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# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE INCORPORATED

## SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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VOLUME XI.

(CONTAINING PARTS XXVII—XXIX.)

1895

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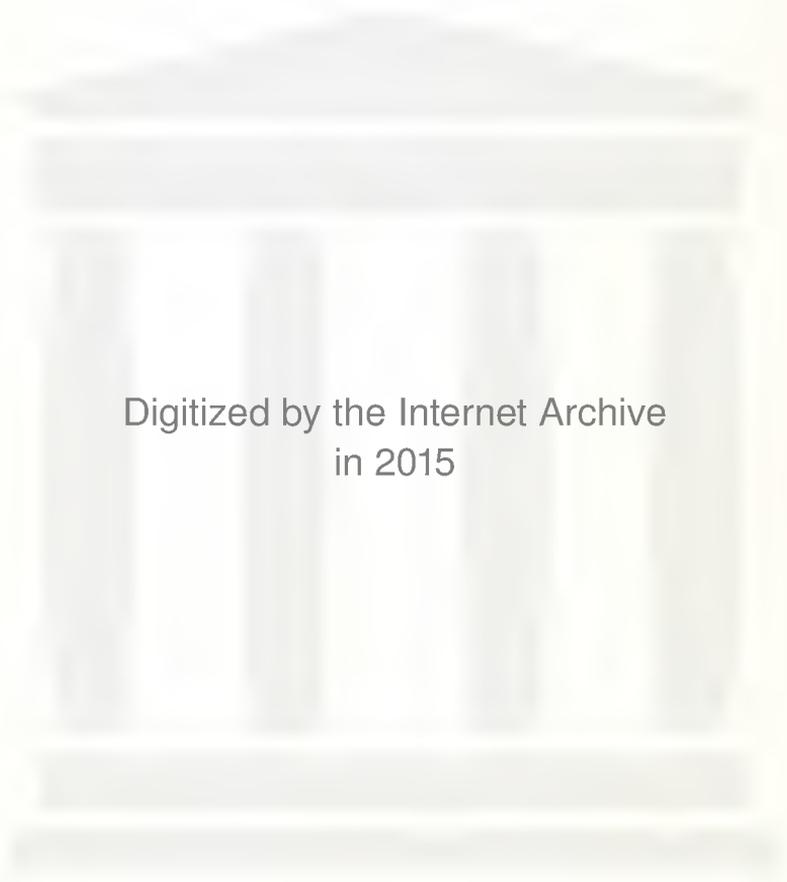
*The responsibility for both the facts and the reasonings in papers published  
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# SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL MEETINGS.

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The 67th General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall on Friday, July 13th, at 4 p.m. ; MR. W. CROOKES in the chair.

PROFESSOR SIDGWICK read a paper on "Disinterested Deception."

MR. F. W. H. MYERS addressed the meeting on the subject of "Physical Phenomena occurring in the presence of Mr. Stainton Moses."

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The 68th General Meeting was held in the same place on Friday, October 26th, at 4 p.m. ; PROFESSOR SIDGWICK in the chair.

PROFESSOR LODGE read a "Report on Unusual Physical Phenomena occurring in the presence of an Entranced Person (Eusapia Paladino)."

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The 69th General Meeting was held in the same place on Friday, December 7th, at 8.30 p.m. ; DR. LEAF in the chair.

"MISS X." read "A Provisional Account of an Enquiry into Second Sight in the Highlands."

A paper by MISS N. ROBERTSON on "Experiments in Apparent Clairvoyance," was read by MR. MYERS.

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The 70th General Meeting was held in the same place on Friday, January 25th, at 4 p.m. ; PROFESSOR SIDGWICK in the chair.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS gave an address on "The Progression from Subliminal Phenomena to Phenomena claiming to be obtained under Spirit Control."

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The 71st General Meeting was held in the same place on Friday, March 1st., at 8.30 p.m. ; MR. PEARSALL SMITH in the chair.

MRS. A. W. VERRALL read a paper on "Some Experiments in the Supernormal Acquisition of Knowledge," which will be published in a future number of the *Proceedings*.

MR. H. G. RAWSON read a paper on "Experiments in Thought-Transference," printed below.

A paper by MR. C. HILL-TOUT, on "Some Psychical Phenomena bearing on the question of Spirit Control" was taken as read, for want of time.

## I.

## EXPERIMENTS IN THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

BY HENRY G. RAWSON, BARRISTER AT LAW.

The experiments which I am about to describe were carried out by myself and a small party of intimate friends of my own, for whose *bona fides* I can vouch. The accounts of each occasion were compiled from notes taken at the time, and—with the exception of the first two days' experiments—written out fully the same evening, and in each case all the experiments made are recorded.

I may mention that some years ago I forwarded to the Society the record of some experiments of mine which were printed in the *Journal S.P.R.*, Vol. III., pp. 147 and 182, and, subsequently, some criticisms from my personal experiences upon a theory of Mr. Downing's, which were printed in the *Journal*, Vol. III., p. 192.

Since that date I have had few opportunities of renewing my experiments. The fact also that I found myself almost invariably less successful in every series of experiments after the first with any agent rather discouraged me, or dulled my interest in persevering. It may, however, be worth mentioning that in one exceptional case, a lady with whom I have had three series of experiments in guessing playing-cards, the results, allowing myself 2 guesses each time, have been 7 right out of 12, 7 out of 12 (a second time), and 9 out of 18. Except in this last instance, I have never been able to get a clear concept (mental or visual) of any card at all after the 12th. Several cards would persist in recurring together. I say "mental or visual," because in my experience it has been sometimes one, sometimes the other. When most successful I have distinctly seemed to *see* the card.

N.B.—I always shut my eyes when guessing.

I may mention that the ladies who took part in the experiments which I am about to describe were quite clear that the interposition of a solid or opaque body (such as a screen) between them, or the shutting of her eyes by the percipient, increased the difficulty, and some unsuccessful experiments I remember apparently resulted from one or other of these causes. There were, however, many cases, *e.g.*, those witnessed by "Z.," where in spite of one or other of these impediments the experiment was successful.

I have been anxious to prosecute the experiments in this direction, but opportunity has been wanting.

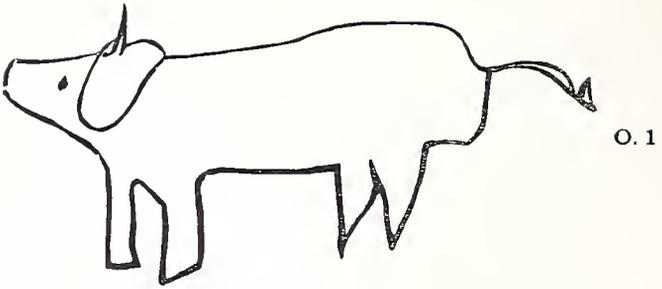
If, as some maintain, thought moves by way of undulations (or vibrations) in some medium more subtle than ether which can permeate to the brain, the interposition of an obstacle *may* interfere with those undulations. The result of my experiments when an obstacle has been interposed shows that it does not arrest them entirely, and at the same time proves, to my satisfaction at any rate, that the success of the experiments cannot be attributed to collusion.

It may also be worth mentioning that after an hour or less of experiments, my friends frequently complained of headache, and for this reason, partly, our séances were discontinued after the series now recorded.

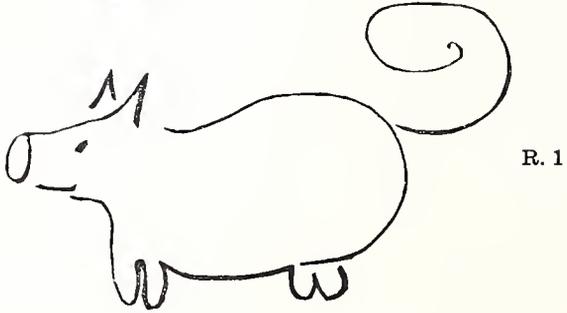
*November 24th*, 1894.—The first evening was occupied with experiments in the transference of diagrams, Mrs. L. and Mrs. B., (who are sisters) being the operators, and myself the only other person present.

The positions on that occasion were throughout as follows:—Mrs. L. sat on a low chair by the fire, drawing in her lap; Mrs. B. sat some distance off at a table in the middle of the room, with her back to Mrs. L.; and I stood almost between them with my back to the fire, looking occasionally over Mrs. B.'s shoulder. To the best of my recollection, I never saw Mrs. L.'s drawings until they were complete and handed up for comparison.

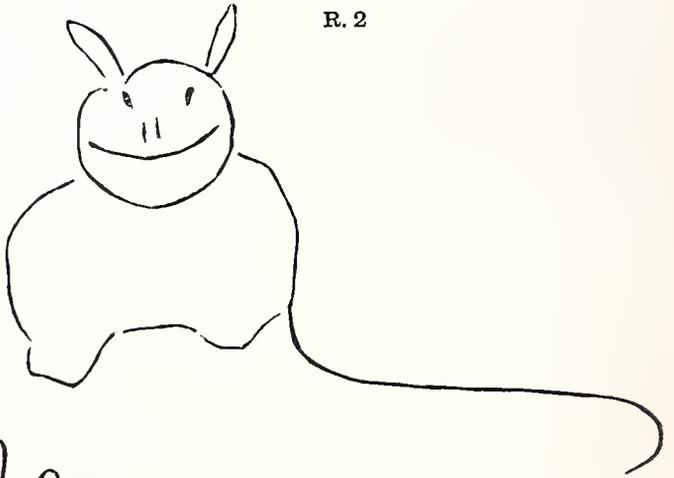
From the sitters' positions, it was impossible that they could look over one another, and as one was sitting throughout with her back to the other, some eight feet distant, no collusion was possible. In one case only, that of the fern-palms (No. 6, see p. 5), was anything said except, "Oh! I know what she is thinking of," or words to that effect, which the percipient exclaimed on two or three occasions almost immediately the agent began drawing, and at once commenced her own sketch. All the diagrams drawn by both agent and percipient are reproduced below, those of the agent being marked O., and those of the percipient, R. In the first three, Mrs. B. was agent, and in the last three, Mrs. L. No. 2 (the triangle) was the only one suggested by me, and also the only instance in which there was a failure. In this case alone some additions were made subsequently to the percipient's drawing by myself, showing how a kind of triangle was to be seen in the figure of the cat. At that time I had not thought of reproducing the record. The agent then made some additions to her sketch, but in the reproductions which accompany this paper, both diagrams are given as originally drawn. The other diagrams were chosen by the agent in every case without communication with any one and were drawn in the positions I have indicated.



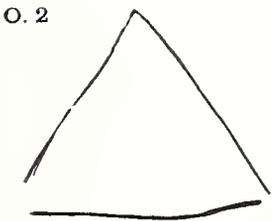
O. 1



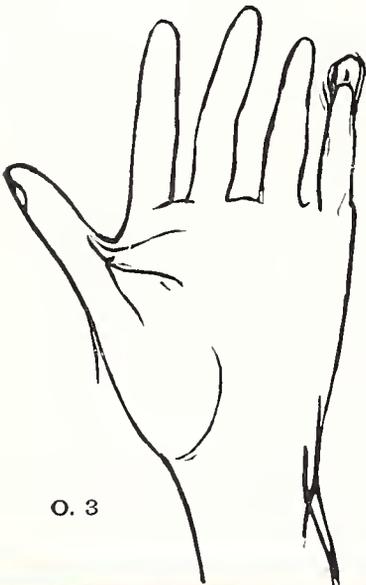
R. 1



R. 2



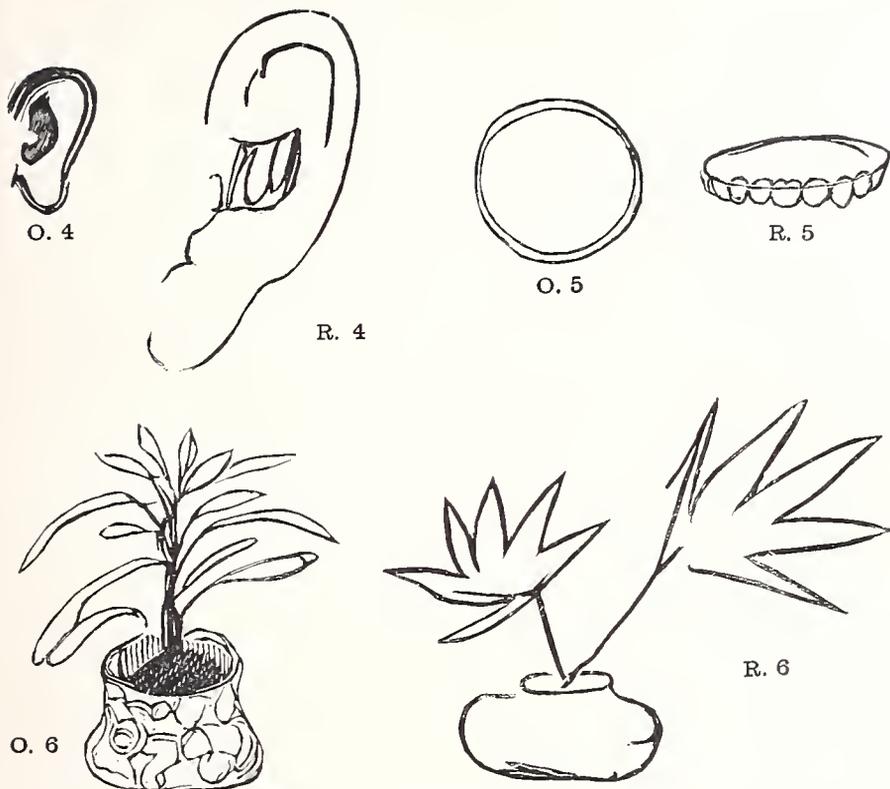
O. 2



O. 3



R. 3



November 29th, 1894.—Present, Mr. and Mrs. L. and myself. Experiments with playing-cards, a complete pack being used. At first the card was selected by Mrs. L., but after the first two or three experiments I suggested that it should be obtained by cutting the pack, the card thus coming to the bottom being the one to be guessed. This in the first place makes collusion by pre-arrangement more difficult, and also renders less probable a complication I have noticed elsewhere, arising, I presume, from the apparent difficulty of concentrating the thoughts on one card when the agent has just seen and rejected others. A curious phenomenon resulted from this on two occasions (previously recorded, see *Journal S.P.R.*, Vol. III., p. 148) viz., that I guessed a card which the agent had for a moment intended to choose and then changed her mind. In neither case did the card she actually selected present itself to my “mind’s eye” at all.

The plan we adopted on the present occasion was, if the first guess was wrong, for the agent to say “No,” or “Wrong.” I found, however, that the tone in which this was said might sometimes convey an impression that the guess was nearly correct, or otherwise, so I usually adopted the course of seeing the card myself and giving alone the answer “No” (“Wrong”), or “Yes” (“Right”). It will be noticed that in the large majority of instances, when Mrs. L., Mrs. B., or Mr. L. was the percipient, the first guess was correct.

As an almost invariable rule when either Mrs. B. or Mrs. L. was the percipient, I was the only person in the room who knew the right card except the agent, the reason for my looking at it being that which I have stated. In the few cases when I was percipient, I believe that it was shown to both Mrs. L. and Mrs. B.

The following is the complete record of the experiments made.

(1) Mrs. L. agent; Mr. Rawson percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
9 of Diamonds	9 of Clubs

I here explained to them that I allowed two "guesses" usually, if not correct the first time.

3 of Spades	Queen of Spades, 3 of Spades
Ace of Diamonds	Knave of Diamonds, 7 of Diamonds

(2) Mrs. L. agent; Mr. L. percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
8 of Diamonds	8 of Diamonds
10 of Spades	10 of Spades
6 of Hearts	6 of Hearts
Queen of Clubs	Knave of Clubs, 4 of Clubs
4 of Diamonds	4 of Diamonds
10 of Spades	10 of Spades

Mr. L.'s plan was to say first "you are thinking of a ——" (mentioning a suit); then in about 10 seconds he would give the number. I was told by him and Mrs. L. that they had frequently tried the experiment before, and that he was almost invariably right. He said, however, that it tired him, and he did not take part in many of our séances.

*December 5th, 1894.*—Present, Mr. and Mrs. L., Mrs. B., Miss B. (a sister of the other two ladies), and myself.

Experiments with playing cards; conditions the same as on previous evening. All experiments are recorded below.

(1) Mrs. L. agent; (she also showed the card to me and Miss B., who sat beside her), Mr. L. percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
King of Spades	King of Spades
9 of Hearts	(Mr. L. said "I know the suit,") 2 of Hearts, 10 of Diamonds
2 of Clubs	Knave of Clubs, 7 of Clubs
7 of Diamonds	King of Diamonds, 8 of Diamonds
4 of Spades	King of Spades

(2) Mrs. L. agent, Mrs. B. percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
5 of Hearts	4 of Hearts
Ace of Hearts	Ace of Diamonds
3 of Diamonds	3 of Diamonds
5 of Spades	5 of Spades
2 of Clubs	2 of Clubs
Ace of Clubs	Ace of Clubs

NOTE.—Mrs. B. declined on this occasion to guess a second time, saying that she always guessed at once if at all. In the second experiment, she said, “It is either Ace of Hearts or Ace of Diamonds.” Now I had been shown the card, which was Ace of Hearts. I said, “Wait a little and see which it is.” After 5 seconds she said, “Ace of Diamonds.” “Right,” said Mrs. L. I then pointed out that it was Ace of Hearts. “Oh,” she said, “I thought it was Ace of Diamonds.” The next four were right at the first guess. Mrs. B. did not guess the suit first, like Mr. L.

(3) Mrs. L. agent, Mr. Rawson percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
9 of Diamonds	3 of Diamonds, 7 of Hearts
10 of Diamonds	10 of Diamonds
5 of Clubs	4 of Hearts, 4 of Diamonds
9 of Clubs	King of Clubs, Ace of Clubs

(4) Mrs. B. agent, choosing and holding the card, Mrs. L. also knowing the card and being no doubt also an agent, Mr. Rawson percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
9 of Spades	3 of Spades
King of Diamonds	King of Diamonds
8 of Spades	9 of Hearts
3 of Clubs	4 of Clubs
King of Hearts	Queen of Hearts, King of Hearts
4 of Diamonds	10 of Diamonds
5 of Spades	2 of Spades, 4 of Spades
4 of Hearts	6 of Hearts, 5 of Hearts

I found that I could not prevent Mrs. L. or Mrs. B. from unconsciously giving me some indication after the first guess, by tone of voice or otherwise, as to its correctness, so I made no second guess in most of these cases.

We next tried experiments in silently “willing” one of the party to perform certain actions.

In no case was there contact. With one exception noted (No. 3) I was the only person, except the percipient, who did not remain seated.

In order to see better what happened I occasionally walked from place to place. The percipient could in every case, except No. 4, see every one in the room (all were requested to concentrate their thoughts on the thing to be done), but no indication could well have been given by anyone without my noticing it, as I could see where the percipient looked. I never noticed the slightest attempt to give any indication without noting it. Any such indication is recorded below.

(No. 1.) Mrs. L. was sent out of the drawing-room. I suggested and Mrs. B. agreed, and we then informed Miss B. and Mr. L. of our decision, that Mrs. L. should take up the hearth-brush and sweep the hearth. At my suggestion Mrs. B. sat beside me on a sofa on the further side of the room from the door and adjoining the fire-place where we had been sitting during previous experiments. Mr. L. and Miss B. sat on a sofa between the door and the fire-place. Mrs. L. was then called into the room. In this and all similar cases I summoned the percipient, and found her in the dining-room some distance away and quite out of hearing. After walking into the room she stood still for half a minute, then said: "I know," and walked to the fire and took up the brush. Some 30 seconds later she swept the hearth.

(No. 2.) Miss B. went out and the other three of us agreed, at my suggestion, (Mr. L. not knowing what was arranged) that she should ring the bell on left of fire-place. On this occasion I took notes and did not attempt to will. I may note here that our experiments seemed to shew that neither Mr. L. nor I could transfer our thoughts to any of the ladies, either in these or card experiments, and that Mrs. B. took the leading part in "willing." She had no idea of her power till some experiments ten days previously, which I did not record. Miss B. did as willed in about a minute.

(No. 3.) Mrs. L. out; the other four agreed that she should kneel on a certain chair (which was first moved out of position and then replaced by me before she came in, lest its altered position should attract her attention) and take up a book near it on a table.

After coming into the room, and standing still for a minute or less, Mrs. L. said: "You want me to go down on my knees, but I won't." As she continued to stand still for 2 or 3 minutes, Mrs. B., who had been sitting beside me on the sofa, got up and stood beside, but not touching her. In 15 seconds Mrs. L. moved towards the right chair, sat on it, and took up the right book. Mrs. B. said, once or twice: "You *must* do it," in an authoritative voice. I have noticed the same tone sometimes from Mrs. L. to Mr. L. in card-reading—as if she considered it a question of will, or, at any rate, of earnest persuasion.

(No. 4.) Mrs. L. was sent into the dining-room, where I had noticed some walnuts, with other dessert dishes, on a what-not (second

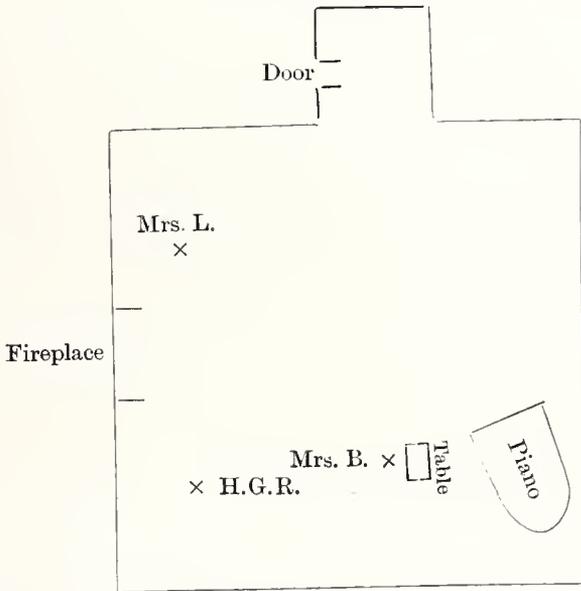
storey, *not* top). I suggested she should be willed to crack one. It was arranged that I alone should follow her to the dining-room, the others remaining in the drawing-room, tell her we had settled something, and watch her. The only words that passed were her question: "Are you willing also?" and my reply: "I am thinking of the thing." In less than 30 seconds she said: "Have I to crack a nut?" There were no nuts but walnuts there.

I made notes of these experiments at the time, read them over, and all those present initialled them as correct. The above account, written later the same evening, is a faithful amplification of the notes.

*December 12th, 1894.* Present: Mrs. L., Mrs. B., and myself.

We tried first experiments with drawings, all of which are reproduced below. The annexed plan shows the relative positions of the sitters:—

SKETCH OF ROOM.



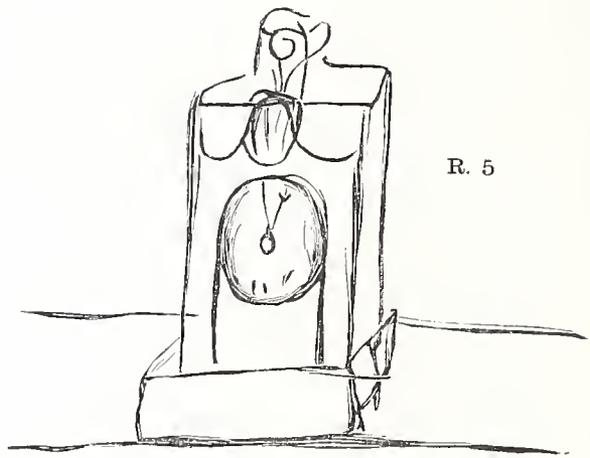
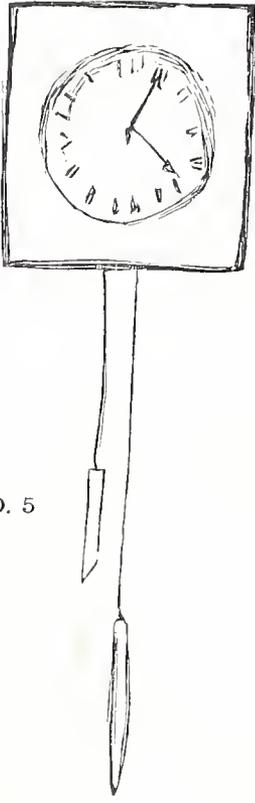
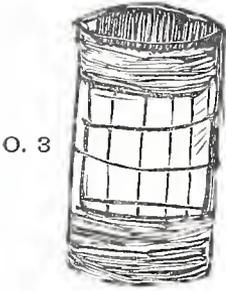
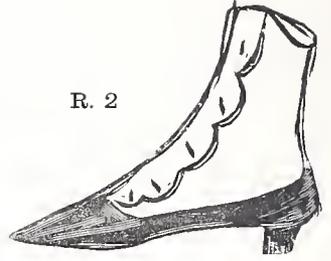
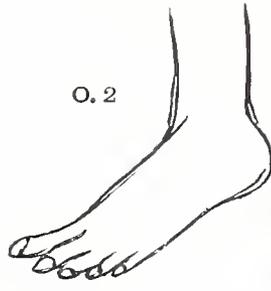
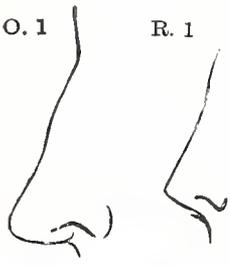
Mrs. L. on chair facing towards piano, writing on lap. Mrs. B. sitting at table, back to Mrs. L., 11 feet distant. H.G.R. facing Mrs. L.

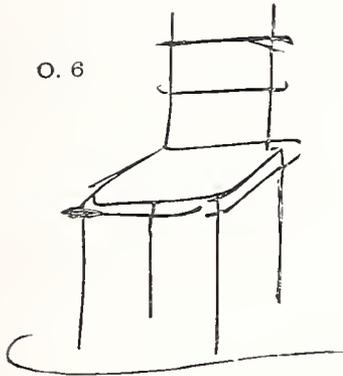
The originals of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were drawn by Mrs. L.; in some cases Mrs. B. had finished her thought copy almost as soon as Mrs. L.

The originals of Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were drawn by Mrs. B., in each case at my suggestion.

I have recorded all that was said.

(No. 1) Shortly after Mrs. L. began drawing this (a nose) Mrs. B. said, "I can think of nothing; I can only hold my nose." At that time I did not know what Mrs. L. was drawing. In some 10 seconds Mrs. B. began drawing, and was finished within 15 seconds of Mrs. L.





