wrote that the room he was sitting in was a small one; the electric stove was on and also a good fire burning in an open stove. "I may mention that **the light was particularly good and bright,** and there were no shadows or half-shadows in the room."

In this case, W. H. Salter puts forward the theory that Lieutenant McConnel, fatigued by the long flight, may not have known that he was crashing, but may have imagined that he had safely arrived at Tadcaster and was back again at Scampton.

## CASE NO. 36

*The Raynham Hall Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case is valuable because the individuals connected with it were not in the least interested in any branch of psychical research, and thoughts of apparitions were not in their minds when the event occurred. The phenomenon happened spontaneously when Captain Provand, Art Director, and Mr. Indre Shira, of the firm of Indre Shira, Ltd., Court Photographers, 49 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1., were photographing Raynham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marquess of Townshend, as part of their routine work and not in any special circumstances. Lady Townshend had commissioned them to photograph the entire place.

Shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of September 19, 1936, they commenced to take a large number of pictures of the grounds and the house, and by four o'clock in the afternoon were ready to photograph the oak staircase. Captain Provand took one photograph of the staircase while Mr. Shira flashed the light and, just as the Captain was focusing for another exposure, Mr. Shira—flashlight pistol in hand—stood beside him at the back of the camera looking right up the staircase. Detecting what he described as “an ethereal veiled form” moving slowly down the staircase, he shouted out excitedly, “Quick! Quick! There’s something! Are you ready?” The Captain, answering “Yes,” removed the cap from the lens and Mr. Shira pressed the flashlight pistol worked at the speed of one-fiftieth of a second, by a Sasha bulb.

Captain Provand was mystified by Mr. Shira’s demeanor and removing the focusing cloth from his head asked, “What’s all the excitement about?” Mr. Shira replied that he had distinctly seen, coming down the staircase, a transparent figure through which the steps could be seen. The Captain laughed and said that he must have been imagining things, for there was nothing in sight now; but Mr. Shira maintained that he had seen a perfectly real ethereal form.

On the journey back to London they argued and discussed the incident over and over again, Captain Provand stating that it was impossible to secure a genuine ghost photograph outside a *séance* room—not that he had experience in such—and he would stake his reputation as a court photog-

<sup>1</sup> *Country Life* (December 16, 1936), 673-75.

rapher of thirty years' experience on his statement. Mr. Shira conceded that he did not possess the same amount of skill and knowledge in photography as Captain Provand and neither was he interested in psychic photography, but he stoutly affirmed that he had seen a figure on the staircase that must have been caught at the psychological moment by the lens of the camera. As others have done when both sides are adamant, they decided to have a bet on it, and shaking hands agreed to stake £5 each.

They were in the darkroom together when the negatives, one after another, were being developed. Suddenly Captain Provand exclaimed, "Good Lord, there's something on the staircase negative, after all!" Mr. Shira took one glance and decided to call in a third party, Mr. Benjamin Jones, manager of Blake, Sandford and Blake, chemists, whose premises were downstairs, as a witness. Mr. Jones, arriving in time to see the negative being taken from the developer and placed in the hypo bath, declared that if he had not actually seen the negative being fixed he would not have accepted the subsequent picture as genuine. Mr. Jones was an amateur photographer of some experience and had often developed his own plates and films.

Mr. Shira concluded his article thus:

"Mr. Jones, Captain Provand, and I vouch for the fact that the negative has not been retouched in any way. It has been examined critically by a number of experts. No one can account for the appearance of the ghostly figure. But it is there clear enough—and I am still waiting for payment of that £5!

"INDRE SHIRA."

The Editor of *Country Life* submitted the photograph for criticism to Mr. Harry Price, who examined the negative and cross-examined the photographers, but could not alter them in their statements. "I could not shake their story," wrote Mr. Price, "and I had no right to disbelieve them. Only collusion between the two men would account for the 'ghost' if it is a fake. The negative is entirely innocent of any faking."

*Note.*—The compiler regrets that he could not obtain permission to publish the photograph in this book, but any reader desiring to see it will find it in *Country Life* (December 16, 1936), page 673. This astonish-



ing photograph is 7½ inches by 6½ inches. Mr. Shira has not exaggerated one iota in his account: it is a definite human figure not unlike a nun dressed in white, but face, hands, and feet are not discernible, although the folds of the dress can be seen distinctly and the steps are visible through the ethereal form. [See Case No. 22, page 54.]

## CASE NO. 37

*The Great Dunmow Case*<sup>1</sup>

It is very seldom that one comes across a really first-class story about an apparition. My skeptical friends always say that people talk very freely about such things, but that it is always difficult to find someone who has really had such an experience.

I personally know quite a number who have, but I have never come across an account of an apparition being seen which is so conclusive as the one I am about to relate.

A few miles from my house, near the market town of Great Dunmow, there lived a woman who shot herself one evening (Monday, December 5, 1938) after having shot her husband. They were both alone in the house at the time, and the discovery was not made until 7:45 on the following morning when the servant, who came by the day, arrived at the house to find the woman's body in the garden.

She immediately informed the police, who were on the scene by 8:30 with a doctor, who certified that they must both have been dead since the previous evening. The radio had not even been turned off.

There is, therefore, no doubt that these two people were dead at 8:30 in the morning. A husband and wife, both friends of mine (who do not wish their name mentioned), gave me the following information:

They were motoring to the station on the morning the discovery was made, to catch the 9:30 train. They passed the house where the tragedy occurred at about 9:20.

As they came in sight of the house they saw the woman who had shot herself walking along the pavement towards them. She was seen first by the man driving the car, who said to his wife beside him, "Oh, there is Mrs. —. She gives me the creeps."

His wife replied, "Oh, so it is," as she also saw her. As they passed,

<sup>1</sup> Findlay, Arthur, *The Psychic News* (January 2, 1939), 5.



they smiled in recognition, though they cannot remember whether she responded or not. They thought nothing more about the affair, and after spending the day in London they bought an evening paper on their way home in which they read the story of the tragedy.

This was the first they had heard of it and my friend went to the police on his return home and told them that the woman could not have been dead at the time stated as he and his wife had seen her at 9:20.

The police, however, assured him that they were in the house by 8:30 that morning, and that the doctor had certified that the woman they saw had been dead since the previous evening.

Such is the story told to me by my friends, who both agree about the facts. They have not the slightest doubt that the woman they saw was Mrs. —, who had killed her husband and then herself the previous evening. There was nothing about her dress which occasioned my friends any surprise, and when I asked whether she looked happy or sad I was told, "She looked just as she always did." All these details as to time of death came out at the inquest and are to be found in the local newspaper.

This is an interesting case, because when my friends saw the apparition they were unaware that the woman was dead and discovered only some seven hours later that the woman they had seen that morning walking along the pavement had died the previous evening. Because they were going for a train they knew the time they saw her, and the police and the doctor were able to certify that the woman was dead when they arrived at the house an hour earlier. Both my friends saw the apparition and are quite definite that it was Mrs. —, the dead woman. Thus we have two witnesses who saw the apparition at the same time, which greatly strengthens the evidence.

I cannot imagine that telepathy can be brought in here as an explanation. The two witnesses are reliable and can be trusted. There is not the slightest doubt that the woman was dead when they saw her, so here we have another instance of a person being seen after death.

This is one more stone added to the mountain of evidence which has been built up over past ages, and proves to us that we on earth do get glimpses from time to time of the inhabitants of the other world.

This seeing of apparitions, I believe, has been the cause of all religions from the time of early man.

## Chapter 4

### DEATH-BED VISIONS

THIS class of physical phenomena—the alleged visions which many dying persons have had of deceased friends, some of whom have died unknown to them—is well worthy of the most careful attention, and such cases, if well enough attested as facts, have a tremendous scientific value.

It would be natural to suppose that the crisis of death is often attended by all sorts of hallucinations and may be dismissed as such, but when we discover that dying persons impart supernormal information that cannot be accounted for by telepathy or chance-coincidence, it is apparent that this fact possesses a special significance, giving the strongest support to the theory of the survival of human personality after bodily death.

It is regretted that this is the rarest type of phenomenon, but cases of this nature cannot be produced to order; we can only accept them gratefully when they happen. Doubtless, there are innumerable instances kept hidden in family circles that have never been divulged; everyone does not rush to display such sacred things to a cold and skeptical world, not even in the cause of truth. Professor Charles Richet, who resisted the survival theory almost to the end of his days, said that when cases of death-bed visions, particularly when a young child was involved, came to his notice, he felt uneasy in denying survival. He thought this was the purest type of phenomenon in the vast realm of psychical research.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe in *The Peak in Darien* well described cases when deceased friends came to welcome a new arrival:

“The dying person is lying quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he looks up—sometimes starts up in bed—and gazes at what appears to be vacancy, with an expression of astonishment sometimes developing into joy, and sometimes cut short in the first emotion of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying person were to see some utterly unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him great surprise or rapturous joy, his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant

this phenomenon occurs, death is actually taking place, and the eyes glaze even when they gaze at the unknown sight."

One curious feature of death-bed visions should be kept in mind, and that is, that the dying only claim to see those who have died before them, whereas, if hallucination were at work, he might also imagine that he saw some person still alive but absent from the room. Rarely do we hear of this happening.

Sometimes the witnessing of a death-bed of this nature is sufficient to convince skeptics of survival; the demonstration of one instance of this natural psychical phenomenon is worth all the second-hand cases—however well attested—in the world.

#### CASE NO. 38

##### *The Edward Case*

This case was vouched for by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, who contributed it to *The Spectator* many years ago:

"A young girl, a near connection of mine, was dying of consumption and she had lain for some days in a prostrate condition taking no notice of anything, when she opened her eyes and looking upwards, said slowly, 'Susan and Jane and Ellen,' as if recognizing the presence of three sisters who had previously died of the same disease.

"Then after a short pause she added, 'And Edward too,' naming a brother then supposed to be well and alive in India, as if surprised at seeing him in the company. She said no more and sank shortly afterwards.

"In the course of the post letters were received from India which stated that Edward had died as the result of an accident one or two weeks previous to the death of his sister in England.

"This incident was related to me by an elder sister who nursed the dying girl, and was present at the bedside at the time of the apparent vision."

#### CASE NO. 39

##### *The Julia Case*<sup>1</sup>

The writer of the following account is Colonel B., a well-known Irish gentleman. He explains that his wife engaged to sing with her daughters

<sup>1</sup> Lodge, Sir Oliver, *The Survival of Man* (New York: George H. Doran Co.), 148.

a Miss X., who was training as a public singer but who ultimately did not come out in that capacity, having married a Mr. Z.

Six or seven years afterwards Mrs. B., who was dying, spoke in the presence of her husband of voices she heard singing, saying that she had heard them several times that day and that there was one voice among them which she knew, but could not remember whose voice it was.

"Suddenly she stopped and said, pointing over my head," says Colonel B., "Why, there she is in the corner of the room; it is Julia X. She is coming on; she is leaning over you; she has her hands up; she is praying. Do look; she is going.' I turned but could see nothing. Mrs. B. then said, 'She is gone.' All these things [the hearing of singing and the vision of the singers] I imagined to be the fantasies of a dying person.

"Two days afterwards, taking up *The Times*, I saw recorded the death of Julia Z., the wife of Mr. Z. I was so astounded that in a day or so after the funeral I went up to — and asked Mr. X. if Mrs. Z., his daughter, was dead. He said, 'Yes, poor thing, she died of puerperal fever. On the day she died she began singing in the morning, and sang and sang until she died.'"

#### CASE NO. 40

#### *The Aspley Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was given in a paper to the S.P.R. by Edmund Gurney and Frederic W. H. Myers, who had it from the Rev. C. J. Taylor, who in turn received it direct from the narrator, the Vicar of H—, who wished to remain anonymous:

"On November 2 and 3, 1870, I lost my two eldest boys, David Edward and Harry, from scarlet fever, they being three and four years old respectively.

"Harry died at Abbot's Langley on November 2, fourteen miles from my vicarage at Aspley, David the following day at Aspley. About one hour before the death of this latter child, he sat up in bed, and pointing to the bottom of the bed said distinctly, 'There is little Harry calling to me.' Of the truth of this fact I am sure, and it was heard also by the nurse.

"(Signed) 'X. Z., Vicar of H—.'"

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., V, 459.

Frank Podmore in letters and conversations with Mr. Taylor received the following details: "Mr. Z. (the Vicar) tells me that **great care was taken to keep David from knowing that Harry was dead**, and that he feels sure that David did not know it. Mr. Z. was himself present and heard what the boy said. The boy was not delirious at the time."

## CASE NO. 41

*The Ogle Case*<sup>1</sup>

"My brother, John Alkin Ogle, died at Leeds, July 17, 1879. About an hour before he expired he saw his brother, who had died about sixteen years before, and looking up with fixed interest said, 'Joe! Joe!' and **immediately exclaimed with ardent surprise, 'George Hanley!'**

"My mother, who had come from Melbourne, a distance about forty miles, where George Hanley resided, was astonished at this, and turning to my sister-in-law, asked if anybody had told John of George Hanley's death. She said, 'No one,' and my mother was the only one present who was aware of the fact. I was present and witnessed this.

"(Signed) HARRIET H. OGLE."

In answer to inquiries Miss Ogle stated:

"John A. Ogle was neither delirious nor unconscious when he uttered the words recorded. **George Hanley was an acquaintance of John A. Ogle, not a particular, familiar friend.** The death of Hanley was not mentioned in his hearing."

## CASE NO. 42

*The Priscilla Case*

Dr. E. H. Plumtree, the Dean of Wells, forwarded this case to *The Spectator*, which published it on August 26, 1882:

"The mother of one of the foremost thinkers and theologians of our time was lying on her death-bed in April of 1854. **She had been for some days in a state of almost complete unconsciousness.** A short time before her death, the following words came from her lips, 'There they are, all of them—William, Elizabeth, Emma and Anne.' Then after a pause, she added, '**And Priscilla too.**'

<sup>1</sup> Bozzano, Ernest, *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*.

"William was a son who had died in infancy, and whose name had never for years passed the mother's lips. Priscilla had died two days before, but her death, though known to the family, had not been reported to her."

## CASE NO. 43

*The F—— Case<sup>1</sup>*

"Notice of F——'s death was in a Boston morning paper and I (Dr. Richard Hodgson) happened to see it on my way to the sitting. The first writing came from Madame Elisa, without my expecting it. She wrote clearly and strongly, explaining that F—— was there with her but unable to speak directly, that she wished to give me an account of how she had helped F—— to reach her.

"She said that she had been present at his death-bed and had spoken to him; and she repeated what she had said, an unusual form of expression, and indicated that he had heard and recognized her.

"This was confirmed in detail in the only way possible at that time, by a very intimate friend of Madame Elisa and myself, and also of the nearest surviving relative of F——.

"I showed my friend the account of the sitting, and to this friend, a day or two later, the relative who was present at the death-bed stated spontaneously that F——, when dying, said that he saw Madame Elisa who was speaking to him, and he repeated what she was saying.

"The expression so repeated, which the relative quoted to my friend, was that which I had received from Madame Elisa through Mrs. Piper's trance,<sup>2</sup> when the death-bed incident was of course entirely unknown to me."

## CASE NO. 44

*The Jennie Case<sup>3</sup>*

This is a well-authenticated case on the authority of Dr. Minot J. Savage, who knew the names and addresses of the witnesses concerned:

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XIII, 378, footnote.

<sup>2</sup> A celebrated American medium.

<sup>3</sup> *Journal*, A.S.P.R. (January, 1907), 50.



"In a neighboring city were two little girls, Jennie and Edith, one about eight years of age and the other a little older. They were schoolmates and intimate friends. In June, 1889, both were taken ill of diphtheria. At noon on Wednesday, Jennie died. Then the parents of Edith, and her physician as well, took particular pains to keep from her the fact that her little playmate was gone. They feared the effect of the knowledge on her own condition. To prove that they had succeeded and that she did not know, it may be mentioned that on Saturday, June 8, at noon, just as she became unconscious of all that was passing about her, she selected two of her photographs to be sent to Jennie, and also told her attendants to bid her good-bye.

"She died at half-past six on the evening of Saturday, June 8. She had roused and bidden her friends good-bye, and was talking of dying persons and seemed to have no fear. She appeared to see one and another of the friends she knew were dead. So far it was like the common cases. But now suddenly, and with every appearance of surprise, she turned to her father and exclaimed, 'Why, Papa, I am going to take Jennie with me!' Then she added, 'Why, Papa! Why, Papa! You did not tell me that Jennie was here!' And immediately she reached out her arms as if in welcome, and said, 'Oh, Jennie, I'm so glad you are here.'"

## CASE NO. 45

*The Notari Case*

In a strict sense, this case is out of category in this chapter, but since it concerns the death-bed of a baby, it is given because of the apparition seen by the percipient, a girl three years of age. It was reported by Signor Pelusi, Librarian of the Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome, and published in *Luce e Ombra*, 1920:

"A little girl of three, Hippolyte Notari, partly paralyzed, was in the same room with her little brother of four months, who was dying. The father, mother, and grandmother of the two children were present. About fifteen minutes before the death of the infant, little Hippolyte stretched out her arms, saying, 'Look, Mother, Aunt Olga.' This Aunt Olga was a younger sister of the mother, who had killed herself a year previously owing to a disappointment in love. The parents asked, 'Where do you see

Aunt Olga?’ The child replied, ‘There, there!’ and tried insistently to get out of bed to go to her aunt. They let her get up, she ran to an empty chair, and was much discountenanced because the vision had moved to another part of the room.

“The child turned ’round and said, pointing to a corner, ‘Aunt Olga is there.’ Then she became quiet and the baby died.”

CASE NO. 46

*The Moore Case*<sup>1</sup>

It is conceded that **there is no evidence in this instance**, but Dr. Wilson of New York City, who witnessed this death-bed scene, declared it was one of the most beautiful examples of this kind he had ever known.

**Mr. James Moore, a well-known American tenor, was dying**, and Dr. Wilson, happening to be in the room when the death occurred, described the incident as follows:

“Then something which I shall never forget to my dying day happened, something which is utterly indescribable. **While he appeared perfectly rational and as sane as any man I have ever seen, the only way that I can express it is that he was transported into another world**; and though I cannot satisfactorily explain the matter to myself, I am fully convinced that he had entered the Golden City—for he said in a stronger voice than he had used since I had attended him, **“There is Mother. Why, Mother, have you come to see me? No, no, I’m coming to see you. Just wait, Mother, I am almost over. I can jump it. Wait, Mother.”** On his face there was a look of inexpressible happiness, and the way in which he said the words impressed me as I have never been before, and I am as firmly convinced that he saw and talked with his mother as I am that I am sitting here. In order to preserve what I believe to be his conversation with his mother and also to have a record of the strangest happening of my life, I immediately wrote down every word he said. **It was one of the most beautiful deaths I have ever seen.”**

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Light*.

## CASE NO. 47

*The Adamina Case*<sup>1</sup>

In its issue of September, 1924, *The Review Verdade e Luz* of San Paolo has remarks on the striking incident in which the dying Adamina Lazare was the heroine.

A few hours before her death, the patient said to her father that she saw near the bed several members of the family, all deceased some years previously. The father attributed this declaration *in extremis* to a state of delirium, but Adamina insisted with renewed force, and among the invisible "visitors" named her own brother Alfredo, who was employed at the time at a distance of 423 kilometers, on the lighthouse of the port of Sisal.

The father was more and more convinced of the imaginary nature of these visions, well knowing that his son Alfredo was in perfect health, for a few days previously he had sent the best possible news of himself.

Adamina died the same evening, and the next morning her father received a telegram informing him of the death of young Alfredo. The dying girl was still living at the time of the death of her brother.

## CASE NO. 48

*The Moody Case*<sup>2</sup>

As D. L. Moody, the famous American preacher, lay dying in 1899, he was heard to exclaim on his last day:

"Earth recedes; Heaven opens before me." The first impulse of the attendants was to try and rouse him from what appeared to be a dream. "No, this is no dream, Will," he repeated. "It is beautiful. It is like a trance. If this is death, it is sweet."

He then conversed with perfect rationality about what should be done regarding his work after his death.

Then his face lit up, and he said in a voice of joyful rapture: "Dwight! Irene! I see the children's faces," referring to the two little grandchildren God had taken from his life the past year.

<sup>1</sup> *Revue Spirite* (December, 1924).

<sup>2</sup> Moody, W. R., *Life of D. L. Moody*, 552-53. Prince, Dr. Walter F., *Noted Witnesses for Psychic Occurrences*.

He then became unconscious, revived and said: "What does all this mean? What are you all doing here?"

Then, realizing the situation, he went on:

"This is a very strange thing. I have been beyond the gates of death and to the very portals of Heaven. And here I am back again."

CASE NO. 49

*The Durocq Case*<sup>1</sup>

Sir William F. Barrett, in his book, *Death Bed Visions*, quotes this and the case which follows:

"My uncle, M. Paul Durocq, left Paris in 1893 for a trip to America, with my aunt and other members of the family. While they were at Venezuela my uncle was seized with yellow fever, and he died at Caracas on June 24, 1894.

"Just before his death, and while surrounded by all his family, he had a prolonged delirium during which he called out the names of certain friends left in France and whom he seemed to see. 'Well, well, you too, —, and you —, you as well.'

"Although struck by this incident, nobody attached any extraordinary importance to these words at the time they were uttered, but they acquired later an exceptional importance when the family found, on their return to Paris, the funeral invitation cards of the persons named by my uncle before his death, and who had died before him. It is only recently that I have been able to collect the testimony of the only two survivors of this event, my cousins Germaine and Maurice Durocq."

Germaine corroborated as follows:

"You ask me details of the death of my poor father. I well remember him as he lay dying, though it is many years ago. The thing which probably interests you is that he told us of having seen some persons in Heaven and of having spoken to them at length. We were much astonished on returning to France to find the funeral cards of those same persons whom he had seen when dying. Maurice, who was older than I, could give you more details on this subject."

Maurice Durocq wrote:

<sup>1</sup> Barrett, Sir William F., *Death Bed Visions* (London: Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

"Concerning what you ask me with regard to the death of my father, which occurred a good many years ago, I recall that a few moments before his death my father called out the name of one of his old companions—M. Etcheverry—with whom he had not kept up any connection, even by correspondence, for a long time past, crying out, 'Ah! you too,' or some similar phrase. It was only on returning home to Paris that we found the funeral card of this gentleman. Perhaps my father may have mentioned other names as well, but I do not remember them."

## CASE NO. 50

*The B— Case*

Lady Barrett brought this case to the notice of Sir William F. Barrett, who included it in his book, *Death Bed Visions*, page 10. It occurred when Lady Barrett was attending a patient in the Mothers' Hospital at Clapton, of which she is one of the obstetric surgeons. She received an urgent message from the resident medical officer, Dr. Phillips, to come to a patient, Mrs. B., who was in labor and suffering from serious heart trouble. Lady Barrett went at once, and the child was delivered safely, though the mother was dying at the time. After seeing other patients Lady Barrett went back to Mrs. B.'s ward, and the following conversation occurred, which was written down soon afterwards. Lady Barrett writes:

"When I entered the ward Mrs. B. held out her hands to me and said, 'Thank you, thank you for what you have done for me—for bringing the baby. Is it a boy or a girl?' Then holding my hand lightly she said, 'Don't leave me, don't go away, will you?' And after a few minutes, while the house surgeon carried out some restorative measures, she lay looking up towards the open part of the room, which was brightly lighted, and said, 'Oh, don't let it get dark, it's getting so dark . . . darker and darker.' Her husband and mother were sent for.

Suddenly she looked eagerly towards one part of the room, a radiant smile illuminating her whole countenance. 'Oh, lovely, lovely,' she said. I asked, 'What is lovely?' 'What I see,' she replied in low intense tones. 'What do you see?' 'Lovely brightness, wonderful beings.' It is difficult to describe the sense of reality conveyed by her intense absorption in the vision.

"Then—seeming to focus her attention more intently on one place for a moment—she exclaimed, almost with a joyous cry, 'Why, it's Father! Oh, he is so glad I'm coming; he *is* so glad. It would be perfect if only W. (her husband) could come too.' Her baby was brought for her to see. She looked at it with interest and then said, 'Do you think I ought to stay for baby's sake?' Then turning towards the vision again, she said, 'I can't, I can't stay; if you could see what I do, you would know I can't stay.'

"But she turned to her husband, who had come in, and said, 'You won't let baby go to anyone who won't love him, will you?' Then she gently pushed him to one side, saying, 'Let me see the lovely brightness.'

"I left shortly after and the matron took my place by the bedside. She lived for another hour and appeared to have retained to the last the double consciousness of the bright forms she saw and also of those attending her at the bedside; e.g., she arranged with the matron that her premature baby should remain in the hospital till it was strong enough to be cared for in an ordinary household.

"(Signed) FLORENCE E. BARRETT."

Dr. Phillips, who was present, after reading the notes wrote to Sir William F. Barrett, saying that he "fully agrees with Lady Barrett's account."

The most important evidence is yet to come, and it was supplied by the matron of the hospital, who sent the following account:

"I was present shortly before the death of Mrs. B., together with her husband and her mother. Her husband was leaning over her and speaking to her when, pushing him aside, she said, 'Oh, don't hide it, it's so beautiful.' Then turning away from him towards me, I being on the other side of the bed, Mrs. B. said, 'Oh, why, there's Vida,' referring to a sister of whose death three weeks previously she had not been told. Afterwards the mother, who was present at the time, told me, as I have said, that Vida was the name of a dead sister of Mrs. B.'s, of whose illness and death she was quite ignorant, as they had carefully kept this news from Mrs. B. owing to her serious illness.

"(Signed) MIRIAM CASTLE, *Matron.*"



Mrs. B.'s mother—Mrs. Clark—furnished Sir William F. Barrett with an independent report:

"I have heard you are interested in the beautiful passing of my dear daughter's spirit from this earth on January 12, 1924.

"The wonderful part of it is the history of the death of my dear daughter, Vida, who had been an invalid some years. Her death took place on December 25, 1923, just two weeks and four days before her younger sister, Doris, died. My daughter Doris, Mrs. B., was very ill at that time, and the matron at the Mothers' Hospital deemed it unwise for Mrs. B. to know of her sister's death. Therefore when visiting her we put off mourning and visited her as usual. All her letters were also kept by request until her husband had seen who they might be from before letting her see them. This precaution was taken lest outside friends might possibly allude to the recent bereavement in writing to her, unaware of the very dangerous state of her health.

"When my dear child was sinking rapidly . . . she said, 'I can see Father. . . . He has Vida with him,' turning again to me saying, 'Vida is with him.' Then she said, 'Do you want me, Dad? I am coming. . . .'

"Yours respectfully,

"(Signed) MARY C. CLARK."

## Chapter 5

### AUTOMATIC WRITING

THIS type of mediumship may be classified into two groups:

(1) Automatic writing performed with pencil and paper by the automatist who may, or may not, be in a trance; such writings by their very nature must be strongly suspected as emanating from the subconscious—or even conscious—mind of the medium and 95 per cent, revealing nothing but hidden desires and wishes, may be safely dismissed as rubbish. This form of mediumship is the happy hunting-ground of persons possessing a super-abundance of imagination with a great poverty of critical faculties; and unfortunately the long-suffering public has been deluged with books written by individuals of this type.

(2) The ouija-board,<sup>1</sup> an apparatus consisting of a “traveller” and a board with alphabet and figures printed thereon in alphabetical and numerical rotation, with the words “Yes,” “No” and “Uncertain” added for convenience. The traveller is usually a small heart-shaped piece of wood half an inch thick. The medium—or a combination of two—places his hands on the traveller and it moves over the board, from letter to letter, spelling out messages. The remarks concerning handwriting may also be applied to ouija-board work.

Automatic writing, like apparitions and dreams, is “as old as the hills,” and many ancient, as well as modern, writers have declared that they have produced work in the semi-trance condition. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, said she did not write that book: her hand was the instrument of another personality. William Blake, in the preface to his great poem *Jerusalem*, wrote that it was dictated to him. “The grandest poem that this world contains; I may praise it since I dare not pretend to be other than the secretary. I have written this poem from immediate dictation, twelve or sometimes twenty or thirty lines at a time, without premeditation and even against my will.” One of the most voluminous examples of automatic writing ever produced was Hudson

<sup>1</sup> A combination of the French and German words *Oui* and *Ja*, both meaning “Yes.”

Tuttle's *Arcana of Nature*, from which Charles Darwin quoted in his *Origin of Species*. Would the great naturalist have mentioned Tuttle's work had he known its mystical origin?

There are various theories in vogue regarding the inspiration of both types of automatic writing. Some mediums state the idea takes hold of their minds and they express it in their own language in normal conditions. Others aver they are in a state of trance and are totally unaware of what the hand has produced until they recover consciousness. Critics, however, are indifferent to the technique; they judge the communication by its content.

## CASE NO. 51

*The Hall Case*<sup>1</sup>

"First let me say that I was a most hardened skeptic before the message came through to me which converted me.

"My sister, to whom I was greatly attached, had for many years been in close touch and affectionate friendship with a Miss Wingfield, who possessed in a very high degree the power of . . . 'automatic writing.'

"In order to make the matter quite clear to my reader, I am afraid I shall have to go into a matter of family history which is not altogether a pleasant recollection. For some time previous to this date in March, 1894, a brother of mine much older than myself, who, after great prosperity, had fallen into great poverty, was in South Africa in receipt of an allowance, and this allowance was paid by me on behalf of the family through a kind friend, Archdeacon Gaul, who very reluctantly had accepted the somewhat disagreeable task.

"To put it very shortly, my brother was an inebriate, and as is always the case, any money coming direct to his hands went in drink. To avoid this, Archdeacon Gaul had kindly procured a lodging where the unfortunate fellow could be looked after, fed, and clothed, and, as far as possible, deprived of the means of procuring drink. As so often happens in this class of case, the recipient of this form of assistance resented very much that the payment should be made in that way, and demanded that the money should be paid to him direct. There had been some considerable correspondence between us on this subject. I had absolutely refused to

<sup>1</sup> Hall, Sir Edward Marshall, *Evidences of Survival* (London: Putnam's Sons).

accede to his request, and the tone of his letters had become more and more unpleasant. He had even gone so far as to write and threaten me with an action, unless I paid him a sum approximately £50, being, as he alleged, the arrears of an agreement which I was said to have made with him, that if he would go to South Africa I would give him £1 per week. The unpleasant details of this correspondence I had never communicated to my sister, but of course she knew that he was in South Africa, and she also knew that Archdeacon Gaul was interesting himself on his account.

"On Friday or Saturday, March 9 or 10, I had received from South Africa a short and insulting letter from my brother, again demanding that the allowance should be paid direct and threatening all sorts of pains and penalties if I refused. This letter happened to be in my pocket; I had not answered it, and I had not mentioned it to my sister, nor made any reference to our brother. As a matter of fact, I had only been in the house a few minutes. I realized that here was an opportunity of testing Miss Wingfield's powers. I took the letter out of my pocket; it was in an envelope. I folded it with the address and writing inside; I then placed the whole in another envelope which I sealed. I wrote nothing, there was no writing on the outside of the outer envelope and I handed the envelope so sealed to my sister, desiring her to give it to Miss Wingfield and to ask her: 'Where is the writer of the letter contained in that envelope?' It will be noticed that I made no mention of sex and I am absolutely certain that my sister had no knowledge as to who was the writer of the enclosed letter. After considerable delay, a message came through in automatic writing, 'The writer of the letter is dead.' This message was passed on to me by my sister, and naturally caused considerable surprise. In order to make a further test I asked another question: 'When and where did the writer die?' Again the answer came back, stating that he had died yesterday in South Africa. Again I had mentioned no sex and given no indication of the place of origin of the letter, and the answer, I remember, seemed to me so ridiculous, because there was a letter from South Africa which I had just received. For a moment by that curious lapse of memory which sometimes affects us, I did not realize that the letter, although received by me on March 9 or 10, had in fact been written some three weeks before. I frankly admit that I was puzzled, for the letter about

which I was asking was undoubtedly from South Africa, where my brother, about whom I was inquiring, was—for all I knew to the contrary—then alive. My sister asked me if I wished to put any more questions. I simply said, 'No,' and I never told her anything about the facts of that letter till some weeks later. In the evening I returned to London and on Monday morning I dictated a letter to my confidential clerk addressed to my brother, a letter which in fact was not sent. The following Saturday, March 17, I received a letter of small importance from Archdeacon Gaul; it is dated March 5, and the envelope bears the postmark of Kimberley, March 5, 1894, and the London postmark of March 27, on which day I received it. This letter, which I have in my hands at this moment, gives me an account of monies that have been expended for my brother, but complains very much of his conduct and practically requests that definite arrangements should be made as to remitting regularly through the Standard Bank of South Africa.

"So incredulous was I of the message that I had received that, though I remember having a qualm on the subject, I actually wrote a long letter to the Archdeacon on March 29, 1894, in which I put the position plainly before him and promised to do as he asked. The draft of that letter in my clerk's handwriting I have now found. On April 2, 1894, I received another letter from Archdeacon Gaul, dated Kimberley, March 8, 1894, which begins: 'Dear Sir: I little thought when I wrote last week that I should have this week the melancholy duty laid on me of informing you of the death of your brother, which occurred yesterday,' and he goes on to say that my brother had been found lying dead on the early morning of that day and was going to be buried that afternoon. I need hardly say that this communication staggered me, and after considering every possible explanation of the communication, and making every allowance for imagination, I was convinced that the message I had received on March 10 had come through some agency outside this material world.

"Telepathy, clairvoyance, and thought-reading are absolutely eliminated. I was ignorant of the fact, when I asked the question on March 10, that my brother was dead. My sister did not know that I was asking any question about my brother, or even about a letter written by my brother, and certainly she did not know that he was dead. Miss Wingfield had never seen my brother; I doubt if she ever knew of his existence, and she



certainly had no knowledge whatever that he was in South Africa at the time, so the fact remains that on Saturday, March 10, 1894, I was told that my brother had died in South Africa yesterday. I quite admit that this is not strictly accurate, for, in point of fact he had died on the early morning of March 8; but that in my opinion does not weaken the conclusion I have formed, and it is quite possible that the word my sister read as 'yesterday' may have been 'Thursday,' which was the day of the death. If I am right in saying that this phenomenon cannot be explained by any natural process, then I consider I am justified in continuing to believe, as I do believe, that it was a supernatural communication.

"Some day the true explanation of these phenomena will be demonstrated, and if it is not on the lines that I have indicated, and there is some other means of accounting for it which does not involve survival after death, I am convinced that we shall learn something even more marvelous, more improbable, and certainly less acceptable to those who, like myself, find comfort in our belief."

#### CASE NO. 52

#### *The Pearl Tie-Pin Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. Travers-Smith.

Miss C., the sitter, had a cousin, an officer in the British Army, who had been killed in a battle in France one month previous to a sitting held with Mrs. Travers-Smith. Miss C. was aware of her cousin's death. His name was unexpectedly spelled out on the ouija-board and her name given back in reply to her question, "Do you know who I am?" Then the following message was given:

"Tell mother to give my pearl tie-pin to the girl I intended to marry. I think she should have it."

The lady's full Christian and surname came through, the latter very uncommon and quite unknown to either Mrs. Travers-Smith or Miss C. An address in London was given which proved to be incorrect, as a letter sent there was returned. The ladies thought that as the address was either wrongly taken down or fictitious, no more would be heard of the matter, but six months later it was discovered that the officer had been

<sup>1</sup> Travers-Smith, Helen, *Voices from the Void* (London: Wm. Rider & Co.).



engaged, shortly before going to France, and to the very lady whose name had been spelled out on the ouija-board. Neither his family in Ireland nor his cousin, Miss C., were aware of this fact, and they had never seen her or even heard of her name until after his death, when the War Office forwarded his effects. Among them they discovered a *pearl tie-pin*, and in his will the lady's name was mentioned as his next of kin, both Christian and surname being precisely as obtained at the sitting.

The two ladies signed a document to the effect that the message was recorded at the time of the sitting and not from memory after the message had been verified. This statement was forwarded to Sir William F. Barrett.

## CASE NO. 53

*The Glastonbury Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case is one in which the medium could not have known the facts, as they were not known to anyone in the world.

In 1907, F. Bligh Bond and his friend, Captain J. Allen Bartlett, devoted considerable time to the study of the ruins in the diocese of Bath and Wells, and their history, as the former was hoping to obtain the position of Honorary Architect for that district.

They read up all information to be found concerning the ruined Glastonbury Abbey from the works of medieval writers to those of the nineteenth century.

Captain Bartlett possessed the gift of automatic writing and, by his hand, Johannes (1497-1534), a monk of Glastonbury, purported to provide them with much information not to be found in any of the authorities previously consulted, that led to the discovery of the Edgar Chapel—which had been completely lost, previous excavation having failed to reveal its existence.

At a sitting held in January, 1908, before the excavations of Bligh Bond and Bartlett commenced, a detailed description of the Chapel was given in medieval English and Latin. The Chapel was situated at the east end of the Abbey. A door existed five paces behind the reredos. The Chapel extended thirty yards to the east; the ending of the Chapel had walls at an angle. The first part, built by Abbot Bere, was seventy or seventy-two

<sup>1</sup> Bond, F. Bligh, *The Gate of Remembrance* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

feet long, and there was an eastward extension made later by Whyting, the last Abbot having these particular walls. This part had poor and thin foundations, the ceiling was of crimson and gold; and the chamber, seventy feet in length, had four bays, etc.

Excavations did not commence till June, 1908, a month after the fulfillment of Johannes' prediction that F. B. B. should receive his appointment as Director of Excavations "when the cuckoo cometh to the woods of Mere": and all these statements were, one after another, found to be correct, and no books or documents were in existence that could have given such information as would have led to the discovery of the Edgar Chapel, which had been the despair of antiquaries for half a century.

The Hon. Everard Feilding, who was Secretary of the S. P. R. at that period, followed the case with keen interest and he wrote to Bligh Bond that "there is no question but that the writing about the Edgar Chapel preceded the discovery of it by many months. I was present, if you remember, at what I believe was the beginning of the recrudescence of Bartlett's automatism, and that was before you were appointed to the work. I remember your telling me when you were appointed how interesting it was, as you were then able to test some of the statements made. No, there is no doubt whatever in my mind on that point. . . ."

The discovery was credited to the emergence of latent knowledge derived from the study of the documents, and the Trustees of the National Church took no action; but in 1922, when further revelations came through another medium, unfamiliar with the Abbey history,<sup>1</sup> that revealed the Norman wall of Herlewin, Bligh Bond was relieved of his appointment as Director of Excavations. All work was suspended for six years; many landmarks were removed, including those of the angular extension of the Edgar Chapel. Stones were taken away, trenches filled, while other records were allowed to perish through exposure. The moral of the case should not require much emphasizing to the discerning reader.

To complete the case, F. B. B. has added the following, which may be verified in detail by any member of the Council of the Somerset Archæological Society who is willing to testify:

"At the annual meeting of the Somerset Archæological Society in July, 1939, the Council was moved by the then Chairman, who was also

<sup>1</sup> Bond, F. Bligh, *The Company of Avalon* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell).

Director of Excavations in succession to Bligh Bond, to procure the vote of members to a resolution approving the destruction of the evidence on the site, and thus justifying the action of the Trustees, **on the alleged ground that Bond had made an imaginary record to validate his own theories.**

"Of this, Bond had had no notice and he had not been asked to state his case. But being warned in time he attended the meeting and was able to satisfy his critics and forestall the hostile resolution. No account of these proceedings was printed in the 1939-40 volume: only the text of a resolution submitted by himself, calling upon the Office of Works, as the paramount authority over the ruins, to make full inquiry into the whole matter and, if possible, have the evidence reinstated."

## CASE NO. 54

*The Patience Worth Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case puzzled not only psychical researchers but scientists and psychologists also, and **those who opposed the survival theory were given, in this instance, a difficult case to explain** away when Patience Worth—purporting to be a peasant girl who had lived her early life in Dorsetshire, England, and killed by Indians in America, when she emigrated there in the seventeenth century—controlled **Mrs. John H. Curran**, a medium of **St. Louis, Missouri**. This woman's education had been limited: her reading never exceeded that of the average American woman of her class, and she had travelled little.

**She first performed on the ouija-board, but later took to communicating and dictating, in direct speech, a number of books of outstanding literary merit, with extreme rapidity, over a wide range of subjects.** The following works are to her credit: *The Sorry Tale*, *Hope True-Blood*, *Light from Beyond*, *The Pot upon the Wheel*, and *Telka*, the latter **a 70,000-word poem in the Anglo-Saxon language of three centuries ago**, dictated for the purpose of proving Patience Worth to be a personality independent of the medium, as **in it she did not use any words that had come into use since her day**—a feat she considered beyond the powers of anyone now living in the world.

<sup>1</sup> Prince, Dr. Walter F., *The Case of Patience Worth*. Yost, Casper S., *Patience Worth—A Psychic Mystery*.

Dr. W. F. Prince, considering it to be a masterpiece, wrote: "The characters in *Telka* live, we see and know them; one of them is not the replica of another. . . . On the contrary, the characters of Maeterlinck—and I may refer to him because he has a great reputation as a great writer—are usually pale wraiths and we all admit Maeterlinck is a great artist . . . but it will be discovered that Patience Worth as judged by *Telka* is a greater."

Professor Schiller of Oxford observed regarding the antiquated language of *Telka*: "It is certainly impressive to be told that one of her tales, *Telka*, extending to 70,000 words, exhibits a vocabulary 'as to ninety per cent of the Anglo-Saxon origin,' and contains no word of later entry into the language of 1600 except 'amuck' (which is first recorded in the second half of the seventeenth century), and no word wrongly formed among those which are on record. When we are told further that the 'Authorized Version' has only seventy-seven per cent of Anglo-Saxon, and that it is necessary to go back to Layamon (1205) to equal Patience Worth's percentage, we realize that we are face to face with what may be fairly called a philological miracle."<sup>1</sup>

And this amazing idyllic poem of 70,000 words (270 pages) in blank verse, judged by competent critics to be superior to analogous works by Maeterlinck, was dictated in the brief time of thirty-five hours!

Once, when the early chapters of a novel far advanced were mislaid, Patience Worth dictated them again, and when the missing documents were found, it was seen that the second dictation was an exact replica of the first.

The critics attacked the case with three hypotheses: secondary subconscious personality, subliminal consciousness, and cosmic consciousness. Professor Schiller reviewed the three hypotheses, particularly the latter, concluding: "If Patience Worth be a selection from the Absolute, so is everyone else, and therefore, so far as this argument goes, she is as good a 'spirit' as any!"<sup>2</sup>

The conclusion of Dr. W. F. Prince was: "Either our concept of what we call the subconscious mind must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXXVI, 574.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, XXXVI, 57-59.

operating through, but not originating in, the subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

Professor Allison, of Manitoba University, who personally studied the case, thought she "must be regarded as the outstanding phenomenon of the age," and Dr. Usher, Professor of History in Washington University, considered "*The Sorry Tale*, a work of 350,000 words, the greatest story penned of the life and times since the Gospels were published."

The claim of Patience Worth to be a personality who once lived on this earth does not depend entirely upon her works—great though their value is—but upon the fact that some of her statements concerning her home and her environment have been verified.

#### CASE NO. 55

#### *The Buttons Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case was written by Mrs. Margaret Deland for the Clark University Symposium which was held at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., in November and December, 1926:

"In her paper for the Symposium, Mrs. Deland makes use of the ingenious argument of a scientific sieve through which, by means of the familiar tags 'clairvoyance,' 'intuition,' 'coincidence,' 'telepathy,' etc., she essays to push various incidents of ouija-board spellings, automatic writings, visions, and so on, in the contention that if any refuse, even after 'some pushing and straining,' to pass through the meshes of this sieve it is a logical deduction that this residuum argues for the theory of survival. We will let her tell this 'button' incident in her own words":

"I know a story," she says. ". . . It is concerned with a baby's rompers. About a year and a half ago a friend—whom I will call Molly—and I were sitting with Mrs. Piper in Boston, and Molly's sister, Lucy, who had died, 'purported' (as the saying is) to write with the entranced Mrs. Piper's hand. She said that the day before she had seen her mother in another town, doing so and so. The statement was correct; but as Molly happened to know exactly what her mother had been doing at the time she, of course, credited the information to mind-reading on the part of Mrs. Piper. Then another personality began to write but paused to say:

<sup>1</sup> Piper, Alta L., *The Life and Work of Mrs. Piper* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.), 190-92.



"'Lucy has gone again to find Mother and see what she is doing.'

"I, rather surprised, said, 'What now!' There was no reply; the other communicator just went on writing about his own affairs, then after some twenty minutes paused to say abruptly:

"'Here's Lucy!'

"I said, as nearly as I can remember, 'Well, Lucy, did you see your mother? What was she doing?' Mrs. Piper's hand wrote:

"'Mother just looked at morning news (here followed a drawing of newspaper) and laid it on a little table. Picked up what looked like a box of buttons (here the hand drew seven little circles suggesting buttons) and shook them. Looked into it. Picked up two or three and sat down in a chair to put them in another place.'

"Later this was reported to Lucy's mother, who said that at the time this was being written in Boston, she may have been reading a paper; she generally did about that hour, but she couldn't be certain. But she was certain that she had taken up a little tray of buttons, perhaps a dozen, shaken it, because (she remembered) some ravellings were clinging to the buttons, then picked out two, and sat down to sew them on to her little granddaughter's rompers. To me, these buttons for a baby's bloomers lie as residuum in the sieve, when golden crowns or harps would have slipped through! No eye of flesh saw that simple domestic scene. Mrs. Piper in Boston knew nothing of Lucy's mother, nor of her occupation; nor did Lucy's sister Molly have any idea what was going on in Cambridge at eleven o'clock that April morning. Yet here is a statement coincidental with an event: 'She picked up a box of buttons and shook them.' "

CASE NO. 56

### *The X Case*<sup>1</sup>

After the death of Professor James H. Hyslop on June 17, 1920, Miss Gertrude O. Tubby, his secretary, believing that after the post-mortem Hyslop would still be interested in psychical research, decided to inaugurate a scheme of cross-correspondence in which his cooperation was necessary.

Hyslop, five hours after his death, seized his first opportunity of reveal-

<sup>1</sup> Tubby, Gertrude O., *James H. Hyslop, X, His Book* (The New York Publishing Co.).



ing himself when Miss Tubby, making an ostensible casual, friendly call on Mrs. G. C. Saunders, of New York, was given pertinent and highly evidential information, the medium being unaware of Hyslop's death.

Thereafter, through various mediums in the United States, Hyslop always indicated his presence with the sign X; and Miss Tubby, deciding to cast her net over a wider area, planned a trip to England and France for the purpose of allowing Hyslop to prove himself through mediums to whom Miss Tubby was a total stranger. To be on the safe side, it was agreed between them that no communication on foreign soil would be considered genuine—even though it contained apparent evidence—unless the sign X was also given. Miss Tubby, a true disciple of Hyslop, shrouded herself in anonymity: only three persons in England and none in France were aware of her impending visit, and all the psychical researchers in New York were pledged to strict silence.

Miss Tubby, arriving in London, made an appointment with Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith over the telephone, stating that she had been recommended by a friend in the United States to have a sitting with her. No name was given and she was sure her anonymity was well protected.

The sitting took place on Tuesday, July 8, 1924. Miss Tubby offered the medium some small articles (in a cardboard box wrapped in oil-silk) that had belonged to Hyslop. The first name spelled out was one that Miss Tubby did not expect, "Ernest Ainslee." Though he had communicated through this medium before, the significant feature of his name was that he was a friend of the lady, Laura, who was Miss Tubby's hostess in London, whose name was specially mentioned and whose presence was also desired. "Ernest" was unacquainted with Miss Tubby and a request for her Christian name brought out at first the incorrect answer, "Marion," but when informed of his error he replied, "Not Laura's Gert!" Miss Tubby stated that this expression spoke volumes. "I was 'Gert' to Laura and to no one else. She had given me the somewhat absurd nickname from our early acquaintance, before I knew of it myself. But 'Ernest Ainslee' had passed from this life a perfect stranger to me. Hence for him to address me as 'Gert' would have been entirely inappropriate, but to refer to me as 'Laura's Gert' is highly evidential. Mrs. Travers-Smith had never been informed of any intimacy between Laura and me, and would not normally hit upon this, even had she known who I was."

Miss Tubby's mission was not to contact strangers, evidential though their communications were, so she sat tight and waited. Then quite dramatically the apparent owner of the packet appeared on the scene asking some questions. Miss Tubby retaliated by asking for a name; it came, very slowly, a letter at a time—"HYSLOP." Then after the sitter had shown her appreciation by shouting, "Hooray! That is good," the full name, "JAMES H. HYSLOP," followed. Next came a piece of information that Miss Tubby considered very evidential, but the sign had not been given. Just as the sitting was concluding, and Miss Tubby had almost given up hope, it came—"X."

Later, Miss Tubby proceeded with her investigations of different mediums in England and France, and assessing her work at the end of the tour found that in dealing with twenty-seven mediums she obtained ninety-six items of cross-references.

#### CASE NO. 57

#### *The Thelma Case*<sup>1</sup>

In the summer of 1924, while Mrs. Lydia W. Allison was engaged in a series of sittings with Mrs. Leonard, a chance remark by a friend, Mrs. de Crespigny, turned her attention to another medium, Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith, of whom she often heard but had never experimented with. Mrs. de Crespigny arranged a sitting "without mentioning her name—merely asking 'for a friend'—and I knew nothing concerning Mrs. Allison's life in America nor of her friends." Mrs. Allison at her three sittings obtained splendid evidence, as the following extracts show. The first sitting was held on June 27.

L. W. A. (producing a tobacco pouch belonging to her husband): Can you tell me to whom this pouch belongs?

OUIJA: Edward.

L. W. A.: Correct. Can you give me the name by which you were always called?

OUIJA: Ned.

L. W. A.: Tell me who was married the other day? (No response.)

L. W. A.: Can you tell me who gave you the pouch?

<sup>1</sup> Allison, Lydia W., *Leonard and Soule Experiments in Psychical Research* (Boston), 162-74.

OUIJA: Anita.

L. W. A. (excitedly): This is most astonishing. Where did she give it to you?

There were several unsuccessful attempts to give the name, so a different method was adopted. Mrs. Travers-Smith, placing a pencil in Mrs. Allison's hand, covered it with her own.

PENCIL (writing on the paper): Ned London [*sic*]. (Mrs. Allison states: "I am perfectly certain that I retarded the action of the pencil, which I held very limply, fearing to give it assistance. The psychic's hand guided my own, in fact, pushed it ahead.")

L. W. A.: Can you give me your surname?

PENCIL: All—— (Scrawl, imperfectly written, but recognizable.)

L. W. A.: Can you give me your middle name?

PENCIL: Wood.

L. W. A.: Good.

PENCIL: Edward!

L. W. A.: Will you try the last name again? (A number of attempts were made that roughly resembled the name so this request was abandoned.)

PENCIL: Lydia. (Correct name of sitter.)

PENCIL: Wood. (Correct middle name of purported communicator.)

Medium and sitter then rested and had tea; the latter taking special care not to divulge information concerning herself; then the ouija-board was resumed, Mrs. Allison lightly putting her fingers on the back of the medium's hand.

L. W. A.: Ned, is it really you?

OUIJA: I should say it is.

L. W. A.: Well then . . . try and give me your sister's name?

OUIJA: Anna. (Correct.)

L. W. A.: Good! and your other sister's name?

OUIJA: Mary.

L. W. A.: Splendid. Now can you give me your surname?

OUIJA (slowly): Allesn—Allisn—Allison.

At the next sitting on July 3, Mrs. Allison asked the medium if she would work the board without her hand. Mrs. Travers-Smith said she

would try, and during the entire sitting Mrs. Allison kept her hands on her own lap.

OUIJA: Edward Allison is here.

L. W. A.: . . . Do you remember Gretchen? (Note by Mrs. Allison: "My manner was rather defiant. I felt that if the names given in this and the preceding sitting came from the source they purported to come from, I ought to get a correct answer to any question, provided the question recalled an important association to the purported communicator.")

OUIJA: Yes.

L. W. A.: Well, then, give me her name?

OUIJA: Elsa . . . Elsie. (Correct. Baptismal name Elsa but regularly called Elsie by her family and friends, including the purported communicator. She was one of the closest friends of both the communicator and the sitter. Two other sisters might have been mentioned who were only casual friends.)

L. W. A.: Do you remember Jack? Jack and Marian?

OUIJA: Yes.

L. W. A.: What was their last name?

OUIJA: Mackay.

L. W. A.: That's right.

OUIJA (spontaneously): Macky.

L. W. A.: Yes, you omitted a letter this time.

OUIJA: That's the way it's pronounced. (Correct.)

L. W. A.: Do you remember my mother? . . . Give me her first name?

OUIJA: Paula.

L. W. A.: That is excellent . . . but give me her nickname.

OUIJA: Mudder.

L. W. A.: Splendid. But the other one, you know.

OUIJA: Polly.

The conditions at the third sitting on July 9 were *exactly similar* to those at the second sitting.

L. W. A.: I shall ask for one name only today, then we'll go on to something else. Give me your sister's name again?

OUIJA: Anna.

L. W. A.: Right, the other sister now? . . . You were particularly fond of her.

OUIJA: Mary.

L. W. A.: That's right. Now give me the name of the young girl (very emphatically), your sister's daughter.

OUIJA: Thm (very rapidly).

L. W. A. (interrupting): Wait a moment. Begin over.

OUIJA: Thelma! (Thelma would have been the correct answer to the question as to recent marriage. See first sitting.)

Dr. Walter F. Prince, in reviewing these sittings, said:

"There is a singular fitness to the spiritistic theory in the failure of Edward to give the name of the person lately married, though it was later given when the name of his sister's daughter was demanded. For he would *remember* the name of his sister's daughter, but could not be expected to remember what had happened since his departure, unless on the unreasonable assumption that spirits must know all that takes place on earth. But Mrs. Allison had the name 'Thelma' as definitely in mind when she asked who was married as when she asked who was the sister's daughter. Why should telepathy between the living observe the consistencies appropriate only to a spirit consciousness?"

#### CASE NO. 58

#### *The Dribbell Case*<sup>1</sup>

On March 8, 1933, Mr. Harry Price, the famous psychical investigator and Honorary Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, received a report of a private sitting with Mrs. Hester Travers-Smith, which he describes as being very successful and convincing. Strictly anonymous, Mrs. Grace Dribbell, an English lady married to a Dutchman, was one of the sitters; and she was very careful that no information was imparted to the medium by her. Mrs. Dribbell asked to contact some of her deceased "in-laws," though she was ignorant of the Dutch language.

The first name she received was "Leman" (her husband's brother),

<sup>1</sup> Price, Harry, *Fifty Years of Psychical Research* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.), 160-61.

then came "Lies" (i.e., Louisa, the pet name of his wife), "Lili" (their daughter), "Jan Stookis" (Lili's sweetheart) and "Anna" (the mother of Jan).

Next came the words "Liesje," "Jacob" "*moeder*," and "cancer," which were represented as emanating from "Leman," who had died of heart disease at Bussum, Holland, in the year 1929.

When Mrs. Dribbell asked "Leman": "What pet name did you call me?" the reply came, "*Peggy mijn Kind*," roughly "Peg o' my Heart" in Dutch. Still unsatisfied, Mrs. Dribbell wanted another message from "Leman" in his native tongue. "He" supplied it: "*Ik heb je lief*" (I love you), followed by "Lex" (Mrs. Dribbell's husband), "Jack" (her son), "Sophie," "Marie," and "Lida," all related to Mr. Dribbell, whose mother was a victim of cancer. As every name and every statement made at this sitting was correct, Mrs. Dribbell, a very matter-of-fact person, formed the opinion that she—in some fashion or other—was contacting certain deceased persons.



## Chapter 6

### TRANCE PHENOMENA

THE true nature of trance is unknown, and not all those on platform or in séance-room may be considered in this condition merely because they close their eyes, groan, vigorously shake their head, and speak in a lighter or heavier voice. Neither is the stamping of the foot the hall-mark of trance; it must be taken on trust, and the medium's abilities judged by the supernormal content of her utterances.

Genuine trance is a sleep of some kind in which the medium's normal mind is put out of action, but whether by the action of the deceased or by a process of self-hypnosis is a matter on which the experts are not agreed.

Dr. Richard Hodgson and Professor William James tested the trance reactions of Mrs. Piper, the American medium: a lighted match was held to her arm, salt placed in her mouth, while she was made to undergo a strong inhalation of ammonia. She passed all these physical tests, yet Hodgson and James only accepted her genuineness—provisionally. It was by the supernormal, evidential character of her communications that Mrs. Piper vindicated herself and later convinced Hodgson of survival.

F. W. H. Myers described the three successive stages of trance as follows: In the initial stage control is obtained by the medium's own sub-conscious mind; the second stage is when a discarnate—usually a regular control—makes telepathic contact with his own spiritual world; and the last stage is when the entire organism, brain and body, is taken over by an invading entity—usually a relative.

Mediums are assumed to have no recollection of what transpires when they are in trance, and to all intents and purposes there is a totally different personality while in that state.

CASE NO. 59

#### *The Greek Case*<sup>1</sup>

This is the case of a medium in trance speaking a language of which,

<sup>1</sup> *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* (1905), XV, 317.

in her normal condition, she was entirely ignorant. The medium was Laura Edmunds, the daughter of Judge Edmunds, president of the Senate and judge of the Supreme Court of New York, a man of high intelligence and unimpeachable rectitude.

He entered psychical research for one reason: to prove that it was worthless and those who were interested in it were fools. His surprise may be imagined when his daughter Laura developed mediumistic powers.

She was a fervent Catholic and very pious, speaking only a few phrases of French in addition to her mother tongue.

Once, Mr. Evangelides, a Greek, paid the Edmunds a visit and at a sitting held later, Laura, in trance, was controlled by a friend of Evangelides', a Mr. Botzaris, who had died in Greece. This communicator, according to Judge Edmunds, speaking in modern Greek to Evangelides, informed him that the sitter's son—whom he still supposed well and alive in Greece, had recently died. Evangelides was moved to tears by this announcement and would scarcely believe it, yet the statement was later found to be only too true. Judge Edmunds concluded his report:

"To deny the fact is impossible, it was too well known; I could as well deny the light of the sun; nor could I think it an illusion, for it is in no way different from any other reality. It took place before ten educated and intelligent persons. We had never seen Mr. Evangelides before; he was introduced by a friend that same evening. How could Laura tell him of his son? How could she understand and speak Greek, which she had never previously heard?"

#### CASE NO. 60

#### *The Uncle Jerry Case*<sup>1</sup>

When Mrs. Piper came to England from the United States in the year 1889, Sir Oliver Lodge held a series of twenty-two sittings with her. This information may surprise a certain section of the public who believe that Lodge became interested in psychical research only after his son Raymond was killed in the 1914-18 war. Mrs. Piper had been rigorously tested in the United States by Professor William James and Dr. Richard Hodgson and been considered genuine, but it was thought advisable to send her to England, where she would be in absolutely new surroundings;

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI.

there every sitting would be held in test conditions. Lodge saw to that: the servants in his house were new at the time of her visit, her letters were inspected by him, and Mrs. Lodge (as she was then) hid all the photo albums and family Bibles out of sight.

The sittings that ensued produced such good results that Lodge provisionally accepted the survival theory as the explanation of her phenomena. Friends and strangers (strictly anonymous) were brought to her sittings and the evidence obtained was analyzed by Lodge. Some of this evidence that Lodge received has been summarized in a convenient form for the reader; it did not come in sequence as presented here, but in small quantities during several sittings.