(No. 2) This was more like a foot at first, but while waiting for Mrs. L. to begin a fresh subject Mrs. B. began shading the boot—without thinking—and this accentuates the dissimilarity. This and the case mentioned on November 24th, are the only instances in which the drawing was touched after the original had been seen.

(No. 4) Mrs. L. said almost at once—after, say, 10 seconds—“Now I know what it is ; I am sure ; I can see it.”

(No. 5) Mrs. L. began drawing within 10 to 15 seconds, and presently said, “I am drawing something I can see.” The clock was in front of her on the mantelpiece.

(No. 6) Mrs. L. said “I know what it is.”

Afterwards Mrs. B. told me that she thought of putting a label on the champagne bottle she drew (No. 4).

We then had some “willing” experiments. In each case I suggested what should be done. First Mrs. L. went out ; the others remained seated in each experiment. We settled she should walk to a bracket glass at the side of the room, look into it, and smooth her hair.

After standing in the middle of the room some 30 seconds she turned left half face, walked to the glass, pausing once or twice on the way, looked at herself, caught sight of me in the glass and made a bow to me. Experiment not further proceeded with.

Next Mrs. B. went out. We decided she should walk to the end of the room, take a flower-pot off its stand and put it on the floor.

She walked straight up to the pot and, after 10 seconds, said, “Do you want me to draw the blind up ?” I said “No, think again.” In about 30 seconds she said, suiting the action to the word, “Do you want me to put the pot on the floor ?”

Next Mrs. B. went out. We decided she should sit down at the piano and play. She came straight in, sat down at the piano and said, “I don’t know anything to play.” (N.B.—She plays rather well by memory.) I said “Wait a little.” In 5 seconds she struck three or four discor-

dant notes with a laugh. It would have been interesting to will her to play something particular. A final experiment to make her do something in another room failed altogether; she said she could think of nothing.

The following are some experiments with cards which came next.

(1) Mrs. L. agent, Mr. L. percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
Queen of Clubs	9 of Clubs, 5 of Clubs
King of Clubs	10 of Clubs, 10 of Spades

(2) Mrs. L. agent, Mrs. B. percipient.

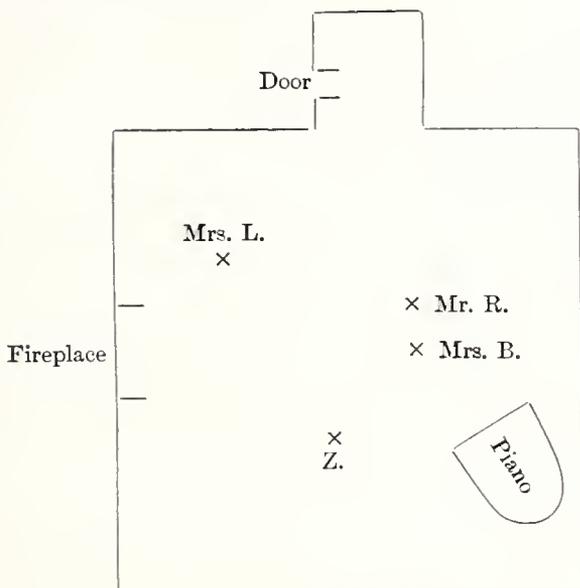
<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
5 of Hearts	7 of Hearts, Ace of Diamonds
8 of Spades	8 of Spades
10 of Clubs	9 of Clubs, 10 of Clubs
Knave of Diamonds	Knave of Diamonds
5 of Spades	7 of Spades, 5 of Spades

(3) Mrs. B. agent, Mrs. L. percipient.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
2 of Clubs	2 of Diamonds, 2 of Clubs
Queen of Hearts	Queen of Hearts
5 of Diamonds	9 of Diamonds, "4, no, 5 of Diamonds." (I asked Mrs. L. why she changed. "Because I saw the 5th pip as I spoke.")
Ace of Diamonds	Ace of Diamonds
Ace of Hearts	Ace of Hearts
Ace of Clubs	Ace of Clubs. (These three Mrs. B. selected to see if it would confuse the percipient. For all the others the pack was cut as usual, and the bottom card taken.)
King of Spades	King of Diamonds, King of Spades

December 13th, 1894.—I arranged to try some experiments this afternoon with Mrs. L. and Mrs. B., in the presence of a friend of mine, a clergyman, whom I will call Z., aged about 70. I was not surprised that in the presence of a stranger we did not have anything like the success of previous experiments, but to my great satisfaction my friend, who was an entire sceptic, guessed or "saw" three cards right himself.

We were sitting thus :—



Mrs. L. was guessing ; I cut the cards in each case and handed them to Mrs. B. The first guess was :

10 of Hearts (right)

the second :

5 of Diamonds (right) ;

when Z., who had been sitting quiet, exclaimed, "Positively, I thought of the 5 of Diamonds !" We then asked him to try. He shut his eyes and we all three saw the agreed card and "willed." He made two single guesses :

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
5 of Diamonds	Queen of Diamonds.
7 of Clubs	9 of Spades.

The second being wide of the mark, we returned to Mrs. L. alone guessing, Mrs. B. holding the card ; but Z. continued with closed eyes to see what he might see.

Mrs. L. made the following guesses :—

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
(1) Queen of Hearts	King of Clubs, King of Hearts.
(2) 7 of Clubs	9 of Clubs.
(3) 3 of Spades	3 of Diamonds, 3 of Clubs.
(4) 5 of Clubs	4 of Clubs, 4 of Diamonds.
(5) 7 of Hearts	7 of Hearts.
(6) Knave of Clubs	King of Clubs.

Meanwhile, it having been agreed that Z. should write down anything he saw, for

(2) He wrote, "7 of Hearts."

(3) As soon as Mrs. L. said "3 of Clubs" (her second guess), I said "No, 3 of Spades." To my astonishment, Z. broke out, in evident excitement, "Oh, why did you tell? I'll take my oath I saw the 3 of Spades! I wish I had had time to write it down!" I should say it is extremely improbable that my friend has "affirmed with an oath" for many a long year. I know him intimately, and never heard him use "forcible language" before! All the more did it impress me. He had not got over the experience, and was still wondering what it meant when we parted at midnight, the experiment having taken place about 6 p.m.

(4) He guessed	8 of Spades.
(5)        "	Queen of Hearts.
(6)        "	9 of Clubs, Knave of Clubs.

He had never seen or heard of this kind of experiment before I told him of it the previous night, and started for our *rendez-vous* to-day quite a sceptic.

We had three experiments first, before the above, Mrs. L. holding the card, and Mrs. B. guessing.

<i>Card drawn.</i>	<i>Card guessed.</i>
Ace of Hearts	Ace of Hearts
A Spade (number not recorded)	Mrs. B. said "A Spade; I can see no more."
King of Spades	10 of Clubs, 10 of Diamonds.

Mrs. B. evidently was nervous before a stranger.

We then tried "willing" certain actions to be performed.

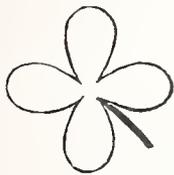
Mrs. L. went out. We decided she should light the further one of two candlesticks on the piano. She walked straight to the candle, and after pausing 2 minutes or so in the middle of the room, took it up and said, "I don't at all know what to do with it." I said, "You must think." After another minute she said "You *don't* want me to light it?" The room was brightly lit by electricity. This, by-the-way, was the second experiment.

In the first, she was to put the cover on to the muffin dish, by which it lay on a tea table in the middle of the room.

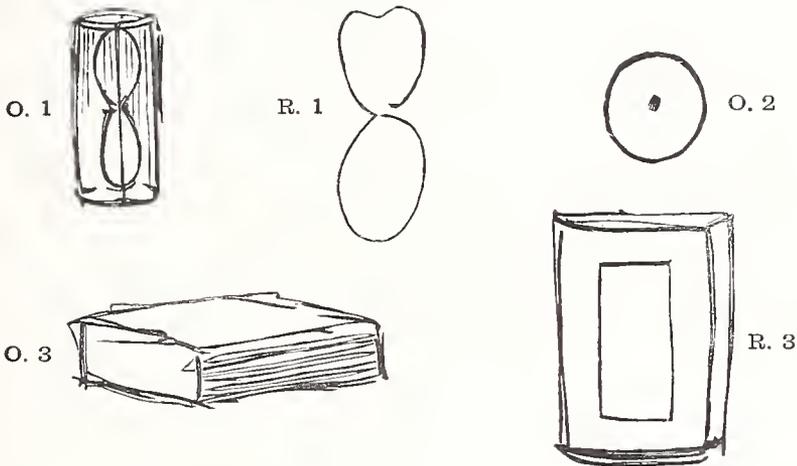
She walked straight to the table, after a longish pause, perhaps 4 minutes, and said, "Do you want me to do anything to the cups?" I said "No." She then walked to a corner of the room, took up a China cup, not one of the tea-set, and said, "Am I to move this? I feel as if I was to move the cups." She then gave up the experiment.

Lastly we did some drawing, Mrs. L. first doing the originals. (See reproductions below.)

In the first, (No. 1), Mrs. B., after waiting some three minutes, said "I can't think of anything." In about 15 seconds more she called me and said, "Look here,"—pointing to a gilt four-leaved shamrock like this, which formed an ornament at the corner of a picture frame in front of her, as she sat at a table with her back to Mrs. L., who was drawing on a book in her lap, the whole breadth of the room, some 18 feet, behind her—"Look here, Mr. Rawson, I was looking vacantly before me and I noticed this. It's the only idea I have and I will draw it."



When I looked at her drawing, I was astonished to see that she had only drawn two leaves of the shamrock, and those the two which exactly resemble the interior of a sand-glass, which I found Mrs. L. had meanwhile completed. In this case no one present knew what Mrs. L. was drawing. This seems to me a more *suggestive* result than usual. The resemblance might have been coincidental had she drawn her object properly, but she seems to have been most unwittingly moved to omit two leaves and the stalk, which would have almost entirely robbed her sketch of its most singular resemblance to Mrs. L.'s drawing.



Subject No. (2) I suggested to Mrs. L. Mrs. B. after waiting 5 minutes said she could think of nothing and gave up, but presently she said "I thought of an eye," but for some unexplained reason (probably nervousness of failure) she had not drawn it. She had then seen the circle with centre (O. 2) which Mrs. L. had drawn. The eye Mrs. B. thought of might very conceivably have resembled the "circle with centre" which I had suggested to Mrs. L. N.B.—This is the second time I have suggested a mathematical figure;—on

the previous occasion (see first series) it was an equilateral triangle, which I suggested to Mrs. B.,—and no result happened in either case. These form the only two failures (if this be one) out of 15 recorded experiments: The fact of my suggesting the subject is no absolute impediment, as may be seen in previous experiments, *e.g.*, the clock and champagne bottle on December 12th, and the match-box of the following experiment.

In this, (No. 3), Mrs. B. drew the original at my suggestion. My suggestions on this and other similar occasions were made in a whisper pianissimo, and I can be certain Mrs. L. could not catch what I said, *e.g.*, “Draw a match-box.”

Now, the strange thing is that when her sketch was finished, Mrs. L., who is absolutely incapable of a pretence, said “I don’t know what I have drawn; it’s a kind of square inside a square.”

I think all will agree that hers is the more characteristic match-box of the two; one with the luminous strip, to the life!

This is a return to our experience of the first night, November 24th, viz., that the *idea* was consciously or unconsciously reproduced (on this occasion unconsciously, for the only time) and not the particular representation. *E.g.*, on the first night the rings and the hands were quite dissimilar. But on December 12th the visual and not the mental concept seemed sometimes to prevail, *e.g.*, the foot which suggested a boot; the cylindrical paper basket which turned into a barrel. *Per contra*, however, the clocks and the chairs were unlike.

I read this accompanying report of our experiments on December 13th to Z., who asked me to add that on the occasion of the drawing, he placed a chair between Mrs. L. and Mrs. B., so that the latter could not, if she turned round, see what Mrs. L. was drawing in her lap.

The following statement was written and signed by Z., the terms being left entirely to himself:—

*December 14th, 1894.*

“I wish to testify that to the best of my memory Mr. Rawson has given a correct account of the circumstances in connexion with the thought-readings at Mr. L.’s residence. It would seem to be almost impossible, moreover, that it could have been by *chance* that I correctly told the right card on three occasions out of about eight. But I must say that I have an uneasy feeling of dislike to such sort of experiments, and that I do not feel disposed to enter further into them; but would leave them to those who feel no such scruples.”

It is worth remarking that the fact that Mrs. L. and Mrs. B. are alternately agent and percipient goes counter to the theory of “willing” (*a fortiori* of hypnotism), as it is unlikely that the weaker will could in turn control the stronger. Nor can I even accept with confidence the view that it is *necessary* that the agent should concentrate on the

thought to be transferred, or should desire it to be guessed; for, as already mentioned, I have on two occasions guessed a card which the agent had rejected in favour of another while selecting one to concentrate her thoughts upon. This may be chance; I must have tried to guess at least 100 cards on different occasions, and only recall two instances of this. For this reason, however, I usually ask the agent not to select a card, but to cut one to the bottom of the pack, so as to reduce the chance of her thinking of more than one card.

My view in all these experiments is that they are reducible to pure thought-transference, though I use the terms "guessing" and "willing" for brevity, and though, in my opinion, concentration of thought is highly desirable, and an apparent exercise of will facilitates success—as, when Mrs. B. has sometimes exclaimed: "You must guess it": "You must know what it is." The chief good of such expressions would, in my view, be to prevent the percipient from letting his mind wander, or from thinking of other things, which would probably be fatal to success,—unless for a sufficient interval he kept his mind a *tabula rasa* for the transferred thought to impress itself upon.

Doubtless the difficulty of getting success before strangers is due (as I have found myself as percipient) to the constant recurrence in the percipient's mind of an anxious dread of failure, and its resultant consequences of suspicion on the part of the stranger as to the *bona fides* of previous results.

On a date subsequent to the above experiments I tried Mrs. B. thinking of a word which I suggested, and Mrs. L. guessing.

The first word selected was "candle." After two or three minutes Mrs. L. said, "Is it electric light?" I said, "Think again." In 10 seconds she said "Is it a candle?"

Next I suggested "theatre." After about 30 seconds she said "Is it a play-house?" Strange that she should use a word which would be quite unusual in the mouth of either herself, her sister, or me. I thought, however, that was near enough.

The experiment was then interrupted.

## II.

## DIPSOMANIA AND HYPNOTISM.

BY JOHN GORDON DILL, M.A., M.D.,  
*Assistant Physician to the Sussex County Hospital.*

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Among the many disorders of the mind, one of the most prevalent in this country is that form of moral insanity which leads to dipsomania, and there is none which causes such widespread misery, or which leads oftener to crime. For in the course of his unfortunate life, the drunkard not only becomes himself a physical and moral wreck, and in time swells the immense army of paupers and criminals, but he is a perpetual source of grief and disgrace to his relations and friends, and his children inherit from him in a marked degree an intellectual, a moral, or a nervous instability, which may hopelessly cripple them from their earliest years, or develop later into some neurotic disease. Now it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that habitual drunkenness is a disease—a moral, as opposed to an intellectual insanity,—and that no matter how real the resolution to reform, or how intense the pangs of remorse for the past may be, it is a positive fact that the power of resistance does not equal the impelling force of the temptation and craving to drink. The drunkard, in other words, is not his own master.

The English law, unfortunately, does not recognise this, and the penalty for drunkenness serves to keep many a miserable being in existence, by the periods of enforced abstinence between his orgies, which he passes in prison. Nor has any system of treatment been discovered which can be relied upon, although innumerable specifics have been introduced from time to time, only to be discredited after trial. Certainly the power of resistance does increase during total abstinence, and, given the will to reform, a long period of compulsory abstinence has often the effect of getting rid of the craving to drink, and the patient is cured if he remain a total abstainer; but even thus, one glass of alcohol may be enough to restore the disease, and cases are by no means uncommon in which, after many years of apparent cure, the patient has felt confident of his power to drink in moderation, and the disease has returned. In so terrible and often hopeless a malady, the merest straw of possible salvation is naturally grasped, and the encouraging results which hypnotism had given in the hands of other observers led me to give it a trial.

Time alone can prove the value of any treatment, even if it is apparently successful at the outset, and I shall therefore only record

the results of the first few cases which came under my observation some years ago, with their subsequent history as far as I have been able to trace it.

CASE I.—Mrs. J. was a lady between 40 and 50 years of age, a confirmed drunkard, who had been deprived of the care of her children, and was subjected to more or less control. There was no apparent wish to reform, but considerable violence and impatience of restraint when the desire to drink was strong.

I first saw her in 1886, and about a year later determined to try the effects of hypnotism. She was not very susceptible, and the unconscious stage, which was not often reached during a course extending over many weeks, was not deep, but she became very much quieter, and the craving for drink abated for a time. It was thought wise, however, to place her under stricter surveillance in the country, and I have lost sight of her.

I may here mention that I have noticed with some drunkards that the craving for drink comes on with great intensity at more or less regular intervals, with periods of intermission, during which they may have little or no temptation. Moreover, in the course of many cases, this "lucid interval" appears in time to shorten, until it almost disappears.

CASE II.—A. W. was a housemaid, aged about 32, who had lost her character and her virtue by her drunken habits.

I first saw her at "St. Monica's Home," to which, at the time, I was Honorary Physician. She was very readily hypnotised, and after three or four suggestions that she should dislike all forms of alcohol and be unable to take it, she lost all desire for drink.

Eventually a situation in a gentleman's family was found for her, which she has retained for the past six years, and she is a most valued and trusted servant.

It is worth notice, that when she was suffering from influenza and had been ordered port wine by another medical man who was attending her, she resisted strenuously, and deceived her mistress by pouring it away.

CASE III.—Miss I. was a well-connected woman, whose relations had disowned her, and who had found a temporary asylum in the Home above mentioned.

Although she really wished to be cured, I was unable to produce the slightest effect upon her, nor were two other more experienced hypnotists than myself, who very kindly came with me to see her, more successful.

A curious point about this case was that the craving for drink came on with a hallucination that she could smell brandy, and then nothing could stop her drinking.

CASE IV.—Captain A., an officer retired from the army, had been an inebriate for at least nine years. Mr. Hugh Wingfield, who happened to be at Brighton, very kindly came with me to see him, and at his first visit attempted hypnotism, and managed to render Captain A. powerless to get up from his chair. He then arranged to see him again the next morning, but unfortunately during the night Captain A. developed the first symptoms of an attack of pneumonia, which became complicated by delirium tremens. After six weeks of a most dangerous illness I advised him to go to Cambridge, and to put himself under Mr. Wingfield, who had most kindly offered to do all he could for him, but apparently he had become quite insusceptible to hypnotism. He had been a total abstainer during his convalescence, but after leaving Cambridge he relapsed into his former habits, and I have since heard of his death.

CASE V.—Mrs. P., a lady aged about 55, had contracted habits of intemperance during a period of great domestic anxiety. I had very few opportunities of hypnotism, but the effect appeared to be good at the time, and although I have seen very little of her during the past few years, she has never, to my knowledge, caused any scandal by a relapse, though it is quite possible that she may drink secretly.

CASE VI.—Captain B., a retired officer of the navy, aged 42, had been a drunkard for years. Although a wealthy man, he was accustomed to leave home when he began to drink hard, and would sometimes return covered with vermin, and without having changed his clothes since the day he went away.

He expressed no wish to reform, and although he was treated under my direction by a most experienced hypnotist, he was not very deeply affected, nor was absolute unconsciousness ever reached. At the same time he was quieter and more reasonable during the course of hypnotism, but after a few weeks he grew tired of it, and had a relapse shortly afterwards.

CASE VII.—Mrs. A., aged 40, was the widow of a clergyman. The discovery of her failing had been made during the life of her husband, and for a time all forms of alcohol were kept from her, but when his decease took place, she bribed one of the undertaker's men to put a bottle of brandy into the coffin when it was brought into the house, and then got drunk in the room with the corpse.

I first saw her some years later, when she had been rescued from the lowest depth of depravity by her sister. She was treated by the hypnotist mentioned in the last case, and was easily influenced, but although a post-hypnotic suggestion that any alcoholic liquor would make her violently sick was effectual for about three days, at the end of that time it had apparently quite passed away, nor did repeated trials lengthen the period during which it took effect. This could not be

continued indefinitely, and she was finally sent to a retreat under the Act. I regret to say that I have had no information about her during the past few years.

CASE VIII.—Mrs. E. was an excellent cook, but she had lost situation after situation owing to her drunken habits.

When I first heard of her, some former friends, who believed in the sincerity of her remorse, and trusted her promises of amendment, having found a place for her with a lady who knew her history, collected a small sum of money, part of which they expended in the purchase of some respectable clothes, which they gave her, with the balance of the money, some three or four days before the time when she was to enter upon her new duties. Needless to say that she had sold the clothes and spent the money and was hopelessly drunk when the day arrived. I found her in a state of great destitution, in a miserable lodging with her half-starved child, and for about three weeks supplied them with the bare necessities of life, while I hypnotised her diligently. She was very susceptible, and soon found, to her surprise, that she was unable to take her share in a bottle of gin, which some boon companion had offered her. She rapidly regained respectability of manner and appearance, and in the course of about three weeks found herself a situation as cook, while her little daughter was admitted to an orphanage. From that time to this—now nearly five years—she has maintained her character as a most respectable servant, and was so highly valued by her employers that they kept the place open for her when she was obliged to go into hospital to be treated for a varicose ulcer of the leg.

An interesting point about the case is that the effect of the suggestion has gradually worn off, and she is now able to take a glass of beer at dinner, but as yet she has suffered from no temptation to drink in excess.

Although it would be rash to base any conclusions upon the results of so very meagre a series of cases, they serve perhaps to indicate that there is a possibility that this mode of treatment may be successful, or that, at any rate, until hypnotism has been tried, no case of dipsomania should be pronounced hopeless. Doubtless in more experienced hands better results might have been obtained, and, had we any certain means of ensuring a susceptibility to hypnotism, there is no reason that it should not be much more uniformly successful. I have noticed in more than one case that the best time to make an attempt is very shortly after a bout of drunkenness, and that the patient is less easily hypnotised the longer he is kept sober. Possibly, therefore, it may be discovered that some drug may have the effect of increasing susceptibility, but the few experiments which I have had an opportunity of making in this direction have hitherto yielded barren results. Such experiments, however, might well repay the trouble they entail, for could we but discover

a certain and reliable method of dealing with dipsomania, it would be difficult to exaggerate its beneficent results, not only in the present by lightening the heavy burden of human misery, but in the future by promoting the health and happiness of unborn generations.

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[The following case, sent to us by MR. C. THEODORE GREEN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (London), of Birkenhead, will be read with interest in connection with the above.—EDITOR.]

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THE TREATMENT BY SUGGESTION, WITH CURE IN FOUR SITTINGS, OF A MAN ADDICTED TO THE ABUSE OF ALCOHOL, BROMIDES, AND CHORAL.

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On October 6th, 1893, a man, aged 32, came to me complaining that for two months past he had been unable to get a night's rest without bromides and chloral; and also that he had an irresistible craving for whiskey; and that his brain was not able for his work,—that of cashier in a very large wholesale business. His account of himself was incoherent and vague, and he presented the restless appearance and excited manner of a person very near dementia. He was of fair complexion and hair, 5 feet 10 inches in height, in good physical condition of body, and having a cerebral development decidedly above the average. I gathered from his conversation that in 1887 he had a serious bout of drinking, from which he recovered.

Some few months ago he began to be worried about his work, and then commenced taking a single glass of whiskey or beer in the evening. He soon found that one glass was not enough, so he had two; in this manner increasing his daily dose of stimulant, till the craving for it was present all the time. He consulted some doctor, who told him to "go to Llandudno and drink lots of stout." Well, he went to Llandudno and drank several bottles of stout daily. But as he was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, from the development of insomnia, he consulted another medical man, who gave him a prescription for "bromides and chloral." Without the nightly use of this sedative draught, he got very little sleep, and, of course, his brain became more and more unfitted for the accurate work required of him.

He told me he had never been hypnotised before. As he expressed disgust for his unconquerable craving, and a belief that he could be influenced by hypnotism, I agreed to try what it could do for him. I insisted that this form of treatment would give him back his normal strength of will, so that he would be able to conquer his unnatural cravings. In fact, I made him understand that it was not *I* who was curing him, but that I was merely shewing him how to cure himself by the exercise of his will. So, throughout the four sittings that I gave

him, I suggested that his will was growing stronger, and that all his functions were coming more and more under his own control. I also ridiculed the idea that the person hypnotised need give up or lose all his will power to that of the operator.

On October 6th, he fell into a hypnotic slumber in seven minutes by gazing at a diamond. I then made suggestions that he would sleep well, and not awake at 2 a.m. as usual, that alcohol in all forms would taste vile, and if swallowed would be vomited. The next day he telephoned saying that he had slept right on to breakfast time—the best sleep he had had for two months; and that he had had a glass of whiskey, but had difficulty in keeping it down.

He now went away into North Wales with some friends, and I did not see him for a fortnight. Shortly before he returned he wrote me a long and very rambling letter, that made me fear still more for his sanity. He said that he slept very well for four or five nights after being hypnotised, but that since then he had been getting worse in every way. I advised his speedy return.

So, on October 22nd, I hypnotised him again. This time the sleep was more profound, and he seemed unable to answer my questions till I suggested that he could do so quite easily. I repeated the former suggestions, and made use of ordinary mesmeric “passes,” which I regard as a most useful form of suggestion.

On October 24th, hypnosis was produced by my gazing into his eyes for two minutes. On this occasion he seemed rather less excitable. He said he had been sleeping well except for a bilious attack that occurred during the night of the 22nd. He also said that he had taken no more sedative draughts, and that he had very little desire for alcohol.

On October 28th, he said he slept quite well each night, and had no desire either for alcohol or sedatives, and that his brain was clear. As a test of the latter, he procured one of his cash books on the 27th, and worked at it for two hours, and was delighted to find that he could work as well as ever. His manner is totally changed. He is restful, and acts and speaks as a man should when in perfect possession of his faculties. I now hypnotised him for the last time, and repeated the former suggestions.

Also I found I could inhibit all the special senses. I also gave him a crystal, and bade him see a picture of his dining-room, which I had not seen. He described it, and the persons he saw moving about in it. But I was unable to make him see the picture of a room he had never seen, but of which I was thinking intently at the time.

Up to date (March, 1894) there has been no relapse. Time only can shew whether this cure be permanent; but I think I am safe in assuming that any recurrence of the above symptoms will be as easily abolished by hypnotism as they were before.