*Mrs. Lodge's Father*

PHINUIT<sup>1</sup>: "Alex—Alexander, that's his name. He had something wrong with his heart. He tried to speak to Mary, his wife, stretched out his hand to her, couldn't reach her, fell and passed away. You (Mrs. Lodge) were just a little thing then.

"He had a pain in his right leg, below the knee. He wore a uniform dress, an officer, but not military. He took long voyages over the water. He used to be on board ship, fell through a hole in the boat, that's how he hurt his leg. His name was Alexander Marshall."

*Comment by Sir Oliver Lodge*

"My wife's father's name was Alexander, intimately called Alex. His health had been broken by tropical travel and he was a captain in the merchant service. Shortly after marriage he went on what was to be his last voyage and returned three months before his wife was confined. Thirteen days after the confinement, which had been very severe and the strain of which had made him faint, he entered his wife's room half-dressed, holding a handkerchief over his mouth, which was full of blood. He stretched out his hand to her, removed the handkerchief and tried to speak, but only gasped and fell on the floor. Very soon he was dead. My wife was only a fortnight old at this time.

"He had broken his leg once by falling down the hold of his ship, and in certain states of weather it used to pain him. It was his right leg, just below the knee. His full name was Alexander Marshall, as stated."

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Piper's control is speaking.

*Relatives of Sir Oliver Lodge*

PHINUIT: "You (O. L.) had an Aunt Anne on your mother's side. That's her ring you have, her last present to you for your wife. Your mother passed away before Aunt Anne. There is also an Uncle Robert on your father's side."

*Comment*

"The statement regarding my Aunt Anne is correct and the ring incident is precisely accurate. My mother died before her sister Annie. My father had a brother Robert."

*Other Relatives of Mrs. Lodge*

PHINUIT: "A Mrs. White connected with your father. You (Mrs. L.) had two fathers, Alex was one, I've named him already; the other was William, a very depressed man in life. He had trouble here (indicating the lower part of the stomach and bladder)."

*Comment*

"Mrs. White was my wife's aunt. It is true that Mrs. Lodge had a step-father (she had given that information away), but his name, given convincingly, was not. He was subject to fits of depression and had a stone in his bladder, for which he was operated on just before he died."

*Uncle Jerry<sup>1</sup>*

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

"I was told almost immediately that it had belonged to one of my uncles—one that had been mentioned before as having died from the effects of a fall, one that had been very fond of Uncle Robert, the name of the survivor—that the watch was now in possession of this same Uncle Robert, with whom he was anxious to communicate. After some difficulty and

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI, 458.

many wrong attempts Phinuit caught the name, 'Jerry,' short for Jeremiah, and said emphatically, as if a third person was speaking: 'This is my watch and Robert is my brother and I am here, Uncle Jerry, my watch.' All this at the first sitting on the very morning the watch had arrived by post, no one but myself and a shorthand clerk who happened to have been introduced for the first time at this sitting by me, and whose antecedents are well known to me, being present.

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

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

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

"'Uncle Jerry' recalled episodes such as swimming the creek when they were boys together, and running some risk of getting drowned; killing a cat in Smith's field; the possession of a small rifle, and of a very peculiar skin, like a snake-skin, which he thought was now in possession of Uncle Robert.

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

"His memory, however, is decidedly failing him, and he was good enough to write to another brother, Frank, living in Cornwall, an old



sea captain, and ask him if he had any better remembrance of certain facts—of course, not giving any inexplicable reason for asking. The result of this inquiry was triumphantly to vindicate the existence of Smith's field as a place near their home, where they used to play, in Barking, Essex; while of the swimming of the creek, near a mill-race, full details were given, Frank and Jerry being the heroes of that foolhardy episode.

"Later, Lodge brought Professor G. H. Rendall to two sittings, introducing him as 'Roberts.'"

PHINUIT: "You (G. H. R.) had an old friend, a lady, Agnes, passed out with cough. Grey eyes, brown hair. Her mother alive. Her sister not well of late, she married after Agnes died. They took Agnes a trip for her health, but it did not do any good. She gradually died, hemorrhage. She sends her love to Lu, and to your brother Arthur, she knew him best. Here's a spirit, Charlie Randall, R-a-n-d-a-l-l."

*Professor G. H. Rendall's Comment*

"The foregoing statements are quite correct. A good description of her death, features as stated. Agnes died at Cannes of consumption. She had a friend called Louie, who was very fond of her, and she knew my brother Arthur best. My name was never mentioned in Mrs. Piper's presence and I knew a Charlie Rendall. Any getting up of the Agnes incident seems impossible. She was a relative by marriage who died twenty-one years back, whose existence, to the best of my belief, was unknown to anyone in Liverpool (where the sitting was held). I also received the names of my four brothers—Charlie, Fred, Arthur and Arnold—correctly, and statement of mother's death, eldest brother and (vaguely) an infant sister. Regarding my two sittings, I am quite convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena; there was no opening for concerted fraud. I have no theory: confused communications with persons dead . . . is not out of accord with facts received, but nothing occurred to me that this was the only admissible explanation."

CASE NO. 61

*The Clarke Case*<sup>1</sup>

On December 29, 1889, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Clarke held one sitting with Mrs. Piper, and the following is an extract:

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI, 578.



PHINUIT: How is M——? (Trying to get at the German pronunciation of the name.) Somebody belonging to you is called M—— (says name correctly this time). I want to talk to you about young Uncle C——. There is someone with him—E——. He is your cousin.

MRS. CLARKE: Is he in the body?

PHINUIT: No.

MRS. CLARKE: How did he die?

PHINUIT: There was something the matter with his heart and with his head. He says it was an accident. He wants you to tell his sister. There's M—— and E——. They are sisters of E—— and there is their mother. She suffers here (pointing to abdomen). Now, how do you think I know this?

MRS. CLARKE: I don't know.

PHINUIT: E—— told me his mother had been very unhappy about his death. He begs you, for God's sake, to tell them it was an accident—that it was his head—and that he was hurt there (making motion of stabbing heart), that he inherited it from his father. His father was out of his mind—crazy. Here's M——, she is your aunt.

MRS. CLARKE: What does she say about her husband?

PHINUIT: She says that he has changed his life since. She does not like it that he married again.

MRS. CLARKE: Does she love the one whom he married?

PHINUIT: Oh, she loves her dearly, but she does not like him to have married so soon. He married her sister. Two brothers married two sisters. Her husband has children now. There are two boys.

Mrs. Clarke's explanation is as follows:

"The Uncle C—— incident is a striking account of my uncle's family in Germany. The names and facts are all correct. The father was disturbed in mind for the last three years of his life, in consequence of a fall from a horse. The son committed suicide in a fit of melancholia by stabbing his heart as described. The Aunt M—— incident: Accurate description of the family of another uncle. His wife died childless, and he soon after married her sister, by whom he had children. His brother had previously married a third sister. Some of the facts she gave me were unknown to anyone out of Germany—even my husband. The more important events—

my uncle's and aunt's death, and my cousin's suicide, which happened twenty-eight, fifteen, and twelve years ago—were known only to two persons in England besides my husband. It is absolutely impossible that Mrs. Piper got at the facts through information derived from these persons."

## CASE NO. 62

*The Derham Case*<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Richard Hodgson of the S.P.R. investigated Mrs. Piper, the famous American medium, for a period of twelve years, and he published some of his results in the *Proceedings*<sup>2</sup> of that society. A few extracts from some sittings now follow—not by any means the best, as these have been already stated elsewhere. Dr. Hodgson was in complete charge of Mrs. Piper's sittings; no one could sit with her unless by his sanction and he introduced all new sitters as "Smith," usually accompanying them as note-taker.

Mr. T. P. Derham was Dr. Hodgson's brother-in-law—having married his younger sister—and lived in Melbourne, Australia. No name was given when the appointment was made by Dr. Hodgson, who took the notes himself during the sitting. Mr. Derham had two sittings and summed them up as follows: "The history of my family, living and dead, was given straight out—without any guessing, and without the slightest assistance from either Dr. Hodgson or myself. I think I did not speak at all and Dr. Hodgson only spoke to bring her to the point. . . . I am naturally skeptical and, by training, incredulous."

## CASE NO. 63

*The G. P. Case*<sup>3</sup>

What is the most evidential case on record of a deceased person returning to prove his identity? That is a question often asked, and it is generally agreed by those best qualified to judge such matters that a plain American citizen, George Pelham (pseudonym), worthily earned that honor. If this is so, then future generations should owe him a debt of profound gratitude; for in proving himself, he labored in extreme difficulties, for he was trying to prove this fact through the organism of another person—of the opposite sex.

He was killed by a fall from his horse in New York in February, 1892,

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VIII, 68.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, VIII, XIII.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, XIII, 328-30.

and four weeks later appeared at sittings that Dr. Hodgson was holding with Mrs. Piper. This was not a chance occurrence, as Dr. Hodgson had known him and they had often discussed the possibility of survival—of which Pelham was skeptical; but one evening after an argument, Pelham declared that if he should die before Hodgson and find himself still surviving, he would “make things lively” in the effort to reveal the fact. For several years he communicated and later Hodgson gave a general summary of the whole series of his manifestations:

“On the first appearance of the communicating G. P. to Mr. Hart in March, 1892, he gave not only his own name and that of the sitter<sup>1</sup> but also the names of several of their most intimate common friends, and referred specially to the most important private matters connected with them. At the same sitting reference was made to other incidents unknown to the sitters, such as the account of Mrs. Pelham taking the studs from the body of G. P. and giving them to Mr. Pelham to be sent to Mr. Hart, and the reproduction of a notable remembrance of a communication which G. P. living had with Katharine, the daughter of his most intimate friends, the Howards. These were primary examples of two kinds of knowledge concerning matters unknown to the sitters, of which various other instances were afterwards given: knowledge of events connected with G. P. which had occurred since his death, and knowledge of special memories pertaining to the G. P. personality before death.

“A week later, at a sitting of Mr. Vance, he made an appropriate inquiry after the sitter’s son, and in reply to inquiries rightly specified that the sitter’s son had been at college with him, and further gave a correct description of the sitter’s summer home as the place of a special visit. This again was paralleled by many later instances where appropriate inquiries were made and remembrances recalled concerning the other personal friends of G. P. Nearly two weeks later came his most intimate friends, the Howards, and to these, using the voice directly, he showed such a fullness of private remembrance and a specific knowledge and characteristic intellectual and emotional quality pertaining to G. P. that, though they had previously taken no interest in any branch of psychical research, they were unable to resist the conviction that they were actually conversing with their old friend G. P. And this conviction was strengthened by their later experiences.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hart had been introduced anonymously.

"Not least important, at that time, was his anxiety about the disposal of a certain book and about certain specified letters which concern matters too private for publication. He was particularly desirous of convincing his father, who lived in Washington, that it was indeed G. P. who was communicating, and he soon afterwards stated that his father had taken his photograph to be copied, as was the case, though Mr. Pelham had not informed his wife of this fact. Later on, he reproduced a series of incidents, unknown to the sitters, in which Mrs. Howard had been engaged in her own home. Later still, at a sitting with his father and mother in New York, a further intimate knowledge was shown of private family circumstances; and at the following sitting, at which his father and mother were not present, he gave the details of certain private actions which they had done in the interim. At their sitting, and at various sittings of the Howards, appropriate comments were made concerning articles presented which had belonged to G. P. living, or had been familiar to him; he inquired after the other personal articles which were not presented at the sittings, and showed intimate and detailed recollections of incidents in connection with them. In points connected with the recognition of articles with their related associations of a personal sort, the G. P. communicating, so far as I know, has never failed.

"Nor has he failed in the recognition of personal friends. I may say generally that out of a large number of sitters who went as strangers to Mrs. Piper, the communicating G. P. has picked out the friends of G. P. living, precisely as the G. P. living might have been expected to do. (Thirty cases of recognition out of at least one hundred and fifty who have had sittings with Mrs. Piper with the first appearance of G. P. and no case of false recognition.) He has exhibited memories in connection with these and other friends which are such as would naturally be associated as part of the G. P. personality, which certainly do not suggest in themselves that they originate otherwise, and which are accompanied by the emotional relations which were connected with such friends in the mind of G. P. living.

"At one of his early communications G. P. expressly undertook the task of rendering all the assistance in his power towards establishing the continued existence of himself and other communicators, in pursuance of a promise of which he himself reminded me, made some two years or

more before his death, that if he died before me and found himself 'still existing,' he would devote himself to prove the fact; and in the persistence of his endeavor to overcome the difficulties in communicating, as far as possible, in his constant readiness to act as amanuensis at the sittings, in the effect which he has produced by his counsel—to myself as investigator, and to numerous other sitters and communicators—he has, in so far as I can form a judgment in a problem so complex and still presenting so much obscurity, displayed the keenness and pertinacity which were eminently characteristic of G. P. living.

"Finally, the manifestations of this G. P. communicating have not been of a fitful or spasmodic nature; they have exhibited the marks of a continuous living and persistent personality, manifesting itself through a course of years, and showing the same characteristics of an independent intelligence whether friends of G. P. were present at the sittings or not. I learned of various cases where, in my absence, active assistance was rendered by G. P. to sitters who had never previously heard of him, and from time to time he would make brief, pertinent references to matters with which the G. P. living was acquainted, though I was not, and sometimes in ways which indicated that he could to some extent see what was happening in our world to persons in whose welfare G. P. living would have been specially interested."

CASE NO. 64

*The Edmunds Case*<sup>1</sup>

The following account is an abridgment of the notes taken at three sittings with Mrs. Piper by Miss Lucy Edmunds, Dr. Hodgson's secretary:

"Mrs. Piper knew my name; that I was English; had seen me at the office of the S.P.R. During the conversation we had before the first sitting, I had made a passing allusion to a nephew; beyond these facts I think she knew nothing of me. (The nephew was not alluded to during the sitting.)

"Phinuit stated that I had a father in spirit and mother in body, describing some characteristics of each . . . then Joseph. (Father and Mother each had a brother named Joseph, both deceased.) 'There's four brothers, two passed out little things—with their father—that's all there was of you passed out. (True.) There's a little one, came after father passed out.

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VIII, 135-38.



(True.) Alice—another little girl. (Not Alice, forgetting for the moment that Lillie's name is Alice Lilian, and that my brother calls her Alice and writes to her as such.) Yes, Alice, you call her *Lil*, but she's Alice! Phinuit made a dash at my watch. 'Your father gave it to your aunt and she gave it to you. (True.)

"There's a little girl here for you, rather pretty. Light hair and dark eyes—bright. You had something to do with teaching her. You heard from her when she was ill. She says she had a cousin Gideon in Australia, Maria, Maria, sends her love to Emma. Emma is not well—not happy.'

"All this is true. Maria is the little girl's name; Emma is the mother's name, and Gideon the name of the nephew, whose whereabouts are not at present known.

"There are two children just alike in spirit. They are twins.' (True.)"

#### CASE NO. 65

#### *The Savage Case*<sup>1</sup>

"During the winter of 1885-86 I had my first sitting with Mrs. Piper. Immediately on becoming entranced, her control, Phinuit, said there were many friends present. Among them was an old man whom he described, but only in a general way. Then he said, 'He is your father and he calls you Judson.' Attention was also called to the fact that he had a peculiar bare spot on his head, and Mrs. Piper put her hand on the corresponding place on my own head.

"Now for the facts that give these two apparently simple points whatever significance they possess. My father had died during the preceding summer, aged ninety years and six months. He had never lived in Boston, and Mrs. Piper, I am quite sure, had never seen him nor been in any way interested in him. He wasn't at all bald but when quite young had been burned, so that there was a bare spot on the right side of the top of his head, perhaps an inch wide and three inches long, running from the forehead back towards the crown. This he covered by combing his hair over it. This was the spot that Mrs. Piper indicated.

"Now as to the name by which he addressed me: I was given the middle name, Judson, at the request of a half-sister, my father's daughter, who died soon after I was born. Out of tenderness for her memory (as I always supposed) Father always used, when I was a boy, to call me

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VIII, 100.



Judson, though all the rest of the family called me by my first name, Minot. In his later life Father also got to calling me by my first name. No one, therefore, had called me by my second name for many years. I was therefore naturally struck and surprised by suddenly hearing one who claimed to be my father giving me once more my old boyhood name. I was not consciously thinking of these things, and I am convinced that Mrs. Piper couldn't have known anything about them.

"During this same sitting Mrs. Piper's control also said, 'Here is someone who says his name is John. He was your half-brother.' Then pressing her hand on the base of her brain, she moaned, as she swayed to and fro. Then she continued, 'He says it was so hard to die away off there all alone. How he did want to see Mother.' She went on to explain that he died from a fall, striking the back of his head. Her whole account of this was realistic in the extreme. My half-brother John, the son of my mother—for both Father and Mother had been twice married—died several years previous to this sitting. While building a mill in Michigan he fell, striking the back of his head on a piece of timber. He was far from all friends, and was in most tender love of his mother. I was not thinking of him until told that he was present.

"Many other things occurred during the sitting, but I only mention these because, though simple, they are so clear-cut and striking, and because I see no way by which Mrs. Piper could ever have known them. I have had other sittings with Mrs. Piper. Most of the things told, however, were too personal for publication. Nearly all are inexplicable on any theory that does not go at least as far as telepathy.

"M. J. SAVAGE."

CASE NO. 66

*The Shaler Case*<sup>1</sup>

The following is an extract from notes of a sitting that Professor N. S. Shaler, the well-known geologist of Harvard, had with Mrs. Piper:

"My wife handed Mrs. Piper an engraved seal, which she knew, though I did not, had belonged to her brother—a gentleman from Richmond, Virginia, who died about a year ago. At once, Mrs. Piper began to make statements clearly relating to the deceased, and in the course of the following hour she showed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with his

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XIII, 540.

affairs, those of his immediate family, and those of the family in Hartford, Conn., with whom the Richmond family had been in close social relations. . . . I think I did not put strongly enough the peculiar kind of knowledge which the medium seems to have concerning my wife's brother's affairs. Certain of the facts, as, for instance, those relating to the failure to find his will after his sudden death, were very neatly and dramatically rendered. They had the real life quality. So, too, the name of the man who was to have married my wife's brother's daughter, and who died a month before the time fixed for the wedding, was correctly given, both as regards surname and Christian name, though the Christian name was not remembered by my wife or me."

## CASE NO. 67

*The Ring Case*<sup>1</sup>

Professor Herbert Nichols, of Harvard University, had a sitting arranged for him by Dr. Hodgson, and after the sitting he wrote to his friend, Professor William James, who forwarded this extract to Dr. Hodgson:

"Just before coming away I had a wonderful sitting with Mrs. Piper. As you know, I have been a Laodicean toward her heretofore; but that she is no fraud, and that she is the greatest marvel I have ever met I am now convinced. I think my interview more wonderful than any I have ever heard reported before. I went under an assumed name through appointment made with Hodgson by letter—even he did not know who I was, probably does not now. Most of the interview, and by far the most important part, was of such a nature that I can't write about it, but should like to tell you somewhat of it sometime.

"I asked her scarcely a question, but she ran on for three-quarters of an hour, telling me names, places, events in a most startling manner. Then she suddenly stopped talking and began writing—this was far less satisfactory and about an entirely different set of matters—mostly about Mamma (who recently fell and was killed) and messages to her grandchildren.

"One thing here, however, will interest you. Mamma and I one Christmas exchanged rings. Each had engraved in their gift the *first word* of

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XIII, 535.

their favorite proverb. The ring given me I lost many years ago. When Mamma died a year ago, the ring I had given her was, at her request, taken from her finger, and sent to me. Now I asked Mrs. Piper, 'What was written in Mamma's ring?' and as I asked the question I held the ring in my hand and had in mind *only that* ring, but I had hardly got the words from my mouth till she slapped down on paper the word on the *other ring*—the one Mamma had given me and which had been lost years ago while travelling. As the word was a peculiar one, doubtfully ever written in any ring before, and as she wrote it in such a flash it was surely curious. . . .

"NICHOLS."

CASE NO. 68

*The "Too Private" Cases*

Those who have read and studied the reports of sittings contained in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. will have noticed how often some investigators have withheld details of various cases on the plea that they were "too private" for publication. Dr. Hodgson in his two reports on the Piper phenomena often commented on this, regretting that so many evidential cases were held back for this reason, otherwise the evidence for survival in his reports would have been greatly strengthened. He wrote:

"Of the written reports of first sittings there are many which I am practically unable to use as evidence, owing to the reluctance of the sitters to allow the private matters concerned to be published in any form and a large amount of the best evidence derivable from first sittings is unavailable for publication."<sup>1</sup>

The critic may state, "How can we be certain that cases of this nature are evidential? We have only the sitters' word for it and are we not being asked to take too much for granted?" Surely it is not illogical to presume that the privacy of these cases makes for first-class evidence. If the communications had been nonsensical or erroneous, sitters would not have hesitated to proclaim this fact to the world; there was no motive in concealing it as there would have been when it was "too private," and consequently, veridical and evidential. Perhaps these sitters were a trifle selfish

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XIII, 288.

in withholding material that would have benefited humanity—yet it is quite natural and we cannot condemn, although we may well wish they had been more altruistic. We must accept human nature as we find it and make the best of it. Everyone is not idealistic enough to reveal family secrets simply for the sake of proving survival to their neighbors.

Three or four examples now follow so that the reader will be able to form his own opinion on this matter.

The first is of a Mr. Howard<sup>1</sup> who was investigating the "G. P." case. Howard had already obtained some good evidence, yet he was still wavering; he wanted some facts that would absolutely clinch the question of G. P.'s identity and at a sitting he said to G. P., "Tell me something in your past that you and I alone know. You have failed with certain questions; give me an answer in your own terms." G. P. commenced to write and Dr. Hodgson described the scene thus:

"The transcription of the words written by 'G. P.' conveys, of course, no proper impression of the actual circumstances; the inert mass of the upper part of Mrs. Piper's body turned away from the right arm, and sagging down, as it were, limp and lifeless over Mr. Howard's shoulder, but the right arm, and especially hand, mobile, intelligent, deprecatory, then impatient and fierce in the persistence of the writing which followed, contains too much of the personal element in 'G. P.'s' life to be reproduced here. Several statements were read by me, and assented to by Mr. Howard and then written 'private' and the hand gently pushed me away.

"I retired to the other side of the room and Mr. Howard took my place close to the hand where he could read the writing. He did not, of course, read it alone, and it was too private for my perusal. The hand, as it reached the end of each sheet, tore it off from the block book and thrust it wildly at Mr. Howard, and then continued writing. The circumstances narrated, Mr. Howard informed me, contained precisely the kind of test for which he had asked, and he said he was 'perfectly satisfied, perfectly.'"

Some time later Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Thaw<sup>2</sup> held a series of thirteen sittings with Mrs. Piper and twelve were published by Hodgson. One was "omitted altogether, at the request of the sitters, as being too intimately personal, and containing much very private matter concerning the deceased." As the twelve were full of private and personal matters this sup-

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XIII, 321.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, XIII, 351.

pressed sitting must have contained some *very extraordinary private evidence* and one may well wonder of what it consisted.

Seventy-six sittings were held when Mrs. Piper was in England from November, 1889, to February, 1890, for the purpose of being tested among complete strangers; and although many sitters permitted full accounts of their sittings to be published, F. W. H. Myers,<sup>1</sup> who had two sittings on January 24 and 25, 1890, summed up as follows:

"In these sittings some private facts as to deceased friends were given as to which it is practically impossible that Mrs. Piper could have acquired any information."

Regarding another medium, Mrs. Willett, Lord Balfour<sup>2</sup> wrote:

"It would be impossible to do justice to the argument in favor of spirit communication on the basis of the Willett phenomena without violating confidences which I am bound to respect. The reader will probably wonder why, since the communications through the Willett trance are of such a clear and coherent kind, as evidence is quoted from it which tends to prove directly the identity of the communicators. The answer is that such evidence exists but cannot be divulged. The bulk of Mrs. Willett's automatic output is too private for publication; the material withheld from publication is of a very strong and convincing kind. It is indeed very greatly to be deplored that such supremely important evidence must be withheld from publication in the interests of privacy."

CASE NO. 69

*The Signore X— Case*

This account of a séance held on April 5, 1904, was first published in *Luce e Ombra* (Rome, 1920) by Professor Ernest Bozzano, who was present when the occurrence described took place. The publication of this important piece of evidence was withheld for many years, and was only made possible by the death of the chief protagonist:

"*Séance held on April 5, 1904.* The following were present: Dr. Giuseppe Venzano, Ernesto Bozzano, Cavaliere Carlo Peretti, Signore X—, Signora Guidetta Peretti and the medium, L. P. The séance commenced at ten o'clock in the evening.

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., VI, 645.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, XXV.



"From the beginning, we noticed that the medium was troubled for some unknown reason. The 'spirit guide,' Luigi, the medium's father, did not manifest himself and L. P. gazed with terror towards the left corner of the room. Shortly afterwards he freed himself from his 'spirit-controls,' rose to his feet, and began a singularly realistic and impressive struggle against some invisible enemy. Soon he uttered cries of terror, drew back, threw himself to the floor, gazed towards the corner as though terrified, then fled to the other corner of the room, shouting: 'Back! Go away. No, I don't want to. Help me! Save me!' Not knowing what to do, the witnesses of this scene concentrated their thoughts with intensity upon Luigi, the spirit guide, and called upon him to aid. The expedient proved effective, for little by little the medium grew calmer, gazed with less anxiety towards the corner of the apartment; then his eyes took the expression of someone who looks at a distant spectacle, then a spectacle still more distant. At last he gave vent to a sigh of relief, and murmured, 'He's gone! What a bestial face!'

"Soon afterward, the spirit guide Luigi manifested himself. Expressing himself through the medium, he told us that in the room there was a spirit of the basest nature, against which it was impossible for him to struggle; that the intruder bore an implacable hatred for one of the persons of the group. Then the medium exclaimed in a frightened voice, 'There he is again! I can't defend you any longer. Stop the——.'

"It is certain that Luigi wished to say, 'Stop the séance,' but it was already too late. The evil spirit had taken possession of our medium. He shouted; his eyes shot glances of fury. His hands, lifted as though to seize something, moved like the claws of a wild beast, eager to clutch his prey. And the prey was Signore X——, at whom the medium's furious looks were cast. A rattling and a sort of a concentrated roaring issued from our medium's foam-covered lips, and suddenly these words burst from him: 'I've found you again at last, you coward! I was a Royal Marine. Don't you remember the quarrel in Oporto? You killed me there. But today I'll have my revenge and strangle you.'

"These distracted words were uttered as the hands of the medium, L. P., seized the victim's throat, and tightened on it like steel pincers. It was a fearful sight. The whole of Signore X——'s tongue hung from his wide-open mouth; his eyes bulged. We had gone to the unfortunate man's assistance. Uniting our efforts with all the energy which this desperate



situation lent us, we succeeded, after a terrible hand-to-hand struggle, in freeing him from the desperate grip. At once we pulled him away, and thrust him outside, locking the door. We barred the medium's access to the door; exasperated, he tried to break through this barrier and run after his enemy. He roared like a tiger. It took all four of us to hold him down. At last he suffered a total collapse and sank down upon the floor.

"On the following day we prepared to clear up this affair—to seek information which might enable us to confirm what 'the Oporto spirit' had said. We were, in fact, already quite certain of the truth of the accusation, for it was noteworthy that Signore X— had not protested in the least when the serious charge of homicide had been hurled at him.

"The words uttered by the furious spirit served me as a means of arriving at the truth. He had said, 'I was a Royal Marine.' And I knew vaguely that Signore X— had himself, in his youth, been an officer of Marines, that he had witnessed the battle of Lissa, and after resigning his commission had devoted himself to commercial enterprises. With these facts as a basis, I proceeded to ask a retired vice-admiral for other details; he, too, had fought at Lissa. As for Dr. Venzano, he questioned a relative of Signore X—, with whom the latter had broken off all relations years before. Between us we gathered separate bits of information which tallied amazingly, and which, brought together, led us to these conclusions:

"Signore X— had, indeed, served with the Royal Marines. One day, being upon a battleship on a training cruise, he had landed for some hours at Oporto, Portugal. During his stay, while he was walking in the city, he heard a noise of drunken, furious voices coming from an inn. He perceived that the language was Italian, and, realizing that it was a quarrel between men of his vessel, he went into the room, recognized his men, and commanded them to return to their ship. One of the drinkers, more intoxicated than the others, answered him back, and even went so far as to threaten his superior officer. Angered by his attitude, the officer drew his sword and plunged it into the insolent fellow's breast; the latter died soon afterward. As a result of this adventure, the officer was court-martialed, sentenced to six months' imprisonment and, on the expiration of his term, asked to resign his commission.

"Those are the facts; it follows from them that the disturbing spirit had not lied. He had exactly stated his rank as a Royal Italian Marine.

He had remembered that Signore X— had killed him. He had, moreover—and this was a particularly remarkable statement—indicated the place where he had died, the setting for the drama, Oporto.

"A painstaking inquiry confirmed the authenticity of all this. By what hypothesis could one explain occurrences so strikingly in agreement—those which were revealed to us at the séance of April 5, 1904, and those which had taken place in Portugal many years before?"

CASE NO. 70

*The South African Case*<sup>1</sup>

H. Dennis Bradley, in this case, relates how a Scandinavian gentleman who had lived many years in South Africa, called upon him, asking if he could supply the name of a reliable medium. Bradley, who had previously obtained exceptionally good evidence from a Mrs. Scales, naturally recommended her to his visitor, who, though not a spiritualist, had read *Towards the Stars* and *The Wisdom of the Gods*. He was an intelligent man and wished to experiment, as certain and important events had recently happened in his life, of which occurrences he did not inform Bradley at this time. The visitor said quite frankly that he was very skeptical so far as the subject was concerned, and to safeguard his anonymity Bradley took good care that Mrs. Scales did not learn his name through him.

The visitor returned after the sitting and informed Bradley of the circumstances of his case. He was anxious to meet a medium as his wife had been mysteriously murdered in South Africa and the murderer had not been discovered.

The communications that purported to come from his wife were astonishing. The medium minutely described his house and farm in South Africa and the exact position and outlook of the room in which his wife was murdered. The exact position in which his wife's body was found was also described and the statement was made that she had been shot by a black man employed on a neighboring farm.

The sitter agreed that all the details described were quite correct, except that the guilt of the native, though a logical surmise, could never be proved.

<sup>1</sup> Bradley, H. Dennis, *And After* (London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.), 63.

## Chapter 7

### CROSS-CORRESPONDENCE

THE theory of cross-correspondence is that a word or words given through one medium is stated later through another, or that an idea partly conveyed in one case is completed and extended through a second or third.

The theory—to eliminate from mediumistic communication the hypothesis of telepathy between the living—has been credited to the deceased personality of F. W. H. Myers, as it was noticed after his death in 1901 that in scripts of various sensitives, fragmentary utterances were found supplementing each other which, when collected and put together, gave a coherent idea in each instance.

Miss Alice Johnson, research officer of the S.P.R., was the first to observe this connection. Many cases are to be found in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R., requiring the ingenuity of those who attempted to solve them—men of classical and scientific education.

It was the S.P.R. that first inaugurated the cross-correspondences, and except for some sporadic work through the mediums Valiantine and Mrs. Crandon, and a few French sensitives, little has been done in this respect by any other individuals or organizations.

#### CASE NO. 71

#### *The Hope, Star and Browning Case*<sup>1</sup>

Eight individuals took part in this experiment if we allow that the deceased F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Richard Hodgson still functioned on "the other side"; Mrs. Piper in London and Mrs. Verrall and Miss Verrall in Cambridge were the automatists, while Miss Alice Johnson, Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. J. G. Piddington were the sitters.

Miss Johnson expressed the idea in the *Proceedings*:<sup>2</sup>

"About a month after the cross-correspondence just described had occurred, viz., in April, 1906, the theory that cross-correspondences were

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXII, XXVII.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, XXVII.

expressly designed to provide evidence for something transcending telepathy between the minds of the automatists was first definitely formulated. . . . In the autumn of the same year Mr. Piddington and I, in view of the sittings with Mrs. Piper which were about to be held in London, devised the experiment of a 'Latin message' to be addressed to Myers in Latin. The original version of the message was as follows: 'We are aware of the scheme of cross-correspondences which you are transmitting through various mediums, and we hope you will go on with them. Try also to give to A and B two different messages, between which no connection is discernible. Then as soon as possible give to C a third message which will reveal the hidden connection.' It appeared to us that if the experiment succeeded and cross-correspondences of the desired type occurred, they would afford almost conclusive evidence of a mind external to those of all the automatists, and might afford strong evidence of the identity of his mind."

Dr. A. W. Verrall, a distinguished classical scholar, translated into Ciceronian Latin this message:

"Diversis internuntiis quod invicem inter se respondentia jamdudum committis, id nec fallit nos consilium, et vehementer probamus. Unum accesserit gratissimum nobis, si, cum duobus quibusdam ea tradideris, inter quae hullus appareat nexus, postea quam primum rem per tertium aliquem ita perficias, ut latens illud in prioribus explicetur."

This message, though given now in one paragraph, was only given in sentences later to Mrs. Piper, as will be seen from the two or three pages that follow.

This Latin message, according to Mr. J. G. Piddington, may be rendered thus literally in English:

"As to the fact that (*quod*) for some time past you have been entrusting (*committis*) to different intermediaries (or messengers) things which correspond mutually between themselves, we have observed your design, and we cordially approve it. One thing besides this most agreeable to us will have happened (i.e., You will even add to our pleasure) if, when you shall have delivered to two particular persons things between which no connection is apparent, afterwards as soon as possible through some third person you so complete the matter (or business) that which was latent in the first two messages may be revealed."

It is well to state at this stage the knowledge the three automatists possessed concerning the experiment. According to Miss Johnson, (a) Mrs. Verrall was fully acquainted with it, (b) Miss Verrall must be assumed to know something about it, since she was present at the sitting of December 19, 1906, when part of the message was dictated to the entranced Mrs. Piper, (c) to Mrs. Piper the subject was mentioned only when she was in trance, and the message was dictated in Latin to the trance-personalities.

Did the ignorance or knowledge on the part of the three automatists affect the value of the cross-correspondence? Miss Johnson thought not: "The knowledge or ignorance of the automatists about the Latin message had of course no bearing on the evidential value of the cross-correspondences, but it might have some effect on the wording of the script."

On December 17, 1906, the experiment commenced in London by Mr. J. G. Piddington giving to Myers p.<sup>1</sup> the first nine words of the Latin message, pronouncing each word syllable by syllable and spelling it letter by letter, which plan he maintained till the Latin message was concluded. Furthermore, at this sitting, Mr. Piddington emphasized to Rector (Mrs. Piper's control, acting on behalf of Myers): "I attach great importance to the message and its being correctly transmitted. One object in sending this message in Latin is to see whether Myers can understand it; to show that he must send an *intelligent* reply to it, not merely such a reply as 'I understand,' or 'Yes' or 'No,' but a reply which will show that he has grasped the purport of it."

The clock struck twelve as Mr. Piddington reached the word *committis*, and at that exact moment Mrs. Verrall in Cambridge began to write:

"Revolving axes  
 Revolving spheres the mystic music make.  
 Revolving spheres the harmony began  
 Harmonious sound scarce audible to man  
 Then from every several unit of the whole  
 Joined the majestic music of the Soul  
 No! No!

Majestic music

No—you don't see what I want—begin again.

Revolving spheres the harmony began—

<sup>1</sup> Meaning F. W. H. Myers purporting to be communicating through Mrs. Piper; Myers v, through Mrs. Verrall.



A diapason manifest to man—  
 Each single unit played its several part  
 Discoursing symphony with godsent art,  
 Till the majestic music of the whole  
 Throbbled in pulsation—and the throbbing Soul  
 Saw through the sound the burning of the flame  
 Felt the lost Presence—to the Presence came.”

In Mr. Piddington's opinion the lines:

“Each single unit played its several part  
 Discoursing symphony with godsent art,  
 Till the majestic music of the whole  
 Throbbled in pulsation—and the throbbing Soul  
 Saw through the sound the burning of the flame”

pointed to the poem *Abt Vogler*, the basis of this cross-correspondence, and he placed special emphasis on the phrase:

“and the throbbing Soul  
 Saw through the sound the burning of the flame”

as bearing a strong connection with the line:

“That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star”

in Browning's poem *Abt Vogler*.

Later, it will be observed how the idea of the star became a very important factor in this cross-correspondence.

On December 19, with Miss Verrall present, Mr. Piddington gave more words of the Latin message, on December 24 thirteen more, then on December 31 he carried on to the word *rem* in the second sentence. At this meeting Rector said, “We have in part understood and conveyed your message to your friend Myers and he is delighted to receive it so far as he has been able to receive it.” At the next sitting on January 2, 1907, Rector wrote: “Hodgson is helping Myers with his translation”—a very interesting remark, as subsequent developments show. Later at this sitting Myers p. said that the message impressed him and he offered to translate it into English, but Mr. Piddington replied that he did not wish that; all he wanted from Myers p. was an answer indicating that he understood its



purport. Myers p. replied, "I quite understand and I will certainly do so." Then Mr. Piddington gave him the rest of the Latin message.

On January 16, Mr. Piddington suggested to Myers p. that it would be a good idea when giving a cross-correspondence if he would sign it with a symbol, such as a triangle within a circle, to show a connection where such was intended between the scripts. Myers p. thought this was a reasonable suggestion and replied that he would be glad to try this.

On January 23, Myers p. said, "I should like to go over the first and second sentences of our Latin message . . . I believe I can send you a message which will please you if I can understand it clearly," and that night Mrs. Verrall wrote:

*"Justice holds the scales.*

That gives the words but an anagram would be better.

Tell him that—rats, star, tars, and so on. Try this.

It has been tried before RTATS re-arrange these five letters or again

tears

stare

seam

same

and so on.

Skeat takes Kate's Keats stake steak

But the letters you should give tonight are not so many—only three—ast."

Myers p. did not refer to the Latin message, but on January 28 and February 3 Mrs. Verrall and Miss Verrall wrote respectively, and it is emphasized that Miss Verrall knew nothing of her mother's script:

MRS. VERRALL—January 28

*"Aster (a star)*

*Repas (a sign or wonder)*

The world's wonder

And all a wonder and a wild desire—

The very wings of her.

A WINGED DESIRE

ὑπόπτερος ἔρωσ (winged love)

Then there is Blake

And mocked my loss of liberty.

But it is all the same thing—the winged desire ἔρως ποθεινός (passion)  
the hope that leaves the earth for the sky—*Abt Vogler* for earth too hard  
that found itself or lost itself—in the sky.

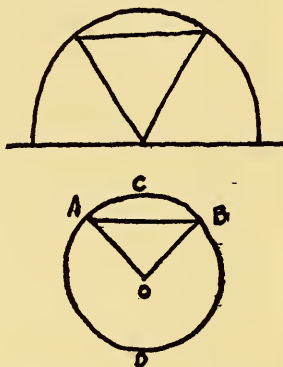
That is what I want.

On the earth the broken sounds  
threads

In the sky the perfect arc

The C Major of this life.

But your recollection is at fault



ADB is the part that unseen completes the arc."

MISS VERRALL—February 3

"A green jerkin and hose and doublet where the song birds pipe their  
tune in the early morning, *therapeutikos ek exotikon* (a healer from  
aliens)



a monogram

The crescent moon

remember that



and the star

like a thunder riven oak the grim remains  
Stand on the level desolation of the plains

A record for all ages of the span  
which nature gives to the weak labor of a man."



bird

On February 11 Mr. Piddington was informed by Myers p. that "Hope," "Star," and "Browning" had been referred to in a script of Mrs. Verrall's.

On February 15 Miss Verrall was told by her mother that a cross-correspondence had been made and was given the words "Planet," "Mars," "Virtue," and "Keats," instead of "Hope," "Star," and "Browning," to prevent her script from being influenced.

On February 17 Miss Verrall wrote:

"androsace (?) Carthusian candelabrum



many together



that was a sign she will understand when she sees it.

diapason δια πασων ρυθμος (rhythm through all)

no arts avail

the heavenly harmony ως εφη οπλατων (sic)

(as Plato says)

the mystic three (?)

and a star above it all

rats everywhere in Hamelin town.

now do you understand? Henry."

On February 27 Myers p. informed Mr. Piddington that "Hope," "Star," and "Browning" were his reply to the Latin message, and on March 6, 13, and 20 said that Mrs. Verrall had been given a circle and triangle, in addition to the words "Hope," "Star," and "Browning."

On April 8, when Mrs. Sedgwick was the sitter, the following conversation ensued:

MYERS P. (after referring to the Latin message and poem): **Inside a circle.**

MRS. S.: **Oh! a circle. Yes, I remember.**

MYERS P.: As it suggested it to my mind . . . I then drew or tried to draw a star.

MRS. S.: **I see, you drew a star.**

MYERS P.: And I did so, so you would understand that I understood the message.

MRS. S.: Yes.

MYERS P.: And I did this.



MRS. S.: Yes, there was a star drawn.

MYERS P.: I drew it so you would understand that I did it, also a crescent.

MRS. S.: **Do you remember the name of the poem?**

MYERS P.: That is what I am trying to get through here. . . . **I was very much afraid my message would not be understood, therefore I drew a star to make sure.**

MRS. S.: I see.

MYERS P.: That I did understand and I will try to give you the name again. . . . **I am most anxious to make Rector understand the name of the poem.**

It will be seen from the foregoing that **Myers p. declared that he had drawn a star and a crescent through another automatist.** Myers p. stated that he had Browning's poem *Abt Vogler* in mind, when Mrs. Sidgwick returned on April 24. **He also said that he had given the words "Hope," "Star," and "Browning" as the answer, then he continued:**

**"Now, dear Mrs. Sidgwick, in future have no doubt or fear of so-called death, as there is none, as there is certainly intelligent life beyond it."**

MRS. S.: Yes, it's a great comfort.

MYERS P.: Yes, and I have helped to proclaim it for you all.

MRS. S.: You have indeed.

Towards the end of this sitting Myers p. explained that it was "the uncertainty of Abt and the faith which he held" that reminded him of his own experience and made him quote the poem.

When Mrs. Sidgwick asked him why he chose *Abt Vogler* as his reply to the Latin message, he said:

"I chose that because of the appropriate conditions mentioned in it which appealed to my own life. Understand?"

MRS. S.: I see.

MYERS P.: And nothing I could think of so completely answered it to my mind as those special words.

On May 7, again to Mrs. Sidgwick, he said:

"Now one word more, Mrs. S., my reply was about the poem, and long ago I gave the word 'music' which came to me as appropriate to my answer and understanding of the message."

MRS. S.: Yes. Quite right.

MYERS P.: You must patch things together as best you can. Remember we do not give odd or singular words without a deep or hidden meaning."

On May 7, Myers p. emphasized the quotation from *Abt Vogler*:

"If instead of a fourth came a star (here an incomplete drawing of a star was made) . . . In my Passion to reach you clearly I have made Rector try to draw a star for me so there can be no *mistake*."

MRS. S.: No, there can be no mistake.

MYERS P.: Now are you satisfied?

MRS. S.: Yes, quite.

At this point let us leave Myers communicating through Mrs. Piper and see the effect he had on the scripts of Mrs. Verrall and Miss Verrall. The starting-point is the script of Mrs. Verrall which commenced as Mr. Piddington had just given Rector the first nine words of the Latin message. "Music" or "Harmony" is the predominant theme of this script—"music" is stated four different times, which becomes interesting when we consider that Myers p. stated that "long ago" he had given the word "music." The critic may well ask, "Why should we credit to Myers this

script of Mrs. Verrall's which is unsigned?" Mr. Piddington replies thus: "In spite of the absence of signature I have no hesitation in attributing the script of December 17 to Myers v., for not only is it in the same style as many of the signed communications of this personality, but as Mrs. Verrall herself pointed out . . . some of its phraseology is certainly borrowed from a verse-translation of F. W. H. Myers." Myers' translation of two Greek oracles, published in *Essays Classical*, pp. 97-100, is the work referred to, and the particular quotation is:

"O God ineffable, eternal Sire,  
Throned on the whirling spheres, the astral fire,  
Hid in whose heart the whole creation lies,—  
The whole *world's wonder* mirrored in thine eyes,

Thee the first Number and harmonious whole  
Form in all forms, and of all souls the Soul.

Once by God's grace was from thine eyes unfurled  
This veil that screens the immense and whirling world,  
Once, while the spheres around thee in music ran,  
Was very Beauty manifest to man. . . ."

In the phraseology of this script Mr. Piddington also noticed evidences of this quotation from Dryden's *Hymn for St. Cecilia's Day*:

"From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony  
This universal frame began.  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in man.

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move."

Mrs. Verrall's script of December 17 was not the only one to express the ideas of Dryden's poems, for Miss Verrall's script of February 17 contained the words "heavenly harmony" and "diapason"—actual quotations from it. Mr. Piddington pointed out that the occurrence in both scripts



of the word "diapason," in addition to the fact that the "Harmony" of Mrs. Verrall's script clearly indicates a heavenly harmony, bringing these two scripts into contact with each other. Not only did Miss Verrall's script of February 17 link up with Mrs. Verrall's of December 17, but it connected with her one of February 3 as the following items show: In both scripts the word "star" and a drawing of this symbol appears, and the script of February 3 contains the first hint to Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, in the words "pie" and "a healer from the aliens." The February 17 script has a marked reference to this poem in the words "rats everywhere in Hamelin town," and further these two scripts of Miss Verrall have points in common with that of Mrs. Verrall of January 28. As Mrs. Verrall was forwarding the latter script to Mr. Piddington she wrote on the back of the envelope a note suggesting that the words in it, i.e., "wings," "winged," and "Vogler" (Vogel) might be an attempt at the word "birds." Now, Miss Verrall's script of February 3 contained—like that of Mrs. Verrall's of January 28—the word "star" and the allusion to Browning already observed, while in her February 17 script the drawing of a star preceding the words "that was a sign she (Mrs. Verrall) will understand when she sees it" and "a star above it all" is clearly related to the "aster" (star sign) of the January 28 script.

The reader will have noticed that Browning and his poem *Abt Vogler* permeate the scripts of February 3 and 17 and the word "hope" appeared in this script in the line before that in which *Abt Vogler* is mentioned in this fashion. In the script the phrase "the hope that leaves the earth for the sky" is an apparent error of the phrase in the poem which reads, "The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky." Mrs. Verrall knew this and wrote in a letter to Mr. Piddington on February 15, "I knew perfectly well when I read the script that it should have been 'passion' which left the ground for the sky—and I was annoyed at this blunder!"

Mr. Piddington at first thought the scripts were meaningless and it was Myers p. that enlightened him at the February 11 sitting by saying that he had given the words "Hope," "Star," and "Browning" to Mrs. Verrall, whereupon Mr. Piddington re-read the scripts and observed that they did contain allusions to these words. He then read *Abt Vogler* for the first time and was immediately impressed by the extraordinary

aptness of the answer to the second sentence of the Latin message which could be taken from one of the only passages in the poem in which the word "star" occurs:

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,  
 Existent behind all laws, that made them and, lo, they are!  
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,  
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.  
 Consider it well; each tone of our scale itself is nought;  
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:  
 Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:  
 And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

Mr. Piddington summed up the appropriateness of this stanza by saying: "Were one to search English literature for a quotation pertinent to the experiment suggested in the Latin message, it would be difficult to find one more felicitous than these lines from stanza vii of *Abt Vogler*." He explained his reason for thinking it was this stanza which Myers p. had in mind. He first noticed that the word "star" was emphasized both in Mrs. Verrall's and Miss Verrall's script, and then after reading *Abt Vogler* he was specially struck with the aptness of "*aster repas*," the opening words of the second script, to the star in the poem which was framed out of "three sounds" and was "both a sign and a wonder." The "broken sounds" of the script also seemed suggestive of this particular stanza. Later, Mr. Piddington found his reasoning reinforced by this definition of *repas* given in Liddell and Scott's *Greek English Dictionary*: "Any appearance or event in which men believed they could see the finger of God," and this definition occurred in the actual phrase of stanza vii—"But here is the finger of God."

Also, the phrase "Justice holds the scales" resembled "each tone of our scale," which belief was strengthened when Myers p. in a sitting on May 7 succeeded in giving the word "scale" and so completed the quotation, "In my passion to scale the sky." This play on the three different meanings of the word scales has a definite meaning, quite in keeping with the nature of this experiment in which anagrams played an important part.

The words διὰ πασῶν γυθμός in Miss Verrall's script of February 17

also suggested the lines, "each tone of our scale in itself is nought, It is everywhere in the world," while the phrase "the mystic three" before the words "the heavenly harmony" recalled to his mind "the three sounds" of stanza vii.

The similarity of the anagrams and the emphasis placed on "star" in the scripts of January 23 and February 17 shows that a connection was established between these two scripts. When Mr. Piddington read the February 17 script which contained the words "rats, star, arts, etc.," he felt that he had seen these anagrams before and he could not rid himself of this impression as he seemed to remember having seen them in Dr. Hodgson's handwriting among papers in Boston, Mass. He wrote to Dr. Hodgson's executors in the United States asking them to look through his papers for one containing the words "rats, star, arts, etc.," and in August, 1907, he received from Mr. Henry James a sheet of paper on which in Dr. Hodgson's own handwriting were the following anagrams:

Rates		Teresh	Star	
Stare		Esther	Tars	
Tears	Aster	Hester	Rats	(Coal) Tars
Tears		He rest	Arts	
Tares		Rest he	Tras	
Are st		Threes		
St are		Here st		
A rest	There's			
Rest a				

"I confess," said Mr. Piddington, "that when this paper came into my hands I felt as I suppose people do who have seen a ghost for, though not surprised to see the 'rats, arts, star' anagrams, I was positively startled when I saw the anagram, 'rates, tears, aster,' etc., of which I had no recollection whatever." Mr. Piddington also found correspondence which showed that F. W. H. Myers and Dr. Hodgson had been exchanging anagrams for about six years, and on a postcard dated 1896, F. W. H. Myers had written, "As many and grammatic anagrams as you like.—F. W. H. M." This coincidence is very suggestive when it is remembered that Dr. Hodgson was stated to be assisting F. W. H. Myers and anagrams

came naturally to both, while Mrs. Verrall was not interested in them.

Mr. Piddington drew attention to another point. Dr. Hodgson when living and Mrs. Verrall and Miss Verrall in script had made anagrams of the word "star," yet all had omitted a very obvious one—"Tsar"! Further, Dr. Hodgson and Mrs. Verrall also composed a five letter anagram on "Aster." The reader will remember that in the Myers p. sitting of January 2, Rector had declared that *Hodgson was helping Myers with his translation.*

The anagrams produced by Miss Verrall were not a mere jumble of words, but each had a distinct bearing on the cross-correspondence. "Star" is obviously one of the three words emphasized by Myers p.; "rats" has a distinct reference to Browning; and "arts" in the phrase, "No arts avail," when taken with the phrases, "the heavenly harmony," "the mystic three," and "a star above it all," all point, as Miss Alice Johnson says, to the following lines from *Abt Vogler*:

"It (i.e. both painting and poetry) is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws . . .

But here (i.e. in music) is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can.

That out of the three sounds he frame, not the fourth sound but a star."

The "Hope," "Star," and "Browning" case fulfills the requirements of the Latin message. A complex set of references were alluded to and implied in the scripts of Mrs. Verrall and Miss Verrall, which, taken by themselves, were meaningless, and it was only when, through Mrs. Piper, the words were given outright that the whole problem was solved.

On cross-correspondences Mr. Piddington wrote:

"On the problem of the real identity of this directing mind . . . the only opinion I can hold with confidence is this: that if it was not the mind of Frederic Myers, it was one which deliberately and artistically imitated his mental characteristics."

#### CASE NO. 72

#### *The Ear of Dionysius Case*<sup>1</sup>

Strictly speaking, this is not a cross-correspondence, but it has been included here because the complexity of its nature attains the same

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXIX, 197-243.

purpose, and furthermore, the knowledge displayed by one of the communicators was not in the minds of the investigators, but ultimately found in a very obscure book, known to be the property of and used by that communicator.

Some people—men of classical and scientific training, and well qualified to judge such matters—consider this the most convincing evidence to be found in one single case.

On August 26, 1910, Mrs. A. W. Verrall held a sitting with Mrs. Willett, an automatist of good position, whose *bona fides* and integrity were well known to the S.P.R. At this sitting the following words were recorded by Mrs. Verrall: "Dionysius Ear the lobe." The word "Dionysius" was given the Italian pronunciation. Mrs. Verrall noted the phrase but could not attach any significance to it.

The "Ear of Dionysius" is a kind of grotto in the quarries at Syracuse on the island of Sicily, in which quarries Dionysius the Tyrant kept his prisoners of war. On account of its shape, and as it had the properties of a whispering gallery, it became known as the "Ear of Dionysius" because he was reputed to have hidden himself in it in order to overhear the conversation of the prisoners. Although Mrs. Willett had been in Italy and spoke Italian, she had never visited Sicily, though she may have heard of the grotto, one of the attractions of Syracuse.

About two years after the sitting, Mrs. Verrall's husband, Dr. A. W. Verrall, died.

On January 10, 1914, though Sir Oliver Lodge was the sitter with Mrs. Willett, reference was made directly to Mrs. Verrall as the following extract shows:

*Do you remember you did not know and I complained of your classical ignorance. IGNORANCE. It concerned a place where slaves were kept—and Audition belongs, also Acoustics. Think of the whispering Gally<sup>1</sup> (sic).*

*To toil, a slave, the Tyrant—and it was called Orrechio—that's ear.*

*One ear, a one-eared place . . . a one-eared person. You did not know (or remember) about it when it came up in conversation, and I said Well what is the use of a classical education.*

*Where were the fields of Enna?*



(Drawing of an ear.)

*an ear ly (sic) pipe could be heard.*

*To sail for Syracuse.*

*Who beat the loud-sounding wave, who smote the moving furrows*

*The heel of the boot.*

*Dy Dy and then you think of Diana Dimorphism.*

*To fly to find Euripides.*

*Not the Pauline Philemon.*

*This sort of thing is more difficult to do than it looks.*

After her sitting in 1910, Mrs. Verrall had asked her husband what was meant by the words "Ear of Dionysius," who, after expressing surprise at her ignorance, duly enlightened her. Lord Balfour, one of the investigators in this case, knew of the foregoing conversation between Dr. and Mrs. Verrall and had a faint recollection of relating it to Mrs. Willett, who failed to remember it.

The allusions in the script are explained as follows:

*Orrechio* is the Italian word for ear; Enna is a Sicilian town. It was on the fields of Enna that the rape of Proserpine occurred. An "ear-ly" pipe is apparently a pun on the word ear. The route followed by the Athenian fleet in the war against Syracuse is indicated by the sentences: "To sail for Syracuse," "Who beat the sounding wave, etc.," and "The heel of the boot." "To fly to find Euripides" refers to Browning's poem *Aristophanes' Apology*, in which Balaustion tells Philemon that she had sent the original tablets of Euripides' play, *Hercules Furens*, which he had given to her as a parting gift, to Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse. This poem had not been read by Mrs. Willett, but she had seen references to it in the reports of an earlier cross-correspondence, "Euripides," published in the *Proceedings*.

The next sitting was held on February 28, 1914, and this time Lord Balfour was the sitter. The following extracts pertaining to the case were in the script, and to assist the reader the sources of the quotations are given in parentheses:

*Some confusion may appear in the matter transmitted, but there is now being started an experiment, not a new experiment but a new subject, and not exactly that but a new line which joins with a subject already got through.*



*a little anatomy if you please.*

*Add one to one.*

*One Ear X (sic) one eye.*

*(Then the drawing of an ear and an eye in a circle.)*

*The one eyed kingdom.*

*no, in the K. of the Blind the 1 eyed man is King.*

*It is about a 1 eyed man* ("man" was crossed out in the original).

*1 eyed.*

*The entrance to the cave Arethusa.*

*Arethusa is only to indicate it does not belong to the 1 eyed.*

*A Fountain on the Hill Side.*

*(Then a drawing of a volcano or smoking mountain.)*

*What about Baulastion (sic).*

*(Then a drawing of a boot.)*

*(Laughs.) Supposed to be a Wellington Boot.*

*12 little nigger boys thinking not of Styx.*

*Some were eaten up and then there were Six. Six.*

*(At this point Mrs. Willett ceased to write and began dictating to the sitter.)*

*Someone said—Oh, I'll try, I'll try. Oh, someone's showing me a picture and talking at the same time.*

*Someone said to me, Homer . . .*

*Nor sights nor sounds diurnal.*

*Here where all winds are quiet.*

*(Swinburne, The Garden of Proserpine.)*

*. . . It's about a cave and a group of men. Somebody then—a trident, rather like a toasting fork, I think.*

*Poseidon. Poseidon.*

*Who said it was. It may be that the gulfs will wash us down—find the great Achilles that we knew (Tennyson's Ulysses).*

*He's got a flaming torch in his hand. And then someone said to me, Can't you think of Noah and the grapes?*

*Optics—Oh! that, you know* (putting a finger to her eye).

*. . . Somebody said to me, Don't forget about Henry Sidgwick that he pleased not himself. Do you know that he used to work when he hated working. I mean sometimes he had to grind along without enjoying what*

he was doing. *That's what I'm trying to do now. Do you know that man with the glittering eyes I once saw? He hit me with one word now.*

(Note by Lord Balfour: Here Mrs. Willett traced a word with one finger along the margin of the paper. I failed to make it out and handed the pencil to her, whereupon she wrote.)

*Aristotle.*

(Dictation resumed.) *And Poetry, the language of the Gods, Somebody killed a President once and called out—something in Latin, and I only heard one word of it. Tironius, Tiranus, Tiranius—something about sic.* (Note by Lord Balfour: "Sic semper tyrannis"—uttered by Booth when he murdered Lincoln. . . .)

*What is a tyrant?*

*Lots of wars—a siege I hear the sound of chipping. It's on stone.*

*Fin and something gleba. Find—Oh, it's got to do with the serf. It's about a man who said it was better—Oh! a shade among the shades. Better to be a slave among the living, he said.*

*Oh, the toil—Woe to the vanquished.*

*That one eye has got something to do with the one ear. That's what they wanted me to say. There's such a mass of things, you see, rushing through my mind that I can't catch anything.*

(A pause and then sobbing.) *He was turned into a fountain that sort of Stephen man, he was turned into a fountain. WHY? That's the point. WHY?*

*Oh, dear me! Now I seem to be walking about a school and I met a dark boy, and—it's the name of a Field Marshal I'm trying to get, a German name. And then something says, All this is only memories revived: it's got nothing to do with the purely literary. There are two people in that literary thing, chiefly concerned in it. They're very close friends—they've thought it all out together.*

*Somebody said something about Father Cam walking down arm in arm—with the Canongate? What does that mean?*

*Enough for this time. There is sense in that which has been got through though some disentanglement is needed. A literary association of ideas pointing to the influence of two discarnate minds.*

Many of the subjects of the scripts were again raised and need not be repeated, but may be briefly stated:

The Ear of Dionysius.

The stone quarries in which the vanquished Athenians worked.

Enna (indirectly suggested by a quotation from *The Garden of Proserpine*).

Syracuse (Wars—a Siege and Arethusa).

The heel of Italy (Wellington boot).

The adventures of Balaustion.

Furthermore, it was stated that an experiment was being engineered by two discarnate friends—Professor Henry Butcher and Dr. A. W. Verrall, and Mrs. Verrall was to be kept strictly in ignorance of it. The phrase, "Father Cam walking arm in arm with the Canongate" signified the friendship between the two men. Dr. A. W. Verrall was the Cambridge man while Professor Butcher was a Professor of Greek in Edinburgh. (The Canongate is a well-known street in Scotland's capital.)