## III.

## THE EXPERIENCES OF W. STAINTON MOSES.—II.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

In a former article on the experiences of Mr. Stainton Moses, which appeared in Part XXV., Vol. IX. of these *Proceedings*, two main lines were pursued. In the first place I offered a general summary of Mr. Moses' life and character, and of the nature of the evidence under review, with a discussion as to the trustworthiness or otherwise of the printed and written matter which we have to treat. In the second place, I gave extracts from contemporary records, by himself and others, of the physical phenomena obtained during his first year of investigation, 1873-4; including incidentally many points bearing on identity of the communicating intelligences. Many subjects still remain for discussion; and it will be convenient to indicate at once the order in which they will here be taken.

A.—In the first place some further extracts will be given from the notes of the remaining séances (1874-1880), of which any record has been kept. In Mr. Moses' own note-books this record, though becoming irregular as he got tired of recording so often very similar phenomena, is continued till August, 1875. Mrs. Speer's notes continue at intervals until 1880, and there are occasional notes by Dr. Speer during these later years. Two other occasional members of the circle, Miss Birkett (now deceased) and Mrs. Garratt (known to me), also took some notes, which Mrs. Garratt has kindly sent to me. I find them fully concordant with the other series; and I have printed some of Miss Birkett's, where points of interest are introduced. On the whole, however, I have given but brief notices of these later séances. Mr. Charlton Speer had already summarized their main features, in his letter quoted in my former paper; and no doubt can now be felt that the impression of what occurred at these meetings was substantially the same in the minds of all the persons present. Nor shall I return to the question as to the genuinely supernormal character of the phenomena, which has been sufficiently discussed in my former paper.

That they were not produced fraudulently by Dr. Speer or other sitters I regard as proved both by moral considerations and by the fact that they are constantly reported as occurring when Mr. Moses was

alone. That Mr. Moses should have himself fraudulently produced them I regard as both morally and physically incredible. That he should have prepared and produced them in a state of trance I regard both as physically incredible and also as entirely inconsistent with the tenor both of his own reports and of those of his friends. I therefore regard the reported phenomena as having actually occurred in a genuinely supernormal manner.

What is still needed, I believe, in order to produce a like conviction in scientific minds in general, is not so much any further argument as to Mr. Moses, as the occurrence of like incidents afresh in the presence of other mediums. Readers of the *S.P.R. Journal* are aware that a group of observers have been investigating the phenomena which occur in the presence of Eusapia Paladino—phenomena which appear to resemble those of Mr. Moses in many points ;—and we hope before long to publish a full statement of Eusapia's case in these *Proceedings*. Should her phenomena find acceptance, the independent corroboration thus furnished to Mr. Moses' case will be very important.

B.—Next to the description of Mr. Moses' physical phenomena must come the quite equally important task of analysing the automatic writing, of which, as already stated, 24 books remain. The contents of these books consist partly of messages tending to prove the identity of communicating spirits ; partly of discussions or explanations of the physical phenomena ; and partly of religious and moral disquisition. After describing, in Mr. Moses' own words, the general method and character of this writing, it will be well to consider those passages which bear upon the identity of the communicating intelligences.

C.—These may be fitly introduced by a paper entitled "The Identity of Spirit," composed by Mr. Moses in his last years, but not published by him. In this paper about thirty spirits are specified, and, taking these first, I shall add to Mr. Moses' own account such further corroborative particulars as collation of other passages in his writings, or independent enquiry, may have supplied.

D.—I shall next deal with certain other communicating spirits whose messages appear to carry evidence of identity ; representing mainly persons lately deceased, and desirous of communicating for private reasons.

E.—Having thus briefly described the alleged communicating intelligences, I shall hope in a future paper to arrange and summarise what they have to say as to the accompanying phenomena. This task is not easy ; since these so-called explanations, although, as I hope to show, really consistent and conceivable, are given in a scattered and unscientific form ; while they cannot, of course, be regarded as in themselves authoritative. There is, however, much interesting

matter of Mr. Moses' own, touching his own subjective impressions and phenomena occurring to him in solitude, which will best be given in that connection.

F.—There will still remain a task which, in Mr. Moses' own eyes, was the most important in the whole field. The main object of the manifestations, as was again and again asserted by his "guides," was a moral and religious one. Certain teaching of high importance was to be given ; and the marvels were to be regarded merely as a method of ensuring that due attention should be paid to a message which came with such credentials. Many of these ethical communications have been printed in *Spirit Teachings*, and I do not propose to reproduce them. Others may perhaps hereafter be printed in a second volume of *Spirit Teachings*. For myself, at some future time it may be well to give briefly the gist or spirit of these communications, comparing them with such deductions as may fairly be made from the principle of telepathy,—our main guide, at present, in any speculations of this type.

I now take up the series of Mr. Moses' notes about November 1873, where my former quotations ceased.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM MR. MOSES' NOTE-BOOKS.

*December 5th.*—Douglas House. Mr. Percival, Dr. and Mrs. Speer, and myself.—A wonderful demonstration of knocks, at least four distinct knocks occurring simultaneously, and keeping on for some minutes. Little Pauline came and knocked close by Dr. Speer ; with her was a clear drumming on the table, a dull sound apparently made on the cloth which covered the table, and a loud, clear knocking on the lower part of the table. At the same time a continuous sound was being made on the floor near my chair, and a creaking on the chair itself. These sounds continued ceaselessly for a considerable time—I should say nearly half-an-hour, at any rate for more than fifteen minutes. It was a most singular noise that the combined knockings made. The room seemed to be full of intelligences manifesting their presence. In the midst of it came Grocyn with his musical sound ; the same as ever, but feebler. He did not play much. Copious scent fell from the ceiling, accompanied by a sort of whistle, which we have noticed before in connexion with this manifestation. Imperator controlled, and spoke at length on religious questions. In answer to questions from Mr. P., he affirmed the doctrine of re-incarnation, although carefully guarding his opinion. He answered a question as to the time when a soul took possession of the body by

saying that there were cases in which the soul had lived before. I am not able to record what took place exactly, but the doctrine was affirmed. I wait to question more clearly through writing.

*December 6th.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self alone.—Raps and slight sound of Grocyn gave place to a control by Emperor, who modified a good deal what had been supposed to have been said on the previous evening. He explained that he had not stated the re-incarnation theory save as another chance for souls who had sunk so low as practically to lose identity. They were incarnated again, and so had means of progress. He stated that the control had been bad, and that much that had been said was not reliable. The control gave place to one by the Bishop [Wilberforce], who spoke for the first time as regards his identity. His voice was as different as possible from Emperor's, and the effect was very startling. The control lasted far beyond the breaking up of the séance. I was clairvoyant, and saw the Bishop, Catharine, and Grocyn. At Emperor's request Grocyn made some of the most beautiful sounds he has yet made. Catharine also knocked near Dr. Speer. I complained of cold and of a sensation of darkness after seeing so much light. The control was so perfect that I did not shake it off altogether until I had slept, which I did heavily all through the night.

*December 18th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self alone in the study.—Raps commenced almost at once, a strong contrast to the weary waiting at Mr. Crookes's. The power was evidently strong. We had had raps and scent whilst sitting at dinner, and as soon as we sat down both recommenced. My chair was drawn back, and Grocyn played over and about the circle, finally coming on the table. His sound commenced behind me, near the door, and at Dr. Speer's request he went off into the air and made the tambourine sound over the table. It was very pronounced. We spoke of the persistence of Grocyn's manifestations, and Dr. S. contrasted them with those of John Dee, who had not manifested for months. Instantly a loud crash came on the table and John Dee manifested freely. It seemed as though he were waiting till the direction of our minds to him enabled him to manifest. It gave one an idea of a telegraph wire disconnected for a time, the connexion being supplied by our thoughts. Seneca was asked for, and replied at once with the peculiar dropping sound, with harmonium stool and table. The room was full of light, and Grocyn wrote in his own writing on a piece of marked paper put under the table. It was just like his writing through my hand. "I am here.—W. Grocyn."

I have omitted to say that the table was moved and put straight. We had altered its position at starting. Grocyn seemed

to be the presiding spirit. He answered questions by his sounds very beautifully.<sup>1</sup>

*December 31st* (New Year's Eve).—Shanklin. Dr. and Mrs. Speer, and self.—The house was fresh, and the manifestations were irregular, as is frequently the case. The old house next door, in which we sat when I was last at Shanklin, had got seasoned. This was new. We had a great variety of raps. A spirit who used to come with a whirring sound manifested again, but with a grinding sound, somewhat similar, but without the whirr. He said (W. H. S.) that he came from Kensal, came down with me. He wished for prayer. John Dee manifested. Grocyn very sweetly.<sup>2</sup>

*January 1st, 1874.*—Shanklin. Dr. and Mrs. S., and self.—Stormy, blowing a gale, and raining in the evening. Day extremely fine and bright. Many sounds. W. H. S.'s peculiar sound again. Grocyn slightly. Catharine. Dr. S. asked her to go near him, and she said she could not. Conditions were bad, and she could not go far from the medium. This is frequently said. A curious little plucking sound in mid-air, near Mrs. Speer apparently. A name spelled out, "Cecilia Feilden," an old friend of Mrs. Speer, whose grave Dr. S. and I had visited at Bonchurch in the morning. She said she had heard of Dr. Eves's death from Miss Kirkland [also deceased]. She remained some time conversing, during which I kept my mind fixed hard on Virgil, repeating portions of it and disengaging my mind from what was going on. She said that "many spirits from long beyond had come with her." She rapped out finally, "I must depart. Adieu," and immediately the sounds ceased. On taking up a marked sheet of paper which we had put down it was found to be written on, "C. F. passed seventeen years.—Rector."

This is the third time that going to a graveyard has produced similar results. W. H. S. came after a visit to Kensal Green. At Garrison the din in my bed-room followed a visit to an old disused burying-ground; and now after a visit to Bonchurch this came. The spirit was in earth-life a friend of Mrs. Speer's. She had seen her mother and two sisters. Asked if any friend was lying near her at Bonchurch, she rapped out, "Sir Robert Arbuthnot" [no mention of verification,

<sup>1</sup> *December 18th.*—Séance in my study. Circle as usual.—At this séance the peculiar feature consisted in the sudden and entirely unexpected return of two intelligences merely upon the casual mention of their names, viz., John Dee and Seneca. Direct spirit writing was also obtained from Win. Grocyn.—S.T.S.

<sup>2</sup> Shanklin, *December 31st.*—Mr. M. having arrived in the afternoon, we sat again. W. H. S. appeared; Grocyn likewise. The table was tilted over to within four inches of the ground, and was quietly replaced. Our position at the table was altered completely. John Dee came once, also H——.—S.T.S.

but Mrs. Speer writes to me in 1894, "Sir Robert Arbuthnot, a relation of the Feilden family, is buried near to Cecilia Feilden's grave." I knew nothing of C. F., did not expect her, though Dr. S. had a presentiment that she would come on visit. I did not expect her at all. We broke and resumed, and while hands were held, after much convulsion on my part, H——'s and Rector's names were written on marked paper under the table. Dr. S. had asked for H——'s signature. When I went to bed the noise in my room was very great. It seemed as though two persons were quarrelling with each other in opposite corners of the room. The noise was very great, heavy poundings being made at the same time on the floor and walls, and the bedclothes plucked. The noise continued all night long; and was most pronounced in the dead of the night (1 to 4 a.m.). I have frequently noticed the power then seems most in force.

We had cool waves of scented air during the evening. Manifestations did not occur so readily as usual, nor were they so powerful.<sup>1</sup>

*January 2nd.*—Same circle and place.—W. H. S. came again with a slight grinding sound. Great rappings all over the room on the table and floor, a deal of drumming, and then a spirit came who gave the name of Henry Spratley, said he died on December 24th, at the age of seventy-six, at Moor Cottage, Maidenhead, had been selected by Imperator to prove identity. A letter has been sent to the vicar to verify the fact. [Facts ultimately verified by Mr. Spratley's son. The case will be referred to later. There seems a doubt as to the exact age, as Registrar's list gives Henry Spratley, builder, aged 75, died at Bridge-road, Maidenhead, Bray. Cause of death: senile decay: pneumonia one month. December 24th, 1873.—F.W.H.M.] We had masses of scent — verbena, sandalwood, rose, musk. The room was filled with light. My old friend Artindale came—rapped

<sup>1</sup> *January 1st, 1874.*—Séance. Same circle.—The characteristic wailing sound purporting to emanate from W.H.S. was soon audible and communicated, but feebly. Cecilia Feilden came for the first time (we had that day stood over her grave at Bonchurch). She communicated most satisfactorily in every way, to our great surprise, as this rarely is the case upon their first visit to a mundane circle. On breaking up for a few minutes we found upon the *under* surface of a piece of white paper, previously identified, the following words had been written—

C. F.

passed away seventeen years.

† Rector.

On resuming the séance Grocyn appeared and manifested as usual. A most peculiar and perfectly novel sound was heard. It purported to come from H——; and while all hands were tightly grasped his name was written on paper under the table as in the case of C. F.—S.T.S.

out his name—and said he had only just awoke five days ago. He has been dead now six months. He gave his birth-place, and said he was happy. We heard him rapping on the table in the morning at breakfast. We could not make out anything, and asked him to return at night. He did so, with the same knock. Mentor returned for a minute, controlled me without effort, and said that he had been allowed to come back for a while. He said he would try and come back one evening and show lights for us. He afterwards threw some musk in powder on the table near Mrs. Speer. The table, a large loo table, was tilted until it rested on the ground near Dr. Speer. He asked that it might rest on his finger, and it did so, beating quite gently. Yet the normal weight of the table was sufficient to have hurt him badly. I was far away from the table and could not touch it. Yet it was replaced in its original position quite gently. Mentor again controlled for a moment, and said that they had written for my friend on the paper under the table. Two pieces had been marked and put down, one near me and the other close to Dr. Speer, separated from me by the whole width of the table, six feet; on that was written “T. S. A.” and “Rector.” Dr. S. had requested that writing might be done near him. Grocyn came and said good-night on his lyre, and the séance concluded.

*January 3rd, 1874.*—Same circle and place.—W. H. S. came with his grinding sounds. Grocyn played very sweetly, and the heavy dropping sound said to be made by Seneca was repeated several times. We enquired who made the little rolling or dropping sounds on the table, and were informed that two spirits whom Rector had brought, I— and P—, made them. I referred after to my books and found that the promise had been given on May 10th, 1873. Rector manifested, and we had great quantities of scent—verbena especially. The odour was very strong indeed. After a ten minutes' break, Mentor controlled and made some wonderful lights, or rather one persistent light, which remained clear and visible for more than forty minutes. I am sorry that I cannot record accurately the time, but we entered the room shortly after 10 p.m., and the séance broke up at 11.30. The light appeared, say, ten minutes after we sat down, and lasted till about the same time before we broke up. I therefore allowed a wide margin when I said it lasted without going out for forty minutes. It commenced in the corner of the room behind me. Dr. S. noticed one as soon as we sat down, which faded at once. Then Dr. and Mrs. S. saw another, which also faded out. The control (as they tell me) by Mentor was at once established, and I was in a deep trance for the remainder of the sitting. A light at once appeared near my left hand, on or just over the table. It is described as a cylinder of luminous substance, hard, and giving a golden light. It would be

about four inches by three inches, and apparently circular at top and bottom. It was draped with something that Dr. Speer felt, and said was coarse and rough. From the time it appeared it never once faded from view. It grew at times stronger, and was faint at first, gradually acquiring brilliancy and clearness. It moved round the circle, touched all, beat on the table just as J. King's does, struck the chandelier over our heads, hit the ceiling, and sailed slowly into the far corner of the room, some yards from us. Its movements were slow and stately, and the light golden and very steady. No waves of light, apparently, but just a solid, self-luminous cake. The colour was not that of phosphorescent light, but yellower and more golden.

Mentor spoke very freely, and said he could have kept it alive for longer, but was afraid of hurting me. The light, he said, was fed from my body. The next morning I felt very cold, tired, and weak, with pain in the spine, especially at the lower part, and over the solar plexus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *January 3rd.*—Séance.—The peculiar grinding sound was soon heard. Groeyn then manifested; other hitherto unknown sounds were also heard. The sound as of a stone dropping on the table, and then on to the ground, was heard. A spirit came and gave his name as Henry Spratley, Moor Cottage, Maidenhead. He said that he had been sent by Imperator to give proofs of his identity, and he gave his age and date of his death. No one in the circle had ever been to Maidenhead, or had ever seen or heard the name before. So on the following morning I wrote on spec. to the vicar for information (owing to absence, I may say, his answer did not reach us for a month). No answer. Mr. M. wrote to the postmaster, but he received no answer. Mrs. Speer then wrote: "To the occupant of Moor Cottage," and was at once answered by the son, Henry Spratley, who corroborated every particular given by the spirit. Another deceased (eight months) friend of one of the circle then came and gave much information hitherto unknown to any of us, and all of which was subsequently verified. On closing the séance the initials of the deceased friend, T. S. A., and Rector were found written upon the paper always placed under the table. At this séance, and at the preceding one, large quantities of liquid scent—verbena and musk—(the latter in powder) were freely showered down upon us. On breaking for a few minutes and then resuming the séance, Mentor came and exhibited a most remarkable light, of cylindrical shape, and covered with drapery. It moved about freely in all directions, always returning and resting upon the edge of the table, and then advancing to its centre. It then would sail away to different parts of the room, striking the gaseliers in its ascent, and then (by request) striking the ceiling as far distant from the circle as it was possible to do so. By request again it placed itself, surrounded by its drapery, in my outstretched palm. I could distinctly pinch the drapery. It remained visible for upwards of forty minutes, and was a hitherto unexampled manifestation.—S.T.S. [This memorandum, made when the information as to Mr. Spratley had been already received, seems to confuse together the phenomena of January 2nd and 3rd].

*January 4th.*—Séance as before.—Raps at once. A little piece of wood brought from Mrs. Speer's room, into which I had never been. Scent thrown into Dr. Speer's eye, causing pain for some time. Great masses of floating light filled the room, visible to Dr. S., though he usually does not see the light. A tap came under Mrs. Speer's hands, and the name "George Eves" was rapped out. He said he was her brother, had manifested at the Holmeses', and through me at Mrs. Gregory's. Another sound followed, and "Augustus Eves" rapped out his name, affirmed his identity, and said he had manifested at the Holmeses'. He said Imperator had allowed him to come. Asked who Imperator was, he said, "Prophet of the coming Truth"—an expression characteristic of him, Mrs. Speer says. Asked further for the name, no response was given. Other raps then came, and "Emma" was rapped out—Mrs. Speer's sister. She gave her assurance, and the raps then changed to Mrs. Speer's father's. "God protect and guard you, dear Marie." Then Mrs. S.'s brother came back: "We have been allowed to return, and give proof to convince. Imperator allowed us." Grocyn struck up a lively note, called for alphabet, and spelt out by his sounds, "Cease, and be thankful. Great and wise spirits have made effort to convince you."<sup>1</sup>

All the evidence now is on the identity question. We had not thought of or expected Mrs. Speer's relatives.

*January 5th* (following evening).—Same place and circle.—Raps. Scent. Table tilted as before described, and rested on the floor, and beat on Dr. Speer's finger quite gently. I stood up and put my arm over the table as it rested on the floor, and found it was actually fixed in that position as shown.



The table must weigh, I should say, upwards of a hundredweight, yet it rested on the finger quite gently. Once, however, I had asked that the spirit would rap on the floor, and a smart blow was given.

<sup>1</sup>*Sunday, January 4th.*—Séance. Same conditions.—Masses of floating amorphous light were almost at once seen, and an object brought through the locked doors from our bed-room above. Liquid scent again freely thrown on the table. Raps were then heard, and Dr. Eves, Emma Eves, and George Eves came and communicated in succession.—S.T.S.

Dr. S. had not heard me, and he felt the weight on his finger rather severely. At request the table was very gently levitated to the height of more than a foot from the floor. It settled down quite calmly.

All this time I had seen a veiled figure standing by Dr. S. Mrs. S. could see the light, but could not distinguish the figure. It did not seem to move, and was apparently outside the circle, near the window curtains. It did not move. Presently distinctive raps came on the table, and "Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, I salute you," was rapped out. Dr. S. questioned the spirit in French, and answers were returned correctly. A curious instance of this was as follows: Dr. S. intended to ask the name of Napoleon's mother, but by mistake asked for the wife's name. This was given, a response not to the mental intent, but to the spoken question. After some other unimportant questions, I asked for something unknown to any of us, and the date of his birth, April 20th, 1808, was given. This we have verified and found correct. Dr. S. asked for some direct writing on one of the two marked papers, and assent was given, "J'écrirai. Taisez-vous." Mentor controlled, and said that it was really the spirit of Napoleon, late Emperor of the French. They would write on the paper near Dr. Speer's foot, that being nearest to where the figure had been standing. After his control passed I was, as is frequently the case, clairvoyant, and described the face of the Emperor, his waxed imperial and moustache, his impassive marble face, and wound up by saying he was a "regular Mephistopheles." The form was just in the same place, and apparently could not come within the circle. Mentor was at my right hand, and rapped clearly at request with his double knock. All this time our hands were joined, and remained so until the séance closed, and we found on the paper close by Dr. Speer's foot writing of which I append a *fac-simile*.

This is a good case of evidence from four sources:—

1. Clairvoyant Vision.
2. Raps through table.
3. Confirmation by Mentor.
4. Direct Writing.

I have omitted to say that the spirit, being asked why he came,

said that he was invited by Imperator, a characteristic expression, as was the "I salute you."<sup>1</sup>

*January 17th, 1874.*—Douglas House.—In future I shall only record noticeable points. The usual features which mark every sitting will not be recorded at length. The point to-night was the levitation of the table. It darted up several times into the air to the height of two feet or more. The movement was sudden, and it settled down again quite gently. I was raised in my chair from the ground twice. The chair was an inch or two only from the ground. A chair behind me was lifted and placed on my chair, leaning from it to the wall.

*Sunday, January 18th, 1874.*—A long communication from Imperator, detailing changes in the band of communicating spirits. In the evening we sat at Douglas House. A large piece of coral was placed very gently on the table. We did not discover it until Mrs. S. accidentally touched it. It is the largest object we have had brought in. It came from the hall outside. Two books from the bookcase near were put on the table, and a small ivory tablet of Dr. Speer's from the same place, but near to him. It was thrown gently, so as to fall near Mrs. Speer. We were discussing this attempt to bring objects in a different direction during a break in the sitting. As soon as the gas was put out, a book from a closed cupboard at the corner farthest from me, and immediately behind Dr. Speer, was brought out and struck him on the shoulder, and fell near Mrs. S. This is the first attempt that has been made to bring an object from behind a sitter opposite to me. Usually the power seems to be behind me. The waves of scent are detected by both sitters before I smell them. The objects come over my head when brought into the room, and movements of articles occur behind and near me. Grocyn plays behind and near me usually, though at times he goes far away. But in this case the book came from a closed cupboard behind Dr. Speer, struck him on the

<sup>1</sup>*January 5th.*—Séance.—Raps and scent almost immediately. A figure was then seen by one of the circle standing aside of me. The heavy table moved and tilted. Alphabet was called for, and Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was rapped out. (No one in the circle knew that his name was Charles.) I asked him a variety of questions, of which we were ignorant, with a view to test, and they were all subsequently ascertained to be *true*. I asked why he came. "Invited," he said, "by Imperator." Mark the imperial tone—not "ordered," but "invited." After replying to our questions, I asked if he could write for us. He gave "J'écirai," and then rapped out "Taisez-vous," *i.e.*, silence. The ex-Emperor now became distinctly visible to the clairvoyant member of the circle, and presented a sad and dejected expression of countenance. At the close of the séance the paper under the table had been written upon, and the C. L. N. B. stood out in a fine, bold, flowing hand.—S.T.S.

shoulder, and fell near Mrs. Speer. He had intended to ask for something to be brought from near him, as he had formed an idea that the force was connected with the spine of the medium. His wish was anticipated. We had abundance of scent-laden air, the coldest I ever felt. A sensitive thermometer would have gone down several degrees. [See on February 7th.] I never felt such cold air. The Prophet showed his little light. It was very brilliant, and at times like two bright buttons with a dark space between them. It evidently had a dark back to it. Most generally it was invisible to me, though I was not entranced. The table was levitated several times, as on the previous night. My chair was drawn away from it.

*January 21st.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—I had been very unwell. The physical movements were all quiet. The only important thing was the rapping out the name “Alexander Thelliffsen,” an old parishioner of mine at Douglas, whose deathbed I had attended. He gave some slight particulars. I had forgotten his name, and do not now know his Christian name.

*January 24th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and Mr. Percival.—We sat in the dining-room. The most marked manifestation was cold, scent-laden air, which we had in great quantities. H. Spratley came and rapped out, “It is true that I said.” We have received confirmation from his son. Divers raps, and then Emperor controlled and spoke of God and other subjects. He also answered questions as to materialisation. The Prophet showed his little light, and when I sneezed Dr. S. saw a light flash up suddenly on the other side (right); it was a simple flash, dying out at once. At night, when I put out the light, I noticed my hands luminous. I am still unwell.—The evening was clear and fine, and the barometer high.

*January 25th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—The whole séance was occupied by a series of messages from Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who has lately written in my book. He gave the most minute details. He was born at Burton, in Cheshire, December 20th, 1663; died March 7th, 1755, aged 91. Mother’s name, Sherlock, born at Oxton, in Cheshire; schoolmaster, Mr. Harper, of Chester; ordained by Dr. Morton, Bishop of Kildare, to curacy of his uncle, Dr. Sherlock. He was made Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1697, and married Mary Patten, of Warrington, 1698. He had four children: Mary, died aged thirteen; Thomas, aged one year; Alice, aged two; and Thomas, who survived him. All this was rapped out in answer to questions without a particle of hesitation, and with clearness and precision. He said he was in the fourth sphere, went to the Isle of Man occasionally, but knew nothing of the present Bishop. Had been sent by Emperor, knew the Prophet, and gave his name, but declined to give the name of the third “Vates” until Emperor

gave it. He also gave Emperor's name. The light was very strong in the room, and we had one shower of scent. This is the most curious descriptive account we have had through the table, though many such have been written out in my book. The Bishop said that the writing in my book was in his own hand. I have sent for a letter of his, if one can be had, and I propose to verify all the above details, if possible. [Note added later: The handwriting is a *fac-simile*. I obtained a letter from the Isle of Man.]

*February 1st.*—I have succeeded in verifying all the above particulars. I can find no record of the death of his infant children.

[I have verified these facts, except names and age at death of two children, from Stowell's *Life of Wilson*, published 1819. This easily accessible work contains no specimen of handwriting. Mr Moses showed me, in 1886, the letter in Bishop Wilson's handwriting, which much resembled that of the automatic script. It is noticeable that, in this case and Grocyn's, details as to historic personages, such as are usually written automatically, are flashed or rapped out at séances.—F.W.H.M.]