Two new subjects were introduced into this Balfour script—the stories of Polyphemus and Ulysses from Homer, and Acis and Galatea from Ovid. The first story relates how Ulysses with twelve men, seeking shelter in the country of the Cyclopes, were captured by Polyphemus, the one-eyed son of the sea-god Poseidon, who began to devour them two at a time. Ulysses and the survivors made Polyphemus drunk; then, burning out his eye with a flaming stick, made their escape by concealing themselves under the bellies of sheep.

According to tradition, the cave is situated in Sicily, though Homer makes no mention of it in his writings.

In the other story, the one-eyed cyclops also plays the part of the villain. Acis and Galatea are lovers, and Polyphemus, mad with rage and jealousy at the former, hurls a mighty rock at his rival and crushes him to death. Galatea changes her lover into a stream that issues from a fountain out of the stone that killed him. A clue to this story is the fact that Stephen, the apostle, met his death in the same manner as Acis.

The case was continued on March 2, 1914, when Lord Balfour again was the sitter.

*Aristotelian to the Hegelian friend greeting.* (The Aristotelian is Professor Butcher, who had written a book on Aristotle.) *Also the Rationalist to the Hegelian friend greeting.* (Dr. Verrall had written a book, *Euripides the Rationalist*, and Lord Balfour was the Hegelian.)

*These twain be about a particular task and now proceed with it.*

(Then a zither was drawn.)

*A zither that belongs the sound also stones, the tool of prisoners and captives beneath the Tyrant's rod.*

*The Stag not stag, do go on.*

*Stagyr write rite.*

(Mrs. Willett ceased writing and commenced to dictate.)

*Somebody said to me Mousike.*

*Do you know, it's an odd thing, I can see Edmund* (i.e., Edmund Gurney) . . .

*What does Ars Poetica mean.*

*Edmund said to me Juvenal also wrote satires—and then he laughed and said, Good shot.*

*The pen is mightier than the sword. Oh, it's so confusing—stones belong, and so does the pen. Oh!*

*Somebody said, Try her with the David story. She might get it that way. The man he sent to battle hoping he'd get killed, because he wanted him out of the way.*

*A green-eyed monster.*

*Now all of a sudden I had it. Jealousy, that first infirmity of petty minds.*

*What does the Sicilian Artemis mean?*

*Such an odd old human story of long ago.*

*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

*What is an ear made for?*

*Oh, this old bothersome old rubbish is so tiresome.*

(Mrs. Willett commenced writing again and first drew an ear and a circle.)

*Find the center* (Here she added an eye in the circle).

*Gurney says she has done enough, but there is more, much more later. Until the effort is completed the portions as they come are not to be seen by any other AUTOMATIST. E. G.*

The question, "Why was Acis changed into a fountain?" is answered by the passages, "Try her with the David story," "A green-eyed monster," and "Jealousy," etc. Zither, Mousike, Stagyr, and *Ars Poetica* are refer-

ences to Aristotle, the Stagyrite, and incidentally to Professor Butcher, who wrote a treatise on Aristotle's *Poetics*. There is also a further association from the subject of poetics to satire, one of the classical forms of poetry, and Juvenal was one of the classical satirists.

At this point the following list of topics has been presented:

The Ear of Dionysius.

The stone quarries of Syracuse.

The story of Polyphemus and Ulysses.

The story of Acis and Galatea.

Jealousy.

Music.

Something to be found in Aristotle's *Poetics*.

Satire.

The investigators so far had not been able to find the connecting link. On August 2, 1915, when Mrs. Verrall had another sitting, the script contained the following items:

*Ecate.*

*The aural instruction was I think understood, aural pertaining to the Ear.*

*and now he asks: HAS the satire satire been identified.*

*Surely you have had my messages concerning it (it) belongs to the Ear and comes in.*

*It has a thread. Did they not tell you of references to a cave?*

*The mild eyed melancholy Lotus Eaters came.*

*That belongs to the passage immediately before the one I am now trying to speak of. Men in a cave, herds.*

*listen, don't talk.* (Mrs. Verrall had repeated two words, half aloud.)

*herds and a great load of firewood and the EYE.*

*olive wood staff.*

*(Then a drawing something like an arrow head.)*

*the man clung to the fleece of a Ram and so passed out, surely that is plain.*

*Well, conjoin that with Cythera and the Ear-man. . . . Aristotle then Poetics. The incident was chosen as being evidential of identity and it arose out of the ear train of thought.*

*There is a Satire.*

*Write Cyclopean Masonry, why do you say masonry, I said Cyclopean. Philox. He labored in the stone quarries and drew upon the earlier writer for material for his Satire. Jealousy.*

*The story is quite clear to me and I think it should be identified.*

*A musical instrument comes in something like a mandolin thrumming, that is the sense of the word.*

*He wrote in those stone quarries belonging to the Tyrant.*

*Is any of this clear?*

*(Drawing of an Ear.)*

*You have to put Homer with another and the Ear theme is in it too. The pen dipped in vitriol that is what resulted and S. H.<sup>1</sup> knows the passage in Aristotle which also comes in. There's a fine tangle for your unravelling and he of the impatient will. Let her wait, try again, Edmund.*

*Sicily.*

*He says when you have identified the classical allusions he would like to be told.*

It will be observed now that though old subjects have been mentioned, a little fresh matter was added, and that extra matter solved the problem. The clues were "Cythera," "Cyclopean," "Philox," "He labored in the stone quarries and drew upon the earlier writer for material for his Satire," and "Jealousy."

Though little is known of Philoxenus of Cythera today, he was known to be a poet of some repute in his age and only to specialists in classical literature are his writings known, as few of his lines have been preserved.

"Philoxenus was a writer of dithyrambs, a species of irregular lyric poetry which combined music with verse, the musical instrument most generally employed being the zither, a kind of lyre. He was a native of Cythera and at the height of his reputation spent some time in Sicily at the court of Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse. He ultimately quarrelled with his patron and was sent to prison in one of the stone quarries."<sup>1</sup>

*Cyclops or Galatea* was his most famous poem—a burlesque on the love of Cyclops for the nymph, and in it Philoxenus represents himself as Odysseus, the Tyrant as Polyphemus, and as Dionysius was partially

<sup>1</sup> Professor S. H. Butcher was known to his friends by his first two initials.

<sup>2</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXIX, 232.



or wholly blind in one eye the poem may be well described as a satire.

Lord Balfour searched through various English authorities and books of reference in order to discover if there was any single modern source from which the story told in the scripts could be derived and was able to find only *two* that fulfilled that condition—Lemprière's Classical Dictionary and Dr. Herbert W. Smyth's *Greek Melic Poets*; certainly Mrs. Willett did not know they existed. The latter book was intended only for scholars and was not likely to attract the attention of the general public. Dr. A. W. Verrall was presented with a special copy of *Greek Melic Poets* by the publishers and used it as a textbook in connection with his lectures!

The leading topics presented in the scripts and combined into one narrative are to be found only in Philoxenus' poem, *Cyclops or Galatea*. Every item is accounted for: the setting, the stone quarries, and the "Ear of Dionysius." Ulysses, Polyphemus, and Galatea are the characters. The motive is jealousy; the zither and music describe the form of the poem—the dithyramb—and satire was the character of the poem.

The final script obtained by Lord Balfour on August 19, 1915, made it clear that the correct solution had been found.

Lord Balfour: First of all, Gurney, I want to tell you that all the classical allusions recently given to Mrs. Verrall are now completely understood.

*Good—at last!*

Lord Balfour: We think the whole combination extremely ingenious and successful.

*And A. W.-ish.*

Lord Balfour: What is after "A. W."?

*A. W.-ish.*

Lord Balfour: Yes.

*Also S. H.-ish.*

A. W. and S. H. are, of course, Dr. A. W. Verrall and Professor S. H. Butcher.

The six members of the investigating group: Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. J. G. Piddington, Mrs. Sidgwick, Miss Alice Johnson, Mrs. Verrall and Lord Balfour, did not know anything about Philoxenus of Cythera until the hint "Philo" in the script set Mrs. Verrall on the right track. It

seems evident that this complex literary puzzle could have been designed only by ripe and classical scholars, and Dr. A. W. Verrall and Professor S. H. Butcher were entitled to that distinction. It should be noted throughout the scripts that the communicators claiming to be Dr. A. W. Verrall and Professor S. H. Butcher distinctly stated that a complex problem had been deliberately set, and allusions and quotations given to assist in the solution for one purpose only, viz., the proving of their identity.

## Chapter 8

### BOOK-TESTS

THIS curious phenomenon, known as "book-tests," designed to eliminate telepathy from the living as an alternative explanation to the survival theory, is, in a certain sense, an offshoot or extension of the cross-correspondence idea.

The method consists of a communication specifying the number of a page in a book, indicated only by its numbered place on a given shelf in a bookcase whose location is indicated, in a house which the medium has not entered. The idea is that a paragraph shall be found on that page by the sitter, who follows the instruction and identifies the book, which paragraph shall sufficiently convey an intended message, or shall show a similarity in thought to what has otherwise been said, or shall be appropriate to the actual or past connection of communicator and intended recipient.

Probably the first book-test was unconsciously invented by Sir William Crookes, when a lady was writing with a planchette and Crookes asked the controlling intelligence if he could see the contents of the room. On receiving an affirmative answer Crookes placed his finger on a copy of *The Times*, and asked that the communicator indicate the word that his finger covered. The planchette wrote the word "However," which was correct, and the scientist had not glanced at the paper as he wished to rule out the theory of "unconscious cerebration," a phrase equivalent to our modern telepathy.

The newspaper tests of the Rev. C. Brayton Thomas, which he conducted with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, are similar in idea to book-tests. The communicating intelligences gave names one day that were printed in certain columns and pages of the next day's *Times*, and the results obtained were very striking, as neither the compositor nor the editor of that paper could tell at the hour when Mr. Thomas was sitting what particular item would appear in next day's issue. Newspaper tests have not been included in this book, but readers desiring to know something

of them will find accounts in Mr. Thomas' book, *Some Recent Evidence for Survival*.

## CASE NO. 73

*The Beetles Case*<sup>1</sup>

In 1921, Lady Pamela Glenconner published *The Earthen Vessel*, containing twenty-seven examples of book-tests, from which this case is quoted. Lady Glenconner considered that this example was the finest in her collection, providing abundant proof of the identity of the communicator, her son, Edward Wyndham Tennant, known in his family as "Bim," who had fallen in the battle of the Somme in 1916, while serving with the Grenadier Guards.

Previous to 1914, his father, Lord Glenconner, was interested in forestry to such an extent that in order to learn more of the subject he went to Germany in 1901 to study the forests grown there under government supervision. Although he gathered much useful information from the Germans, he did not entirely agree with them on the extreme regularity and severity with which their forests were laid out; yet he planned his own woods and plantations more carefully and intelligently than many owners of such estates in Britain.

"His eye became trained to a higher state of perfection to growing trees than is the case in most people, for often during walks through the fragrant fir woods, when expressions of admiration or delight in the lovely scenery arose, how often would the depressing verdict be uttered by 'The Master of Trees' that the young shoots were being ruined by the 'beetle.'"

"You see all those quirks—those sudden bends in the new growths? Those show the beetle has got at them. You wouldn't see the damage to the young trees as I do, and it's the greatest pest we have to deal with . . ." and much more of the like in conversation. So familiar was the theme to the family that Bim has been known to say to his mother, *sotto voce*, "See if we get through this wood without hearing about the beetle." If his father was unduly pessimistic about something, Bim would say, "All the woods have got the beetle."

<sup>1</sup> Glenconner, Lady Pamela, *The Earthen Vessel* (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head), 58-61.

Light words, almost forgotten, hardly worth remembering, yet it was Bim himself who brought them back to his mother's mind.

A sitting was held with Mrs. Osborne Leonard on December 17, 1917, and Feda (Mrs. Leonard's control), after giving other messages, said: "Bim now wants to send a message to his father. *This book is particularly for his father.* Underline that, he says. It is the ninth book on the third shelf, counting from the left to right, in the bookcase on the right of the door in the drawing-room as you enter; take the title and look at page 37."

The ninth book on the shelf indicated was *Trees*.<sup>1</sup>

On page 36, right at the bottom and leading on to page 37, were the words:

"Sometimes you will see curious marks in the wood; these are caused by a tunnelling beetle, very injurious to the trees. . . ."

Signatures of two testificators to the finding and verifying of this book-message:

GLENCONNER,  
DAVID TENNANT.

Lady Glenconner concluded her report of this case with these words:

"Had a chance observer been present when we traced this test, 'This is no mourning family,' he would have said; 'these are happy people.'

"And he would have been right!"

#### CASE NO. 74

##### *The Mother and Son Case*<sup>2</sup>

There was always a very strong bond of affection between Bim and his younger brother David, one of those children who entered into games and lessons with great zeal and vigor, and furthermore, he had the characteristic of performing very unexpected actions.

Once Bim told his mother that David, when a boy six or seven years old, playing in the midst of a crowd of noisy children, suddenly left the noisy rabble and came over to him and said with great seriousness, "Bim, you know Sirius is a star of the first magnitude." Then he returned to his play.

<sup>1</sup> J. Harvey Kelman. Jack, Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Glenconner, Lady Pamela, *op. cit.*, 38.

Often Lady Glenconner told stories and read books to her children, and on one such occasion Bim said to her, "All the time that you are reading aloud I love to look at David listening, with his large dark eyes." Long after the two boys had gone to school the phrase "Mother and Son" was used by Bim in connection with David and his mother.

At a sitting held on October 23, 1917, Bim sent a message through the mediumship of Mrs. Osborne Leonard.

". . . A book-message for his brother David; David mustn't think it is too patronizing, as if he were still a little boy. It is, nevertheless, especially for David.

"This is in the house in London and it is to be found in a room downstairs. The page is number 14, and the message is three-quarters down the page. It is in the eighth book on the third shelf counting from right to left. You will find something round connected with the book in question.

"Close to it there is a book which tells of great spaces—large, great spaces. It is a book which tells of stars."

When Lady Glenconner returned to the library of her house at 34 Queen Anne's Gate, London, she found, counting from right to left, on the third shelf, that the eighth book was Lewes' *Life of Goethe*.<sup>1</sup> Two books from this was a volume called *Astro Theology, or the Demonstration of the Attributes of God, from a Survey of the Heavens*.<sup>2</sup>

On the fourteenth page of the eighth book (Lewes' *Life of Goethe*), the following passage was found:

"One fine afternoon when the house was quiet, Master Wolfgang, with his cup in his hand and nothing to do, finds himself looking into the silent street, and telegraphing to the young Ochsensteins who dwelt opposite. By way of doing something he begins to fling the crockery into the street, delighted with the noise it makes and stimulated by the brothers Ochsensteins, who chuckle at him over the way. The indulgent mother returns, and sees the mischief with housewifely horror, till melting with sympathy she laughs as heartily as the child. . . .

"This mother employed her faculties for story-telling to his and her

<sup>1</sup> Smith Elder and Co., London.

<sup>2</sup> W. Derham, London.



own delight. 'To all natural phenomena,' she writes, 'I gave a meaning. As we thought of the paths which lead from star to star, and that we one day should inhabit the stars, and when we thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves. There I sat and Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes.'"

The passage concluded with these words:

"What a charming glimpse of Mother and Son."

This book-test—wrote Lady Glenconner—carried such conviction to the members of Bim's family that when it was found and read aloud it was met with the laughter of instant recognition.

Only one last direction had yet to be followed, that which told of "something round in connection with this book." And it was considered discovered when, turning to the frontispiece, it was seen that it represented a reproduction of a miniature painting set in a round black frame.

To attempt to describe the happy glow in the hearts of Bim's family circle when this book-message was read would be, in cold print, impossible. There are, however, moments well known to all to which it may be likened: when a wished-for letter arrives; when a door swings open and a treasured presence is before one; when, in short, he who has been absent is home again. Laughter runs from lip to lip, and eyes speak contentment. Such a moment was theirs now; they were happy, and it was Bim, as of old, who had cheered them.

. . . . .

"We guarantee that the facts of this case are as above represented, and we were present at the finding of the message.

"(Signed) GLENCONNER,  
DAVID TENNANT."

CASE NO. 75

*The Talbot Case*<sup>1</sup>

This case, strictly speaking, is not a book-test, although a book is the prominent feature of it. In the opinion of Mrs. Henry Sidgwick it is one

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXXI, 253.

of the best single pieces of definite evidence we have that communicators remember their earth life, therefore proving personal identity.

Mrs. Hugh Talbot's report, written out and sent to Lady Troubridge on December 29, 1917, is as follows:

"Two sittings with Mrs. Leonard were arranged for me through Mrs. Beadon last March, one for Saturday, the 17th, at 5 p.m. and the other at the same hour on Monday, the 19th. Mrs. Leonard at this time knew neither my name nor address, nor had I ever been to her or any other medium before, in my life.

"On Monday, the first part of the time was taken up by what one might call a medley of descriptions, all more or less recognizable, of different people, together with a number of messages, some of which were intelligible and some not. Then Feda (as I am told the control is called) gave a very correct description of my husband's personal appearance, and from then on he seemed to speak (through her of course), and a most extraordinary conversation followed. Evidently he was trying by every means in his power to prove to me his identity and to show me it really was himself, and as time went on I was forced to believe this was indeed so.

"All he said, or rather Feda said for him, was clear and lucid. Incidents of the past known only to him and me were spoken of, belongings trivial in themselves but possessing for him a particular personal interest of which I was aware, were minutely and correctly described, and I was asked if I still had them. Also I was asked repeatedly if I believed it was himself speaking, and was assured that death was not really death at all, that life continued not so very unlike this life, and that he did not feel changed at all. Feda kept on saying, 'Do you believe, he *does* want you to know it is really himself.' I said I could not be sure, but I thought it must be true. All this was very interesting to me, and very strange, more strange because it all seemed so natural. Suddenly Feda began a tiresome description of a book; she said it was leather and dark, and tried to show me the size. Mrs. Leonard showed a length of eight to ten inches long with her hands, and four or five wide. She (Feda) said, 'It is not exactly a book, it is not printed. Feda wouldn't call it a book, it has writing on.' It was long before I could connect it with anything at all, but at last I remembered a red leather notebook of my husband's which I think he called a log book, and I asked, 'Is it a log book?' Feda seemed puzzled at

this and not to know what a log book was, and repeated the word once or twice, then said, 'Yes, yes, he says it might be a log book.' I then said, 'Is it a red book?' On this point there was some hesitation; they thought possibly it was, though he thought it was darker. The answer was undecided and Feda began a wearisome description all over again, adding that I was to look on page 12, for something written (I am not sure of this word) there, that it would be interesting after this conversation. Then she said, 'He is not sure it is page 12, it might be page 13, it is so long since, but he does want you to look and try to find it. It would interest him to know if this extract is there.' I was rather half-hearted in responding to all this; there was so much of it, and it sounded purposeless, and also I remembered the book so well, having often looked through it wondering if there was any good keeping it. Besides things to do with ships and my husband's work there were, I remembered, a few notes and verses in it. But the chief reason I was anxious to get off the subject was that I felt sure the book would not be forthcoming: either I had thrown it away, or it had gone with a lot of other things to a luggage room in the opposite block of flats where it would hardly be possible to get it.

"However, I did not quite like to say this, and not attaching any importance to it, replied rather indefinitely that I would see if I could find it. But this did not satisfy Feda. She started all over again, becoming more and more insistent and went on to say, 'He is not sure of the color, he does not know. There are two books, you will know the one he means by a diagram of languages in the front.' And here follows a string of words, in which order I forget: 'Indo-European, Aryan, Semitic languages' and others, repeating them several times, and she said, 'There are lines but not straight, going like this'—drawing with her finger lines going out sideways from one center. Then again the words, 'A table of Arabian languages, Semitic languages.' I have tried to put it as she said it, but of course I cannot be sure she put the names in that order. What I am quite sure of is the actual words she used at one time or another. She said all the names and sometimes 'table,' sometimes 'diagram,' sometimes 'drawing,' and all insistently. It sounded absolutely rubbish to me. I had never heard of a diagram of languages and all these eastern names jumbled together sounded like nothing at all, and she kept on repeating them and saying this is how I was to know the book, and kept on and on, 'Will

you look at page 12 or 13. If it is there it would interest him so much after this conversation. He *does* want you to, he wants you to promise.' By this time I had come to the conclusion that what I have heard of happening at these sittings had come to pass, viz., that the medium was tired and talking nonsense; so I hastened to pacify her by promising to look for the book, and was glad when the sitting almost at once came to an end.

"I went home thinking very little of all this last part; still, after telling my sister and niece all that I considered the interesting things said in the beginning, I did mention that in the end the medium began talking a lot of rubbish about a book, and asking me to look on page 12 or 13 to find something interesting. I was to know the book by a diagram of languages. After dinner the same evening, my niece, who had taken more notice of all this than either my sister or myself, begged me to look for the book at once. I wanted to wait till next day, saying that I knew it was all nonsense. However, in the end I went to the bookshelf, and, after some time, right at the top of the back shelf I found one or two old notebooks belonging to my husband, which I had never felt I cared to open. One, a shabby black leather, corresponded in size to the description given, and I absent-mindedly opened it, wondering in my mind whether the one I had been looking for had been destroyed or only sent away. To my utter astonishment, my eyes fell on the words, 'Table of Semitic or Syro-Arabian languages,' and pulling out the leaf, which was a long piece of paper folded in, I saw on the other side, 'General table of the Aryan and Indo-European languages.' It was the diagram of which Feda had spoken. I was so taken aback I forgot for some minutes to look for the extract. When I did I found it on page 13. I have copied it out exactly.

"I cannot account now for my stupidity in not attaching more importance to what Feda was trying to say about the book, but I was so convinced if any book was meant, it was the red book. This one I had never opened, and as I say, there was little hope of getting the other, nor did I feel there could be anything in it my husband would want me to see. Also it was only my second sitting. I knew nothing of mediums, and the descriptions seemed so endless and tedious. I can't see why now.

"(Signed) LILY TALBOT."

"1 Oakwood Court."

*Page 13 of Notebook*

"I discovered by certain whispers which it was supposed I was unable to hear and from certain glances of curiosity or commiseration which it was supposed I was unable to see, that I was near death. . . .

"Presently my mind began to dwell not only on happiness which was to come, but upon happiness that I was actually enjoying. I saw long-forgotten forms, playmates, schoolfellows, companions of my youth and of my old age, who one and all smiled upon me. They did not smile with any compassion, that I no longer felt I needed, but with that sort of kindness which is exchanged by people who are equally happy. I saw my mother, father, and sisters, all of whom I had survived. They did not speak, yet they communicated to me their unaltered and unalterable affection. At about the time when they appeared, I made an effort to realize my bodily situation . . . that is, I endeavored to connect my soul with the body which lay on the bed in my house . . . the endeavor failed . . . I was dead. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, who examined this book-test, said, "The diagram of languages . . . is complicated, but Feda's description of it as having lines going out from a center is correct; this branching out from points and from lines happens repeatedly."

Here follow corroborations by Mrs. Talbot's niece and sister:

*Miss Bowyer Smyth's Account*

"On March 19, 1917, my aunt, Mrs. Hugh Talbot, had a sitting with Mrs. Leonard. When she came home, her sister, Mrs. Fitzmaurice, and I asked her about it. Among other things she had been told to look for 'a book, but not exactly a book, a sort of notebook.' She would know the book by a 'drawing about languages' in the beginning of it and on page 12 and 13 she would find something interesting.

"My aunt did not seem at all impressed or interested; in fact, she thought the whole thing sounded such nonsense that she was quite sure it was no use looking for the book, the size of which had been indicated by the medium with her hands, namely, about eight to ten inches long.

"It was not till after dinner that night that Mrs. Fitzmaurice and I persuaded her to look for the book, she was so firmly convinced it would

<sup>1</sup> *Post Mortem* (Blackwood and Sons, 1881).



be no use. She finally got out some old and dusty notebooks of her late husband's, and in one found first a table of languages, and on page 12 or 13, the sensations of a man passing through death. I remember the whole incident quite clearly, as it seemed to me so unusual and interesting, especially as my aunt had evidently never opened or read these notebooks before; in fact, it took her a considerable time to find them and she at first thought she had not kept them.

“(Signed) DORIS BOWYER SMITH.”

“Charnmouth.”

*Mrs. Fitzmaurice's Account*

“On Monday, March 19, 1917, my sister, Mrs. Talbot, had her second sitting with Mrs. Leonard. She had already had one very interesting one, so that my niece, Miss Bowyer Smyth, and myself were very anxious to hear about it. My sister repeated as far as she could everything the medium had said and mentioned particularly that she had been asked to look for a certain book. She asked the medium what kind of book, and she was told that it was a book with a diagram or table of languages in the front. My sister said, ‘Is it what they call a “log” book?’ and the medium immediately said, ‘Yes, yes, a log book,’ and that she was to find page 12 or 13. My sister, in telling us, spoke as if this were nonsense, and I personally did not pay much attention about the book. I was so much more interested in certain remarks purporting to come from my brother-in-law, for, to me, who knew him so well, they seemed so exactly like what I could imagine him saying; they seemed to bear his personality.

“Later on, at the end of the dinner, my sister went to a bookcase in the dining-room to look for the book (I do not remember asking her to do so, though my niece says we both asked her to), but she suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise and handed me across the table a leather notebook open at page 12 and 13, and there we found an extract which was plainly what she had been told to look for. It described the sensations of a man who had died, or nearly died. I have forgotten it exactly, but I know it described a man whose spirit was passing away, and what he felt when he saw the faces of his people 'round his bed. And on turning to the front pages of the book we found the diagram of languages which had been mentioned in his effort to describe through the medium *which*



book the extract was in, for it appears there were two books somewhat similar.

"To us, my sister's interview seemed intensely interesting, and I have written it down as far as I can, exactly how I remember it.

"(Signed) MABEL FITZMAURICE."

"December 20, 1917."

#### CASE NO. 76

#### *The Beadon Case*<sup>1</sup>

At a sitting with Mrs. Leonard, this test was received by Mrs. Beadon, whose husband, Colonel Beadon, purported to be the sender:

"It was in a squarish room, some books in the corner, not quite in the corner, but running by the wall to the corner from the window. (Feda indicated by a gesture of her left hand a shelf across a corner and said, 'It is not that.')

Counting from right to left the fifth book, page 71. Feda is not sure if it is 17 or 71. After repeating both numbers, Feda says she is sure it is page 71, second paragraph, or about the middle of the page. 'On page 71 will be found a message from him to you. The message will not be as beautiful as he would like to make it, but you will understand he wants to make the test as good as he can. On the same shelf is a book in a dirtyish brown cover, and a reddish book and an old-fashioned book.

1. It refers to a past condition.
2. It has also an application to the present.
3. It is an answer to a thought which was much more in your mind at one time than it is now . . . especially since you have known Feda.
4. On the opposite page is a reference to fire.
5. On the opposite page is a reference to light.
6. On the opposite side is a reference to olden times. These have nothing to do with the message but are just testing whether you have the right page.
7. On the same page or opposite page or perhaps over the leaf a very important word beginning with "s."

(I asked if it was on the top shelf and Feda said 'Yes.' It turned out there was only one shelf.)"

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XXXI, 260.

*Verification*

"Six of the seven indications are found to be true. The room proved to be the dining-room of (address given) my mother's house where I was staying temporarily. Mrs. Leonard had never been inside the house at all. There was a bookshelf across the corner as well as the one in which the book-test was to be found. The room was not square: one end was squared, the other end octagonal. There was an old volume of Dryden's poems and others as described on the same shelf. The fifth book from right to left was a volume of poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Routledge pocket library edition). I had never read O. W. Holmes' poems. Pages 71 and 17 had the same thought."

Page 71, second paragraph, has the following:

"The weary pilgrim slumbers,  
His resting place unknown,  
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,  
The dust was o'er him thrown.  
The drifting soil, the moldering leaf,  
Along the sod were blown.  
His mound has melted into earth,  
His memory lives alone."

(The communicator) was killed in Mesopotamia. He was buried by chaplain and officers the same night near where he fell. The officer in charge wrote that all traces of the grave had been carefully obliterated to avoid desecration by the Arabs.

On page 17 the appropriate verse is:

"The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,  
The saber's thirsting edge,  
The hot shell shattering in its fall,  
The bayonet's rending wedge.  
Here scattered death; yet seek the spot,  
No trace thine eye can see,  
No altar—and they need it not,  
Who leave thy children free."

Mrs. Beadon wrote that between pages 17 and 71, she could not find

any page which fulfilled the conditions of the message at all. (The following explanation refers to page 71.)

- "1. The poem (*The Pilgrim's Vision*) refers to settlers in America (refers to a past condition).
- "2. There is an application in this verse to the communicator's own case. He received reverent burial, his resting-place unknown.
- "3. It was a question in my mind constantly at one time whether it would be possible to identify the spot with the help of the officers present, and when the war is over to mark it with a cross. I have thought very little of that lately and have not felt concerned as I did at first that his grave was unmarked and unknown."

On the opposite page is the following verse:

"Still shall the fiery pillar's ray  
Along the pathway shine,  
To light the chosen tribe that sought  
This Western Palestine."

The reference to fire, light, and the journey of the Israelites fulfills 4, 5, and 6.

There is a poem on the next page called *The Steamboat*. This title headed the page in capital letters and this page was all about steamboats: "The important word beginning with 's' on the next page." It is an important word on the page, if not connected with the message.

Mrs. Beadon gave her personal reasons for preferring page 17:

- "1. That it is essentially a soldier's message about a battlefield. Page 17 gives the conditions of a battlefield and hot fighting.
- "2. It mentions 'The *Indian's* shaft, the *Briton's* ball.' It was a feature of the war in Mesopotamia that mixed troops were employed—*Indian* and *British* brigaded together. My husband was commanding Indian troops.
- "3. Above all I was told the main message was about a question that occupied my mind a great deal and troubled me at one time. The question was whether it would be possible to erect a memorial. This is answered on page 17: 'No altars—and they *need them not* who leave thy children free.' I felt that this was what he wanted to say—

that their achievement would be their best memorial. On page 71 there is no reference to its being a soldier's message, no reference to a battlefield. Nor is there any reference to the main question—'altars' or 'memorials to their fame.' I felt the expression 'weary pilgrim' very inapplicable to the state of mind expressed in his letters, written up to the very day before he was killed. So altogether I feel page 17 gave the message and page 71 strengthened and supplemented it."