On *Sunday Morning (January 25th, 1874)* I had another of the curious visions which I have experienced twice before. I was sitting at my table in Clifton-road—time, 1 p.m. or thereabouts. I had breakfasted late, about 10.30, and had been writing since breakfast. I am unable to say how long the vision lasted, nor am I able to fix exactly the time of its commencement. If I may judge by the amount I had written, it could not be long. I have no remembrance of ceasing to write. The first thing that I remember was standing beside my body and looking at it. I did not feel surprised, but only curious to know how I got there. The spirit body seemed to be disengaged and to be leading an independent existence. While I was looking I was conscious of the presence of the Prophet, who stood beside me. He was robed in sapphire blue, and on his head was a coronet with a very bright star in the middle over the brow. The face was what I have seen before—the face of an old man with a long beard and moustache, deep-set eyes and large massive brow. He explained to me that I was out of the body, and told me to follow him. I remember well the oddity of my sensation when I discovered that the wall of the room was no bar to me. We passed on our way without obstacle until I found that we were in the midst of a very beautiful landscape. How we got there I do not know, but I seemed to have changed almost instantaneously the surroundings of earth for the scenery of the spheres. A special effort, I imagine, of my guide enabled me to see my body, and after that I resumed spirit vision to the exclusion of bodily vision. The scenery through which I passed was like an earthly landscape, but the air was more translucent, the water more clear and

sparkling, the trees greener and more luxuriant. I went along without conversation, and noted the ease with which my will carried me along with a peculiar gliding motion. At the end of my journey we came to a simple cottage, very like many I have seen here, and there I found my Grandmother Stainton. She was just as I remembered her, only clothed in a long pure robe, with a girdle of deep red. Her hair was bound with a simple fillet, and her whole face and figure were idealised and glorified. She attempted to address me, but my guide motioned me away and hurried me back. From this point my memory grows fainter and fainter, and I can recall no more until I found myself sitting in my chair, the pen on the table by my side, and the paper on which I had been writing before me. The ink was very dry, and I was for a time only partly conscious of what I had seen. It all came back by degrees. Now at night it is conceivable that I might be drowsy or sleepy, though I know I was not on the occasion of the previous vision. But this was midday. I certainly did not go to sleep. I had had breakfast and nothing else two hours ago, and the vision was à propos of nothing that was in my thoughts. It is stated by communicating spirits that the occurrence was real, and that my oblivion of the latter part was caused by the necessity of hurrying me back, as the conditions were not good.<sup>1</sup>

*January 26th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S.—A great variety of raps of different kinds—one quite new, a sort of roll like a drum of a very peculiar kind. Dr. S. tried in vain to imitate it. We were told that it was made by Theophilus. Grocyn came and played, but not very well. The Prophet showed his light at request. The heavy, dropping sound came, too, at Dr. Speer's request. The little dropping sounds on the table were plain. A peculiar reflected light in the polished mahogany of the bookcase came two or three times. It was about the size of a hen's egg, and appeared reflected—from what source I could not discover. My chair was drawn away from the table, and Emperor delivered a long address.

On coming out of the trance, I saw and described the spirit as one of commanding mien, with a short robe girt round the waist, and a crown with a cross ✠ in the centre, just as the Prophet has a star. In his hand he held a long wand, terminating in a cross. He said nothing, and gradually faded from view.

*January 29th, 1874.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S.—As soon as we sat down we had cool air and scent. Grocyn played, and at request made the deep violoncello sound. The Prophet's light was very bright indeed, and darted about all over the room. Once it came very

<sup>1</sup> Other visions of this type are reserved for a future paper.

near to Mrs. Speer's face. It never knocked or made any sound, but darted about and was very bright. The heavy dropping sound was made on the harmonium stool at Dr. Speer's request. Little Dicky came back with his old creak, and controlled me in the oddest, squeaky little voice. It is described as very peculiar. A. W. also came back and gave her name. Just as before, her raps were tiny and delicate. I was clairvoyant, and described my grandmother again. She had a child with her. I also described the Prophet and Theophilus, and several spirits who were apparently at the ceiling over the table, and were showering down scent. As the séance was about to break up, I saw a spirit suddenly come, and immediately John Dee's crack was heard. At request he moderated it, and made it on the harmonium stool and table.

*Saturday, February 7th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. Speer, Mr. Percival, Mr. H., and self.—Floating masses of light. Beautiful scent, like honeysuckle. It was like the air in a country lane. Grocyn played very loudly, imitating the clock, as usual. More scent. Air very cool, so cold, in short, that it made all the circle shiver, except myself. It came, as usual, from over my head. A self-registering thermometer which had been put on the table showed a deflection of 6deg. after the séance was over. The cold was intense at times. The Prophet's little light came, and we held a long conversation with him, the answers being given in flashes. It was a very pretty manifestation, the light being turned in each case to the questioner. A curious muffled whisper came between me and Mrs. Speer, and Mr. H. thought it was a voice trying to speak. We extemporised a tube, and some muffled whispering sounds were made, but it did not come to much. The tube was taken up and thrown down by Dr. Speer. A loud noise on the table by Mr. P. was made by the fall of a round stone which had been brought from the study at his back. He had just remarked that he had never witnessed a clear case of the passage of matter through matter. A heavy ornament (statuette) from the mantelpiece behind me was placed on my head, and then very quietly on the opposite side of the table. Continual scented air was blown about. Emperor controlled, and spoke for an hour on the Nature of God. I do not record what he said, as I find a good deal of it repeated in my book.

*February 8th, 1874.*—Same circle on the following night.—Scent again, with very cold air, which made all shiver. The wind again came from over my head. An ornament—a china flower vase—was brought from the bedroom occupied by Mr. H.—the same in which I usually sleep. The manifestations were similar to those of the preceding night. Mr. P. seemed to be in the centre of clouds of light, and felt the influence very much. At night he had manifestations in his room, the bed being

violently shaken. The sounds of Grocyn and the Prophet's light and the scent were very successful.

*Tuesday, February 10th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—A peculiar triple sound on the table, and then the following messages were rapped out:—"Bertie Henry D'Oly Jones, died at Umballa, India, December 31st, 1873, aged one year and seven months." This was elicited by repeated questions. Alphabet was again called, and "D apostrophe Oly" was spelt out. Again: "Edward George Nigel Jones, died January 3rd, 1874, aged two years and nine months. Afterwards we had another brother join us, January 5th, Cholmely—children of Nigel Jones." Other questions elicited answers that Imperator had sent them. We afterwards searched the *Indian Mail*, but could discover no trace. At length, in looking over the *Pall Mall Budget*, we found the appended notice, which only gives initials:—

"*Jones.*—Bertie H. D'O., aged 1, Dec. 31st; Edward G. N., aged 2, Jan. 3rd; and Archie W. C., Jan. 5th, children of Mr. W. C. N. Jones, at Umballa, India."

[Announcement verified, and see note D later as to Christian names in full. It is not, of course, implied that the children themselves spelt the names thus carefully, but rather Imperator, or their mother, also lately deceased. Conversely there is a case where a well-known name is spelt incorrectly in direct writing, and it is explained that the famous spirit was using a clumsy intermediary. "Zachary Gray" spelt his name "Grey" in all actual writings of his that I have seen.—F.W.H.M.]

No one of us had ever heard of the children or their parents.

*Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, February 11th, 12th, 14th.*—I class these séances together, as the phenomena were somewhat similar. I am now staying at Douglas House, and we sit regularly.

The week has been marked by a remarkable development of Grocyn's music. He has made beautiful sounds within the circle, playing chords exquisitely, arpeggio chords at Dr. S.'s request, intervals, &c. The Welsh harper played in concert with him, and made some very curious high notes. But the most remarkable sound was that of a very deep bass string played quite out of the circle. It sounded like a big drum, and was away behind me. It was the first time that we had such distinct evidence of sound made away from the table. Mrs. S. remarked of the sound that it was as loud as J. Dee's. Immediately there came a crash on the table close to her elbow, which startled us tremendously. He was standing near, and something—the mention of his name and directing of our minds to him (?)—enabled him to manifest. The Prophet showed his light and answered questions as before. Abundance of scent and cool air were given. Vates came with a peculiar knock,

not unlike Emperor's, and attempted a control, which was not successful. Emperor controlled and spoke briefly. I have omitted to say that I described clairvoyantly the Prophet and the Seer together—the latter a young and very beautiful spirit, the Prophet dignified and aged. Also Grocyn and a tall spirit by Dr. Speer whom I did not know. There was a deal of light in the room.<sup>1</sup>

*Sunday, February 15th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—The usual manifestations—Grocyn, scent, movement of table. The dropping sounds were extremely clear, clearer than ever, and they went on during the control. The Prophet's light was very clear and bright. Emperor controlled, and spoke again of God and of His Nature; also as to the personal existence of spirit after death. I had imagined it to be impersonal to a certain extent. The control was interfered with by Dr. Speer leaving and breaking the circle. Afterwards a very singular piece of direct writing was done in answer to Mrs. Speer's

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Speer's account of two of the sittings thus summarised may be given for comparison (*Light*, November 26th, 1892):—

“*February 12th.*—Circle met under usual conditions. Scent very abundant. G. manifested, producing remarkable musical sounds of every description, playing octaves, intervals, and chords by request. G.'s sounds this evening were so deep, resembling a drum, that we remarked they were almost as loud as the sounds Dr. Dee produced. Instantly he came, and made a tremendous rap between me and Mr. S. M. H.'s light was then visible, and answered questions as usual.

“*February 14th.*—We again met in our séance-room, which was soon filled with spirit-light, large masses floating about in every direction. G. quickly manifested, playing sweetly. We heard the music, very soft, outside the circle; then it sounded in the corners of the room, and came behind the medium, floating over his head. The sounds were more beautiful than usual—pure and sweet, and harp-like, the table not acting as a sounding-board, as on previous occasions. Octaves, chords, and intervals were instantly sounded by request, as on the previous evening. The spirit known to us as the Welsh Harper also answered questions on the strings of his spirit-harp. A fresh musical sound came, made by another spirit. Name not given. We heard an unknown rap on the table, soft and muffled, something like Emperor's. On asking who it was, “Vates” was given through the alphabet, also “Break.” On returning to the room many sounds were made around the medium. H.'s light flashed, and the medium tried to speak. The voice was quite unlike Emperor's. The spirit tried to control the medium three different times, but failed. Emperor then spoke, saying the voice was new. Vates was trying to communicate, and as he wished it to have its own peculiar identity it was more difficult. He said the spirit had taken the name of “Vates” as they did not wish great names to be brought before the public. H., who was an exalted spirit, would help in giving information.”—M.S.

request on the spur of the moment for the signatures of some of the spirits for her book. I append a *fac-simile* as near as I can make it.

+ I. S. D + Rector  
 ✿ Prophet PRUDENS  
 O ☆ Mentor  
 P  
 Doctor, the Teacher of Rightness  
 W. Grocyn

February 16th.—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S., Mr. Percival, Miss B., and self.—From the first the manifestations seemed to suffer from the introduction of a new element. Grocyn's sound was wooden and poor; there were frequent pauses, and the only copious manifestation was the shower of scent by Miss B. It has been so on the two previous occasions when she has been present. There is evidently something in her influence which does not work harmoniously at present. Imperator controlled very slightly, and when the light was struck for the purpose of taking notes the control passed away at once. It was afterwards resumed, and the old subject of God was explained, and some questions answered. But the whole was difficult.<sup>1</sup>

February 18th.—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—It was late before we sat. The raps were very various and Grocyn's sounds were very good. He had a peculiar tambourine sound, which was very curious and quite independent of the circle or table. The room was very full of light, and the points of light were different. The Prophet did not show his little bright speck, but in place of it a duller point of light, which flashed about and assumed at times the appearance as of a column of phosphorescent smoke. It was quite different from what we had before seen. Raps on the table and on my chair, and quantities of scent and cold air. The scent of violets was very pronounced; also of verbena and another pure scent not unlike eau-de-cologne.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Birkett describes this sitting as follows:—

“Various scents were wafted round the room to each sitter, with strong currents of air, after which liquid verbena was poured down on Dr. S. as if from the rose of a watering-pot in a continuous stream, some showers of it extending to M. B. [herself]. A long and glow-worm-like light tilted about for some time near Mr. Moses.”

*February 19th.*—Dr. and Mrs. Speer and self.—No phenomena worth recording were shown. Grocyn played, but not well. Scent was abundant, and the floating masses of light were visible to all. There were three distinct musical sounds—or four, I fancy: Grocyn's old sound, the Welsh harper, the tambourine, and a new sound, apparently made by plucking a string. The sound made gave one the idea of a band tuning.

*February 20th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I dined with Mrs. Gregory, to meet the Baron du Potet, the celebrated magnetist and spiritualist. Mr. Percival was of the party. During dinner I was conscious of a strange influence in the room, and mentioned the fact. The Baron had previously magnetised me very strongly, and had rendered me more than usually clairvoyant. He also recognised a spirit in the room, but thought it was the spirit of a living person. After dinner, when we got upstairs, I felt an uncontrollable inclination to write, and I asked the Baron to lay his hand upon my arm. It began to move very soon, and I fell into a deep trance. As far as I can gather from the witnesses, the hand then wrote out, "I killed myself to-day." This was preceded by a very rude drawing, and then "Under steam-roller, Baker-street, medium passed," [*i.e.* W.S.M.] was written. At the same time I spoke in the trance and rose and apparently motioned something away, saying "Blood" several times. This was repeated, and the spirit asked for prayer. Mrs. G. said a few words of prayer, and I came out of the trance at last, feeling very unwell. On the following day Dr. Speer and I walked down to Baker-street and asked the policeman on duty if any accident had occurred there. He told us that a man had been killed by the steam-roller at 9 a.m., and that he himself had helped to carry the body to Marylebone Workhouse.

I felt the influence at night very much, and did not shake it off for forty-eight hours. This is curious evidence of spirit action.<sup>1</sup>

*Sunday, February 22nd.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—The control was interfered with by the events of the previous day. Nothing could be done except irregular rappings and movements of my chair. At last we were told to join hands, and two remarkable pieces of direct writing were given, one in hieroglyphics, which I have since been told comes from an Egyptian spirit. I was deeply entranced.

*Friday, February 27th.*—Douglas House.—Grocyn and raps and the Prophet's light. An argument as to the position of the light upset conditions and stopped manifestations.

*Saturday, February 28th.*—Dr. and Mrs. S., Mr. Percival, and self, in dining-room.—The physical manifestations, though few, were very

<sup>1</sup> See below, under Section B.

good. Scent was abundant. Grocyn played, and a new spirit came—"Rosamira, wife of Benjamin Lancaster, of Mt. Greville, Kilburn—died January 11th, 1874." Imperator answered some questions as to the spirit who had killed himself, and then delivered a very long and interesting address on the Religions of the World. He pointed out the good in each, and showed how it received its sun and crown in Spiritualism.

[*Daily Telegraph*, January 15th, 1874: "On the 11th inst., at Torquay, Rosamira, the beloved wife of Benjamin Lancaster, Esq., of Mount Greville, Kilburn." Where not otherwise stated, messages coming while Mr. Moses was not entranced were given by *raps*.—F.W.H.M.]

*March 1st*, 1874.—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—The usual phenomena. In the midst of the séance, when perfectly clear of influence, I saw Theophilus and the Prophet. They were as clear and palpable to the eye as human beings would be in a strong light. Placing my hand over my eyes made no difference, but turning away I could see them no longer. This experiment I repeated several times. I also saw the little Catherine. This is the first time I remember being so clairvoyant in a séance without being previously entranced. "Torquay" was rapped out; we could not understand why. Since then Mr. Percival has discovered that the spirit who communicated before had died at Torquay. This is a curious instance of *unlikely* communication.

*March 2nd*.—21, Green-street. Dr. and Mrs. S., Mr. Percival, and self.—The Baron du Potet tried his mesmeric power on Mrs. Speer, Mr. Percival, and myself. He sent me off very rapidly, and I was conscious of a spirit near me, but he woke me up so soon that nothing happened. Then Mrs. Speer was tried, and she went to sleep, but her sensations at first were not very pleasant—afterwards they became very much more so. Percival never went off actually.

*March 16th*.—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—Raps began very quickly, and Grocyn. Sounds very good; tambourine very loud. Dr. S. suggested joining hands, and we did so. The table at once began to move, and my chair was withdrawn until we were forced to loose hands. I was put close to the door, and sat full six feet from the table. In that position raps were made on the table and it was moved,—the raps were loud and decisive on the table. My chair was violently shaken and moved, and I raised myself so as to remove my feet from the floor, crouching upon the seat. In that position the chair was moved with equal facility, and loud rappings were made on the wall, door, cupboards, harmonium, and floor. The noise was very great. The Prophet showed his light very brightly, and it flashed about like forked lightning. I saw the reflection in the looking-glass very

distinctly. We had plenty of very beautiful scent, and some of it which was thrown into Mrs. Speer's eye caused no pain.

*March 18th.*—After [Imperator] left, Chom resumed control, and said he wished to give a test. We all joined hands, Mr. Percival standing up and leaning over the table, so as to reach my hands. We grasped hands, and our palms were upwards. Whilst in that position a flood of scent (verbena) was poured into our hands. Mr. Percival's hand was filled with more than a teaspoonful. Mrs. Speer received a considerable quantity, and my hand and arm were thoroughly wet. The table was drenched with scent all round. The door was locked, and the room empty. A more complete objective test cannot be conceived. The whole quantity of scent must have been considerably over a tablespoonful. I believe this estimate is very considerably under the mark. An attempt at direct writing failed, the power having been used for the scent.<sup>1</sup>

*Wednesday, March 25th.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—We had been to lunch with Mrs. W., and the conditions were more or less disturbed. Nothing of importance occurred, except the advent of a new spirit, who made a peculiar detonation in mid-air about the level of my head, and between me and Mrs. Speer. It was a quite distinct sound. The name given was "Lottie, daughter of Sir Everard Buekworth,"—passed away a century ago in Jermyn-street. The power ceased after Everard, and we broke up. In the dining-room afterwards raps came again, and the surname Buekworth was given. The following morning a message was written through my hand to the effect that she died December 5th, 1773, at the house of one Dr. Baker, a friend, in Jermyn-street. She died of disease of the heart while dancing. She had "looked in," and was gone again.

[This death is recorded in the *Annual Register*. It will be again mentioned when the automatic writings are discussed.—F.W.H.M.]

*April 14th, 1874.*—Dr. S. and I alone.—We resumed after an interval, during which the Speers had been to Shanklin, where Mrs. S. still remains, and I to Bedford. We sat on the previous evening, without much result, except some very bright lights of the Prophet's. To-night lights commenced again, but of a quite different character to any we had seen before. They darted about like a comet, coming from the side by the harmonium, or near the fireplace. They were evanescent,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Speer's account (*Light*, December 10th, 1892) is as follows:—

"After Imperator had ceased speaking Chom again controlled, saying he wished to give us a test. He told us to join hands, keeping the palms upwards and open. While in this position a delicious scent was literally poured on to them."

and apparently of diffuse luminosity, within which was a nucleus of light; not, however, visible to me. We had some ten or twelve of these, some more brilliant than others, some visible both in the looking-glass and in the glass of the book-case, and they were showing a trail of reflected light on the table, when suddenly there arose from below me, apparently under the table, or near the floor, right under my nose, a cloud of luminous smoke, just like phosphorus. It fumed up in great clouds, until I seemed to be on fire, and rushed from the room in a panic. I was fairly frightened, and could not tell what was happening. I rushed to the door and opened it, and so to the front door. My hands seemed to be ablaze, and left their impress on the door and handles. It blazed for awhile after I had touched it, but soon went out, and no smell or trace remained. I have seen my own hands covered with a lambent flame; but nothing like this I ever saw. There seemed to be no end of the smoke. It smelt distinctly phosphoric, but the smell evaporated as soon as I got out of the room into the air. I was fairly frightened, and was reminded of what I had read about a manifestation given to Mr. Peebles similar to the burning bush.

I have omitted to say that the lights were preceded by very sharp detonations on my chair, so that we could watch for their coming by hearing the noise. They shot up very rapidly from the floor.

*April 15th, 1874.*—Dr. S., Mr. Percival, and I. Peculiar raps, and a figure at the end of the table, in the place where Mrs. Speer usually sits. I was conscious of it, and the influence was not good. In trance I spoke to it and held a long conversation with it. It gave the name of John C. "I got rid of my body on the 8th of April." He died at Keswick. I remember the grey look of the spirit; I wished it to be taken away. The knocks were quite new—very loud and imperious.<sup>1</sup>

The *Times*, *Standard*, and *Telegraph* have been searched in vain for a notice of Mr. Callister's death. At Somerset House we find the entry: "John B. Callister, gentleman, aged 33, died of cardiac paralysis, at Turnside Lodge, above Derwent, April 9th, 1874." There is here a day's discrepancy of date, but patients dying of cardiac

<sup>1</sup>Miss Birkett writes:—

"After a time Mr. M. said he saw a spirit at the end of the table. Its appearance seemed to annoy him, and he said he did not like the looks of it and wished it would go away. Presently loud raps were heard on the table near it, and the following sentence was given. . . . Mr. M. replied, 'Now his father has come; I see him standing near it.' We were further told that he had died suddenly at Keswick on April 8th. He had been slightly known to the medium some few years before. The day of the séance was that of his funeral. The circumstances [*i.e.*, the death itself as well as the rest] were previously unknown to the sitters."

paralysis not infrequently die when lying down in bed, and are found dead in the morning.—F.W.H.M.]

Imperator controlled and gave information about the phosphoric scene of the other night, and some scent was made on the spot and showered on us. The Prophet's light and Grocyn's sound very pure and good; two kinds of scent; made from our bodies, it was said.

Imperator said that the phosphoric smoke of the other night was caused by an abortive attempt on the part of Chom to make a light. There were, he said, ducts leading from our bodies to the dark space beneath the table, and into this space these ducts conveyed the substance extracted for the purpose of making the light. The phosphoric substance was enclosed in an envelope which was materialised. It was the collapse of this envelope that caused the escape of the phosphoric smoke and the smell. This substance was the vital principle, and was drawn from the spine and nerve centres principally, and from all the sitters, except those who were of no use or were deterrent.

*April [18], 1874.*—Séance at Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I.—The phenomena comprised the usual knockings, tilts, movements of my chair and of the table. Prophet's light and two of Chom's. W. B. C. appeared again and touched my finger, the result being that the skin was broken and the joint swollen up. The pain gradually ceased, but the mark still remains after 48 hours. Chom controlled, and in answer to request, wrote with a *green* pencil, which Dr. S. put down on paper marked by us before the sitting. This shows conclusively that the pencil put down was used. Quantities of scent. Grocyn's sounds very dull. He entranced me, and I am told that they were then better than any he had ever made. Asked why, he said, "Medium entranced." The table moved freely without contact, and was levitated slightly. It was moved beyond my reach and then brought back to me. The raps very loud. The Prophet's light was very bright. I saw clairvoyantly the "little Catherine" and J. B. C. He sat on the harmonium stool, and apparently had two guardians with him. The different noises going on were very numerous as well as loud. I was considerably convulsed.

*Wednesday, April 22nd, 1874.*—A disturbed séance; very dark. I was afterwards told that the efforts of the band were devoted to keeping away a number of undeveloped spirits. A noise was made like opening a fan, a very curious noise on the fireguard, and a grating sound between Mrs. Speer and Mr. Percival. When I returned home I was conscious of the presence of a form, and the name of Judge Edmunds was spelt out three or four times. I could not understand it, as I had no news of his death. However, on the following Sunday I received at Southend a copy of the *Medium*, in which his death on April 5th was announced.

*April 26th, 1874.*—Southend.—Dr. Speer and I went on to the Pier, which is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, and sat reading at the end of it. Whilst so sitting I heard clear metallic raps on the rail in front of us. We satisfied ourselves that the sounds were real and as clear as on the table. They purported to come from Philosophus. They were very clear and continuous; they followed us up the Pier as we returned, and from time to time we tested them by putting our ears down. In the evening (this was at 4 p.m.) we went on the Pier at 8 p.m., and tried the experiment again. A bright moon shone overhead, and we were some half a mile from land, about a third down the Pier. First we tried to elicit raps. I stood beside a post and placed as much of my body in contact with it as I could. Dr. Speer listened for raps. They were distinctly audible at 20, 25, 30, 40, and 50 yards. I could hear them well without putting my ear down. After 50 yards Dr. Speer failed to hear them. In the afternoon I thought I heard a faint sound of Grocyn, and now his sounds came out as clear and resonant as in a closed room. They were distinctly audible to both of us—and we were 70 yards apart—and were apparently made in the space between us. At least, the sound was far off apparently to both of us. Had the night been dark I believe the power could have been intensified. It struck me as a very singular fact that such phenomena should occur in mid-ocean (so to say) and in good light, with no means of concentrating the power.

In the evening we had a séance—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self—in a small apartment which we occupy here (8, Cashiobury-terrace). Almost the whole of one side of the room is window, which Mrs. Speer darkened as well as she could. The table was an ordinary round table, five feet in diameter. Raps came almost directly, and we had some very beautiful scent, which was like sweet-briar. Mrs. S. had got some fresh flowers in the room, with sweet-briar among them and gorse. The Prophet showed his light, although the room was not very dark, and Mentor came and showed his light once. He controlled then, and said that he was not allowed to make lights, as I was so ill (I have a bad attack of bronchitis). Grocyn came and played, and a new musical sound was made, like a guitar, in the wood of the table. Philosophus rapped, and I saw Chom, Mentor, Rector, and others clairvoyantly. Rector manifested very strongly.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Speer's account of this sitting (*Light*, December 24th, 1892) begins as follows :—

“*April 26th.*—We again sat at Southend, but were not able to darken the room. I had been suffering from neuralgia all day, and had been alone. Through the day I perceived, every now and then, delicious scent, which became more pronounced towards the hour of our meeting, filling the passages, Mr. S. M.'s room, and the one I was sitting in. So strong was it

*April 27th, 1874.*—Southend.—Abundant scent all through the day. As we sat at the table during the day, Dr. S. writing a business letter, we had a long conversation with Chom. He made a peculiar knock, sharp and like a detonation, on the floor under the carpet. In the evening we sat, and had quantities of scent of three kinds, one made from the sweet-briar in the room. Chom controlled, and described the making of scent over the table near the ceiling. It was showered down on us over and over again, on our heads, into our hands by request, and all about until the air was laden with it. We had Grocyn and the new musical spirit. The Prophet showed his light. Imperator controlled and spoke for some time ; after which lights again and writing by Chom and Kabbila, an Indian spirit.

*April 29th, 1874.*—Mrs. Honeywood's, 52, Warwick-square, W. Mrs. H., a lady friend, and myself.—We had the usual phenomena of scent, musical sounds, raps, and lights ; the latter brilliant and clear, flashing about very brightly. It was a very successful séance, considered as in a stranger's house, with complete strangers.<sup>1</sup>

that when Dr. S. came in from his evening walk he asked who had been burning a pastille. During the séance the spirits informed us that they had been scenting the house all day. They fanned us with perfumed air as soon as we sat down, and rained wet scent over us, which they made from some sweetbriar we had in the room. We were deluged with this most fragrant perfume ; it fell all over my face, arms, and hands ; it was poured over each member of the circle, and into our hands by request. G. made his usual musical sounds. While he was manifesting Chom impressed Mr. S. M. to speak. He said he saw a spirit near the ceiling making the scent, and we should soon have it rained over us. This was true, as immediately it came down in showers all over the circle and table. The medium then said G. would play, and pointed to the place where he was standing. G. then gave us a musical scale, and played different intervals by request. The tone was pure and clear ; he simulated the sound of pulling a tight and loose string of a harp, also a tambourine.”—M.S.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Honeywood sends me an independent, but not contemporary, account of this sitting as follows :—

“*April 28th, 1874.*—Mr. Stainton Moses dined with me and Miss Beale, and afterwards proposed trying what we could get. We therefore went downstairs to my boudoir, where Mr. S. M. had never been. We put out the candle, and held hands. Raps soon began, and a cool breeze, then quantities of scent fell on our hands, heads, and the table. Lights like the flame of a candle darted about between us, over Mr. S. M.'s head, and about the room. Mr. S. M. passed into a trance, and speaking with the voice of an old man, but in a very dignified and impressive manner, told us the object of their coming was to teach and elevate mankind. Lights again appeared, and scent wet my face and hands. The sound of a guitar string was twanged, though I had no instrument in the house, or scent of any kind. A short farewell speech concluded the séance.”—BARBARA HONEYWOOD.

*Thursday, April 30th.*—Dr. S. and I, alone.—A chair put on the table. Manifestations boisterous.

*Saturday, May 2nd.*—As Mrs. Speer was sitting writing at her desk a quantity of dry musk fell on it, covering paper and everything near. It was throughout the desk, and must apparently have been put in it under papers as well as outside. [Mrs. Speer has no note of this special occasion, but says that musk was frequently thus deposited on and in her desk].

*Sunday, May 3rd, 1874.*—I was suffering with aggravated bronchial attack, and felt very much below par. Raps commenced at once, and throughout the evening the manifestations were very strong. Grocyn's sound was very good, commencing, apparently, at a great distance, and sounding something like the muffled roll of a big drum. We had new sounds, too, of a zither, very pretty, five in all. They played over my head and round the circle. They were quite independent of the table. They were clear, very highly strung, and apparently graduated, giving one the idea of an instrument of five strings. We were told that they were made by a new spirit. Scent was very abundant indeed. Chom and Mentor controlled. The most curious part of the séance was that in which an elaborate attempt was made to relieve my bronchitis. When we made the usual break, after sitting for about forty minutes, I was perfectly conscious of two materialised hands making passes over my head, throat, chest, and back. After a time I began to throw off from my hands the vitiated magnetism. My hands were thrown about so violently that Dr. S. could hardly hold them. At one time my hands were so fast glued to the table that Mrs. S. had to exert all her power to get them off. After this I drew power from both sitters by making passes over their hands and arms. After all was done I certainly felt and looked much better than I had been for a long time. The sensation of the hands was perfectly distinct and unmistakable. As the séance concluded, I became clairaudient, and recited a long passage from Judge Edmunds, who stood by me. He had previously spoken to me *before I heard of his death*, which occurred April 5th, 1874.

*May 12th.*—Douglas House.—An interesting séance. The usual phenomena, the musical sounds being very distinct. The special point was that a quantity of powder was put on the table. I saw it all luminous, and Chom said it was musk. There was no perceptible odour, but the next morning it was strong. This is the only time I have ever known such an occurrence. The odour was very pronounced. I am still very ill with bronchitis, and sittings are suspended.

*May 30th.*—Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and I.—A visitor had been in the house, and we had had no sittings. I am still ill with bronchitis and below par. Vast quantities of scent were showered

down, and Grocyn came. The peculiarity of the séance was that when I could hear the sound no one else could, and *vice versâ*. I heard by clairaudience and not by natural hearing, being very deaf with my cold. On request I was enabled to hear the sound with my natural ear, but I described it long before it was heard by the others, and heard it frequently when they did not. At the same time I was unconscious of sounds apparently made on the table under my nose.

I spent Whitsuntide at Broadlands, where I met Colonel Drayson, and had some very interesting conversation with him. The editor of the *Fortnightly* [Mr John Morley] was there, and I had opportunity of seeing the proofs of Wallace's article on Spiritualism. The second part is better than the first.

[Edmund Gurney and I also met Mr. Moses at Broadlands, (Lord Mount-Temple's,) at this date, and heard from him an account of his phenomena concordant with that here given.]

*Thursday, June 25th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and Mrs. F.—Mrs. F. being a new member, there was nothing new done. The usual manifestations, lights, music, and copious scent. I wore a gardenia in my buttonhole, and the scent of it was diffused throughout the room most powerfully. We had other scents, until the atmosphere was so loaded that we were glad to get out of it. The flower after the séance was stained and dead, as though all its vitality had been taken out of it. This is like the effect we have noticed at Shanklin. Emperor controlled and spoke clearly.

*Friday, July 4th, 1874.*—P[ercival] came up unexpectedly, and Mrs. S., at dinner, told me about sitting again with Mrs. F. I was startled, and an indescribable feeling of fear came over me. When we sat conditions were very disturbed, and nothing came, except at first some very faint rose scent. After sitting a long time, we broke, and resumed. Still the room was dark, and the influence unpleasant. After a time a very pungent odour of peppermint was diffused through the room. It was very unpleasant.<sup>1</sup> While in the garden, before we began to sit, I was conscious of scent all round me, especially on my hair. When I rubbed my hair my hand was scented strongly. I tried the experiment many times. When the peppermint came I was conscious of its presence first near my head, and it seemed, as it were, to be evolved out of the hair. I have before noticed the same thing, but not so markedly as on this occasion.

*Monday, July 6th, 1874.*—We had sat (Dr. S. and I) on Sunday, with no results. We met again to-day, and had a good séance. Grocyn manifested, and we had beautiful scent, rose and some other. The

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Speer's letter, *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 339.

Prophet's light was clear, and we had a new light, with drapery, very soft and silky, round it. It was a sort of hooded light, with a very bright nucleus within it. It seemed to be permanent. At request the light came near, and brushed Dr. and Mrs. Speer's hands. We also had direct writing from Chom. While it was going on we heard scraping on the floor, and Dr. Speer, having placed the paper in a particular position, with the pencil on the top of it, thinks that neither paper nor pencil had been moved; yet the writing was on the side next the carpet. I was slightly convulsed, and my hands were moved under the table while the writing was going on beneath.

*July 12th, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. S., Mr. P., and self.—The weather was close and oppressive. The phenomena were very good, notwithstanding. Scent, Grocyn, and a very remarkable manifestation of the zither. The sound was the nearest approach to music that we have yet had. The high noises were imitated exactly, and the runs were executed with marvellous precision. Two instruments apparently were used, or rather imitated, one with three high strings, and another with seven lower ones. The little sounds of the smaller instrument were brought out most clearly, and then were followed by an elaborate run on the other instrument, as though the finger were drawn rapidly over the strings. The effect was most curious. After I had observed and noted this for a long time I was entranced, and then the sounds moved round the circle. Grocyn's sounds were very fine, and scent very beautiful. After the séance was over, the phenomenon of its being evolved from my head was very marked. As I rubbed my hair the smell came out very markedly; it was the same as had been given during the séance. This phenomenon has now occurred a dozen times very markedly. Imperator controlled, and spoke at length very cheerfully.

*Sunday, July 26th, 1874.*—A remarkable séance throughout. I was entranced almost immediately on sitting down, and the trance state had been coming on for some hours before. So thoroughly was it established that I have no remembrance of anything until I found myself in bed the next morning. I relate what was told me. Every phenomenon was intensified; Grocyn's sounds, the scent, lights (Prophet's and Kabbila's), were all there. Dr. S. had put in front of him a wine-glass, into which he asked the scent might be put. In answer to that request a good tablespoonful was poured. This he preserved in a bottle. Kabbila's lights were hooded, and quite different from the Prophet's. Catharine knocked very clearly, and gave some messages. At length she rapped out: "Look at the medium;" and after: "Take care of the medium." Mrs. S. naturally thought she meant after the séance. She persisted in rapping in an eager, excited way, and after some time a light was struck, and I was discovered to have fallen down

by the book-case, doubled up in a most awkward position, and in a profound trance. My face was bathed for some time before any sign of revival showed, and then I could not stand, but slipped down in a helpless way. My legs could not support my body, and my hands could not hold anything. Dr. S. walked home with me, and he says that I could not have walked at all alone. I have no recollection of anything, nor do I know how I got to bed, except that I found everything quite straight in the morning. We had an engagement with Hudson at 4 p.m. that day, and I never recovered from the trance until after that. Unfortunately there was a misunderstanding, and Hudson was out, otherwise I believe we should have had a good result. This is the deepest trance into which I have ever been thrown. To all intents and purposes my consciousness was entirely suspended from 8 p.m. to 9 a.m. the next day.

[Mrs. Speer's account of this séance (*Light*, January 7th, 1893) is quite concordant; but she dates it July 27th; which, if an error, is the only slip of the kind which I have observed in her records. I assume Mr. Moses' date to be correct, as he gives the day of the week as well as of the month.]

Clifton.—I spent the last ten days of August with Dr. Thomson. During that time we experimented in the study for photographs, and got results exactly similar to the previous Clifton photos. We also got a head—a sort of double of mine. We sat several times and got the usual phenomena—scent, lights, music, direct writings, and dry musk. Roses were scented in my buttonhole, a different scent being put upon them. They turned brown and died. Some scent put into a glass during a séance evaporated during the night in spite of being carefully covered over. Dr. Thomson's eldest son sat with us on the last night of my stay. He saw the luminous appearances in the room very clearly, and described them exactly as they seemed to me. Two very clearly defined figures were near Dr. T., visible to both of us. We heard a noise like that of a person trying to speak. At last one came close to me and said "Helen"—that was the name of Dr. T.'s wife. The other spirit was his mother, who appeared on the plate at Hudson's some time ago.

August 31st.—Came to Shanklin. Dr. and Mrs. S. and I sat the first night, and got the usual phenomena. Dr. S. saw a luminous column at my right hand, and Imperator, who was controlling, told him it was the Prophet. The light known as his flashed up at once in the midst of it. Kabbila also manifested with his light.

September 1st.—Same sitters.—We had the three or four-stringed lyre of Chom, and Said and his seven-stringed sound. The three-stringed was less like a string than any sound we have ever heard. It

was very remarkable. A new spirit manifested by tilts. He gave his name Abraham Florentine, and he was in the American War of 1812, died August 5th, 1874, aged 83 years 1 month 17 days, at Brooklyn. The table is a very heavy one, and it requires great strength to tilt it. The power used was enormous, and gave us all severe headaches. [This message was verified by inquiring at the office of the Adjutant-General of the State of New York, and will be again referred to when we discuss the various evidences of identity in Mr. Moses' experiences.—See p. 82.—F.W.H.M.]

*September 2nd, 1874.*—Same circle.—The musical manifestations were remarkable—six different sounds were made. Grocyn, Chom, Welsh harper, Said, a noise like a drum made by Kabbila, and the sound of a seven-stringed lyre. Said's sound was extraordinary; a high treble running note like water dropping on metal. It was scarcely like a string. Kabbila and the Prophet showed their lights, the Prophet's very bright and triangular in shape. Abraham Florentine made the same peculiar quivering in the table. He came to say that the months and days referred to his age.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Speer's account of the Abraham Florentine sittings is as follows (*Light*, January 21st, 1893):—

*September 1st.*—This evening the raps came soon after we had settled ourselves, and much spirit-light was visible, especially in one corner of the room. By raps we were told that a strange spirit wished to communicate, and would do so during the séance. G., Chom, and Said all manifested by making their different musical sounds. After playing for some time G. rapped out, "We have done." The table then began to quiver as if alive. It was a heavy, solid, old-fashioned round table, difficult to move, but it was raised several times, and a spirit rapped on it with much energy, asking for the alphabet, and when it was called gave the name of "Abraham Florentine."\* We asked, "Where did you live?" "Brooklyn." And then followed, "I fought in the war of 1812." "When did you pass away?" "I passed August 5th, 1874." "At what age?" "Eighty-three years, one month, seventeen days." This information was given in a most excited manner, and the table was violently shaken when we did not quite understand the answers. Great power was taken from each of the circle, and we were so upset by the constant violent movements of the table—producing, each time it was moved, a kind of electric shock through us—that we had the greatest difficulty in taking the information through the alphabet. The spirit at last ceased, and our friend G. came to the rescue. He informed us that the spirit had been chosen by Imperator to give us another proof of identity, and that he had been a Spiritualist in earth-life. We were then deluged with scent and told to cease. Mr. S. M. was in deep trance during the time the information was given.

*September 2nd.*—This evening the scent was exquisite; raps came quickly,

\* All the details given were afterwards completely verified. No one present at the séance knew anything about Abraham Florentine.

*September 3rd and 4th.*—Same circle.—Manifestations similar to those above, but intensified. The musical sounds have reached seven, the new one being like the noise made by striking fine porcelain, but with a very decided ring in it. It is a very singular sound, and is made with great intensity. The three-stringed lyre is also very beautiful, more like the dropping of liquid on a metallic surface than anything else. But the sounds are all indescribable.

1. *Grocyn.*—Since the séance, when he made such violent manifestations he has been much quieter. The sounds are very pure, and express feeling most wonderfully. They are most like a thick harp string.

2. *Chom* makes the sound of an old Egyptian harp with four strings. There is little similarity to a stringed sound.

3. *Said* makes a noise somewhat similar to Chom's, but the lyre has only three strings. It is an old Egyptian instrument, and the sound is like dropping water on a steel plate, a sort of liquid sound, very intense. I am told it is very like the sound of a harmonium reed.

4. *Roophal* makes a sound of a seven-stringed lyre, very pretty rippling sound, but the strings do not seem to me to be arranged in harmonial progression.

5. *Kabbila* makes a sound like a drum, very deep, a sort of prolonged roll.

6. — makes a sound like the ringing of fine porcelain, only that the ring is very much more pronounced. This is a very intense sound.

7. The Welsh Harper makes a sound as of the highest strings of a harp, sharp and ringing.

In addition, there is the sound of a tambourine and a sort of flapping sound like large wings. These can scarcely be called musical in any sense, though they are but exaggerations of others in some way. The *modus operandi* is similar.

*September 5th, 1874.*—Mr. Percival joined us. The musical sounds were repeated, but the principal part of the séance was taken up with communications about W.H.S., who came with the old grinding sound, the influence in the room being very unpleasant. Grocyn communicated about him, the tones used being very striking. Dr. S.

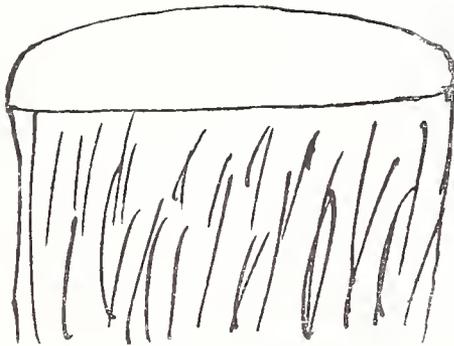
and with them several musical sounds. All the stringed instruments were heard, and a new sound like a drum. This, we were told, was a manifestation of Kabbila's. He and [the Prophet] showed their lights. Abraham Florentine came again; we recognised his presence at once by the violent trembling of the table. We rather objected to his rough manifestations, as he used up so much power. G. then interfered and told us the spirit wished to say the one month and seventeen days referred to his age.—M.S.

asked for the name to be given, and Grocyn spelt out "Woe." He said it was his spirit name. G. did not know his earth name. Three of the sitters, Dr. and Mrs. S. and I, knew it perfectly well. This is a strong piece of evidence against unconscious cerebration. The knowledge was there, yet G. said he did not know.

Dr. S. asked for the characteristic of the spirit to be put in one word, and *Greed* was spelt out. Probably no word would so well express what was wanted. G. could have no communication with him, he said.

*September 7th.*—Musical sounds, but not good. After a break some remarkable lights were made; the Prophet's very brilliant indeed. Mentor came and controlled, and showed a light much smaller than he had shown before. Kabbila also showed his light, and two at least were visible at the same time. The lights never faded during the half-hour in which they were visible. Some very fine drapery hung from Mentor's lamp, which he brushed over the hands and faces of the sitters. It was as fine as gossamer, and was lit up by the lamps. At request M. struck the table with his lamp, and all felt his hand, which was as real as a human hand. He also said that Kabbila had materialised partly. The lamp struck P.'s head. It was apparently of some such shape as this, brightly luminous, and with drapery brightly lit up. During the night I heard the grinding sound very strongly, and Grocyn sounded very sweetly. He said "W." wanted prayer, and came to get good and to progress. He would do no harm.<sup>1</sup>

MR. MOSES' SKETCH OF MENTOR'S LAMP AND DRAPERY.



<sup>1</sup>A séance, during the whole of which Mr. Moses was entranced, may here be described in Mrs. Speer's words (*Light*, January 28th, 1893):—

*September 10th.*—Mr. Percival having left Shanklin, this evening the circle sat alone. The room soon seemed full of foggy light, and Catharine quickly rapped. G. sounded three musical notes; through the alphabet he told us that, though the atmosphere was bad, we were to sit and they would do all they could for us. Mr. S. M. was deeply entranced, and continued in that state all through the séance. The stringed instruments were played,

*September 19th.*—Same circle and place.—Whilst walking up and down before the windows in the garden I distinctly heard the sound of the fairy bells in the air. They seemed to come from a distance, and were sweet and clear. Both Dr. and Mrs. Speer heard them as well as myself. When we sat down they began again, and I heard them very clearly. They seemed to come from a great distance, and gradually came on the table. I then became entranced, and the sounds are described as being very remarkable, long runs being made, and the sounds running up and down, so that the wood seemed to be alive. Catharine knocked very loudly, and seemed to be in command. The three and four-stringed instruments were played while I was awake and thoroughly able to appreciate what was going on. After that came the seven-stringed instrument, played, as we were informed, by a third Egyptian, Roophal, contemporary with Chom and Said. The sounds were very distinct, and I was able to question and elicit replies. The reply was made by striking three strings once or twice, as occasion required. Abundant scent (jasmine) was showered down. Dr. Speer had asked for some before we sat—we had forgotten to put a glass on the table. There must have been an ounce or more of it. Grocyn's sound was very powerful and sweet. I have not before had so good an opportunity of hearing the sounds. They are incredible to anyone who has not been led up gradually, as we have been. The purity and intensity of them is beyond description.<sup>1</sup>

and the sounds evoked were delightful and startling; chord after chord was played with great strength and rapidity. This manifestation lasted for some time. Dr. S. then remarked that many spirits seemed to have left us, and mentioned the name of Dr. Dee. In a few moments he manifested, striking the table a tremendous blow; both the medium and myself were greatly upset. Mr. S. M. began to move and groan as if in pain. The shock was so sudden that it made us feel cold, and the conditions became inharmonious. Suddenly the room grew very bright, and I felt enveloped in a cloud of light and exquisite scent. This was wafted over us. Liquid scent was also showered over our hands and heads. This delicious perfume brought harmony, and we heard raps, asking for the alphabet. The message given was "Benjamin Franklin is present." I then heard a sweet tinkling sound like a clear bell close to my ear; it moved and played in front of the medium, who was still deeply entranced, and afterwards it played over the middle of the table, when Dr. S. heard it for the first time. It was a striking manifestation, the notes were so clear, sweet, and low—we named it "fairy bells."—M.S.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Speer's account of this sitting, and summary of sounds made, may here be given (*Light*, January 28th, 1893):—

*September 19th.*—Before meeting this evening we heard the "fairy bells" playing in different parts of the garden, where we were walking; at times they sounded far off, seemingly playing at the top of some high elm trees,

September 20th, 1874.—Same place and circle.—Our last sitting had a totally different result from what we expected. Imperator usually comes to bid us farewell. On this occasion I was almost entirely free from influence, and Mrs. Speer was almost entirely entranced. Dr. Speer also experienced the same tingling in his hands. During the sitting I saw a luminous hand moving about the room, and under it a round luminous object. This I saw repeatedly, and each time some little round object fell, either on the table, on our hands, or

music and stars mingling together, then they would approach nearer to us, eventually following us into the séance-room, which opened on to the lawn. After we were seated the music still lingered with us, playing in the corners of the room, and then over the table round which we were sitting. They played scales and chords by request, with the greatest rapidity, and copied notes Dr. S. made with his voice. After Mr. S. M. was entranced the music became louder and sounded like brilliant playing on the piano. There was no instrument in that room. The sound we called the seven-stringed instrument became coherent for the first time this evening, and answered questions through the alphabet with this instrument instead of rapping on the table. The spirit told us that he was an Egyptian, his name was Rophal, he had been a priest in the Temple of Osiris, and a friend of Said and Chom. The scent was most abundant, and was thrown all over the table and circle. It had been brought for us to save, but as we had forgotten to place a glass on the table, they threw it over us in large quantities. We had mentioned before commencing the séance that we should like more scent to add to what had already been obtained and bottled.

During our visit to Shanklin so many different musical sounds were developed that I propose now placing them on record.

G., who had manifested so long in the circle, and whose sounds resemble a harp, tambourine, and double bass.

The Welsh Harp, who always played apparently on a very small harp, making high notes, on very tight strings.

Chom and Said played on instruments which consist of three or four strings.

Rophat on a seven-stringed instrument. This was like a very sweet harp playing in the air.

We had also Kabbila's drum sound, and the one, for want of a better name, we called the plate sound, as it resembled a sound that could be made on a china plate turned upside down and struck with a small hammer.

Fairy bells. Introduced when Benjamin Franklin first manifested in our circle. We had always associated these sounds with him and the spirits who came with him. It was an exquisite manifestation, something like a musical box, but more ethereal, and the notes sweeter. We used to hear it playing about us very often at this time, especially when out in the garden late at night. It was our habit to open the casement window and step on to the lawn after our séance was concluded, and I often heard these "fairy bells" playing at midnight among the trees, the effect being very beautiful and unearthly.—M.S.

on our heads. These were afterwards found to be round beads, such as we have had before. After the séance was over I was smoking, the gas was lighted, and we were walking about, with the window wide open on to the garden, when the pearls began to fall again. They descended in a shower from the ceiling, or dropped about the carpet, until there were some thirty of them, ○ about this size. In one case a shower fell on my head and scattered all over the room, just as the Guimauve lozenges had done on a previous occasion. The light was full, and we all saw the thing done over and over again. At night some musk was put on my dressing-table. I had seen the hand apparently holding a luminous powder magnetically suspended under it, at the distance of an inch apparently. All the power during this series of séances has apparently been devoted to the musical sounds, and to attempts to influence the other members of the circle. The sounds have increased both in intensity, tone, and variety. No direct writing and but little light. The room markedly full of luminous vapour. Attempt at direct voice once.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Moses' accounts have by this time become somewhat irregular. I quote Mrs. Speer's account of a sitting on October 17th, 1874:—

*October 17th.*—This evening, as soon as the gas was extinguished, the room appeared full of spirit-light. Mr. S. M. saw and described G. His musical sounds appeared to come from the place he said he was occupying. Then he mentioned Catharine, and she immediately tapped on the corner of the table, where he saw her standing. After this he said: "Judge Edmonds is here." We asked if he could write for us. A message came through raps: "We cannot write." The "fairy bells" played round the circle. Chom then spoke through Mr. S. M., saying that this manifestation was made by Benjamin Franklin. Before meeting Mr. S. M. had taken three rings from his hands and threaded them on to his watch-chain; his watch was on one end of the chain, and a small pocket barometer on the other; both of these articles he placed in side pockets of his waistcoat, the rings hanging midway on his chain in full sight of the circle. We suddenly saw a pillar of light advance from a corner of the room, stand between me and Dr. S., then pass through the table to Mr. S. M. In a moment the figure flashed back again between us and threw something hard down upon the table. We passed our hands over the table, and found the rings had been removed from the medium's chain without his knowledge. Catharine then rapped very joyfully, asking for the alphabet; the message given through it was "Franklin did it. Cease." During the next fortnight we held several short séances, with the usual manifestations of scent, musical sounds, raps, and light.—M.S.

Again, on November 16th, Mrs. Speer records an interesting séance. (*Light*, February 25th, 1893):—

*November 16th, 1874.*—The circle met as usual. Raps were heard on the table before I had closed and locked the door. The room was soon filled with masses of spirit-light. Mr. S. M. had been spending the day with us, as he was not well. Several times during the day wet scent of the most

*November 21st, 1874.*—Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—A striking séance. Room full of hazy light. Little dropping sounds on the table, which turned out to be very minute beads. Two other sizes afterwards brought—in all there must have been five or six dozen. Beautiful sounds of the fairy bells. I saw Grocyn making the sounds; he stood pointing at the table, and as he pointed the sound was made. Behind him stood Franklin. As the power failed, F. seemed to put more into him by passes. He gradually faded, and the sound ceased. Vast quantities of scent have been poured down lately, and the very singular phenomenon of the effusion of scent from the crown of my head has been very marked. It is usually verbena, and oozes out from the scalp. I have been suffering from neuralgia, and the process is remedial, I believe. The odour is extremely strong.

[The entries after this point lose their regular sequence of dates.]

*December 12th, 1874.*—The effusion of scent has continued at intervals, being most marked when I am suffering pain. The odour is verbena, strong enough to be perceptible throughout the house. I have ascertained from Mrs. Acworth that she is the subject of the same phenomenon, though in her case it is not traceable to any spot. The odour is rose, and diffuses itself when she is tired and the power exhausted. She is told that the object is to ward off undesirable influences.