## Chapter 9

### PROXY SITTINGS

WHEN a sitter obtains good evidential matter from a medium, concerning a deceased person, some critics are not impressed; they merely shrug their shoulders and reply, "Telepathy." So to refute this argument, the sitter asks a friend, or even a stranger, to hold a sitting on his behalf, usually sending to the sitting some article used by the deceased person.

If any evidence is obtained at the proxy-sitting, the critic still does not admit survival; he has a loophole left and he uses it by answering, "Travelling clairvoyance," that is, the mind of the medium has travelled so many miles through the air, picked certain information from a distant person's mind, returned again to the medium and handed out the information to the proxy-sitter as a *bona fide* communication from the deceased.

There is hardly any reply to this objection except by asking the critic to prove his case, which will usually take the form of something far more inconceivable than survival—and if the sitter has a strong sense of humor, he will enjoy the explanation.

#### CASE NO. 77

#### *The Bridge Case*<sup>1</sup>

In April, 1920, Mrs. White, whose husband had previously died, wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge for help, as she found herself utterly bereft and her church unable to do anything for her. Lodge was in the United States at that time, but Miss Nea Walker (N. W.), his psychic secretary, replied on his behalf. She suggested to Mrs. White that when next working the ouija-board (which Mrs. White had mentioned) she should ask her husband to try and communicate with N. W. Mrs. White agreed to the experiment.

One of the mediums that N. W. commenced to sit with was her own sister, Damaris (D. W.), the possessor of a fairly strong psychic faculty.

<sup>1</sup> Walker, Nea, *The Bridge* (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd.).

D. W. was deliberately kept in the dark about Mrs. White and her affairs, but in her first sitting she produced some good descriptions: the appearance of Mrs. White's father, a pain from which Mrs. White had suffered, and a living brother of Mrs. White. Then followed information concerning the unusually romantic type of relationship that had existed between Mr. and Mrs. White, and a description of the interior of the house in which they had first met. During this time, however, Mrs. White was having sittings with other mediums which provided evidence that dovetailed into that which N. W. was receiving from D. W.; in a way, it could be described as a kind of cross-correspondence.

In May, 1921, N. W. commenced to act as a proxy-sitter on Mrs. White's behalf with Mrs. Leonard; and it should be understood that though there had been a slight correspondence passing between N. W. and Mrs. White, the latter had taken pains to keep her affairs private. The Leonard sittings lasted until March 15, 1925, and an extract from one, that of September 7, 1921, is quoted.<sup>1</sup> September 5 was the anniversary of the Whites' wedding, and unknown to N. W., Mrs. White had made mental requests to her husband that he might refer to it in the September 7 sitting.

*Annotations by Mrs. White*

Here Gwyther (Mr. White) apparently begins his references to our wedding day.

Acock's Green Church where we were married. September 5 was the anniversary.

i.e., the wedding anniversary on September 5.

It is my custom to send pink roses to be placed on my mother's grave in Acock's Green Churchyard on this day.

<sup>1</sup> Walker, Nea, *op. cit.*, 140-44.

*Statements by Feda*

Church, church, church.

He's trying to say something about a church that he was interested in, when he was here. He didn't just go there, in and out, and forget all about it, but he was really interested in it.

He says that he's been very interested lately in this church on the earth, and that he had been helping it from the other side. He speaks of *a* church, not just *the* church, like a religion, but of *a* particular church.

And he says she will understand, because she too has been doing something about the church he's speaking of.



*Annotations by Mrs. White*

N. W. thinks of St. Nicholas Church (Wales). She knew by this time that we were married in Acock's Green Church, but did not know of the recent anniversary, nor of the custom alluded to.

Because N. W. did not know the date of the anniversary.

(*Note by N. W.*—I had learned that they were married at Acock's Green, but it made no impression—I was swamped in masses of detail I did not grip, having been "in the dark so long.")

No, he had not jumped. My wedding bouquet was of *pink roses*. Also I had sent pink roses to be placed on *his* grave in St. Nicholas Churchyard on the 5th.

A Honiton lace bertha, my mother's wedding gift to me, and worn on the wedding frock, has *a design of roses*.

It is not shown to anyone. This frock was referred to at an anonymous sitting of Mrs. White on May

*Statements by Feda*

He seems to think that you would guess about him being interested in the church.

I might (N. W.).

He is smiling a little.

You wouldn't understand about him specially helping lately, because he felt her doing something about it. (N. W.) I could guess the church, that's all. (*Thinking of St. Nicholas, Wales.*)

And he says—

FEDA: Oh, dear, he's jumped from that.

The pink roses were beautiful.

The pink ones.

He loves all roses. And they are symbolic to her and to me.

N. W.: I know that now.

(*And I knew that pink ones were specially so—N. W.*)

Anyone might speak of roses, but they *mean* something to her and to me.

. . . there's something that she's got to do with roses, that she had when he was here, that she still keeps. It looks to Feda like a kind of design of roses. On something, a design on something.

She doesn't show it to people, she keeps it away. And I get something close to it, like verses, verses. Poetry.

*Annotations by Mrs. White*

20, 1922.

The hymn-sheet used at our wedding service, also kept with the dress.

I had asked Gwyther to refer to our wedding anniversary (September 5). Gwyther does so very fully by referring:

1. To the church at which we were married.
2. To the pink roses which formed my wedding bouquet, and which in consequence have held a special significance for us.
3. To the Honiton lace bertha on the dress, which has the design on it.
4. To the hymn-sheet used at our wedding services, also kept with the dress.
5. To the "time of roses," significant of a "day of union" in the past and in the future.
  - (a) Our engagement.
  - (b) Our wedding.

*Statements by Feda*

(Feda doesn't like poetry, but she thinks Mrs. White does.)

Yes, he says, and he shows Feda a sheet of paper with something like a poem on it.

And it's something she's got, and she's been looking at it lately. And she was thinking of Mr. White strongly in connection with a verse of poetry quite lately. Now again he says roses seem to come into this.

And he says roses often come into things and conditions with us. Very often.

And he says, you see, the time of roses was a very, very important one to us, the *time of roses*.

Tell her it was a very important time, twice, at two different times it was very important, but in quite a different way.

*Contemporary note by N. W. stating her knowledge at this time*

"I know now that the Whites' wedding was a rose wedding: pink roses. And that pink roses were buried with Gwyther; that roses grew on his grave and in his garden; also that Mrs. White became engaged in July when there would be roses.

"And I accidentally learnt that Mrs. White was married in September, but not the date."

The constant and continual allusion to roses in this and other Leonard sittings and those with other mediums is strikingly appropriate. Their garden was a rose garden; roses of all types, dwarf, climbing and pergola grew there and the average gardener might have criticized it on the ground that rose growing was cultivated to excess, to the exclusion of almost every flower.

Mrs. White then decided on another test: *she* would go and sit with Mrs. Leonard to see if the communicators who turned up for N. W. would respond to her. She was unknown to Mrs. Leonard, for, taking a card of anonymous introduction from N. W. with her, there was no normal method by which the medium could obtain a clue to her identity. The sitting took place on November 10, 1921, and the results were excellent. Her husband, quickly arriving on the scene, proceeded to repeat some of the material he had already related to N. W. He referred to her experiments with the ouija-board, his communications via D. W., the symbol of roses, and mentioned that her brother Harold was beside him. (He had already stated this to N. W.) He concluded by prophesying that she would soon be beside him.

In September, 1922, though Mrs. White was in bed with a serious illness, N. W. still continued on her behalf with Mrs. Leonard. Mr. White indicated that he was well aware of his wife's condition.

Feda: Do you know, he's a bit worried about Mrs. White. (Said in a very surprised tone.) This is the first time he has talked in that way about her. And he's looking quite serious when he begins to talk about her. It isn't a light matter. . . . Do you know, he's anxious about her *health*. Very anxious indeed about her health. He wouldn't mind if she *was* to come over to him. I want that, she wants that. But he somehow felt that the time had not yet come.

Mrs. White lingered on in varying conditions of health, but eventually died in July, 1924, and this occurrence was the opportunity for a good test. *Would the Whites—husband and wife—appear together to N. W., who had taken every precaution to conceal Mrs. White's name and address from the medium so that even if Mrs. Leonard had seen the*

announcement of her death in a newspaper, it would not have had any special significance for her?

On September 12, 1924, N. W. had her first sitting after Mrs. White's death, and at the beginning Mr. White quickly indicated that his wife was now with him but was not capable of taking part in the sitting; but on November 1, 1924, Mrs. White spoke on her own behalf, concluding this unique case by thanking N. W. for all her efforts.

CASE NO. 78

*The Bobby Newlove Case<sup>1</sup>*

In September, 1932, the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, when having sittings with Mrs. Leonard, received a letter from a Mr. Hatch, of Nelson, Lancs., asking if he would attempt to obtain information about his step-daughter's son, ten years of age, who had recently died of diphtheria. The reply of Mr. Thomas did not encourage expectation of success, but he resolved to make the attempt, though he did not inform the child's people of his intention.

He took Mr. Hatch's letter to the sitting on November 4, 1932, and at the appropriate moment said to his father and sister who were communicating: "I have an earnest request for news of a little boy, Bobby."

The first message that Mr. Thomas received was a description of Bobby's home town which Mr. Hatch acknowledged as accurate. Several further statements were made, all proving more or less correct, but, on the whole, Mr. Thomas considered the results were poor.

In following sittings, however, the communications from Bobby improved; he referred to a friend—a Mr. Burrows—who had been fitting up a gymnasium for him before he died; a photograph of himself in fancy dress; a girl friend, Marjorie, who was the mascot of the hockey team that played on the rink that Bobby attended; and a very accurate description, with much detail, particularly mentioning a damaged stile, of a favorite walk. On receipt of this information about a favorite walk, Mr. Hatch replied that its several details were recognized and that the most striking was the reference to a broken stile; for he found that this stile was no longer there, having been removed shortly before Bobby's

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, S.P.R., XLIII, Part 143. Thomas, Rev. C. Drayton, *An Amazing Experiment* (London: Lectures Universal Ltd.).

death. Clearly, it was something other than a medium's clairvoyance which had produced this mention of the stile which Bobby in his time had so often climbed, but which was not now to be seen.

Mr. Hatch, not quite satisfied, wrote to Mr. Thomas for information on the following points:

1. What did Bobby keep in the bathroom cupboard?
2. Where did he go with his mother last winter in the evenings and was to go again this winter?
3. What did he do in the attic besides boxing?

When the replies came back they correctly described or referred to:

1. A cinematograph lantern.
2. The skating rink.
3. Working an apparatus for developing the muscles.

Mr. Hatch presently considered that Bobby had proved his identity. He sent many other evidential points relative to his boy friends, his diary, and his surroundings that cannot be inserted here for lack of space, and the selection already given shows evidence that passes far beyond anything attributable to chance-coincidence: out of 126 items only 18 were unrecognized.

Quite early in the sittings, it was indicated by Mr. Thomas' father that though Bobby had died of diphtheria there had been something *that had weakened him nine weeks before his death*. When Mr. Thomas asked to be told what it was, the reply came: "Pipe, pipes, that should be sufficient." Mr. Thomas thought this indicated defective drainage, but Mr. Hatch would not acquiesce in this idea.

Eventually, Mr. Hatch learned that Bobby and another boy had formed themselves into a secret society which they had called "The Gang," and in the summer before Bobby's death had frequented a place they called the "Heights" for play and adventure. Mr. Hatch was still at a loss about the pipes and asked for fuller information.

At the sitting that followed this request a route was indicated very minutely: starting from Bobby's house, looping 'round the railway station, up the hill past Bentley Street, leading to the old stocks in the churchyard,

then right up to the "Heights." *It was evident that the intelligence that gave this information was intimately acquainted with Bobby's home and surroundings.*

At a still later sitting a further description was given which eventually led to the actual place on the "Heights," where two drain pipes were finally discovered. Water issued from the ground through these pipes into two pools and it was there that Bobby had played during the weeks preceding his death.

Infection from the water may have caused a condition of the blood which weakened the boy's system before the oncoming of diphtheria. Justification for the communicator's opinion that the boy's death might be attributed to his playing there is found in a statement made by the Medical Officer of Health for the district:

"21st February, 1939.

" . . . The water in both pools is obviously liable to contamination from surface water and is not fit for drinking purposes. Any person, child or adult, might develop a low or even acute infection from the drinking of such water.

"J. S. WILSON, M.B., C.M.,  
Medical Officer of Health,  
Brierfield, Lancs."

Thus emerged information quite unsuspected by Bobby's people, but which accounted for his illness and premature death. Mr. Thomas' communicators remarked that they had learned of the secret playground and its pipes during conversations with the boy and had surmised its connection with his death. Mr. Thomas had asked their coöperation in enabling the boy to give evidence of his identity. In his report, Mr. Thomas stated that Mrs. Leonard *was told absolutely nothing* either in or out of trance, about Bobby's town—Nelson—and his own knowledge of the place was limited to a single visit many years before to another part of Nelson.

CASE NO. 79  
*The Blair Case*<sup>1</sup>

In 1937, when Mrs. Lydia W. Allison of New York was coming over to England to have sittings with Mrs. Leonard, she arranged to act as a

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, A.S.P.R. (October, 1941), 196.



proxy-sitter for a fellow American, Mr. Blair (pseudonym). Her knowledge of Mr. Blair was scanty; she deliberately made it so, warning him in advance not to be too hopeful—proxy sittings were sometimes a gamble. Mrs. Allison received from Mr. Blair a small, round, white-metal vanity case to enable her to contact the desired communicator—his wife. In all, Mrs. Allison held three sittings, and like others they had their percentages of hits and misses; but with the Blair sittings the former outweighed the latter. An abbreviated account of the sittings follows:

*Feda*

This lady (Mrs. B.?) died in the prime of life.

She was not fussy or shouted much.

She had an exhausted feeling at death. It happened within five days.

Until the illness came she had a strong constitution.

Before she died he (Mr. B.?) tried to do something on a Monday. He did not succeed. He tried to see important people but failed. H. and M. are the letters connected with them.

Her thoughts go to a man and her daughter.

She is anxious to get in touch with F. B.

This man (F. B.) has something to do with an office.

This lady's ancestors were not ordinary people.

She speaks of a Charlie.

He (F. B.) is closely linked with a big institution.

He's been doing something special lately, signing his name, something big.

He is at the top of this institute, a leader.

*Annotations by Mr. Blair*

She was thirty-seven years of age.

She was a woman of strong but restrained character.

Correct as stated.

She had been well for the greater part of her life.

I returned home on the Monday before Mrs. Blair died. I found her seriously ill. We went to a specialist that day and a minor operation was performed without beneficial results. Later I called in Dr. M. and wanted to get a Dr. H., but didn't.

We have three daughters.

My initials.

I am a lawyer and of course have an office.

The Lorens—my wife's folks—were definitely not ordinary people. She had some outstanding ancestors.

Her brother.

I am Director of Works in my state.

The oath of office of Director of Public Works is signed in a large book in the Comptroller's office. I signed it.

See previous remarks.

*Feda*

He was photographed much and didn't like it.

He's had special, unusual clothes lately.

He has lots of people before him. They listen to him like a Day of Judgment. They want his opinion.

He has something to seal.

Is he fond of music?

He has at last realized what we both talked over together so often.

He has got more money lately but he is careless about it.

He was doing something big connected with a platform.

Was he connected with invalids or cripples in some big way?

Mr. Blair expressed his gratification with the records when they were forwarded to him and said they contained some excellent points which eliminated telepathy from the sitter.

*Annotations by Mr. Blair*

The press took pictures of my being sworn in by the new Comptroller and I didn't like it.

I think this refers to my honorary degree. I dressed up in an academic cap and gown.

See previous remarks.

Seals are relevant to a lawyer's business.

Doubtful.

Correct.

There has been a more or less favorable turn in some of my investments. I do not think about money—probably not as much as I should.

The honorary degree was conferred on a platform.

I am trustee for a hospital for crippled children.

## Chapter 10

### DIRECT-VOICE PHENOMENA

AT A DIRECT voice séance, the medium sits in a chair, surrounded by the sitters, who form a circle, and the room is pitch black; not one single ray of light must enter.

A trumpet is placed in the center of the circle and after a certain period of waiting, during which the sitters sing and talk, a faint voice is heard. The voice is encouraged to speak up, then when the necessary "power" has been obtained, the majority of the sitters are rewarded with messages from departed friends.

In addition to the voice phenomena, touches are made by the trumpet on the sitters' hands and faces, and pale grey and other shades of light occasionally flicker in a most astonishing manner.

Is the whole thing a fraud? Was it the medium or an accomplice who spoke through the trumpet? Were the touches and lights produced by normal means? It is difficult to believe that discarnate intelligence is responsible for such physical action, and to be on the safe side, as in trance mediumship, the sitter must rely on the evidential quality of the communication *alone* before he condemns or approves. In the instances that follow in this chapter, no stock has been taken of touches, lights, perfumes, etc., that are alleged to occur in direct voice séances; all that has been presented are the communicators' efforts to give proofs of their identity.

CASE NO. 80

#### *The Kennedy Case*<sup>1</sup>

"On the evening of February 16, 1890, a séance was held at my house, in Church End, Finchley, the circle consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt (Mrs. Everitt being the medium); Mr. H. Withall and Miss H. Withall, of Angell Park Gardens, Brixton; my wife, my two daughters, my son, and myself. We sat in the dark for the 'direct voice'; in that way com-

<sup>1</sup> "The Life Story of Edmund Dawson Rogers, Journalist," *Light*.

munications had come from several spirit friends. In the course of the evening a 'stranger' spoke, giving us his name, the time of his decease, and his age, and mentioning a town in Missouri as the place of his residence when he departed this life. Wishing, if possible, to verify the correctness of the message, I addressed the following letter to Colonel Bundy, the editor of *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago:

During a séance held at my residence on the 16th inst., with Mrs. Everitt, a spirit came, and speaking in firm, emphatic and distinct tones, with a decidedly American accent, expressed his interest in the work in which we were engaged and his wish for our success. He added that his name was Moses Kennedy, and that he had passed away in September last at Glenfield, Missouri, aged seventy-one. I had no opportunity of making a note of his remarks until the close of the séance, and as to one word, 'Glenfield,' I am not quite certain that I remembered it correctly, but I think I did. I shall be glad if any of your readers can confirm the accuracy of the message.

E. DAWSON ROGERS.

London, England.

February 23.

"This letter appeared in the *Journal* of March 22. In the meantime—namely, on the evening of March 9—we had another séance, the members of the circle being the same as before, with the single exception that Miss H. Withall was absent, and that her sister occupied her place. During this sitting a spirit friend, referring to Moses Kennedy's communication on the previous occasion, said he thought we had misunderstood the name of his place of residence—he believed that the stranger had said 'not Glenfield, but Glenwood, or some such name as that.' As there was no reason to think that 'Glenwood' was more likely to be correct than 'Glenfield,' no mention of this incident was sent to *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

"On the 17th, the post brought me the following letter from S. T. Suddick, M.D., Cuba, Missouri, dated April 6:

"Respected Sir,

"Yours of underdate of February 23 was forwarded to me by Bro. Bundy for confirmation. I have investigated the matter with the following results:

"There is no such town in Missouri as 'Glenfield.' I wrote to Glenwood, Schuyler County, Missouri, and found that Moses Kennedy died there September 30, 1889. He was born in Clement County, Ohio, November 18, 1818. His widow, Mrs. Phœbe Kennedy, still resides there. I have written her, and her answer is before me, received today. Full particulars will be sent to the *Journal* this p.m.

"I would be pleased to have you write me.

Yours very respectfully,

S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

"From Mr. Suddick's letter it will be seen that the message was correct in every particular—as to name, age, place of residence, and time of decease. And yet none of us who formed the circle to which the message was given had so much as known of Moses Kennedy's existence."

CASE NO. 81

*The Randall Case*<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Edward C. Randall, a lawyer in Buffalo, experimented twenty years with Mrs. Emily S. French, a very frail and deaf old lady. The medium's deafness was a distinct advantage to Mr. Randall; it created a natural test condition for the medium that the lawyer could not improve on. "Often," he wrote, "we sat alone in my house and the voice that broke the stillness was not the voice of Mrs. French, nor were her vocal organs used by another. She, being deaf, often failed to hear the voices of spirit people and spoke while they were speaking, such interruptions causing confusion." In his investigation of Mrs. French over 700 sittings were held, and when she died in 1912 he wrote regarding her:

"The memory of Emily S. French comes like a benediction. She made me her friend by being honest; I made her my friend by being fair and so we worked for twenty years and more to learn how to expel the fear of death from the human heart. She was the noblest woman I have known; she was both honest and brave; she enriched herself by aiding others."

On May 26, 1896, Mr. Randall held a sitting with Mrs. French. At ten o'clock that morning the Brown Building in Buffalo, then being

<sup>1</sup> Randall, Edward C., *The Dead Have Never Died* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

repaired, collapsed and the city was full of rumors that many people had been killed. The number was put at six or seven, but there was no way of ascertaining the truth until the debris could be removed, and this would require many days.

At the sitting that evening, four voices announced themselves: William P. Straub, George Metz, Michael Schurzke, a Pole, and Jennie M. Griffin, claiming that they had lost their lives in the fall of the building. This was verified some days later.

On another occasion Mr. Randall's father stated that there was one small item in the settlement of his estate that had been overlooked.

Mr. Randall replied, "Your mind was ever centered on the accumulation of money. Why take up my time . . . with your estate? It has already been divided."

"Yes," he answered, "I know that, but I worked too hard for my money, and there is an asset you have not discovered."

"Tell me about it."

"Some years before I left, I loaned a small sum of money to Susan Stone, who resided in Pennsylvania, and I took from her a promissory note upon which, by the laws of that state, I was entitled to enter a judgment at once without suit. I was somewhat anxious about the loan; so before its maturity I took the note and filed it with the prothonotary at Erie, Pennsylvania, and he entered judgment, which became a lien on her property. In my books there was no reference to that note or judgment. If you go to the prothonotary's office in Erie, you will find the judgment on record and I want you to collect it. There are many things you don't know and this is one of them."

Mr. Randall was much surprised at the information thus received and naturally sent for a transcript of that judgment. He found it entered on October 21, 1896, and with that evidence of the debt he collected from the woman \$70 with interest. He questioned if anyone knew of this affair besides the makers of the note and the prothonotary in Erie. He certainly did not and had no reason to suspect it; and he considered that it was entirely impossible for Mrs. French to have any knowledge of it.

"My father's voice was clearly recognizable on that occasion, as it has been on hundreds of others, and I cite this instance for the benefit of those who measure everything from an evidential standpoint."



## CASE NO. 82

*The Rose Bay Case*<sup>1</sup>

The two examples that follow are taken from an address delivered by the late Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, on May 14, 1914, concerning the mediumship of Etta Wreidt, an American direct-voice medium.

A lady born in Sydney, New South Wales, who had spent all her childhood there and latterly resided in Devonshire, gave him this evidence she received at a sitting:

"One day in 1911, my sister and I had a private sitting at Cambridge House and a voice announced itself as 'George.' We knew several Georges who had passed over and my sister said, 'Are you George Lloyd?' Answer: 'No!' Question: 'What is your other name?' The voice seemed to find great difficulty in replying to this positive question, so I said, 'Where did you know me?' Answer: 'At Rose Bay. My name is George Smith. Your father brought me here.' I was much puzzled and the name conveyed nothing to me, but my sister said, 'Did you live at Rose Bay?' 'Yes, near your old home.' (Our old home was at Rose Bay, one of the numerous little bays in Port Jackson; it is three miles from the city of Sydney.)

"Then the voice answered me, 'Where is your sling stone? When you were a little girl, you used to have a sling stone.' Question: 'Do you mean a catapult?' Answer: 'Yes, you were a little mischief.' (I used to have a catapult when I was a small child; it is possible that I was a great nuisance to the neighborhood.) Then turning to my sister he said, 'I should not have known you. What have you done to yourself? You were always the sedate one.' (This allusion is quite correct.) When the voice no longer spoke, my sister said, 'Well, I am the only one in the world who would remember him. You were too young. George Smith did live near us at Rose Bay. He was a contractor.' (This was forty-six years ago.)

"(Signed) E. R. RICHARDS."

Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Richards' sister, wrote:

"I beg to confirm my sister's account. I am six years older than my

<sup>1</sup> Moore, W. Usborne, *Spirit Identity by Direct Voice* (Manchester: The Two Worlds Publishing Co., Ltd.).

sister and certify to the fact that a contractor, named George Smith, did live a short distance from my father's house at Rose Bay, Sydney. He must have known us by sight when we played as children and probably spoke to us now and then. My sister had a small catapult."

## CASE NO. 83

*The W—— J—— Case<sup>1</sup>*

Mr. W—— J——, a Glasgow merchant, wrote concerning sittings he participated in with Mrs. Wreidt:

"The medium was a stranger when I met her for the first time on the morning of July 2, 1912. A voice we recognized at once came close to me and said, 'Bill, Bill, how are ye?' 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Neil, Neil, I am Neil, man,' followed by a hearty laugh . . . his laugh was not like that of anyone I knew. Neil McQuarrie was a relative of mine by marriage and had been for many years our cashier. For a little he spoke to his wife about their children, each by name. Mrs. White, who sat next to me, whispered, 'Do you think he'll know me?' and immediately came the answer, 'Dae ye think I'll no ken ye, Annie White?'

"The next sitting was on the following day. I phoned to Mrs. McMaster and she came by putting off an engagement, so that her presence was wholly unexpected; she had never been to a sitting before. The first voice was that of her husband who had passed nine months before: 'I am glad to see you getting on so well; give my love to Jeffrey.' Mrs. McMaster, 'You can give your love to Mr. Jeffrey yourself, he is sitting next to me.' The voice said, emphatically, 'No, no, I want to give my love to my little boy, Jeffrey McMaster.'

"Another sitting was held five days later. The first to address me was an old friend, Sterling, who had departed this life some twenty years ago. . . . 'Are you the Mr. Sterling I knew long ago?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Well, do you remember what was the matter with you before you died?' I asked. He answered, 'I was totally blind for five years.' This was correct and a strong bit of evidence for us. . . . A voice saying 'Colin!' 'What Colin?' 'Colin Buchanan,' and shortly afterwards it addressed Mrs. McQuarrie, touching upon some sad and private matters which I knew were unknown to anyone in the room. It went back into

<sup>1</sup> Moore, W. Usborne, *op. cit.*

old history of forty years ago—a revelation indeed. The facts unfolded were of a character that with propriety cannot be given to others. I regret this is the case, for it is evidence of this kind which is so convincing.”

## CASE NO. 84

*The Saunders Case*

About the year 1918, Arthur Findlay, a stockbroker and chartered accountant of Glasgow, commenced to investigate the mediumship of John C. Sloan, little imagining that he would eventually publish his experiences and make Sloan one of the best-known mediums of the present day.

Findlay was slightly suspicious of Sloan at the first sitting, but giving him the benefit of the doubt, patiently sat through another fifty and became convinced of two things—human survival of death and Sloan’s integrity. Findlay did not conceal his beliefs and published them in four books: *On the Edge of the Etheric*, *The Rock of Truth*, *The Unfolding Universe* and *The Torch of Knowledge*. In the first<sup>1</sup> he quotes the following case which he considers fraud-proof, telepathy-proof, cryptesthesia-proof and coming up to his “A1” standard.

In 1919, Arthur Findlay took his brother John to a sitting, taking good care that no one should know the relationship between the two. Midway through the sitting a voice calling itself “Eric Saunders” claimed acquaintanceship with John, who replied that he had never known any person of that name.

J. F.: Where did you meet me?

VOICE: In the army.

Findlay mentioned a number of places: Aldershot, Bisley, France, Palestine, etc., but he deliberately omitted Lowestoft, where he had spent most of his army life.

VOICE: No, none of these places. I knew you when you were near Lowestoft.

J. F.: Why do you say near Lowestoft?

VOICE: You were not in Lowestoft then but at Kessingland.

This was correct. Findlay had spent part of his time at that small village near Lowestoft, training machine-gunners for the army.

<sup>1</sup> Findlay, Arthur, *On the Edge of the Etheric* (London: Psychic Press, Ltd.), 92-96.

J. F.: What company were you in?

The answer was indistinct—it sounded like “B” or “C”—then Findlay inquired if he remembered the name of the company commander.

VOICE: MacNamara.

This was correct; that was the name of the officer commanding B Company.

J. F. (by way of a test): You were one of my Lewis gunners, were you not?

VOICE (evading the trap): No, you had not the Lewis gun then, it was the Hotchkiss.

Several leading questions were correctly answered, then the voice said he had been killed in France.

J. F.: When did you go out?

VOICE: With the big draft in August, 1917.

J. F.: Why do you say “big draft”?

VOICE: Don’t you remember the big draft, when the colonel came on the parade ground and made a speech?

This statement applied to an extra large draft sent to France that month, and the only occasion that Findlay could remember of the colonel personally saying good-bye to the men.

J. F.: Why have you come to speak to me?

VOICE: Because I have never forgotten that you once did me a good turn.

Findlay had a hazy recollection of obtaining leave for one of his gunners, but could not remember if Saunders was his name. Six months later, Findlay met by arrangement the man who had been his corporal, and telling him of the incident, asked if he remembered Eric Saunders. The corporal did not, but fortunately had brought a notebook in which he had entered the names of the men who had served under him. In the records of B Company for 1917 appeared the words, “Eric Saunders, f.q. August, 1917,” with a red line drawn through them. Although Findlay knew quite well what the red line represented, he inquired its meaning.