*November 27th.*—After a séance at Douglas House I went to bed about twelve, and soon fell asleep. About 2.15 a.m. I woke up suddenly with a start, wide awake, and with an indefinable sensation that something was about to happen. I lay on my back looking up at the

fragrant description oozed from the crown of his head. When it was coming, he said, there seemed to be an icy cold circle round the part of his head which became wet with the scent. While he was experiencing this sensation, if we put our fingers on the spot they were wetted with the most fragrant scent, sometimes verbena, but more frequently sandalwood. A cambric handkerchief placed on his head at such times would retain the scent for a long period. We were told it was a remedial process, and the medium felt greatly benefited by the treatment. Much exquisite sandalwood scent was thrown over the circle and table. Kabbila sounded his drum and G. his double-bass. Dr. S. then remarked: "We have never heard any wind instrument played." A minute after the remark, a blast as from a trumpet came between Mr. S. M. and myself. It was of the most startling character, and the note was repeated several times. The medium felt very cold and uncomfortable during this new manifestation. He saw the spirit who had made it standing near the harmonium. We were told afterwards that it was made by Benjamin Franklin, the most powerful of the physical spirits, and he hoped he would do much for us in the future. Dr. S. asked if they could make the harmonium sound; it was closed, but when Mr. S. M. blew, several notes were sounded.—M.S.

ceiling, and saw above me a luminous hand, such as I had seen before in séances, with the fingers gathered together and holding in attraction under them what looked like a little ball of fire as big as a pea. As I looked the fingers were unclasped, the hand opened, and the little ball of fire fell on my beard. So impressed was I with the reality of the vision that I jumped out of bed at once and looked for what had struck me. I got a light, and discovered on the bed a small opalescent stone about the size of a large pea. It was of a brown hue, shot with pale blue. I have since discovered that it is called Sapphirium; it is a Brazilian stone largely imitated in Paris.

On Thursday, December 10th, we had a sitting at Douglas House. Dr. and Mrs. S. and self.—We burnt some gum in a little bronze censer, and put it flaming in the middle of the table. As it died out a number of little taps began round it and near Mrs. Speer. These increased, each little detonation being accompanied with a little puff of smoke, as it appeared to me. After this had lasted some time we were told to get light, and look in the middle of the table. We did so, and found nothing. Astonished at this, for we have always found hitherto what we were told to look for, we put out the light, and it was rapped out, “There is nothing.” We could not understand, and thought some playful spirit was making fun of us. “Join hands” was rapped out, and instantly I became very violently convulsed. It was as much as Dr. Speer could do to hold my hands. As the violent convulsions threatened to injure my hands against the censer, Mrs. Speer removed it to the corner of the table next to Dr. Speer. When the fit passed off my head fell on the table, and it was necessary to support me in my chair to prevent me from falling. I gradually regained consciousness, and when light was struck two little stones were found in the censer, similar to the one in my possession.

We have lately (December 3rd) had a sitting, with Mr. and Miss Percival and Miss B.<sup>1</sup> added to our circle. All the phenomena very strong, and, in addition, we had two pieces of direct writing on the table, one a signature, the *fac-simile* on large scale of Ben. Franklin, and the other of Kabbila and Rector. I saw the luminous hand writing the signature of Franklin. When complete the paper was taken up from Mrs. Speer’s hand, near which it lay, and carried into the air, falling on Miss Percival’s hand. The other was similarly carried up, and fell on Dr. Speer’s hand. The fairy bells have also developed great power.

*Saturday, January 16th, 1875.*—The sapphire which was brought to me I had set by Leroy and Son (Regent-street) in a ring, with respect to which I received a number of directions. When it arrived

<sup>1</sup> There is a concordant account in Miss Birkett’s notes.

we held a sitting, as we were told that they wished to remove from it the influence it had contracted by being in other hands. I placed the ring on my silk handkerchief, in the middle of the table, and at once it was surrounded by a luminous vapour. Knocks of all kinds were going on all over the table, some six or eight clearly distinguishable. Mrs. Speer once put her hand near the ring, and when she withdrew it it was luminous. The Prophet showed his little light all over it, and close to our faces and hands, at the very end of our fingers. The whole scene was very striking and curious. I was warned very strongly not to allow the ring to go into other hands.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two quotations from Mr. Moses' letters to Mrs. Speer (*Light*, December 24th, 1892, and December 31st, 1892) may here be given :—

Bedford, *April 2nd*, 1875.

“I have nothing particular to tell you in the spiritual way. I had a very interesting communication on Easter Sunday, which succeeded a by no means interesting early morning experience. The Moravians, as you may remember, wake up the dead by singing over their graves at the unearthly hour of six a.m. on Easter Day. Whether the ‘dead’ resent this treatment or not I do not know, but for the last two Easters they have visited me with their complainings. Last Easter they annoyed me more than enough. This Easter I was conscious of their presence less by the physical than the spiritual sense. They did not make so much noise, but the room seemed to swarm with them. It is a mysterious question, that of the attraction of spirits to earth by the direction of our spirits to them. I believe that therein lies one of the keys to the whole question of spirit intercourse. My communication was from Theophilus, on the spiritual significance of the Christian festival.”

Mrs. Moses' house at Bedford is near a Moravian burying ground. From the same place Mr. Moses writes again :—

“*August 1st*, 1875.—There have been some very subtle and beautiful perfumes here. My mother can't at all make out where they come from. Three little pearls also made their appearance on the table the other day. I have also had a little ruby and sapphire and emerald : all small—the size of your rubies.

“Mentor was the cunning workman who fashioned the cameo. He is not content with his work, which he says was bad, and that he can do much better. He actually carved it, he says. And I see no reason to doubt it, seeing that I can find no limit to spirit-power. If they are allowed to work in their own way they can do almost anything. It is only when we compel them to work in lines prescribed by us that they find any difficulty.

“We are on the very threshold of the subject : even those who know most. The vast mass of Spiritualists have no sort of idea of the matter, and I doubt whether this age ever will have.”

Another sitting may be described from Mrs. Speer's record (*Light*, May 13th, 1893) :—

“*February 4th*, 1875.—We met as usual. Rector manifested strongly, shaking the room and the chairs on which we were sitting. It appeared as

August 27th, 1875.—Dudley Villa, Shanklin.—During the interval that has passed since my last record the manifestations have developed, and some new ones have been added. The musical sounds have been added to by a long single note like that made by a tuning-fork. The scent continues. We have had fewer lights than usual. Several small gems (ruby, sapphire, emerald, as well as some pearls, a moonstone, and others) have been brought. Some time since a cameo was cut during a séance at Douglas House. It was rudely done, but the result was very remarkable. Last night the experiment was repeated under very satisfactory circumstances. As soon as the séance commenced I passed into the trance state. I derived my information from Dr. and Mrs. Speer, who alone were present. A long message was rapped out by Catharine. She said they had brought a shell, and were going to cut a cameo; that I was in trance “for the night,” and that I was to be left alone till morning, and not to be told of what was done. A light was struck, and Dr. and Mrs. S. saw a shell in the middle of the table. I was in deep trance. Grocyn played, and the fairy bells. There was abundant scent of a particularly sweet kind. Then Mentor came and Imperator. After he left light was called for, and in the centre of the table was a cameo and a quantity of *débris* of shell. Noises had been heard as of picking, and I saw a hand. The shell is more clearly cut than the first, and shows a head, laurel-crowned. It is polished inside, and shows plain marks of the graving tool. The séance lasted about an hour.

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END OF QUOTATIONS FROM NOTE-BOOKS.

Here Mr. Moses' notebooks of physical séances end, although there are from time to time allusions to physical phenomena in his books of automatic script. Mrs. Speer's records continue until May 2nd, 1880, and show that the phenomena, though rarer, continued

if a very heavy man stood behind our chairs, jumping up and down with great vigour. Scent came very abundantly, and G. manifested with his musical sounds. After sitting for some time we heard a most melancholy noise, which sounded like the wailing of the wind passing through an iron grating. It grew louder and was a most weird sound, giving the impression of unrest, wailing, and woe. We all felt awe-struck, especially when we were informed that the sound was produced by a large body of undeveloped spirits who were trying to get to us; but our band of spirits would not allow them to approach near the circle. We had never heard so awful a sound as this before. We were then informed by a spirit controlling that Imperator had permitted them to come, hoping that the spirit-atmosphere round the circle would benefit them, and he had trusted they were more progressed than they appeared to be.—M.S.

much the same. A letter of Mr. Moses to Mrs. Speer, dated April, 1876, foreshadows their gradual disappearance.

“I send you a packet which you will see is ‘spiritual.’ It contains a fragment of spirit-drapery sweetened by some spirit musk. Magus is the operator, and I believe Mentor with him. At any rate, those two have been at work. I think that the musk smells more powerfully than usual. I had a long and very beautiful communication from Imperator yesterday (Easter Day) which I am minded to copy out and print. Easter Day seems to be a favourite with them. I have had a message on that day every year. The idea is the passage from Death to Life symbolised by the Crucifixion and Resurrection, and typifying the death of Self Denial and Self Sacrifice leading to the Regeneration or Resurrection of the Spirit from dead Matter to the higher life. It is well worked out, and very striking. There was also a communication written out about the state of affairs in the spiritual world. You must read what Imperator says. He does not speak hopefully, and wishes us not to meet yet, though he evidently contemplates the resuming of our circle hereafter. But by that time, he says, my physical mediumship will either be absolutely under control, so as to be no longer fraught with danger, or will have ceased. The latter seems to be implied, though he seems to hint that material evidence will always be forthcoming. He is very decisive in saying what he does, and says that we are none of us *ever left*. It gives me a very strong idea of pre-arranged plans and of wise and powerful protection. He evidently looks far ahead; his plans now are for the far future, and the *mind is first prepared*. I am quite conscious of that.

“I shall probably hear more before we see each other. I heard nothing of the Moravians this year, nor was I conscious of any ‘presence,’ which looks like a withdrawal from the objective. But Mentor’s drapery and musk are objective enough.”

[“The letter from which these extracts are taken” (adds Mrs. Speer) “still retains the scent of the musk referred to at the commencement, as ‘sweetening the spirit-drapery,’ although it was written nearly seventeen years ago. The drapery is lost, but the strong perfume of musk remains fresh and pungent.”]

On May 2nd, 1880, occurred the last sitting which Mrs. Speer has recorded. She concludes her records in *Light* (October 21st, 1893) with the following words:—

“I have now come to the end of the séances at which any notes were properly taken. Other meetings we have since had occasionally, and at times Imperator spoke through Mr. S. M. until within a few months of his decease. Raps were sometimes heard and messages given. Musk and coral were also brought and scattered over the room at several different times. Half that took place could not be recorded, and often the addresses were imperfectly taken down. It is also impossible to give any idea of the impression produced upon the circle by the beauty and refinement of some of the manifestations, or by the power and dignity of Imperator’s influence and personality. And now I may say, in concluding what has been to me a most pleasant task, that if a perusal of these personal records of the most interesting

experiences I have ever been through should in any way lead inquirers to realise how far more elevating a study the higher aspects of Spiritualism present than the investigation of the mere phenomena with which the subject is usually associated, in this case I shall feel that the preparation and publication of these 'Records' will have borne good fruit, and that my work will have not been undertaken in vain.—M.S."

Here these citations from reports of the séances may, I think, fitly close. Mrs. Speer's fuller accounts are accessible in *Light*; and I assume that Mr. Moses' own record of séances will be somewhere accessible to future students. The remaining records by Dr. Speer, Miss Birkett,<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Garratt, which I have left unprinted, are fully concordant, and will, I suppose, be similarly preserved. Such papers as I have any control over will be deposited in the archives of the S.P.R. There is a good deal of correspondence, &c., which I have examined, without finding any discrepancy worth mentioning in any of the accounts. For my own part, I see no way in which these records could have come into existence, with the support of the four living witnesses known to me, except on the hypothesis of their substantial truth.

#### SECTION B.—*Examination of Automatic Writings.*

B.—The next division of our work must be an examination of the automatic writings. The 24 books of these writings, already described, although mostly of small size, contain, of course, far more matter than can be printed here. I propose to deal with these as follows. In Sections B, C, D, I shall analyse the bulk of the evidence which they contain bearing on the question of spirit-identity. In Section E, I hope later on to discuss the *rationale* of the physical manifestations, and to quote matter from these notebooks bearing thereon; especially the record of certain phenomena occurring to Mr. Moses when alone, with which the automatic messages are interspersed. In Section F I hope to give a brief *résumé* of the "Spirit Teachings," already published in part in the book of that name, and of which further specimens may, I hope, be published hereafter.

These automatic messages were almost wholly written by Mr. Moses' own hand, while he was in a normal waking state. The exceptions are of two kinds. (1) There is one long passage, which must some time be further discussed, alleged by Mr. Moses to have been written by himself while in a state of trance. (2) There are, here and there, a few words alleged to be in "direct writing";—written, that is to say, by invisible hands, but in Mr. Moses' presence; as already several times described in the notes of séances.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Birkett's notes cease June 7th, 1880.

Putting these exceptional instances aside, we find that the writings generally take the form of a dialogue, Mr. Moses proposing a question in his ordinary thick, black handwriting. An answer is then generally, though not always, given; written also by Mr. Moses, and with the same pen, but in some one of various scripts which differ more or less widely from his own. The evidential value of these handwritings will be discussed hereafter. In the meantime Mr. Moses' own description of the process, as given in the preface to *Spirit Teachings*, may be studied with advantage.

“The communications which form the bulk of this volume were received by the process known as automatic or passive writing. This is to be distinguished from Psychography. In the former case the psychic holds the pen or pencil, or places his hand upon the planchette, and the message is written without the conscious intervention of his mind. In the latter case the writing is direct, or is obtained without the use of the hand of the psychic, and sometimes without the aid of pen or pencil.

“Automatic writing is a well-known method of communication with the invisible world of what we loosely call Spirit. I use that word as the most intelligible to my readers, though I am well aware that I shall be told that I ought not to apply any such term to many of the unseen beings who communicate with earth, of whom we hear much and often as being the *reliquiæ* of humanity, the *shells* of what were once *men*. It is no part of my business to enter into this ghost question. My interlocutors call themselves spirits, perhaps because I so call them, and spirits they are to me for my present purposes.

“These messages began to be written through my hand just ten years since—March 30th, 1873—about a year after my first introduction to Spiritualism. I had had many communications before, and this method was adopted for the purpose of convenience, and also to preserve what was intended to be a connected body of teaching. The laborious method of rapping out messages was manifestly unfitted for communications such as those which I here print. If spoken through the lips of the medium in trance they were partially lost, and it was moreover impossible at first to rely upon such a measure of mental passivity as would preserve them from admixture with his ideas. I procured a pocket book which I habitually carried about with me. I soon found that writing flowed more easily when I used a book that was permeated with the psychic aura; just as raps come more easily on a table that has been frequently used for the purpose, and as phenomena occur most readily in the medium's own room.

“At first the writing was very small and irregular, and it was necessary for me to write slowly and cautiously, and to watch the hand, following the lines with my eye; otherwise the message soon became incoherent, and the result was mere scribble. In a short time, however, I found that I could dispense with these precautions. The writing, while becoming more and more minute, became at the same time very regular and beautifully formed. As a specimen of calligraphy some of the pages are exceedingly beautiful. The answers to my questions (written at the top of the page) were paragraphed and arranged as if for the press, and the name of God was always written in

capitals and slowly, and, as it seemed, reverentially. The subject-matter was always of a pure and elevated character, much of it being of personal application, intended for my own guidance and direction. I may say that throughout the whole of these written communications, extending in unbroken continuity to the year 1880, there is no flippant message, no attempt at jest, no vulgarity or incongruity, no false or misleading statement, so far as I know or could discover; nothing incompatible with the avowed object, again and again repeated, of instruction, enlightenment, and guidance by spirits fitted for the task. Judged as I should wish to be judged myself, they were what they pretended to be. Their words were words of sincerity, and of sober, serious purpose.

“The earliest communications were all written in the minute characters that I have described, and were uniform in style and in the signature, ‘Doctor, the Teacher,’ nor have his messages ever varied during all the years that he has written. Whenever and wherever he wrote, his handwriting was unchanged, showing, indeed, less change than my own does during the last decade. The tricks of style remained the same, and there was in short a sustained individuality throughout his messages. He is to me an entity, a personality, a being with his own idiosyncrasies and characteristics quite as clearly defined as the human beings with whom I come in contact, if, indeed, I do not do him injustice by the broad comparison.

“After a time, communications came from other sources, and these were distinguished each by its own handwriting, and by its own peculiarities of style and expression. These, once assumed, were equally invariable. I could tell at once who was writing by the mere characteristics of the caligraphy.

“By degrees I found that many spirits who were unable to influence my hand themselves sought the aid of a spirit ‘Rector,’ who was apparently able to write more freely and with less strain on me; for writing by a spirit unaccustomed to the work was often incoherent, and always resulted in a serious drain upon my vital powers. They did not know how easily the reserve of force was exhausted, and I suffered proportionately.

“Moreover, the writing of the spirit who thus became a sort of amanuensis was fluent and easy to decipher, whereas that of many spirits was cramped, archaic in form, and frequently executed with difficulty and almost illegible. So it came to pass, as a matter of ordinary course, ‘Rector’ wrote, but when a spirit came for the first time, or when it was desired to emphasise a communication, the spirit responsible for the message wrote for himself.

“It must not be assumed, however, that all messages proceeded from one solitary inspiration. In the case of the majority of the communications printed in this volume this is so. The volume is a record during which ‘Imperator’ was alone concerned with me, though, as he never attempted writing, ‘Rector’ acted as his amanuensis. At other times, and especially since that time, communications have apparently proceeded from a company of associated spirits, who have used their amanuensis for the purpose of their message. This was increasingly the case during the last five years that I received these communications.

“The circumstances under which the messages were written were infinitely varied. As a rule it was necessary that I should be isolated, and the more passive my mind the more easy the communications. But I have received messages under all sorts of conditions. At first they came with difficulty, but soon the mechanical method appeared to be mastered, and page after page was covered with matter of which the specimens contained in this book will enable the public to judge.

“What is now printed has been subjected to revision by a method similar to that by which it was first written. Originally published in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, the messages have been revised but not substantially altered by those who first wrote them. When the publication in the *Spiritualist* was commenced, I had no sort of idea of doing what is now being done. Friends desired specimens to be published, and the selection was made without any regard to continuity. I was governed only by a desire to avoid the publication of what was of personal interest only, and I, perforce, excluded much that involved allusion to those still living, whom I had no right to drag into print. I disliked printing personal matter relating to myself; I had, obviously, no right to print that which concerned others. Some of the most striking and impressive communications have thus been excluded, and what is printed must be regarded as a mere sample of what cannot see the light now, and which must be reserved for consideration at a remote period, when I and those concerned can no longer be aggrieved by its publication.

“It is an interesting subject for speculation whether my own thoughts entered into the subject-matter of the communications. I took extraordinary pains to prevent any such admixture. At first the writing was slow, and it was necessary for me to follow it with my eye, but even then the thoughts were not my thoughts. Very soon the messages assumed a character of which I had no doubt whatever that the thought was opposed to my own. But I cultivated the power of occupying my mind with other things during the time that the writing was going on, and was able to read an abstruse book, and follow out a line of close reasoning while the message was written with unbroken regularity. Messages so written extended over many pages, and in their course there is no correction, no fault in composition, and often a sustained vigour and beauty of style.

“I am not, however, concerned to contend that my own mind was not utilised, or that what was thus written did not depend for its form on the mental qualifications of the medium through whom it was given. So far as I know it is always the case that the idiosyncrasies of the medium are traceable in such communications. It is not conceivable that it should be otherwise. But it is certain that the mass of ideas conveyed to me were alien to my own opinions, were, in the main, opposed to my settled convictions, and, moreover, that in several cases, information of which I was assuredly ignorant, clear, precise, and definite in form, susceptible of verification, and always exact, was thus conveyed to me. As, at many of the séances, spirits came and rapped out on the table clear and precise information about themselves, which we afterwards verified, so, on repeated occasions, was such information conveyed to me by this method of automatic writing.

“I argue from the one case to others. In one I can positively assert and prove the conveyance of information new to me. In others I equally believe that I was in communication with an external intelligence which conveyed to me thoughts other than my own. Indeed, the subject-matter of many of the communications printed in this volume will, by its own inherent quality, probably lead to the same conclusion.

“I never could command the writing. It came unsought usually, and when I did seek it, as often as not I was unable to obtain it. A sudden impulse, coming I knew not how, led me to sit down and prepare to write. Where the messages were in regular course I was accustomed to devote the first hour of each day to sitting for their reception. I rose early, and the beginning of the day was spent, in a room that I used for no other purpose, in what was to all intents and purposes a religious service. These writings frequently came then, but I could by no means reckon upon them. Other forms of spirit-manifestation came too; I was rarely without some unless ill-health intervened, as it often did of late years, until the messages ceased.

“The particular communications which I received from the spirit known to me as Emperor mark a distinct epoch in my life.

“I have noted in the course of my remarks the intense exaltation of spirit, the strenuous conflict, the intervals of peace, that I have since longed for, but have seldom attained, which marked their transmission. It was a period of education in which I underwent a spiritual development that was in its outcome a very regeneration. I cannot hope, I do not try, to convey to others what I then experienced. But it may possibly be borne in upon the minds of some who are not ignorant of the dispensation of the spirit in their own inner selves, that for me the question of the beneficent action of external spirit on my own self was then finally settled. I have never since, even in the vagaries of an extremely sceptical mind, and amid much cause for questioning, ever seriously entertained a doubt.”

A prolonged study of the M.S. books has revealed nothing inconsistent with this description. I have myself, of course, searched them carefully for any sign of confusion or alteration, but without finding any; and I have shown parts of them to various friends, who have seen no points of suspicion. I am permitted by the executors to show such parts as contain no private matter, at my discretion, to students interested in the enquiry; and when the books pass from my guardianship, they will no doubt be preserved for future reference.

I think, however, that no one who admits that automatic writing is possible at all, is likely to feel much doubt that we have here a genuine and typical instance of automatic script, written under some such conditions as those described above. It seems plain, moreover, that the various entries were made at or about the dates to which they are ascribed. They contain constant references to the séances which went on concurrently, and whose dates are independently known; and in the later books, records of some of these séances are interspersed in

their due places amongst other matter. The M.S.S. contain also a number of allusions to other contemporaneous facts, many of which are independently known to myself.

I think, moreover, that on one who had studied these entries throughout would doubt the originally private and intimate character of many of them. The tone of the spirits towards Mr. Moses himself is habitually courteous and respectful. But occasionally they have some criticism which pierces to the quick, and which goes far to explain to me Mr. Moses' unwillingness to have the books fully inspected during his lifetime. He did, no doubt, contemplate their being at least read by friends after his death; and there are indications that there may have been a still more private book, now doubtless destroyed, to which messages of an intimate character were sometimes consigned.

The questions at issue, in short, as to these messages, refer not so much to their *genuineness* as to their *authenticity*, in the proper sense of those words. That they were written down in good faith by Mr. Moses as proceeding from the personages whose names are signed to them, there can be little doubt. But as to whether they did really proceed from those personages or no there may in many cases be very great doubt;—a doubt which I, at least, shall be quite unable to remove. We must return to this problem later, when the principal cases have been laid before the reader in detail; at present I will merely suggest for his guidance that he will generally find the evidence for identity much more satisfactory in the case of spirits recently departed, and more or less on the medium's own level, than in the case of spirits more exalted and remote.

In his little book on *Spirit Identity* (1879), Mr. Moses had collected some of the most impressive of these cases of identity, and added some interesting matter as to the subjective side of his experiences. The book was never widely known; and when the small edition was exhausted Mr. Moses postponed the re-publication, on the ground that the book was imperfect, and that he had no time to improve it. I repeatedly pressed him on the subject; and when last we spoke of it (October 15th, 1886), he said that he would some time re-write the book, and would consult me as to further passages of M.S. to be published. The book was never re-written; but an essay called "The Identity of Spirit," found among Mr. Moses' papers, and apparently intended to be read to the London Spiritualist Alliance, in some degree fulfils his expressed intention. I communicated this paper first to *Light*, the newspaper of which Mr. Moses was Editor until his death; but I feel it right to reprint it here almost *in extenso*, as his last word on the subject of these identifications. I have carefully compared it with the M.S.S. on which it rests, and have found it accurate. I have also discussed it with Mrs. Speer, who helped Mr. Moses in its compilation and vouches

for facts of verification, &c., not recorded in the M.S. I add a few notes where I have been able to bring some independent corroboration.

SECTION C.—*Mr. Moses' paper on the Identity of Spirit.*

“The evidence which has been given to me is best, perhaps, presented in this way.

“When I first became acquainted with the subject of Spiritualism, I came into relations with a spirit who called himself ‘Imperator.’ Those who are familiar with my book *Spirit Teachings* will remember what care I took to make sure that I was not being befooled by any spirit. If the precautions that I took strike anyone as insufficient, I should much like to know what, in the opinion of my critic, would be considered sufficient. For in the affairs of daily life I am much less careful, and I find usually that people do not go about to deceive me. The longer I live the more I am disposed to believe that the object of people on any moral plane, as a rule, is not to take in other people—*exceptis excipiendis*, as will occur to all. And so with this belief in my mind, and with these precautions that I made use of, I present the evidence that now follows.

“It was in August, 1872, that I first became acquainted with evidence of Spirit Identity. Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I were then sitting regularly almost every evening. A friend of Mrs. Speer’s, of whom I had never heard, came and wrote through my hand her name, ‘A. P. Kirkland.’ Dr. Speer said, ‘Is that our old friend?’ Then I wrote. ‘Yes. I came to tell you that I am happy, but I can’t impress our friend to-night.’ The handwriting then changed, and there came communications from Mr. Callister (a friend of mine); and from my cousin, T.J.S.; and from another spirit, which I do not think it of importance to mention here.

“With regard to these communications, they were distinct in style, and it is of importance to notice that the handwriting of Miss Kirkland was very similar to her own, which I had never seen, and that of Mr. Callister, on being questioned as to his identity, recalled to my memory a fact which had escaped it, and referred to a conversation, the last I had had with him on earth. This I do not adduce as evidence of identity, nor do I withdraw it as such.

“This was on August 21st, 1872, and on September 4th in the same year there came a little sister of Dr. Speer’s, particulars respecting which case are printed in *Spirit Identity*, p. 59, as follows:—

“‘I pass to a case in which a spirit who first manifested her presence on September 4th, 1872, has remained in permanent communication with us ever since. I note this case because we have the advantage of prolonged intercourse to aid us in forming an opinion as to identity, and because the spirit has not only given an unequivocal proof of her characteristic individuality, but has evidenced her presence in various ways. This is a remarkable case, too, as tending to prove that life once given is indestructible, and that the spirit which has once animated a human body, however brief its tenure, lives on with unimpaired identity.

“‘The spirit in question announced herself by raps, giving a message in French. She said she was a sister of Dr. Speer’s, and had passed away at

Tours, an infant of seven months old. I had never heard her mentioned, and her brother had forgotten her existence, for she lived and died before his birth. Clairvoyants had always described a child as being in my company, and I had wondered at this, seeing that I had no trace of any such relation or friend. Here was the explanation. From the time of her first appearance she had remained attached to the family, and her clear, joyous little rap, perfectly individual in its nature, is never failing evidence of her presence. It never varies, and we all know it at once as surely as we should know the tone of a friend's voice. She gave particulars of herself, and also her four names in full. One (Stanhope) was new to her brother, and he verified it only by reference to another member of the family, (Mrs. Denis). Names, and dates, and facts were alike unknown to me. I was absolutely ignorant of the fact of the existence of any such person.