“Don’t you remember, Mr. Findlay?” answered the ex-corporal. “I always drew a line through the men’s names when they went away. This shows that Saunders went out in August, 1917.”

John Findlay regretted that he did not ask Saunders, at the sitting, the name of his regiment, and so was unable to trace his death. Without this

information the War Office could give no details except that 4,000 men of the name of Saunders fell in the 1914-18 war.

## CASE NO. 85

*The Sewald Case*<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1922, when living in Scotland, the Rev. V. G. Duncan began reading books concerning psychical research, and his bookseller, noticing his predilection for this type of literature, offered to introduce him to a lady, a Miss McCall, who would give him an opportunity of having a sitting with the Misses Moore, of Glasgow, direct-voice mediums. Mr. Duncan accepted the bookseller's offer and a sitting was arranged to be held in a house in the suburbs of Edinburgh. In case his history had been worked up in advance, Mr. Duncan decided to take a friend—who belonged to a north European race—with him, and he was certain that neither the bookseller, Miss McCall, or the Misses Moore knew anything about the unknown stranger.

"The lady," wrote Mr. Duncan, "who has made my appointment had promised that my name, as well as any information she might know concerning me, should be withheld from the mediums. In any case, my colleague in the experiment was a total stranger to them all, as I had taken care that he should remain anonymous by simply stating that a 'friend would accompany me.'

"Early in the sitting a control indicated that a lady wished to speak to Mr. L. (Mr. Duncan's friend). In soft tones a voice spoke, 'Jan! Jan!'

SITTER: Oh, Mother darling, is it really you?

VOICE: Yes, Jan, it is really me.

"Then," says Mr. Duncan, "they talked of the trifling things which make life for us all: of the father who was left behind; of the son who needed special care; of the son's wife (addressed correctly by name); and of the uncle who would soon pass over. Before she left, my friend asked one final question—not so much, he told me afterwards, in a spirit of doubt, but because he felt every shred of evidence was of such tremendous value to him. 'Can you remember, Mother,' he asked, 'the second name of B.?' Now my friend's father belonged to a north European race.

<sup>1</sup> Duncan, Rev. V. G., *Proof* (London: Wm. Rider and Co.).



But nobody in the room except himself knew that fact. The name asked for was a peculiar one and had reference to the origin.

"‘Why, Sewald, of course,’ came the answer, without a moment’s hesitation.

“It was perfectly true.”

CASE NO. 86

*The George W. Crawford Case*<sup>1</sup>

The following extracts are taken from accounts of sittings which Mr. H. Dennis Bradley had with George Valiantine, an American medium.

(Mr. Bradley, while on a visit to the United States in June, 1923, met Valiantine at the house of Mr. Joseph de Wyckoff, where—so far as Dennis Bradley was concerned—a test sitting was arranged. The communications that Dennis Bradley received on that day were so convincing that some time later he invited Valiantine to visit him in England for the purpose of holding a series of sittings during the early months of 1924.)

On February 8, 1924, a sitting was in progress in the dining-room of Dennis Bradley’s house at Dorincourt when a voice addressed Joseph De Wyckoff. There was some difficulty in deciphering the voice—it was not too clear—but eventually the voice described how “he” had died on board a ship coming from New York to England in 1916.

THE VOICE: I was travelling on the same boat with Joe and Minerva (Mr. and Mrs. De Wyckoff).

DE WYCKOFF: Will you please tell us whether you were a small or a big man?

THE VOICE: I was very big.

DE WYCKOFF: How big?

THE VOICE: So big that I could hardly get through the door.

MRS. DE WYCKOFF (excitedly): George Crawford!

De Wyckoff, annoyed at his wife for giving the name away before it had been volunteered, said, “Why did you do that?” At that moment the voice disappeared from the sitting.

Two days later, February 10, another sitting was held but this time in Dennis Bradley’s study. The voice returned and on this occasion gave his name so clearly that all in the room heard it.

<sup>1</sup> Bradley, H. Dennis, *Towards the Stars* (London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.), 173-74, 178, 184-85.



THE VOICE: I am George W. Crawford.

De Wyckoff asked for further evidence of his personality and "George W. Crawford" replied, "Don't you remember when you changed the room?"

De Wyckoff (under the impression that Crawford was referring to the present sitting taking place in the study instead of the dining-room as formerly) answered, "Yes, we changed the room because the conditions here are better."

CRAWFORD: I do not mean that, I mean that you changed my room for me aboard ship.

This information startled De Wyckoff, and he stated that when Crawford was taken ill on board ship he persuaded the purser to have him removed to a larger cabin, in which he died.

On February 15, Crawford returned and renewed his conversation with De Wyckoff.

DE WYCKOFF: How long is it since you passed away?

CRAWFORD: About eight years. (Correct.)

DE WYCKOFF: What was the name of the boat you were travelling on?

CRAWFORD: The *St. Paul*. (Correct.)

De Wyckoff then asked what was the cause of his death, to which Crawford replied, "Over-eating." (Crawford weighed about twenty-five stone and had an appetite equivalent to his weight.)

DE WYCKOFF: Do you remember your burial?

CRAWFORD: Yes, I was put in a box with heavy weights. (He was buried at sea.)

The foregoing are a few of the evidential questions put by De Wyckoff; in every case the correct answer was returned, and at the end Crawford said, "I think I have given you enough."

#### CASE NO. 87

#### *The Welsh Language Case*<sup>1</sup>

On February 27 another sitting was held at Dorincourt, composed of the following: Dennis Bradley, Mrs. Dennis Bradley, Newman Flower, Harold Wimbury, Mr. and Mrs. Caradoc Evans, Miss Queenie Bayliss, and George Valiantine.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, who had attended previous sittings, renewed

<sup>1</sup> Bradley, H. Dennis, *Towards the Stars*, 208-11.

acquaintanceship with an old friend—Edward Wright. After various topics of mutual interest had been discussed, a new voice, claiming to be that of Mr. Evans' father, came on the scene.

CARADOC EVANS: Do you want me?

VOICE: Yes.

CARADOC EVANS: Who are you?

VOICE: Your father!

CARADOC EVANS: Father! Can't be. How do you know that I am here? Who told you?

VOICE: Edward Wright.

CARADOC EVANS: Well, look, if you are my father, *siaradwch a fy yn eich iaith*.<sup>1</sup>

VOICE: *Beth i chwi am i fy ddweyd?*

CARADOC EVANS: *Eich enw, wrth gwrs.*

VOICE: William Evans.

CARADOC EVANS: *Yn le marwo chwi?*

VOICE: *Caerfyrddin.*

CARADOC EVANS: *Sir?*

VOICE: *Tre.*

CARADOC EVANS: *Ble mae'r ty?*

VOICE: *Uch ben ye avon. Mae steps—lawer iawn—rhung y ty ar rheol. Pa beth yr ydych yn gofyn? Y chwi yn mynd i weled<sup>1</sup> a ty bob tro yr rydych yn y dre.*

CARADOC EVANS: *'Nhad—.*

### Translation

. . . speak to me in your own language.

VOICE: What do you want me to say?

CARADOC EVANS: Your name, of course.

VOICE: William Evans.

CARADOC EVANS: Where did you die?

VOICE: Carmarthen.

CARADOC EVANS: Shire?

VOICE: Town.

CARADOC EVANS: Where is the house?

<sup>1</sup> After the sitting, Caradoc Evans supplied Dennis Bradley with the conversation in Welsh and the translation in English.

VOICE: Above the river. There are steps—many steps—between the house and the road. Why do you ask me? You go to see the house every time you are in the town.

CARADOC EVANS: My father—.

## CASE NO. 88

*The Walter Case*<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Harold Wimbury was fortunate to receive substantial evidence at the same sitting, although it had not the same high dramatic quality as that obtained by Mr. Caradoc Evans.

A voice spoke and someone in the circle said, "It sounds like Walter."

HAROLD WIMBURY: Is it Walter?

VOICE: Yes.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Did I know you here?

VOICE: Yes.

HAROLD WIMBURY: For how long?

VOICE: For several years.

HAROLD WIMBURY: How long ago?

VOICE: About twenty years.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Where?

VOICE: Birmingham.

HAROLD WIMBURY: What is your other name?

VOICE: Downing.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Good Lord, Walter, I am glad to see you. Do you remember our last holiday?

VOICE: Yes—I've all my faculties now.

HAROLD WIMBURY: You always had.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Do you remember Sally? (This was a trap. Sally was the nickname of a man named Sanders. *Not a woman.*)

VOICE: Yes—I remember *him* and all of them. Tell them I am very happy here.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Do you remember we lived together?

VOICE: Yes.

HAROLD WIMBURY: Where?

<sup>1</sup> Bradley, H. Dennis, *Towards the Stars*, 211-13.

VOICE: Over the hotel.

("Walter and I, working on a morning paper, often missed our last trains to our homes and so we shared a room in Birmingham, where we snuggled in when late, often together. The room was over the Crown Hotel, two minutes from the office."—Harold Wimbury.)

Mr. Wimbury supplied the foregoing explanations to Dennis Bradley.

#### CASE NO. 89

##### *Incidents from Various Sitzings Case<sup>1</sup>*

In the month of February, 1925, George Valiantine paid a return visit to England for the purpose of holding a further series of sittings with Dennis Bradley—this visit lasting to the month of April.

On this occasion, Bradley made a point of bringing—without making introductions to Valiantine—friends and strangers from many professions: law, art, science, stage, politics, journalism, the army, etc., and this was deliberately done with a view to observing the reactions on Valiantine's mediumship.

The sittings were of a varied character, good, bad and indifferent; not all the good sittings were completely evidential, while many of those which were inferior contained some evidential items. In the course of this series communicators spoke in most European languages, occasionally in Chinese and Japanese; and sitters, during the conversation, changed the language from German to English, Danish to Russian, or Italian to French, and the communicators carried on without pause.

Some of the outstanding evidence in these sittings has been collected and summarized in this case.

##### *Sitting on February 25, 1925*

A voice addressed Countess Tyong Oeitiongham in Chinese, in which language a conversation was carried on between them for a short time. After the sitting the Countess stated that there were at least twenty dialects in Chinese, each of which might have been used. The voice spoke to her in two languages, mixed in a way which no European—even if he were able to speak Chinese—could do. *One of the dialects was one in which her father used to speak to her when she was a child, and the other was one which they spoke together after she had grown up.*

<sup>1</sup> Bradley, H. Dennis, *The Wisdom of the Gods* (London: T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.), 221-386.

*Sitting on March 10, 1925*

A voice addressed Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig and she replied to it in Danish. The voice then said to her, "Speak to me in Russian," and announced that he was her brother Oscar. Together they talked for a little time in the Russian language.

*Sitting on March 18, 1925*

The most dramatic event of the evening was when a voice addressed Mr. Gonnoské Komai in Japanese. The voice called, "Gonnoské, Gonnoské," and then gave the name "Otani." Identity was established and a conversation was carried on in Japanese. Afterwards, Mr. Komai stated an important point: in Japan, only an elder brother, father, or mother is allowed to address a man by his first name, and the voice was that of his elder brother who had passed away some time ago.

*Sitting on April 7, 1925*

A voice claiming to be Dr. Peebles spoke to Dr. Abraham Wallace. "You remember there was a banquet held in my honor when the empty chair was left for me and I appreciated it very much; I enjoyed the gathering."

Afterwards, Dr. Wallace explained that a banquet had been held in California in honor of the 100th birthday of Dr. Peebles, who died just prior to the banquet; nevertheless, the banquet was held with the empty chair at the table in appreciation of Dr. Peebles. This incident was accepted as evidential by Dr. Wallace, as no one in the room but himself knew of this happening.

*Sitting on April 10, 1925*

Michael Bradley—an uncle of Dennis Bradley—spoke in loud and distinct tones. "He addressed my father as 'Dan,' the name by which he was accustomed to address him. They conversed together for quite a while, my father asking many questions which called for evidential replies. Michael spontaneously volunteered all the information which was required of him. He remembered the place of his birth, near Galway, his age when he passed over, and many details of his career on earth, thereby establishing his identity."

*Sitting on April 16, 1925*

A voice spoke to Mr. P. H. G. Fender, claiming the relationship of

grandfather. Mr. Fender asked where he had lived and he correctly replied "Dundee."

To Mrs. Theodore McKenna a voice announced itself as "Just McKenna." Later, Mrs. McKenna said that her son, Justine McKenna, who had died when he was twenty-one years old, was addressed by the family as "Just."

A voice claiming to be his mother spoke to Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, and in the course of her conversation mentioned Aunt Annie. Mr. Hammerstein did not quite catch the name, but Mrs. Hammerstein, seated opposite, heard it and said, "She is speaking of Aunt Annie." The voice then went over to Mrs. Hammerstein and said, "I was talking of 'Mousie'"—the nickname by which Aunt Annie was known in the family.

#### CASE NO. 90

#### *The Chinese Case*<sup>1</sup>

When Dr. Neville Whymant, lecturer for many years in Chinese at Oxford, was in New York, where he had been controlling the Oriental department of a new encyclopædia, he was invited by Judge W. M. Cannon to attend a sitting with Valiantine. Dr. Whymant had been informed that voices had spoken in foreign tongues, European and Oriental, at previous sittings; and as Dr. Whymant spoke thirty dialects and languages his presence was desired to pass judgment on those voices, which none of the sitters could interpret.

He was amused at the invitation and thought that after an evening of enjoyable relaxation listening in the dark to various voices someone would reveal the technique of an ingenious hoax. Dr. Whymant, when he met Valiantine, formed the opinion that he was a simple, rather stupid and unlettered man, utterly incapable of any form of acting.

The sitting began with the Lord's Prayer, followed by some singing, and the first voices that came spoke on such private matters to the other sitters that the lecturer "felt like an eavesdropper, but luckily the darkness covered all blushes." Next a voice spoke in Italian which Dr. Whymant translated for the benefit of one of the sitters. Then suddenly—"a weird, crackling, broken little sound which at once carried my mind

<sup>1</sup> Whymant, Dr. Neville, *Psychic Adventures in New York* (London: Morley and Mitchell Kennerley).



straight back to China. It was the sound of a flute, rather poorly played, such as can be heard in the streets of the Celestial Land but nowhere else." The next sound seemed to be a hollow repetition of a Chinese name, K'ung-fu-T'zo, "The Philosopher-Master-K'ung," the name by which Confucius was canonized. "I was not sure I had heard aright and I asked in Chinese for another opportunity of hearing what had been said before. This time without any hesitation at all came the name, K'ung-fu-T'zo. Now, I thought, this was my opportunity. Chinese I had long regarded as my own special research area, and he would be a wise man, medium or other, who would attempt to trick me on such soil. It was very difficult to discover what was said next, and I had to keep calling for a repetition. Then it burst upon me that I was listening to Chinese of a dialect not now spoken in any part of China. As the voice went on I realized that the style of Chinese used was identical with that of a Chinese classic edited by Confucius 2,500 years ago. Only among scholars in archaic Chinese could one now hear that accent and style, and then only when they intoned some passage from the ancient books. In other words, the Chinese to which we were now listening was as dead colloquially as Sanskrit or Latin. I thought suddenly of a supreme test. There are several poems in the *Shih King (Classic of Poetry)* which have baffled the commentators ever since Confucius himself edited the work and left it to posterity as a model anthology of early Chinese verse. Western scholars have attempted in vain to wrest their meaning, and Chinese classical scholars versed in the lore and literature of the ancient empire have long ago given up trying to understand them. I have never read any of these poems myself, but I knew the first lines of some of them through seeing them so often while looking through the book for others. At this moment it occurred to me that if I could remember the first line of them I might now get a chance to astonish the communicator who called himself 'Confucius.' I asked if the 'Master' would explain to me the meaning of one of those long, obscure odes. Without exerting conscious choice I said, 'Ts'ai Ts'ai chuan erh,' which is the first line of the third ode of the first book (*Chow nan*) of the *Classic of Poetry*. I certainly could not have repeated another line of this poem, for I did not know any of the remaining fifteen lines; but there was no need or even opportunity, for the voice took up the poem and recited to the end. I had

a pad of paper and a pencil and I made notes of what the voice said and jotted down keys to the intonation used.

"In declaiming the ode the voice had put a construction on the verses and made the whole thing hang together as a normal poem. Altogether there were about sixteen sittings at which I assisted in exactly the same fashion as that detailed in the first sitting. The self-styled Confucius was very regular in its incidence. Fourteen foreign languages were used in the course of the sittings I attended. They included Chinese, Hindu, Persian, Basque, Sanskrit, Arabic, Portuguese, Italian, Yiddish (spoken with great fluency when a Yiddish and Hebrew speaking Jew was a member of the circle), German, and modern Greek."

Dr. Whymant stressed several points on "Confucius," whom, of course, he did not accept at face value, but he said that only the Chinese could have pronounced the name correctly, as this voice had done, and the syllables "T'zu" or "T'ze" were very difficult to say; they were not pronounced "T'zoo" or "T'zee" but "Ts," which latter sound cannot be represented by English letters. As diction and Chinese intonation were correctly uttered, Dr. Whymant did not doubt that the owner of the voice was a Chinese scholar—wherever he operated from. One question asked, "What was your popular name when fourteen years of age?" brought out the correct reply with the true intonation, and this information is known only to experts in the Chinese language.

On one occasion Dr. Whymant was thanked for the "work which thou hast done for the Mongolians"; this, he thought, was a reference to a small Mongolian grammar he had written and published anonymously. One sitting was missed on account of illness and when Dr. Whymant returned "Confucius" greeted him with the remark, "The weed of sickness was growing beside thy door," a phrase no longer current in China but used in ancient literature.

"Confucius" spoke in a dialect not used in China today, but Dr. Whymant could not definitely say that it was the language of the philosopher 2,500 years ago, and there is not one person alive who knows how Chinese was spoken then. All that is known is the phonetic value of some 3,000 words spoken 1,000 years after the death of Confucius. After twenty-five years of research on this question there are only about a dozen sounds known of the time of Confucius, and these archaic sounds were uttered by the voice.

To check up on the correct poetic diction furnished by the communicating entity, Dr. Whymant went the next day to the Civic Library to make the necessary investigations, concerning which he wrote: "By comparing my notes of the previous evening with the original text I discovered that an error had been made—either I had misheard and had written down one wrong character or the voice had erred in its recital of the poem. Before I had time to comment on this at the second sitting the voice said, 'Speaking the other day, this clumsy, witless one stepped into error. Too frequently, alas! has he done this; and the explanation he gave was a faulty one. Listen now to the reading of the passage about which the illustrious scholar inquired.' Then followed the true reading with the faulty character corrected! This certainly impressed me as out of the ordinary."

## CASE NO. 91

*The Bessy Manning Case*<sup>1</sup>

"I am Bessy Manning and I want you to send a message to my mother." This request was made to Maurice Barbanell at a direct-voice sitting held on February 10, 1933, at which Estelle Roberts was the medium. Then the voice added the mother's address: "14 Canterbury Street, Blackburn."

"My name is Bessy Manning," she repeated, "and I died with tuberculosis last Easter. I have brought my brother who was killed by a motor. . . . Tell Mother I still have my long plaits. I am twenty-two and I have blue eyes. Tell her to come, could you bring her here? . . . She is not rich, she is poor."

Next day, without the slightest hesitation that the name and address might be wrong; Maurice Barbanell sent off a telegram of invitation to Bessy's mother in Blackburn—and it found her!

On February 20, Mr. Barbanell met Mrs. Manning at the station and escorted her to Teddington, London, where the séance was held. A few days after the séance she wrote thanking Mr. Barbanell, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, and Mrs. Estelle Roberts for their kindness in making it possible for her to visit London. "I heard my own daughter speaking, in the same old loving way and the self-same peculiarities of speech. She spoke of incidents that I know for a positive fact no other person could know. I am her mother and am the best judge."

<sup>1</sup> Barbanell, Maurice, *The Trumpet Shall Sound* (London: Wm. Rider and Co.), 129.

"No theories of telepathy," writes Mr. Barbanell, "or subconscious mind can apply to the evidence. No suggestion of fraud or collusion can be entertained. Mrs. Manning had never seen Estelle Roberts in her life, yet a full name and address were transmitted and a complete message given, every detail of which was accurate."

## CASE NO. 92

*The Hungarian Case*<sup>1</sup>

This was Dr. Fodor's first experience of direct-voice phenomena with Arthur Ford, to whom he was introduced by William Cartheuser. Dr. Fodor had just arrived in New York a day or so previously, his antecedents were unknown, and he went merely to pass the night; he might easily have gone to a picture show or a theatre instead.

"We sat in a circle, men and women alternating. A shaded red lamp cast a feeble glow on the middle of the floor. Alongside were two telescopic trumpets. We sang and conversed to provide vibrations.

"In the red glimmer I saw one of the trumpets sway. Then it shot up and vanished in the upper darkness. Occasionally, it was revealed in swift motion by the red light.

"While the medium was heard speaking in his place, it travelled around and gently touched various sitters.

"I heard whistling from the trumpet. Then a sonorous, pleasant, and friendly voice says: 'Good evening, my friends.'

"The séance is in full swing. 'Dead' sweethearts, fathers, and mothers come to talk.

"I feel breathless, keyed up. The trumpet is not very clear. It is only Fletcher (Ford's guide) whom one can easily follow. He often steps in and explains. He cracks jokes. His laugh is delightful.

"The strain is easing. It is a social evening. People are quite jolly. I risk a request.

"Could Fletcher bring someone speaking Hungarian? My wife is more practical. She wants her brother, a brilliant artist who died very young. Fletcher, full of sympathy, says: 'I will try. Have a little patience.'

"The trumpet clatters to the floor. Silence. Now it shoots up. I hear a

<sup>1</sup> By courtesy of Dr. Nandor Fodor, New York—from *The Psychic News*, November 7, 1936. London.

voice. Cold shivers run down my back. It sounds like a distant cry. It is repeated. Someone is calling my name.

"'Who . . . who is it? Whom do you want?' I ask hoarsely in my native tongue.

"The call is more explicit: 'Fodor. . . . Journalist!'

"The last word shakes me to the core. It is pronounced in German. It is the only German word my father ever used. He used it only when he spoke about me!

"I stammered an answer. Craning my neck in the dark in the direction of the trumpet, I listened with strained nerves to tatters of a terrific struggle for expression.

"*'Édesapa . . . édesapa. . . '* (Dear father . . . dear father.)

"The voice vibrates with emotion. It makes me hot and burning. I sound unnatural to myself: *'Apám? Apám?'* (Father, dear?)

"*'Iges. Edes fiam. . . '* (Yes, dear son. . . .)

"I cannot describe the minutes that followed. From beyond the Great Divide somebody who says he is my father is making desperate efforts to master some weird instrument of speech, and trembles with anxiety to prove his presence by speaking in his native tongue:

"*'Budapest . . . nem értesz? Enekelek. . . Magyar Kislány vagyok.'* (Budapest . . . don't you understand? . . . I will sing. . . .)

"I don't know the song. Two lines rhyming. Have I heard them before?

"I recognize the pet name of my eldest brother, to whom my father was very attached.

"The voice comes from near the ceiling. But it comes nearer at my request. It is still struggling for words.

"Fletcher takes pity and explains: 'Your father wishes to tell you that he died on January 16. It is for the first time he tries to speak. That makes it very difficult for him.'

"The interruption brings relief. The voice becomes much clearer. It gives me a message about my mother and sister.

"Then: *'Isten áldjon meg, édes fiam.'* (God bless you, my son.)

"Sounds of kisses. . . . Silence. . . .

"The trumpet provides a fresh thrill. It speaks again in Hungarian: *'Esti Ujság.'* (Evening News.)

"My wife screams.



"*Esti Ujság* was the newspaper on the staff of which her brother was employed before he died.

"*'Sanyika?'*

"*'Yes.'*

"I feel her trembling with excitement.

"The voice is youthful and explosive. It speaks as my wife's brother would. 'He' knows all about the family and is always about. 'He' has but one regret: '*Szegény Vilmos bácsi!*' (Poor Uncle Vilmos.)

"Why, what is wrong with Uncle Vilmos?"

"He is not well. He will go blind."

"We receive the prophecy in dead silence.

"My experience was more unusual than that of the majority. I was a foreigner on the staff of a foreign daily in New York. I had few friends. They were all new ones. None of them knew about my old country relations. Yet the statements about my family were correct.

"The voice spoke in Hungarian. Plain as the words were, my native tongue offers a variety of expression for the relationship between father and son.

"The voice made no mistake. My father was in the habit of using the *very* words.

"He had forgotten his German years before. It was no more spoken at home. The only word retained was 'journalist.' He was very proud of his boy, the journalist. The Hungarian equivalent is *ujságíró*. He never used it. He preferred the German term.

"The reference to the date of his death was not correct. He did not die on January 16. But he was buried on that day.

"Uncle Vilmos, as predicted, went blind—and committed suicide! I knew him as Uncle Villy. Vilmos (the proper name) left me uneasy. I had the matter out with my mother-in-law two years later when I revisited Budapest. She opened her eyes wide.

"Why, didn't you know? My boy alone in the family called him Uncle Vilmos. He was Uncle Villy to everybody else!"



## Chapter 11

### MATERIALIZATION

THE character of the ordinary materializing séance is probably known well enough to render any long description unnecessary.

The medium is usually inside a cabinet, sometimes tied or fastened, while the investigators sit 'round in the form of a half-circle in a room, sometimes completely dark or lighted by a red light. After a certain time, full life-size figures issue from the cabinet and walk about the sitters.

It is believed that these forms are built up in some way with a vital substance, probably of biological origin—known as ectoplasm—drawn from the bodies of the sitters and the medium. In the course of time, when the power wanes, the forms dematerialize before the eyes of the sitters.

The foregoing, of course, is what the sitters see when they attend materializing séances; the interpretation of such is an entirely different matter, on which authorities differ, and if any branch of psychical phenomena should be left in the hands of the experts, it should be the study of materialization. It is far too complicated for the amateur investigator.

#### CASE NO. 93

#### *The Katie King Case*<sup>1</sup>

Today, the study and investigation of psychical research is considered proper and respectable and in it even the clergy and aristocracy may safely indulge to their heart's content without losing caste in their own particular strata of society, but there was a time—about seventy years ago—when only the bravest of the brave could allow it to be known that such was occupying their attention. Many scientists have been, and are, psychical researchers, but none more courageous than Sir William Crookes, who first blazed the trail in the bigoted Victorian era. He

<sup>1</sup> Crookes, Sir William, *Researches into the Phenomena of Spiritualism* (London: James Burns).

suffered not only at the hands of the general public, the press, and the pulpit—that was only to be expected—but his fellow scientists poured scorn and contempt upon his head. Nevertheless, he did not retreat from the position he had taken, but stood his ground till the day of his death. D. D. Home was one of the first mediums he investigated. We are not concerned with him in this chapter, but with a lady—Miss Florence Cook, a materializing medium.

Miss Cook had been attacked by opponents and Crookes defended her by publishing his experiences with her in a series of letters in the psychic press of that day.

The first letter, written on February 3, 1874, describes a single sitting:

“The séance was held at the house of Mr. Luxmore, and the ‘cabinet’ was a black drawing-room, separated from the front room in which the company sat by a curtain.

“The usual formality of searching the room and examining the fastenings having been gone through, Miss Cook entered the cabinet. After a little time the form of Katie appeared at the side of the curtain, but soon retreated, saying her medium was not well and could not be put into a sufficiently deep sleep to make it safe for her to be left.

“I was sitting within a few feet of the curtain close behind which Miss Cook was sitting and I could frequently hear her sob and moan as if in pain. This uneasiness continued at intervals nearly the whole duration of the séance, and once, when the form of Katie (King, the materialized control) was standing before me in the room I distinctly heard a sobbing, moaning sound, identical with that which Miss Cook had been making at intervals the whole time of the séance, come from behind the curtain where the young lady was supposed to be sitting. I admit that the figure was startlingly lifelike and real, and as far as I could see in the somewhat dim light, the features resembled those of Miss Cook; but still the positive evidence of one of my own senses that the moan came from Miss Cook in the cabinet, while the figure was outside, is too strong to be upset by a mere inference to the contrary, however well supported.”

Crookes was not quite convinced by this single sitting and he asked his readers to suspend judgment until he had completed a series of

séances, when they would hear from him again one way or another, whether she was fraudulent or genuine.

On March 30, he published his next letter:

"I will, for the present, pass over most of the tests which Katie has given me on the many occasions when Miss Cook has favored me with séances at this house, and will describe only one or two which I have recently had. I have for some time past been experimenting with a phosphorus lamp, consisting of a 6-ounce, or 8-ounce bottle containing a little phosphorized oil and tightly corked. I have had reason to hope that by the light of this lamp some of the mysterious phenomena of the cabinet might be rendered visible, and Katie has also expressed herself hopefully as to the same result. On March 12, during a séance here, after Katie had been walking among us and talking for some time, she retreated behind the curtain which separated my laboratory, where the company was sitting, from my library, which did temporary duty as a cabinet. In a minute she came to the curtain and called me to her, saying, 'Come into the room and lift my medium's head up; she has slipped down.' Katie was then standing before me clothed in her usual white robes and turban head-dress. I immediately walked into the library to Miss Cook, Katie stepping aside to allow me to pass. I found Miss Cook had slipped partially off the sofa, and her head was hanging in a very awkward position. I lifted her on to the sofa, and in doing so had satisfactory evidence, in spite of the darkness, that Miss Cook was not attired in the 'Katie' costume, but had on her ordinary black velvet dress and was in a very deep trance. Not more than three seconds elapsed between my seeing the white-robed Katie standing before me and my raising Miss Cook on to the sofa from the position into which she had fallen.

"On returning to my post of observation by the curtain, Katie again appeared, and said she thought she should be able to show herself and her medium to me at the same time. The gas was then turned out, and she asked for my phosphorus lamp. After exhibiting herself by it for some seconds, she handed it back to me saying, 'Now, come in and see my medium.' I closely followed her into the library, and by the light of my lamp saw Miss Cook lying on the sofa just as I had left her. I looked

'round for Katie but she had disappeared. I called her but there was no answer.