“This little spirit has twice manifested her presence on the photographic plate. One of these cases was attested by direct writing, and both will be found clearly detailed in the course of my researches, in the chapter on Spirit Photography, published in *Human Nature*, Vol. VIII., p. 395. (See also *Spirit Identity*, Appendix IV.)

“So here we have a presence that gives by raps a name unknown to any person present; that name afterwards verified; that appears on a photographic plate with her mother, certain distinctive features in the figure of the mother giving further evidence of the identity of the baby-figure; and lastly, an attestation from those whom we had learned to trust of the truth of it all. I lay stress on this case. Another case which I think important is this.

“On an evening in the month of January, 1874, I repeatedly said to Mrs. Speer, ‘Who is Emily C——? Her name keeps sounding in my ear.’ Mrs. Speer replied that she did not know anyone of that name. ‘Yes,’ I said very emphatically, ‘there is someone of that name passed over to the world of spirit.’ She could give me no information, and I was disturbed, in the way in which I always am when such things take place. This is one of the many cases occurring about this time. When the evening paper came in we looked (as we frequently did) at the obituary. I may say that our minds were set on this subject of identity. At our daily sittings fact on fact was given to prove it and to remove any doubts. It became a regular thing for us to receive a message giving such facts as an obituary notice would contain. We therefore looked for them, and we found an announcement of the death of ‘Emily, widow of the late Captain C—— C——.’ On a subsequent evening in the following year, the date of which I can produce, but which I have not by me at the moment, she returned again. Dr. Speer and I had gone out for a walk in the afternoon—I was then staying with him at Dudley Villa, Shanklin, Isle of Wight,—and at our séance in the evening came ‘Emily C—— C——.’ I enquired what brought her, and her answer was rapped out on the table, ‘You passed my grave.’ Here I should explain that at this time I never went near a graveyard but I attracted some spirit, identified afterwards as one whose body lay there. I said, ‘No, that is impossible; we have been near no graveyard,’ and Dr. Speer confirmed my impression. The communication, however, was persistent, and we agreed that we would take the same walk the

next day. We did so, and at a certain place I had an impulse to climb up and look over a wall, which quite shut out from the view of the ordinary passer-by what was behind it. I climbed up and looked over, and my eye fell at once on the grave of 'Emily C — C — .,' and on the dates and particulars given to us, all exactly accurate.

"Another instance similar in kind—though this is of a personal friend of Mrs. Speer's—is the case of Cecilia Feilden. (See *Spirit Identity* p. 58). We were then at Shanklin, sitting regularly every evening, when on January 1st, 1874, there came a fresh sound, a little ticking sound in the air, close to Mrs. Speer. We enquired what it might represent, and were told that it indicated the presence of Cecilia Feilden, who had died 17 years ago. We asked why she came, and were told that she had been attracted to her old friend, Mrs. Speer, through me, and in consequence of Dr. Speer's and my presence at her grave at Bonchurch that afternoon. She answered many questions, and finally rapped out, 'I must now depart. Adieu.' This word Miss Feilden always used at the end of her letters. Mrs. Speer tells me that she seldom concluded a letter otherwise. I had never known her, or heard of her until Dr. Speer pointed out her grave. When we rose from the table we found that a piece of marked paper, which we had put down under the table, had written upon it the words 'passed 17 years.'

"Again, there is the case of Henry Spratley. We were then the same circle, sitting in the same way, on January 2nd, 1874, and I can aver that not one of us had ever heard of this person. He had lately departed (December, 1873), and it was alleged that he had been brought by the controlling spirit, 'Imperator,' for purposes of evidence, and in pursuance of a plan intended to break down my persistent scepticism. We had from him messages of the usual type, saying simply who he was, when he was born, and when he died. We found it difficult, I remember, to verify the facts, but in the end Mrs. Speer succeeded in doing so by writing (1) to the Post Office, making a general enquiry, to which no answer came; (2) to the vicar of Maidenhead, with no reply (we afterwards discovered that he was on his holiday); (3) to the 'present occupant of Moor Cottage,' the address given to us by the spirit; (4) to his nearest surviving representative, who wrote back with some surprise to say that all things were quite true. 'My father lived here till he died on December 24th.'

"Perhaps I may here mention a case in which I endeavoured to mislead a communicating spirit, but without any success. If there be truth in the allegations of the too-clever people that constitute the Society for Psychical Research, there should have been conveyed from my brain to that of the impersonal entity with which I communicated the falsity I had fabricated.<sup>1</sup> There came a spirit who represented herself to be my grandmother. I remembered her well as a child, and being at this time perfectly free from any abnormal influence, I cross-questioned my alleged relative at great length. The answers to my questions were given by raps, different from any we had heard before, and during the greater part of the time without any contact with the table.

"I enquired of her minute facts and dates, her birthday, the day of her death, her children's names, and a variety of details such as occurred to

<sup>1</sup> I do not accept, but need not refute, this criticism.—F.W.H.M.

me. I then asked if she remembered me as a child. She did. I proceeded to detail two imaginary incidents such as might occur in a child's life. I did it so naturally that my friends were completely deceived. It never occurred to them that I was making up a story as a test. Not so, however, my 'Intelligent Operator at the other end of the line.' She refused altogether to assent to my story. She stopped me by a simple remark that she remembered nothing of the sort. Nor could I by any means get her to waver, or to admit that she might be mistaken. She repeated that she did not remember anything of the sort. I had frequently been told that spirits would assent to anything; and my pious fraud had as much for its object to test the allegation generally as to prove identity in this particular case. . . . This spirit, at any rate, refused to assent to what I suggested. I certainly rose from the table convinced that I had been talking to a person that desired to tell the truth, and that was extremely careful to be exact in statement. I verified all the facts, and found them exactly given. (See *Spirit Identity*, p. 53.)'

"I remember well that my mother was much surprised at what she thought to be the tenacity of my memory as to long past events.

"This narrative is becoming monotonous, but it is necessary for purposes of argument to bring facts to bear on you as they were brought to bear on me, if only for the same purpose. On January 4th, 1874, we had one of our usual meetings. Bright masses of light stood between Mrs. Speer and myself, and there came a gentle rapping directly under my hands. She asked if the spirit wished to communicate, and to her great astonishment the name 'George Eves' was rapped out. Greatly affected, Mrs. Speer said, 'Are you my brother?' 'Yes.' 'Have you ever manifested your presence before?' (This not from uncertainty as to the likeness, but because we wished to ascertain in this way whether it was indeed George Eves whom we had seen and whom his sister had recognised.) 'Yes, I have, but not here; partly through the medium you visited' (*i.e.*, Holmes). 'Then that was your face that I saw?' said Mrs. Speer. 'Yes.' Dr. Speer then asked if he had a sister with him. No reply, but a much deeper rap gave through the alphabet the name 'Augustus.' Mrs. Speer, who was always very impressionable and generally knew what was wanted, said, 'Are you my father?' 'Yes.' 'And you manifested also at Holmes', did you not?' 'Yes.' After some further conversation, there came a little tapping again under Mrs. Speer's hands. It would be almost impossible to make clear the evident anxiety felt by the spirit to communicate. The quality of the raps represented exactly the inflections of an eager human voice. We called the alphabet, and 'Emma' was rapped out. Mrs. Speer had a mother and sister of that name—she enquired which. 'Sister.' 'And have you seen our brother William?' 'No.' Further conversation followed, and the only object in referring to it is to point out that it is too silly to think that any being should elaborately impose in this way upon people whose one and only desire was to arrive at the truth. Nor could any of those present who felt the atmosphere, and saw the light that surrounded us, assent to the doctrine that we were the sport of devils. I never sat under better conditions, nor in a more harmonious state, and I rely on such sensations quite as much as I do on material tests.

“Another case that I think important is recorded in my *Spirit Identity*, pp. 65—66, as follows :—

“One more case of extremely minute evidence given in detail through the means of raps, and corroborated by automatic writing, must be given before I close. About the same time of which I have been speaking, the whole of one of our séances, extending nearly to two hours, was taken up by the communication of a series of facts, names, dates, and minute particulars from a spirit who was apparently able to reply to the most searching questions. The day of his birth, particulars as to his family history, and details of his early life were given at my request. Then came a perfect autobiography, so far as salient facts were concerned, and embracing some trivial particulars, which, however, fell into their place in the most natural way. All questions were answered without the faintest hesitation, and with perfect clearness and precision. The particulars were taken down at the time, and are in all respects, where verification is possible, exact and accurate. Even if this case stood alone in my experience, it is more difficult for me to imagine that what was so laboriously and precisely given was the product of imposture, the fraud of a deceiving spirit, or the vagary of an errant brain, than to believe, as I assuredly do, that the intelligent operator was the man himself, with memory unimpaired and individuality undestroyed by the change which we call death. Resting, as it does, on the same basis with other facts that I have detailed, and with many that I have not, it presents one more link in the chain of evidence. In addition to the long series of facts thus communicated by means of raps, there stands in a book which I used at this time for automatic writing, a short letter written automatically by me in a peculiar archaic handwriting, phrased in a quaint old-fashioned spelling. It is signed with the name of the spirit in question, who was a man of mark in the days of his life upon earth. I have since obtained a letter in his handwriting, an old yellow document, preserved on account of the autograph. The handwriting in my book is a fair imitation of this, the signature is exact, and the piece of old-fashioned spelling occurs exactly as it does in my book. This, it was said, was purposely done as a point of evidence.’

“So much for the quotation. What follows is from my private records. This same Thomas Wilson came to our circle on January 25th, 1874, and occupied the whole of the evening in giving the most minute details with regard to himself and his people, through tilts, or rather levitations, of the table. I got tired to death, but still he went on. He said that he was born at Burton, in Cheshire, on December 20th, 1663, and that he died on March 7th, 1755, aged 91. That his mother’s name was Sherlock, and that she was born at Orton, in Cheshire. That his schoolmaster was Mr. Harper, of Chester. That he was ordained by Dr. Morton, Bishop of Kildare, to a curacy of his uncle’s, Dr. Sherlock, in 1686. That on January 29th (St. Peter’s Day), he was made Bishop of Sodor and Man; that he married Mary Patten, of Warrington, in 1698, and had four children—Mary, died aged 13; Thomas, aged one year; Alice, aged 2 years, and another son, Thomas, who outlived him. He told us that ‘Imperator’ had sent him to the circle. His rap was clear and distinct. All these details were quite unknown to the circle, but were verified afterwards, and an old letter sent by a friend to

me verified the handwriting. The word 'friend' in it is spelt with the *e* before the *i*, as in the automatic writing. . . . I ask, if he were not the man he pretended to be, who was he? For it is more difficult to conceive that any being could counterfeit the Intelligence represented than to believe that the Intelligence itself was present."—[NOTE A.]

"Another account to which I should like to refer is that of Rosamira Lancaster :—

"On February 28th, 1874, and following evening, a spirit came by raps, and gave the name of "Rosamira." She said that she died at Torquay on January 10th, 1874, and that she had lived at Kilburn. She stated that her husband's name was "Lancaster." At this time I was troubled about details, and so I asked her husband's Christian name, and I got "Ben," and then the power failed. (The obituary showed that the full name was Benjamin.) I then passed under the control of "Imperator," and he said that he had tried as far as he could to bring this spirit to us. Afterwards the truth of the statements was verified by me, and they were found to be absolutely exact; and it is, perhaps, important to say in this connexion that not only were they (*i.e.*, the facts) literally true, but that nothing was said that was not true; nor was there any surplusage of detail—only plain, definite, positive facts."—[NOTE B.]

"On the principle of driving the nail home, I will now give the case of Henry Le Mesurier. I had been a pupil of his at Bedford School, and on June 17th, 1874, there came a new rap on the table. On enquiry the name of 'Le Mesurier' was given. At that time I was entranced, and, therefore, incapable of asking questions. Mrs. Speer enquired what the spirit wanted. 'I have proved,' he said, 'that you were right, and that I was wrong.'—[NOTE C.] On what ground is it conceivable that a spirit should come back and tell that lie?

"And here I may refer to an account that has already appeared in print in *Spirit Identity*, pp. 61-63, as follows :—

"On February 10th, 1874, we were attracted by a new and peculiar triple tap on the table, and received a long and most circumstantial account of the death, age (even to the month), and full names (in two cases four, and in the other three, in number) of three little ones, children of one father, who had been torn from him at one fell swoop by the Angel of Death. None of us had ever heard the names, which were peculiar. They had passed away in a far distant country, India; and when the message was given us there was no apparent point of connexion with us. [See above, p. 39.] The statements, however, were afterwards verified in a singular manner. On March 28th, 1874, I met, for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watts, at the house of Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P. (afterwards Lord Mount-Temple). Our conversation was concerned, chiefly, with evidence of the kind that I am now summarising. I recounted various cases, and among others, the case of these three children. Mrs. Watts was much struck with the recital, which corresponded in outline to a very distressing history which she had just heard. On the Monday previous Mr. and Mrs. Watts had dined with an old friend, Mrs. Leaf, and from her had heard a distressing story of bereavement which had befallen the relative of one of Mrs. Leaf's acquaintances. A gentleman residing in India had, within a brief space of

time, lost his young wife and three children. Mrs. Leaf entered fully into the melancholy details, but did not mention either names or the place of the sad occurrence. In reciting the incident of three young children communicating with me, I gave the names and the place, as they had been furnished to me in the messages. Mrs. Watts undertook to ascertain from Mrs. Leaf the particulars of the case she had mentioned. She did so on the very next day, and the names were the same. Through the kindness of Mrs. Watts I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Leaf, and was much impressed with the perfect correspondence of every detail given to me with the facts as they occurred.

“It is not a little remarkable that, on the very day on which the communication was made, Mrs. Watts, who possesses a very beautiful gift of automatic drawing, which had been for some time in abeyance, was impelled to draw three cherub heads, which, she was afterwards spiritually informed, were drawn in typical allusion to this sad event. Other details, symbolic of the country in which it occurred, and of the attraction of the mother’s spirit to her three little ones, were added. The drawing forms a very striking illustration of the various methods employed to reach various types of mind. Mrs. Watts—at that time, be it noted, unknown to me—had always been instructed in the language of symbolism, by poetic simile, and by artistic representation. I, on the contrary, had not progressed so far. I was on a material plane, seeking for truth after my own fashion, and craving hard for logical demonstration. So to me came hard facts, clearly given, and nothing more. To her came the symbolic indication, the artistic delineation, the poetry of the incident. The source, however, was one. It was the Spirit manifesting Truth to us according to our several needs.

“I regard that case as one of the most complete and remarkable that have ever fallen within my knowledge. For not only was the information given to me absolutely true, complete, and definite—it seems to me that we cannot attach too much importance to definite evidence—but the facts conveyed to me in my own way—that is to say, in a very positive manner—were conveyed to my friend in the way that reached her best, ideally, pictorially, and through the imagination. Now, I should like to say that anyone who postulates a deceptive and fraudulent spirit going about to deceive me—I pray you, for what purpose?—has to account for the fact that this most deceptive spook has used two methods of deceiving two different people. To me he must have told circumstantial lies; for my friend he must have made some extremely curious drawings. I present this case for observation because I think that if I were a being who wanted to deceive you, I should use some more simple and less complex methods. In other words, I should appeal more directly to your intelligence.”—[NOTE D.]

“Passing by much that I shall eventually lay before the public, I will now quote the case given in *Spirit Identity*, p. 193 (Appendix III.), of a ‘Man Crushed by a Steam-roller,’ as contributed by an eye-witness of the séance [F. W. Percival] to the *Spiritualist* of March 27th, 1874 [And see p. 42 above]:—

“On the evening of Saturday, February 21st, a few friends met together at the house of Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, 21, Green-street, Grosvenor-square, W. The party numbered six in all, and included the Baron Du

Potet, and the gentleman to whose mediumship we are indebted for the "Spirit Teachings" which have appeared from time to time in your columns. There was no intention of having a séance, and ordinary topics were the subject of conversation, when suddenly, in the middle of dinner, this gentleman surprised us by saying that he felt a spirit standing near him between himself and the Baron (who sat on his right); whether good or bad he could not tell, but the influence was by no means pleasant. The spirit was also perceived by the Baron, to whom it conveyed the impression that it was in a state of great distress, and that it was the spirit of a person then alive. Nothing more was said at the time, but the medium continued to feel a disagreeable influence near him, and spoke of it to me when dinner was over. As soon as we reached the drawing-room he was impelled to sit down and write; and when a pencil and paper had been brought, his hand was moved backwards and forwards with great rapidity, and an object was roughly drawn on the paper which resembled a horse fastened to a kind of cart or truck. Several attempts were made to depict it more clearly, and then the following sentences were written:—"I killed myself—I killed myself to-day—Baker-street—medium passed." Here the writing became unintelligible, as the medium grew more and more agitated, until at length he rose from his seat in a state of trance, and exclaimed in broken sentences: "Yes, yes. Killed myself to-day, under a steam-roller. Yes, yes. Killed myself—blood, blood, blood." The control then ceased, but the medium felt the same unpleasant influence for some hours afterwards, and could not entirely shake it off for some days. In reference to the communication, I may state that, although the medium had passed through Baker-street in the afternoon, neither he nor anyone present was aware that a man had committed suicide there in the morning by throwing himself under a steam-roller. A brief notice of the occurrence appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the evening but none of the party had seen that paper. It is worth remarking that on the front of the steam-roller which was used in Baker-street a horse is represented in brass, and this, perhaps, may serve to account for its appearance in the medium's drawing, where we should certainly not expect to find it.

"Allow me, in conclusion, to point out a few of the inferences that may fairly be drawn from the facts I have stated by those willing to accept them as true. In the first place, they would seem to prove that no amount of injury done to the body at the time of death incapacitates the spirit for immediate action. In this case the unfortunate man was literally crushed to pieces, and yet a few hours afterwards his spirit could communicate in writing through the medium, and could also make use of his organs of speech. In the next place, it would appear that a spirit just released from the body carries with it something corporeal; otherwise, it is difficult to account for the Baron's impression that the spirit he perceived was that of a person who was then living. Again, we may infer that spirits immediately after death are able to recognise a medium through whom they can communicate. In the case before us it would appear that the spirit followed the medium from Baker-street, and waited for an opportunity of making his presence known. And, lastly, I would add the remark that the man who accepts the facts I have stated, and seeks for a solution of the difficulties

that surround them, will look in vain for much assistance from psychic force or unconscious cerebration.'”—[NOTE E.]

“Again, there is the case of Charlotte Buckworth, printed in *Spirit Identity*, p. 112, Appendix III. (See also *Spirit Teachings*, p. 287):—

“A spirit communicated by means of raps, giving particulars as to her life, which were precise, and entirely unknown to any member of the circle. On the day following I inquired respecting her, and an account was given to the effect that her name, Charlotte Buckworth, was rightly given; that she had no special connexion with me or with my friends, but spoke as one who was present. The fact that I had been on the previous day in company with four persons, all more or less mediumistic, had prevented regular communications, and had introduced a disturbing element.

“It was said that Charlotte Buckworth, the spirit in question, had been suddenly deprived of bodily existence in 1773, at a party of pleasure, at a friend's house in Jermyn-street. Further enquiry elicited the information that she had suffered from a weak heart, and had dropped down dead while dancing. My friend, who was writing, could not say whose house, but subsequently returned to give me the information—Dr. Baker's, on December 5th. We were not able to verify this information, and had given no further thought to the matter. Some considerable time after, however, Dr. Speer had a friend at his house, who was very fond of rummaging among old books. We three were talking one evening in a room in which there were a number of books rarely used, arranged in shelves from floor to ceiling.

“Mr. A. (as I will call him) mounted a chair to get at the topmost shelf, which was filled with volumes of the *Annual Register*. He took one down amid a cloud of dust, and commented on the publication as a valuable record of events. Almost anything, he said, could be found in it. As he said this the idea flashed into my mind at once most vividly that there was the place to look for a record of Charlotte Buckworth's death. The event would probably create interest, and so would be found in the obituary which each volume contains. The impression was so strong—it seemed as though a voice spoke to my inner sense—that I hunted out the volume for 1773, and there I found, among the notable deaths, a record of this occurrence, which had made a sensation as occurring at an entertainment at a fashionable house, and with awful suddenness. The facts were exactly given. The book was thickly covered with dust, and had evidently not been disturbed since it had been consigned to the shelf. I remembered that the books had been arranged five years before; there they had lain ever since, and but for Mr. A.'s antiquarian tastes no one would have meddled with them. The verification was, I believe, as distinctly spiritual in its suggestion as was the communication.'

“Perhaps one of the most striking cases I can present is the first experience that occurred to me. (See *Spirit Identity*, pp. 124—126, Appendix V.):—

“I inquired where I could see for myself these new phenomena, and was informed that Miss Lottie Fowler [a well-known professional medium.] was about to hold a séance that very evening (April 2nd, 1872), at 15, Southampton-row. I went, and was greatly astonished at what I saw

and heard. I need not take up time by detailing the occurrences of the first part of the sitting; most Spiritualists are familiar with the usual routine of Miss Fowler's séances. Much hazy nonsense was talked, and many vague statements made, which seemed to me to be of no use whatever as tests of spirit identity. I was rapidly becoming nauseated. I craved for something more clear, something on which I could rest as a staple piece of evidence. I enquired, therefore, whether I might endeavour to obtain some such proof for myself. Leave was at once given by the director of the circle, and I addressed the spirit who controlled the medium.

“ ‘ You are tiring your medium, and making fun of us. Go and send someone who is serious.’ ”

“ ‘ The medium shivered and turned away, and the voice came as though troubled. ”

“ ‘ You’ve nothing to do with me. I won’t go. Me *no* go.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, you will. You’ll go and send some one else.’ ”

“ ‘ After more colloquy the medium shivered again, seemed to be in pain, and stood rooted to the spot, crouching as if in dread. ”

“ ‘ After a time the voice came again, but utterly changed; the voice, this time, of a man, very calm and unimpassioned, instead of the child-voice speaking baby jargon. ”

“ ‘ You want me?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes. What is your name?’ ”

“ ‘ I’d rather not tell you. You can ask me any questions.’ ”

“ ‘ No. Tell me what you see, or describe any one whom you see near me. I will answer yes or no; no more.’ ”

“ ‘ I see a man, very old, tall, with a long white beard, and long hair.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes.’ ”

“ ‘ The beard is very white indeed.’ ”

“ ‘ No. Go on.’ ”

“ ‘ He has a very high, broad forehead, and his eyes are drawn down. Why, he’s blind!’ ”

“ ‘ Yes.’ ”

“ ‘ And his face is black and blue. And’ (here the medium shuddered violently)—‘oh! what’s that in his mouth? It’s like slime—and mud—and oh! blood.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes?’ ”

“ ‘ And—it’s dark. I can’t see.’ ”

“ ‘ Go on. How is he dressed?’ ”

“ ‘ He has a long blue coat. No, not exactly a coat—something long. I can’t see his feet.’ ”

“ ‘ Where does he stand?’ ”

“ ‘ Right opposite; close by you.’ ”

“ ‘ Can you see his name?’ ”

“ ‘ No. He seems in trouble. I think it’s money. He looks so horrible. Let me go. Why do you keep me here.’ ”

“ ‘ Go, then. Do you know me?’ ”

“ ‘ No.’ (This very emphatically.) ”

“ ‘ I shall not attempt to describe the scene during the time that this conversation was held. I have quoted from a full and careful record written

at the time, and the whole scene is photographed indelibly on my mind. Every one seemed petrified and astonished. They would have been still more so had they known with what photographic accuracy a scene in my own private experience was being re-enacted before my eyes. It was, I am sure, as unknown as I was myself. It was a scene that passed in a very distant part of Great Britain, and it was reproduced with a realistic power that bore down before it, as with torrent force, all doubt and hesitation. I felt that the man was there before me; himself reproducing the story of his death for my conviction.

“Here we have the case of a man who went to a séanee with absolutely no expectations in his mind; he did not know what to expect; he did not expect anything; and he got what in any police-court would be considered perfect evidence of life beyond the grave.

“There is another case, a very remarkable one, which came through my own automatic writing; and in case people should assert that these things are borne in upon my mind by the persons with whom I may be associated, I may remark that this experience came when I was alone. It is prefaced by a facsimile signature. The lady, Mrs. Dalton, stated that she died at Peachley, having lived at Cheltenham most of her life. In answer to the question where Peachley was, she said that it was near to Bournemouth. She oddly described herself as the wife of a brother of Dr. Speer's, and when I thought that this would not do she explained that it was a ‘brother in the art of healing.’ She gave her husband's name as W. Dalton—since verified—and said that she died on February 2nd, 1872. The ‘2’ was so badly made that I enquired, ‘’72 or ’73?’ The reply was ‘’72,’ which was accurate. We were also told that this was one of the cases in which the controlling spirit brought persons for the sake of giving proof of identity.

“Again, Mary Hall came on March 29th, 1874, and wrote in a curious, shaky hand automatically: ‘I have been with you and have watched you.—MARY HALL.’ I could make nothing of the signature, and, therefore, could not possibly identify the individual in question. ‘Mary’ being so badly written, I inquired if it were not ‘Aliee.’ Then the signature came in varied form, and I made out ‘Mary Hall.’ I said: ‘I don't know you; what brings you?’ The answer, more carefully written, began: ‘I am permitted to manifest,’ and then the power being so weak, no more was written for a moment. I said, being occupied with a desire for identity: ‘Where did you live and die?’ ‘I lived near you, at Oxford Villa, Alexandra-road. I passed December 13th, 1872.’ I said: ‘I am afraid I can't read it’ (the writing being such that it was now extremely hard to decipher it). On this the writing changed, and there came a friend who usually controls when any one finds it difficult to do so. He said: ‘She says truly; she passed near here, and is attracted to you from the neighbourhood to the circle. She passed at the age of 91, and has been resting from her earthly toils.’ Somewhat surprised, I enquired: ‘Has she been sleeping all this time?’ for I did not remember that in the spirit-world there is no time. ‘Yes,’ the answer came, ‘she was full of years when she passed away. She lived most of her earth-life at Yarnton, near Oxford. She has rested one year and three months of your time; she rested from suffering.’

“This being was absolutely and wholly unknown to me. I enquired, and found that Mrs. Hall had lived and died, at the age stated, at the address given.

“I find it hard to put together all the evidence I have which makes me believe in the return of departed human beings to this life. If they continue to live, I should expect them to continue to return—for that which makes the reality of a spirit would almost certainly bring him back to the sphere of his interests. I do not understand a spirit going to the planet Mars, where he has no ties, but I do understand his coming back here.