"On resuming my place, Katie soon reappeared and told me that she had been standing close to Miss Cook all the time. She then asked if she might try an experiment herself, and taking the phosphorus lamp from me she passed behind the curtain, asking me not to look in for the present. My eldest son, a lad of fourteen, who was sitting opposite me in such a position that he could see behind the curtain, tells me he distinctly saw the phosphorus lamp apparently floating in space over Miss Cook, illuminating her as she lay motionless on the sofa, but he could not see anyone holding the lamp.

"I pass on to a séance held last night at Hackney. Katie never appeared to greater perfection, and for nearly two hours she walked about the room, conversing familiarly with those present. On several occasions she took my arm when walking, and the impression conveyed to my mind that it was a living woman by my side instead of a visitor from the other world, was so strong that the temptation to repeat a certain celebrated experiment became almost irresistible. Feeling, however, that if I had not a spirit, I had at all events a *lady* close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms, so as to be able to verify the interesting observations which a bold experimentalist has recently somewhat verbosely recorded. Permission was graciously granted, and I accordingly did—well, as any gentleman would do in the circumstances. . . .

"Katie now said she thought she should be able this time to show herself and Miss Cook together. I was to turn the gas out, and then come with my phosphorus lamp into the room now used as a cabinet. This I did, having previously asked a friend who was skillful at shorthand to take down any statement I might make when in the cabinet, knowing the importance attaching to first impressions, and not wishing to leave more to memory than necessary. His notes are now before me.

"I went cautiously into the room, it being dark, and felt about for Miss Cook. I found her crouching on the floor. Kneeling down, I let air enter the lamp, and by its light I saw the young lady dressed in black velvet, as she had been in the early part of the evening, and to all appearances perfectly senseless; she did not move when I took her hand and held the light quite close to her face, but continued quietly breathing.

Raising the lamp, I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing white drapery as we had seen her previously during the séance. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine, and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure, and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the veritable Katie whom I had clasped in my arms a few minutes before, and not at the phantasm of a disordered brain. She did not speak, but moved her head and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did I carefully examine Miss Cook crouching before me, to be sure that the hand I held was that of a living woman, and three separate times did I turn the lamp to Katie and examine her with steadfast scrutiny until I had no doubt whatever of her objective reality. At last Miss Cook moved slightly, and Katie instantly moved me to go away. I went to another part of the cabinet and then ceased to see Katie, but did not in fact leave the room till Miss Cook woke up, and two of the visitors came in with a light.

"Before concluding this article I wish to give some of the points of difference I have observed between Miss Cook and Katie. Katie's height varies; in my house I have seen her six inches taller than Miss Cook. Last night, with bare feet and not 'tip-toeing,' she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cook. Katie's neck was bare last night; the skin was perfectly smooth both to touch and sight, whilst on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister, which, under similar circumstances, is distinctly visible and rough to the touch. Katie's ears are unpierced, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears earrings. Katie's complexion is very fair, while that of Miss Cook is very dark. Katie's fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's, and her face is also larger. In manners and ways of expression there are also many decided differences."

Later, Crookes described his final sitting when Katie King materialized for the last time:

"During the week before Katie took her departure she gave séances at my house almost nightly, to enable me to photograph her by artificial light. Five complete sets of photographic apparatus were accordingly fitted up for the purpose, consisting of five cameras, one of the whole-plate size, one half-plate, one quarter-plate, and two binocular stereoscopic cameras,



which were all brought to bear upon Katie at the same time on each occasion on which she stood for her portrait. Five sensitizing and fixed baths were used, and plenty of plates were cleaned ready for use in advance, so that there might be no hitch or delay during the photographic operations, which were performed by myself, aided by one assistant. . . . Each evening there were three or four exposures of plates in the five cameras, giving at least fifteen separate pictures at each séance; some of these were spoilt in the developing, and some in regulating the amount of light. Altogether I had forty-four negatives, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent.

"Katie instructed all the sitters but myself to keep their seats and to keep conditions, but for some time past she has given me permission to do what I liked—to touch her, and to enter and leave the cabinet almost whenever I pleased. I have frequently followed her into the cabinet, and have sometimes seen her and her medium together, but most generally I have found nobody but the entranced medium lying on the floor, Katie and her white robes having instantaneously disappeared.

"During the last six months Miss Cook has been a frequent visitor at my house, remaining sometimes a week at a time. She brings nothing with her but a little handbag, not locked; during the day she is constantly in the presence of Mrs. Crookes, myself, or some other member of the family; and, not sleeping by herself, there is absolutely no opportunity for any preparation even of a less elaborate character than would be required for enacting Katie King. I prepare and arrange my library as the dark cabinet, and usually, after Miss Cook has been dining and conversing with us, and scarcely out of our sight for a minute, she walks directly into the cabinet, and I, at her request, lock its second door, and keep possession of the key all through the séance. The gas is then turned out, and Miss Cook is left in darkness.

"On entering the cabinet Miss Cook lies down upon the floor, with her head on a pillow, and is soon entranced. During the photographic séance Katie muffled the medium's head up in a shawl to prevent the light falling upon her face. I frequently drew the curtain on one side when Katie was standing near, and it was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time, under the full blaze of the electric light. We did not on these occasions



actually see the face of the medium, because of the shawl, but we saw her hands and feet; we saw her move uneasily under the influence of the intense light, and we heard her moan occasionally. I have one photograph of the two together, but Katie is seated in front of Miss Cook's head.

"One of the most interesting of the pictures is one in which I am standing at the side of Katie; she has her bare feet upon a particular part of the floor. Afterwards, I dressed Miss Cook like Katie, placed her and myself in exactly the same position, and we were photographed by the same cameras, placed exactly as in the other experiment, and illuminated by the same light. When these two pictures are placed over each other, the two photographs of myself coincide exactly as regards stature, etc., but Katie is half a head taller than Miss Cook, and looks like a big woman in comparison with her. In the breadth of her face, in many of the pictures, she differs essentially in size from her medium, and the photographs show several other points of difference.

"Having seen so much of Katie lately, when she has been illuminated by the electric light, I am enabled to add to the points of difference between her and her medium which I mentioned in a former article. I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me, and which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses, having first traced it up to the scalp and satisfied myself that it actually grew there, is a rich golden auburn.

"One evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at seventy-five, while Miss Cook's pulse a little after was going at its usual rate of ninety. On applying my ear to Katie's chest I could hear a heart beating rhythmically inside, and pulsating even more steadily than did Miss Cook's heart when she allowed me to try a similar experiment after the séance. Tested in the same way Katie's lungs were found to be sounder than her medium's, for at the time I tried my experiment Miss Cook was under medical treatment for a severe cough."

Two of the tests that Crookes made with Miss Cook may be mentioned. An electrical test was devised by Mr. Cromwell Varley. The medium was

placed in an electric circuit connected with a resistance coil and a galvanometer. The movements of the galvanometer, on a large graduated scale, were shown in the outer room to the sitters. If the medium had removed the wires the galvanometer would have shown violent fluctuations, yet nothing suspicious occurred, for Katie appeared, waved her arms, shook hands with her friends and wrote in their presence. As an additional test Crookes asked Katie to plunge her hands into a chemical solution. No deflection of the galvanometer was seen. This would have been infallibly the case if Katie had the wires on her because the solution would have modified the current.

"When the time came for Katie to take her farewell I asked that she would let me see the last of her. Accordingly, when she called each of the company up to her and had spoken to them a few words in private, she gave some general directions for the future guidance and protection of Miss Cook. . . . Having concluded her directions, Katie invited me into the cabinet with her and allowed me to remain to the end.

"After closing the curtains she conversed with me for some time and then walked across the room to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, Katie touched her and said, 'Wake up, Florrie, wake up! I must leave you now.' Miss Cook then woke and entreated Katie to stay a little time longer. 'My dear, I can't, my work is done. God bless you.' For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her from speaking. Following Katie's instructions, I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked 'round, but the white-robed Katie had gone. As soon as Miss Cook was sufficiently calmed, a light was procured and I led her out of the cabinet.

"The almost daily séances with which Miss Cook has lately favored me have proved a severe tax upon her strength and I wish to make the most public acknowledgment of the obligations I am under to her for her readiness to assist me in my experiments. Every test that I have proposed she has at once agreed to submit to with the utmost willingness; she is open and straightforward in speech, and I have never seen anything approaching the slightest symptom of a wish to deceive. Indeed, I do not believe she could carry on a deception if she wished to try, and if she did

she would certainly be found out very quickly, for such a line of action is altogether foreign to her nature. And to imagine that an innocent schoolgirl of fifteen should be able to conceive and then successfully carry out for three years so gigantic an imposture as this, and in that time should submit to any test which might be imposed upon her, should bear the strictest scrutiny, should be willing to be searched at any time, either before or after a séance, and should meet with even better success in my own house than at that of her parents, knowing that she visited me with the express object of submitting to strict scientific tests—to imagine, I say, the Katie King of the last three years to be the result of imposture does more violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms."

Crookes maintained his belief to the end of his life, and before the British Association at Bristol in 1898 he declared: "Upon one other interest I have not touched—to me the weightiest and farthest-reaching of all. No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychic researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a Force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statements. Indeed, I might add much thereto."

CASE NO. 94

*The Palladino Case*<sup>1</sup>

In this case Professor Richet describes two of the rare examples of materialization in the career of Eusapia Palladino, the Italian medium.

"In the eighteenth séance, at Genoa," he says, "the best of them all, in the presence of Morselli, Porro, L. Ramorino, L. Vassalo, and Dr. Venzano of the Minerva Circle, on December 23, 1901, in the dark two invisible forms manifested which were afterwards seen by weak light. The first was a little deceased daughter of Porro who felt a child under a veil. We heard the child speak in a baby voice; she kissed Porro. This

<sup>1</sup> Richet, Charles, *Thirty Years of Psychical Research* (London: Wm. Collins Sons and Co., Ltd.).

form could not be seen. Then another came, the son of Vassalo, who died aged sixteen. This entity became visible . . . a third and a fourth entity appeared. The third was distinctly seen, but identification was doubtful.

"In another séance, the twenty-third, which was also a very important one, held in M. Avellino's house, Eusapia was fastened down on a bed placed behind the curtain. Then an apparition was seen of a young girl; the hand, shoulders and part of the bust being visible and perhaps slightly phosphorescent. A turban hid her ears, chin, and hair; she remained still for some twenty seconds. A second apparition then showed a tall man, with an abundant full beard, large head with prominent bones, and a thick neck. Four more appeared, first the head of a young woman in an oriental garb; the fourth was not completely formed, it seemed imperfect on the right side. Says Morselli, 'I saw the eyes looking at me; although bright enough for me to see the reflection of the lights on the cornea, they seemed veiled. When I approached her she made no attempt to retreat but made a salutation with her arm and went. The fifth and sixth were of a woman of about fifty and a young child; these appeared together.'"

CASE NO. 95

*The Marthe Case*<sup>1</sup>

This example is taken from an investigation of Marthe Béraud by Professor Richet, whose conclusions were later confirmed by Dr. Schrenck-Notzing and Mme Bisson. The experiments were held in a small isolated building in Algiers. The conditions were test-proof, the window was blocked up and remained shut at all times. The only door was locked at the beginning of every séance. There was only one room in the building; it was minutely inspected by Richet and his friend Delanne before every séance, and no stranger could enter during the séances.

"The materializations produced," wrote Richet, "were very complete. The phantom of Bien Boa appeared five or six times under satisfactory conditions in the sense that he could not be Marthe masquerading in a helmet and a sheet. Also, Marthe and the phantom were both seen at the same time. . . . He walked and moved, his eyes could be seen looking

<sup>1</sup> Richet, Charles, *op. cit.*

'round, and when he tried to speak his lips moved. He seemed so much alive that, as we could hear his breathing, I took a flask of baryta water to see if his breath would show carbon dioxide. The experiment succeeded. I did not lose sight of the flask from the moment when I put it into the hands of Bien Boa who seemed to float in the air on the left of the curtain at a height greater than Marthe could have been if standing up. When he blew into the tube the bubbling could be heard and I asked Delanne, 'Do you see Marthe?' He said, 'I see Marthe completely.' . . . I could myself see the form of Marthe sitting in her chair, though I could not see her head and her right shoulder. . . . A comical incident occurred at this point. When we saw the baryta show white (which incidentally shows the light was good), we cried, 'Bravo.' Bien Boa then vanished, but reappeared three times, opening and closing the curtain and bowing like an actor who receives applause."

## CASE NO. 96

*The Salmon Case*<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Paul Gibier, an eminent physiologist and a director of the Pasteur Institute in New York, had a very decisive experience with Mrs. Salmon.

He experimented in his own laboratory, using an iron cage specially made to his instructions, with a door closing by a lock. Mrs. Salmon was placed in the cage, the door was locked, and a stamp paper gummed over the lock. He put the key in his pocket. A very short time after the lights had been extinguished, hands, arms, and living forms came out of the cage—a man, a woman, more often a gay, lively little girl. Suddenly Mrs. Salmon emerged from the cage and fell half fainting on the floor. The seals were found intact and the door had not been opened.

In a second experiment, still more demonstrative, the cage was replaced by a wooden cabinet, specially constructed and hermetically closed. Mrs. Salmon was tied firmly by a ribbon 'round her neck, sealed to the walls of the cabinet. The lights were scarcely extinguished before a bare forearm and hand appeared outside the cabinet, just twenty-four seconds after darkness was made. Then another form moved outside. Then a woman, seemingly alive, came out of the cabinet and was recognized by Mme D. and Mme B. This phantasmal personage spoke French very well;

<sup>1</sup> *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* (1901). Richet, Charles, *op. cit.*



Mrs. Salmon can only speak a few words of French. The apparition remained for about two minutes, and Dr. Gibier could distinguish the features. She was slight in build, seemed about twenty-five, though Mrs. Salmon is corpulent and aged about fifty. Little Mandy came later, about a yard in height. Then a tall man, whose muscular, vigorous, and completely masculine hand Dr. Gibier was able to clasp. After a short time this last form dissolved and seemed to sink into the floor.

After this stirring séance everything was found intact; Mrs. Salmon was still bound, the silk ribbon 'round her neck just as placed prior to the séance.

CASE NO. 97

*The Schrenck-Notzing Case*<sup>1</sup>

Psychical researchers have a habit—when a colleague has issued a report of a series of successful tests with a medium—of checking up on that same medium under even more rigorous conditions, just in case that colleague has committed a terrible blunder by permitting himself to be deluded; and besides, most psychical researchers—about the most distrustful class in the world, worse than lawyers—want to see for themselves.

Professor Richet had acquired the reputation of a cautious investigator, but this meant nothing to Baron A. Schrenck-Notzing, and Marthe Béraud was engaged to produce her phenomena again.

Was the German investigator stricter and did he take more precautions than the Frenchman? Even Richet, who thought he had been very careful, admitted that the Baron had excelled him in the art of preventing a medium from assisting by normal means in the phenomena.

The experiments lasted over a period of four years and at their conclusion Marthe emerged triumphant.

The cabinet was thoroughly searched before and after each séance. Marthe was completely undressed and in the presence of Schrenck-Notzing and his assistants clothed in a special close-fitting garment covering her from head to foot. A veil of tulle sewn on to the other garment completely covered her head. Hair, armpits, nose, mouth, and knees were

<sup>1</sup> Schrenck-Notzing, Baron A., *Materializations phaenomene* (Munich: E. Reinhardt). Richet, Charles, *op. cit.*



examined, and in some séances the investigators made, in the fullest sense of the word, a *complete* examination of her. In Marthe's case the ectoplasm issues from the mouth and in case she was indulging in regurgitation, syrup of bilberries was administered, whose strong coloring properties are widely known, but despite this the materialized forms continued to emerge white as formerly. At one séance, determined to ensure that regurgitation was not being resorted to, Marthe, in the sacred name of science, was asked to drink a strong emetic!

The light in front of the curtain was strong enough to allow large print to be read, and behind the curtain were red and white lights that could be switched on whenever the investigators considered proper.

Three cameras, one of which was stereoscopic, were always focused on the cabinet and ready to be worked at a moment's notice. Occasionally the cameras were increased to nine in number. Yet, despite all these precautions, materialized figures appeared, but it should be pointed out that the figures were not so natural and lifelike as those obtained by Richet; nevertheless, they were entirely supernormal, even allowing for the inferior quality. *Materialization was now an established fact!*

In Schrenck-Notzing's book, numerous photographs accompany the text, enabling the student to follow with intelligence the sequence of the phenomena.

It is impossible in this book to give more than brief accounts of the séances, and a few extracts only are quoted:

"April 15, 1912.—The manifestations began at once, white substance appeared on the neck of the medium; then a head was formed which moved from left to right and placed itself on the medium's head. A photograph was taken. After the flashlight the head reappeared by the side of the medium's head, about sixteen inches from it, connected by a long bunch of white substance. It looked like the head of a man, and made movements like bows. Some twenty appearances and reappearances of this head were counted; it appeared, retreated into the cabinet and emerged again. A woman's head then appeared on the right, showed itself near the curtains, and went back into the cabinet, returned several times and disappeared.

"August 30, 1912.—The white substance was seen on the medium's left

shoulder, then on her abdomen. Dr. Klapfa verified that the medium's hands were in sight holding the curtain during the whole time. A brownish white mass was visible on her knees. On a sign Schrenck entered the cabinet suddenly, put on the light, while Klapfa tried to seize the white substance, but could grasp nothing, for it disappeared at once. The experiment was resumed in spite of the terror evinced by the medium at this attempt, and the face of a man appeared, which vanished after a few seconds.

"June 13, 1913.—The substance emerged from the medium's mouth; at its end was a materialized finger. M. Bourbon took hold of this as it came from the medium's mouth and verified the bone in it, and also that it was flexible. This finger came right through the tulle with which the medium's head was covered, the tulle showing no sign of being torn. The apparition (the form of a man, much larger than Marthe, with long mustaches) came out of the cabinet, began to speak, and went to Mme Bisson, who kissed him on the cheek; the sound was quite audible."

In 1910, Dr. Gustave Geley, of the Metapsychic Institute, Paris, had investigated Marthe; his findings were identical to those of Schrenck-Notzing and Richet. He summed up his opinion on these researches as follows: "I do not say merely, 'There was no trickery.' I say, 'There was no possibility of trickery. Nearly all the materializations took place under my own eyes and I have observed their genesis and development.'"

#### CASE NO. 98

##### *The Goligher Case*<sup>1</sup>

One of the problems that have puzzled investigators of physical phenomena—the movement of objects without visible touch—for many years is the technique of the operation. In almost every case the discarnate have claimed to be the invisible operators, yet how were they able to move objects about when the medium was fastened under test conditions?

Dr. W. J. Crawford of the Technical Institute, Belfast, experimenting with a non-professional medium, Miss Kathleen Goligher (now Lady G. Donaldson), saw table movements without contacts of any kind. "I

<sup>1</sup> Crawford, Dr. W. J., *Experiments in Psychical Science* (London: John M. Watkins).

have seen," wrote Dr. Crawford, "hundreds of these levitations. Sometimes a chair would rise off its four feet and remain in the air for several minutes." By different instruments Crawford measured the ectoplasmic force emanating from the medium, and when she was placed on a weighing machine Crawford found that during the levitation of light objects their weight was added to the medium—just as if, apparently, the medium were lifting the objects herself; but Crawford took every precaution against that.

He drew the inference that the ectoplasm, issuing from the medium, materialized itself into rigid rods, and by this means objects were psychically raised. "The cantilever method is made use of for light bodies or when the applied forces are small, and the strut method for heavy bodies or when the applied forces are large."

At this stage the reader may well say, "These scientific tests on the movement of objects without applied normal force are very interesting, and as Dr. Crawford claimed he may have had such demonstrated again and again under test conditions to his satisfaction, but what connection have these tests with the question of survival? Undoubtedly, it is very interesting to see a chair apparently of its own accord rise into the air, but how does that prove that the personality of man has survived bodily death?"

The whole point of this case turns on the identity of the operators of the movements. The discarnate controlling Miss Goligher in trance claimed that they were the operators, once inhabitants of this planet, and Crawford, after long and mature consideration, accepted their claim; this aspect of the case he kept in mind throughout his investigations.

In his preface to *The Reality of Psychic Phenomena* he wrote:

"I do not discuss in this book the identity of the invisible operators. That is left for another occasion. But in order that there may be no misapprehension, I wish to state explicitly that I am personally satisfied they are the spirits of human beings who have passed into the beyond."

#### CASE NO. 99

#### *The Kluski Case*<sup>1</sup>

No branch of psychic phenomena has given more positive proof of its

<sup>1</sup> Richet, Charles, *op. cit.*

genuineness than that of the production of wax molds under test conditions that entirely rule out all fraud and trickery on the part of the medium, for not only does the process of materialization take place in the presence of the experimenters, but the reverse operation, *dematerialization*, also occurs.

Since the knowledge of this special type of psychical phenomenon is not widely known, a brief explanation may be acceptable to the reader.

In the darkened séance room baths of melted wax are placed before the seated medium, his hands and feet in the control of the investigators. Ectoplasm issuing from his body assumes the form of hands, sometimes feet, and these hands—manipulated by invisible operators—dip into the melted wax until a thin waxen glove surrounds them. The hands then dematerialize, leaving behind an empty shell, afterwards filled with plaster of paris, which is kept as a permanent record, as the wax gloves are very brittle and easily broken.

As far back as 1897, Aksakoff, a Russian investigator, cited in the psychic journals of his day various cases of paraffin molds, but little attention was paid to his account and even the putty cast of a head created at a Palladino séance was not given much consideration.

When Franck Kluski, a non-professional Polish medium, a man of good education and position in Warsaw, produced, according to reports, wax molds of the most unusual type under the severest conditions that investigators could create, the psychical researchers of Europe were soon on his trail; his mediumship must be confirmed or condemned.

Richet and Geley held a series of séances with him at the Metapsychic Institute, and Richet describes one of the sittings as follows:

“Geley and I took the precaution of introducing, unknown to any other person, a small quantity of cholesterin in the bath of melted paraffin wax placed before the medium during the séance. This substance is soluble in paraffin without discoloring it, but on adding sulphuric acid it takes a deep violet-red tint; so that we could be absolutely certain that any molds obtained should be from the paraffin provided by ourselves. We therefore had certain proof that the molds obtained could not have been prepared in advance but must have been produced during the séance itself. Absolute certainty was thus secured.

"During the séance the medium's hands were held firmly by Geley and myself on the right and on the left, so that he could not liberate either hand. The first mold obtained was of a child's hand, then a second of both hands, right and left; a third time of a child's foot. The creases in the skin and the veins were visible on the plaster casts made from the molds.

"By reason of the narrowness at the wrists these molds could not have been made from living hands, for the whole hand would have to be withdrawn through the narrow opening at the wrist. Professional modelers secure their results by threads attached to the hand which are pulled through the plaster. In the molds here considered there was nothing of the sort; they were produced by a materialization followed by dematerialization, for the latter was necessary to disengage the hand from the paraffin 'glove.' These experiments, which we intend to resume on account of their importance, afford an absolute proof of a materialization followed by a dematerialization, for even if the medium had the means to produce the results by a normal process, he could not have made use of them. We defy the most skillful modelers to obtain such molds without using the plan of two segments separated by thread and afterwards united.

"We therefore affirm that there was a materialization and dematerialization of an ectoplasmic or fluidic hand, and we think that this is the first time that such rigorous conditions of experiments have been imposed."

Further experiments were made with Kluski, resulting in fresh paraffin molds, which prove conclusively that the "gloves" of paraffin wax were obtained during the séance, that these were of a living hand showing the texture of the skin, the veins, and the creases of the skin, and that a normal hand could not have released itself from the glove.

These were the conclusions of practiced molders, called in as experts. They say, "We cannot understand how these paraffin molds could have been made; it is an absolute mystery to us." This mystery is dematerialization, a correlative of materialization. The whole of this investigation made by Geley with minute care is of the highest importance, for it gives irrefragable scientific demonstration of ectoplasmic materialization.



## CASE NO. 100

*The Rosalie Case*<sup>1</sup>

This unique case is out of category in this chapter, although it may appear to possess superficial resemblances to such, and if the compiler were pressed to give a definition of this séance, he would require to use the word "etheralization" as the best description that springs to his mind. There is always a medium confined in a cabinet in ordinary séances, but in the account which follows the reader will notice that the cabinet *certainly* and the medium apparently are absent.

Shortly after Mr. Harry Price had given a broadcast on haunted houses on November 4, 1937, he was called at his office by a lady who said she had recently read in *The Listener* of November 10, 1937, the published version of that talk. The lady was impressed with his work and said she could guarantee "a much more objective ghost" than the one he had mentioned in his talk. Mr. Price was invited to a house in a London suburb where he would see "Rosalie," a little girl spirit who never failed to materialize! The invitation involved certain conditions, however: he was not to reveal the locality of the house or the identity of the sitters, but he could write and publish a candid report on the séance. He was not to ask for a further scientific test if he was impressed with this one, for Rosalie's mother was in terror lest her "girl" should be frightened away; the séances were a sacred reunion between mother and daughter. He was not to bring a light, or speak to or touch Rosalie without permission. If these conditions suited, Mr. Price could search the whole house from top to bottom and have full control of the sitters and the séance room prior to the commencement of the séance. Mr. Price agreed, and on Wednesday, December 15, arrived at the house at the appointed hour. After a slight meal, the history of Rosalie was related. Mrs. X., his hostess, had a friend, Mme Z., a lady of French extraction, the widow of an English officer who had been killed in the 1914-18 war, leaving behind him a baby, Rosalie. Five years later, Rosalie, aged six, died, and four years after, Mme Z. believed she heard Rosalie crying in her room one night. This happened so often that Mme Z. began to lie awake listening

<sup>1</sup> Price, Harry, *Fifty Years of Psychical Research* (London: Longmans, Green & Co.), 130-44.



for the voice. Once, imagining she saw the outline of a form and hearing the sound of footsteps, Mme Z. put out her hand and, according to her story, touched the hand of Rosalie. Mme Z. eventually became friendly with the X. family, who suggested that a circle should be formed for development, and after six months of waiting Rosalie suddenly appeared in 1929. From that time Rosalie came regularly every Wednesday, and hand mirrors, coated with luminous paint, were used to enable the sitters to see Rosalie.

Mr. Price set about examining the house. In his book he describes the utmost precaution he took to prevent fraud in the séance room, and needless to say, they were very thorough. Space is not available here to describe them, but any reader desiring the full details will find them in Mr. Price's book, pages 135-38. The séance was held in the drawing-room; all unnecessary furniture was taken out. Furthermore, all the doors and windows were thoroughly sealed. The problem of the chimney being used as entrance and exit was solved by spreading a sheet of newspaper under the vent and sprinkling it with starch powder, a monogram being drawn thereon. Starch powder was also spread outside the séance room door and the key of the door was in Mr. Price's pocket.

Mr. Price, by this time, was introduced to the sitters: Mme Z., Mr. X., Miss X., and the latter's fiancé. The two men were examined without trouble, but Mrs. X. and Mme Z. were a different proposition, so Mr. Price arranged that they should sit on either side of him during the séance; as for Miss X., he was fairly certain that she did not conceal anything. The rest of the sitters were arranged to suit Mr. Price and at 9:10 p.m. the séance commenced. The room was in inky blackness, yet Mr. Price was able to locate everyone by the sound of their voices. After half an hour's conversation a radio was switched on, but in five minutes' time was turned off and all were asked to keep silent. Mme Z. began to whisper "Rosalie, Rosalie," and as the hall clock struck ten she gave a choking cry and said, "My daughter." Rosalie had arrived, and Mr. Price sensed a strange but not unpleasant odor in the room.

Mme Z., in a distressed condition, seemed to be caressing her child. After some minutes, Mrs. X. asked if Mr. Price could be allowed to touch Rosalie. On receiving sanction, he stretched out his left arm and to his amazement felt the figure of a nude girl: chin, hair, cheeks, chest,

back, buttocks, thighs, legs, and feet—he touched them all. He was bewildered and could hardly believe in his sense of touch, yet apparently there was a girl before him. From where had she come? In what manner had she come? Then repeating the same process with *two* hands he obtained the same results. He felt her pulse; it beat at the rate of ninety a minute. He placed his ear against her chest and heard the beat of her heart. Evidently there was no difference between a spirit girl and a human girl!

Then he checked up on the sitters; they all responded from their respective chairs.

Mr. Price next obtained permission to shine the plaques on Rosalie. Mrs. X. and Mr. Price took one each and the plaques travelled upwards—one in front and one to the side—from feet, legs, body to face. Her eyes, shining with intelligence, appeared to be dark blue, her features classical, and she looked a little older than her years—"a beautiful child who would have graced any nursery in the land."

One minute was allowed for Mr. Price to ask questions and he managed to get in six in that space of time.

"Where do you live, Rosalie?"

"What do you do there?"

"Do you play with other children?"

"Have you any toys there?"

"Are there any animal pets?"

These five were unanswered but at the last one:

"Rosalie, do you love your Mummy?"

Her eyes sparkled. "Yes," she lisped, and a moment later flew to her mother's arms!

Fifteen minutes later, Rosalie vanished and how she went Mr. Price could not say. The lights were switched on and the house examined again—everything was in order!

At midnight Mr. Price departed, puzzled, and two hours later wrote out his report while the events of the night were still fresh in his memory. Was Rosalie a genuine spirit or the whole affair a swindle? Another séance in his laboratory would settle the question. He had slight hopes that way—perhaps they might be realized. He thought of the things

he ought to have done: taken fingerprints and discovered the medium, as Mme Z. repudiated that claim. If the séance was a hoax, who were the perpetrators, the X. family or Mme Z.? Together or singly? And for what reason?

Was survival proved if Rosalie was genuine?

Which was the correct answer? Mr. Price could not supply it.



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