“Out of a profusion of cases here is one of a different kind. In the year 1880, one Thursday afternoon (date unknown), Dr. and Mrs. Speer and I had dined together, and the party included a lady who had been visiting a connexion of Dr. Speer’s family in that spring. There she had seen, and been much attracted to, a lovely little girl about seven months old. The child used to be brought in after dinner, and the lady in question grew very fond of her. Between the time of leaving her friends and coming to London, the child passed away. It is important to notice that none of these points had had ever been mentioned to, or were known by, myself. On the occasion to which I refer, this lady had risen from her seat and was about to place herself in another chair, when I suddenly called out, ‘Don’t sit down on it, don’t sit down on it. Little Baby Timmins.’ None of us knew its first name, and they asked me. I said, ‘Marian; the grandmother has brought it.’ I then suddenly came out of the trance in which I had been, and in my own natural voice—so different to the voice in which I had been speaking—said, ‘Mrs. Speer, will you have some coffee?’ quite ignorant of all that had been passed. We wrote, and then found out a fact unknown to any of us—that the child’s name was Marian. I do not put this forth as a complete piece of evidence, for the lady may have heard and forgotten the name.—[NOTE G.]

“Another case. There had come at one of our séances some influence—I so call it for want of a better name—which had made us all horribly cold. On December 21st, 1874, I inquired about the séance of the previous evening, and was told that the coldness was caused by the presence of certain spirits who had manifested without the knowledge of the Chief (‘Imperator’). I made enquiry with regard to certain statements made by them, saying, ‘Can you put the facts down, that I may compare them with what they said?’ (It is important to say that I had no conscious memory of anything that had been said at that séance.) After my question there was a very long pause, then:—

“‘The mother was Euphemia Matilda Death, and she passed from your world at Aldershot on November 20th at the age of 22. The little one was Edith Ellen Death; she was only fifteen months when she passed away. Her father’s name was William Death, Veterinary Surgeon of the Military Train. These are the chief facts, we know no more.’

“These facts, utterly unknown to all the circle, were subsequently verified.

“As evidence from another point of view, I may mention that I have had repeated cases of signatures which are veritable fac-similes of those used by the persons in life; such, for example, are the signatures of Beethoven, Mozart, and of Swedenborg, in connexion with Judge Edmonds. It is

remarkable that his signature, or rather initials, in my book are those which he used, and that Swedenborg's signature, a very peculiar one, is a fac-simile of his known handwriting; quite unknown, however, to me."—  
[NOTE H.]

“The case which has been considered, on the authority of persons who think they are best able to judge, as the best evidence ever produced for spirit-identity is the case of Abraham Florentine recorded in *Spirit Identity*, pp. 105-111, Appendix III. :—

“CASE OF ABRAHAM FLORENTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Spiritualist*.

SIR,—In the *Spiritualist* of December 11th, 1874, you printed a letter from me, a letter the main portion of which, in view of the information elicited by it, I will ask you to reproduce.

In the month of August last I was staying with Dr. Speer at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. We had a number of sittings, and at one of them a spirit communicated, who gave his name as Abraham Florentine. He said that he had been concerned in the war of 1812, and that he had lately entered spirit-life at Brooklyn, U.S.A., on August 5th, at the age of 83 years, 1 month, and seventeen days. We had some difficulty at first in making out whether the months and days referred to the age or to the length of his illness; but he returned on the following evening, and cleared up the difficulty. The manner in which the communication was made was most singular. We were seated, three in number, round a heavy lloo table, which two persons could move with difficulty. Instead of the raps to which we are accustomed, the table commenced to tilt. So eager was the communicating spirit that the table rose some seconds before the required letter was arrived at. In order to mark T it would rise, quivering with excitement, in a manner perfectly indescribable, about K, and then descend at T with a thump that shook the floor. This was repeated until the whole message was complete; but so eager was the spirit and so impetuous in his replies, that he bewildered Dr. and Mrs. Speer completely (I was in deep trance) and caused the process to be prolonged over the whole sitting. If I may venture a guess, I should say that Abraham Florentine was a good soldier, a fighting man not nice to meet, and that he retains enough of his old impetuosity to rejoice at his liberation from the body, which (if I may guess again) had become a burden to him through a painful illness.

Will the American papers copy, and enable me to verify my facts and guesses?

M.A. (OXON).

“Mr. Epes Sargent, to whom I privately communicated the facts of the case, was kind enough to insert for me a paragraph in the *Banner of Light* of December 12th, 1874, embodying the same enquiry. The result was to elicit what the *Banner* calls ‘one of the most singular and well-attested evidences of the return of spirit which it has been our good fortune to chronicle during a long experience.’ The matter may best be stated in the words used by the writer in the *Banner of Light* of February 13th, 1875. It will be observed that a misconception as to the meaning of the words, ‘a month and seventeen days,’ occurs at first, but this is subsequently

cleared up ; though, according to the widow's account, the age should have been eighty-three years, one month, twenty-seven days. This, however, does not affect the case of identity. The original enquiry in the *Banner* was this, and the result is quoted direct from the newspaper :—

“ ‘ At a séance in England lately, a spirit communication was received by means of the tilting of a heavy table. The whole table seemed alive, and as though it were being disintegrated in the very fibres of the wood. The gist of the communication was that the spirit was one Abraham Florentine, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., August 5th, 1874. He said he was in the war of 1812, and then, after an interval, added, “ a month and 17 days.” Can any of our Brooklyn friends inform us whether they ever heard of Abraham Florentine ? ’

“ ‘ No sooner had that issue of our paper found its way to the public than we received by due course of mail the following reply, which speaks for itself. :—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘ BANNER OF LIGHT.’

“ In the ‘ Banner ’ to-day received here is a paragraph concerning a spirit who manifested through the medium of a dining-table at some place in England, and gave the name Abraham Florentine, a soldier in the war of 1812. You make enquiry whether anyone ever heard of Abraham Florentine. I cannot specifically answer that question ; but having been engaged some 14 years since in auditing the claims of the soldiers of 1812 in the State of New York, I am yet in possession of the records of all such who made claims for service in that war. In those records appears the name of Abraham Florentine, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a full record of his service can be obtained in the office of the Adjutant General of the State of New York, in claim No. 11,518, war of 1812. I think, however, that he claimed for a longer term of service than that he gave in England, his allowance being 58 dol.

“ WILSON MILLAR, Claim Agent.

“ Washington D. C., December 13th, 1874.

“ ‘ Pursuant to the advice of our legal correspondent, we addressed a letter to the Adjutant-General, S. N. Y., asking for the facts, without, however, giving any reason for our request, and received the following courteous reply :—

“ General Head-quarters, State of New York,

“ Adjutant-General's Office, Albany, January 25th, 1875.

“ SIRs,—In reply to your communication, dated January 22nd, I have to furnish you the following information from the records of this office :—Abraham Florentine, private in Captain Nicole's Company 1st Regiment New York Militia, Colonel Dodge, volunteered at New York on or about September 2nd, 1814 ; served three months, and was honourably discharged. He received Land Warrant, No. 63,395, for 40 acres. The above is taken from the soldier's sworn statement, and not from official records.—Very respectfully,

“ FRANKLIN TOWNSEND,

“ Adjutant-General.

“ Colby and Rich,

“ No. 9, Montgomery-place, Boston.

“Those who are acquainted, through experience as investigators, with the workings of the Spiritualistic circle will bear in mind that the correct giving of dates is ever a matter of difficulty on the part of the returning intelligence, and, therefore, the slight discrepancy existing between the length of service given by the spirit Florentine and that embodied in the record is easily explainable. [This is a misconception. The one month, seventeen days, refers to age, not to length of service.—W.S.M.] But the main facts are established. Here is a spirit who manifests under the most peculiar circumstances, and in the most forcible manner, to a circle in a foreign land, whose members are all strangers to the fact that such a being as himself ever trod the planet; a member of the circle asks through an English paper that proof (if any exists in America) may be given him as to the verity of said spirit’s assertions, and the same enquiry reaches us by a private letter; we then call upon the public for information concerning one of whom we have never before heard. We receive in reply—from a legal gentleman in Washington, whose acquaintance we have never had the pleasure of making—the information which leads us to address the Adjutant General of the State of New York (who is also a total stranger to us), and are assured from data existing at his office that such a soldier did serve in the war of 1812 as claimed. The theory of collusion is untenable here, as the several parties who have given in the testimony are strangers to each other. The chain of evidence is complete. Let those who think they can explain this occurrence on any other hypothesis than that maintained by the Spiritual philosophy make the attempt. When that statement appeared, my friend, Dr. Crowell, was kind enough to take steps to obtain additional verification from Florentine’s widow. I append his letter published in the “Banner” of February 20th, 1875:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘BANNER OF LIGHT.’

“SIR,—Upon reading in the ‘Banner’ of the 13th inst. the article headed ‘Abraham Florentine: Verification of his Message,’ I examined my ‘Brooklyn Directory,’ and there found the name of Abraham Florentine, with the address 119, Kosciusko-street. Being at the moment disengaged, and interested in pursuing the subject, I at once sought the street and number indicated, and my application at the door was met by an elderly lady, of whom I inquired whether Mr. Abraham Florentine resided there. The reply was: ‘He did reside here, but is dead now.’”

Q. May I inquire whether you are Mrs. Florentine, his widow?

A. I am.

“Upon my here remarking that I would be pleased to obtain some information about her late husband, she invited me to a seat in the parlour, and our conversation was then resumed.

Q. May I ask when he died?

A. Last August.

Q. At what time in the month?

A. On the 5th.

Q. What was his age at time of decease?

A. Eighty-three.

Q. Had he passed his eighty-third year?

A. Yes; his eighty-third birthday was on the previous 8th of June.

Q. Was he engaged in any war ?

A. Yes; in the war of 1812.

Q. Was he naturally active and self-reliant, or the reverse ?

A. He had a will of his own, and was rather impetuous.

Q. Was his last illness of long or short duration, and did he suffer much ?

A. He was confined to his bed for a year or more, and suffered a good deal.

“ I have here given the questions and answers in their relative order and in their exact words from notes taken at the time. During a slight pause following the last answer, Mrs. Florentine, who appeared to be a very respectable lady of about sixty-five years of age and of American birth, inquired my object in asking these questions, when I read to her the article in the ‘Banner,’ which evidently puzzled, though it interested her, and I then entered into a full explanation of its purport, greatly to her surprise. She then fully endorsed every line of it, and I left, thanking her and promising, at her request, to send her a copy of the last number of your journal.

“ It will be observed that while the spirit of Mr. Florentine states his age to have been eighty-three years, one month, seventeen days, according to his widow’s account it should be twenty-seven days; but this discrepancy is hardly worthy of notice, as either he or she may here be equally mistaken. As the case stood before this additional confirmation of its truth was obtained, it certainly was a remarkable verification of a spirit message; but as now presented it appears to me the evidence is conclusive.

“ I would add that I have some acquaintance with ‘M.A. (Oxon),’ the gentleman in London who applied in the *Spiritualist* for information of Abraham Florentine; and I can assure your readers that he occupies a very high literary position, and his character is a guarantee against collusion and deception, and I take pleasure in contributing to establish the identity of the communicating spirit.

“ Yours truly,

“ EUGENE CROWELL, M.D.

“ Brooklyn, N.Y., February 15th, 1875.”

“ To me, personally, it is extremely interesting to find my queries verified by facts. I never doubted that the case would turn out, as so many others have done, to be true; but the interesting point of observation to me was as to the correctness of the deductions I drew from the singular way in which the communication was made. The vehemence of the tilts and knocks, the (to us) entirely novel mode of communicating, and the evident earnestness of the spirit, and its eagerness in trying to ‘have its say,’ were very striking. Doubtless, what will strike your readers more is the singularly conclusive nature of the evidence respecting the actual return of the departed. Most undoubtedly none of us had ever heard of Abraham Florentine, nor had any of us friends in America who could have given us news of what went on there, nor, if we had, could they have mentioned to us a fact in which we should have felt no interest. As a plain matter of truth, I repeat that both name and facts were entirely unknown to us. And this is one among many instances in my own experience which I hope to gather up and record in its place.

“ M.A. (Oxon.)

“ March 10th, 1875.

“In conclusion, I may remark that this case has received the valuable imprimatur of the Society for Psychological Research.”—[NOTE J.]

“One of the cases which are on quite a different plane of evidence I may record thus : on May 13th, 1876, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. H. J. Wood and I went to try for a spirit photograph at Hudson’s. We had previously tried unsuccessfully, eight plates having been exposed in vain. On this occasion five failures succeeded one another; then came a plate which represented me sitting alone, and showing behind me a tall figure, that of a friend whom I recognised at once. He had taken his life under melancholy circumstances eight months before, and I had not heard of him since. But immediately before going to Hudson’s I had met and talked with his sister, who was passing through London. Our conversation had been much concerned with him. During the experiment I had heard a spirit-voice, telling me that it was successful, and also the name of the spirit whose image was to appear on the plate. There is a sequel to this story. The stigmatic mark on my brow, reproducing the cut on W. B.’s head made in his suicidal act, appeared on the anniversary of his death. (This I do not detail here.)— [For this case see Section E.—F.W.H.M.]

“But perhaps one of the most remarkable cases that I have ever had is that of the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce, previously Bishop of Oxford), who first of all came to me when I was alone, and afterwards controlled me during one of our séances, speaking in a voice wholly unlike mine, and very like his own. He wrote through my hand, and signed his communication with the fac-simile of his own signature. Perhaps that is an elaborate mystification? If it be so, it has at any rate the merit of being elaborate! And I know nobody, or rather no spirit in or out of a body, to whom it would be worth while to take such an amount of trouble with such very unpromising results.

“I will now proceed to quote the case in fuller detail. On July 21st, 1873, the Bishop of Winchester first came to our séances, although he had been to me when I was alone on the previous evening. On December 6th he came again and controlled me, speaking in a voice which was very like his and unlike mine. In answer to a question as to who was controlling, the reply came, ‘Samuel Wilberforce; you have wished for evidence of the departed. I, Samuel Wilberforce, died. I have come back. I live, the same man, the same spirit. It is strange, strange, very strange to come back again, and I find it difficult to speak. Another time it will be easier.’ The spirit then described his passage into life as instantaneous, without pain; a sudden waking into life. He said that with all his shortcomings, and they were many, he could still look back on his earth-life as a life of useful work, honestly done. He gave his blessing to the circle, and then departed.

“On July 24th, 1873, the Bishop wrote through my hand automatically. He was introduced by ‘Imperator,’ who said: ‘A friend is with you who is able to communicate. You will know who has been near you.’ My hand then wrote:—

“ ‘ + S. Oxon ;  
God guard you, dear friend.  
It is well  
+ S. O.’

“I said: ‘How very extraordinary! But how am I to know that it is —. It is all so extraordinary. How did the same pen write this? It certainly is the very fac-simile of his writing. Can it be possible that he is here now? Can he write again?’

“‘No, friend,’ replied ‘Imperator,’ ‘he cannot remain, nor can he write again now. He came at my request to give you a test. We wish to do what we can.’

“‘But,’ I said, ‘this is no test. I am just as far from knowing his identity as I am yours.’

“‘He reminds you of the last Sunday you spoke with him in Oxford; how he preached at the opening of the new organ for the praise of the Supreme at the Church of Carfax in the morning; how he discoursed before the University in the afternoon; and how in the evening he gathered his work-people round him at Cuddesdon, and spoke to them of the love of their God.’

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘and the last sermon was far the best. Yes, that is true. Can you tell me the subjects of the other sermons?’”

“‘Yes, friend, the sermon before the University of Oxford was from the words of John as touching the abiding Spirit. “He dwelleth with you and shall be in you.” xiv. 17. In the morning discourse the imperfect views which the orthodox hold of heaven were developed from the picture of John the Seer, in the Apocalypse. “They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy.” Rev. iv. 8.’

“‘That is true; but I do not remember the University sermon.’

“‘Friend, you heard it not, being overcome with sleep. But you have it among the published sermons of your friend; p. 157; you will find it.’

“‘Yes, that is indeed true, and I remember it well. I was very sleepy, and the Bishop joked about it afterwards.’

“Then comes a further communication.

“‘A friend will speak with you through us.’ [Then in a handwriting resembling Bishop Wilberforce’s.] ‘S. O.—Peace be with you. List and heed.’

“‘Our friend has not yet acquired the power of writing with ease. He has not been able to return to earth since the day on which he wrote for you. He came then at my request and by my aid. Now he tells you of his experiences in our spirit land. Though the manner of the separation between the spirit and body was rude and sudden, still the spirit woke to consciousness far sooner than is usual. The spirit of our friend had lived even in earth-life much amid the realities of the hereafter. It had meditated on its own translation, and had realised the change. So that when it came it was less unexpected, even though sudden. He was wise therein. But I will allow him to speak in his own words’ :—

“‘When my spirit awoke to consciousness of the eternal life and its surroundings, I found myself in company with bright and blessed angels, the ministers to me of the abounding mercy of my God. The shock that severed me from earth had been so sudden that at first I was not conscious that I was in the world of spirits. But my dear father made himself known and convinced me that I was indeed alive and amongst the ranks of the shining ones. With him was my dear mother, and they were joined after by

the pure spirit of Keble, and philanthropic souls who delight to gather around him who on earth was a chief amongst men in philanthropy and deeds of love. By them I was conducted to the home where my guardians rest. From them I learn that which is requisite for me, and am taught to put aside much that I once thought of vital moment. Ah! how easily does the spirit put away the opinions of earth to which it so fondly clung! Through my guardians I received the request that I would put myself into communication with you. It was conveyed to me through your presiding spirit, who now writes for me. [Not quite so. Imperator very rarely wrote, and never at this time.] I complied with joy, and am now pleased beyond measure that I can touch the plane where so many dear to me still live; though, alas! alas! I cannot reach them. They know not, and will not learn as yet. Since I left the earth I have been occupied in learning my work, and in preparing myself for the life of progress to which my being is now devoted. Already under the guidance of my guardians I have passed through the first sphere where are gathered those who are bound to earth by the affections, or are unable to rise as yet. There I saw some whom I had known in the body, and learned from them and from others much that I needed to know. My work will be of a similar sort till I reach my appointed sphere. I have come to give you this brief word of comfort and consolation. Be of good cheer.'

“ ‘One has so much to ask. Are the spheres like this world?’

“ ‘In every way similar. It is only the change of condition that makes the difference. Flowers and fruits and pleasant landscapes and animals and birds are with us as with you. Only the material conditions are changed. We do not crave for food as you; nor do we kill to live. Matter, in your sense, is done with, and we have no need of sustenance save that which we can draw in with the air we breathe. Nor are we impeded in our movements by matter as you are. We move freely and by volition. I learn by degrees, and as a new-born babe, to accustom myself to the new conditions of my being.’

“ ‘Are things real to you?’

“ ‘Quite, and very beautiful.’

“ ‘You must not detain our friend now,’ said ‘Imperator,’ ‘and you yourself have done more than you ought to attempt. God, the All Wise, the All Loving, guard you. I. S. D.’

“ ‘And now, passing by more cases than I have quoted, and not dealing with the evidence as an advocate might, I am content to leave it for the jury. It means something—will you tell me what it does mean?’

NOTE A.—*Bishop Wilson.* I have verified these facts from Stowell's "Life of Bishop Wilson," a book which Mr. Moses might perhaps have met with in the Isle of Man. But the facts are scattered about and could hardly have been picked up even by the subliminal memory without going through the book. The names of the two children who died in infancy (called here Thomas and Alice) are not to be found in Stowell's Life; but I do not know how they could be verified. This is, of course, a drawback to messages from historical personages.

It is difficult to find facts not easily accessible beforehand, and yet verifiable afterwards; and the objections common to all "historical controls" inevitably apply to this one also.

NOTE B.—*Rosamira Lancaster*. We have verified this death from an announcement in the *Daily Telegraph*, of January 15th, 1874, of course published long before the name was given by raps at the séance. It is therefore quite possible that the name should have been unwittingly seen by Mr. Moses, and here reproduced from his subliminal memory. If the case stood alone it would be reasonable thus to explain it. Where, however, as with Mr. Moses, there is much evidence to the identity of returning spirits, which no subliminal memory would explain, I think that that hypothesis need hardly be invoked even in cases where it might *à la rigueur* seem sufficient. See entry for February 28th, 1874, in Section A.

NOTE C.—*Henry Le Mesurier*. Here, again, no facts were given which were previously unknown to Mr. Moses. The case, however, is made more interesting by a fact not mentioned in Mr. Moses' summary;—viz., that this spirit had already made his presence known to Mr. Moses through automatic writing before he manifested during Mr. Moses' trance in his séance-room. I give an extract from the diary describing this. The sentence, "I have proved that you were right and I was wrong," refers to conversations with regard to man's survival of death.

A. "I see my mistake now, I hope to rest soon. I knew nothing of this in the days of my earth life. But now my senses are quickened I shall rest and know hereafter. For the present I am desirous only to make myself known to you."

Q. Who are you?

A. "Henry Le Mesurier. You know me."

Q. Why do you come to me? What brings you?

A. "I am impelled, I know not why. Bless me and pray, so I shall rest."

Q. Surely I will. But you do not need prayer!

A. "Yes, yes, yes. Pray, pray, pray. I shall sleep now if you will."

Q. If I will? Surely you are wrong.

A. "You will aid me, I would say. I am not unhappy, but I want rest, and I am compelled to come here first. Pray, pray, pray."

Q. Do you seriously want to go to sleep?

A. "Oh, yes. Sleep."

Q. But I don't believe you are Le Mesurier.

A. "You are faithless and unbelieving. We never allow any spirit to manifest who is not here. We help your friend."

Q. Do you guarantee him?

A. "We help him to make himself manifest. You may trust him and us."

Q. I will do anything I can.

A. "He will speak himself. Pray, and he will rest even as others. Sleep, I want and long for rest. I would that I had known before of this power of communication. Oh, the multitudesthat wait! But I must cease. I am not permitted further. The Lord keep you."

Q. Can you recall any incident of your life known to me?

A. "I once, in uncontrolled rage, knocked you down: and bitterly regretted my fault."

Q. I remember. It was a very small matter.

A. "Farewell, my time is short. God guard and guide you."

H. Le M.

Q. What possessed Le. M. to come and write last night?

A. "He was anxious and we permitted him. It will quiet him, and he will rest in peace. He requires sleep."

Q. Do all spirits sleep on entering the next world?

A. "Not all, but many require rest, and remain in peaceful repose, tended by angel guards, until the spirit wakes naturally to its new life. This is so with your friend Sunshine. She is peacefully sleeping and renewing her life. Her time of rest is still prolonged, but the end approaches though not yet. We shall inform you when she wakes."

NOTE D.—There is an interesting point with regard to the Christian names of these Jones children; the upshot being that a doubt of my own as to the completeness of the verification made of these names at the time has led to a pretty clear demonstration that the names could not have been obtained by any ordinary means. Reference to Mr. Moses' account will show that Mrs. Watts (deceased wife of Mr. Alaric A. Watts, Mr. Moses' executor) asked Mrs. Leaf (deceased aunt of my colleague, Walter Leaf, Litt.D.) as to these Christian names, and Mrs. Leaf seems *at once* to have replied, "The names were the same," is Mr. Moses' comment. But how could Mrs. Leaf know? She was not likely to have in her possession a baptismal register, or other full statement of the elaborate Christian names of these three young children of "the relative of an acquaintance." I can feel little doubt that what Mrs. Leaf really possessed and showed to Mrs. Watts was an entry in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (seen also by us) of the death of the children, in which the *initials* of the Christian names were given, corresponding to those of the names rapped out at the séance, to which entry Mr. Moses refers as verification. I suspected, therefore, that Mr. Moses' phrase was so far inaccurate that it assumed that the whole names were the same because the initials were so. Personal reference to Mr. Watts and Mrs. Speer showed that they had no distinct recollection which would conflict with this view. I therefore desired Mr. G. A. Smith to look up the matter, and his two memoranda subjoined will show (1) that there was some little difficulty in getting at the information at all; (2) that the information given at the séance was probably more accurate than the official record.

Jones Children.

“In May, 1893, we were informed at Somerset House that certificates of death of civilians in India were not kept there, and that application must be made to the Deputy-Registrar in India. Application was therefore made to this official, and after a delay of more than three months, during which time we wrote a reminder, we were informed that fees for searches in the registers had to be ‘paid beforehand,’ and a scale of charges was sent. The sum of fifteen shillings and postage was therefore mailed, and, in course of time, another communication came to the effect that the registers for 1873 and 1874 were in London, and could be inspected at the India Office, the fees being returned. Permission was at once obtained to inspect the registers at Whitehall; and by the middle of December we were able, for the sum of three shillings, to obtain the desired information.”

December 20th, 1893.

“I have to-day made search through the Burial Certificates at the India Office, Whitehall, taking the following notes about the Jones children.

“Bertie Henry D’Ogly Jones, died at Umballa, aged  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years, on the 31st December, 1873. Croup and acute bronchitis. Son of W. C. Nigel Jones (of the Government Telegraph Department) and Constance Mary, his wife.

“Edward George Nigel Jones, aged  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years, died at the same place on January 3rd, 1874, of aldama of the glottis supervening on tonsillitis.

“Archie William Cholawndeley Jones, three weeks old, died at the same place on January 5th, 1874. Spasm of the glottis.

“[Note: the spelling of the third Christian name in the register is exactly as I have written it. The official in charge of the registers agreed that it was clearly written so; but there can be little doubt as to the name really being *Cholmondeley*.]”

Now this official report contains two certain errors and one probable error.

(1) Aldama for Edema.

(2) Cholawndeley for Cholmondeley.

(3) D’Ogly for D’Oly.

(2) As to this name there was (Mrs. Speer tells me) confusion in the spelling at the séance. They knew that they had not got it all right, but put down Cholmely.

For the benefit of foreign readers it must be said that the old English name Cholmondeley is pronounced Chumley.

It seems to me obvious that in the official record *aw* has been substituted by error of copyist, who did not know the name Cholmondeley, for *on*. And in the séance it seems as though they had got no error in any letter, but an *omission*, of *ond* and an *e*.

(3) As between D’Ogly and D’Oly I have no evidence; and I should be glad either of a direct statement as to the child’s name, or of such indirect evidence as may result from a proof that either name

is otherwise known. I am inclined meantime to believe that D'Oly is correct.

NOTE E.—Further information about this suicide was given by entry February 23, 1874. [It is remarkable that “Miss X.,” then a child, was prevented by a monition (as she informs me) from entering the street where the traces of this incident were still visible.]

*February 23rd, 1874.*

Q. I very much wish to communicate with Imperator.

[A long pause.]

A. “Whatever communication you hold must be brief. You are unfit to commune now.”

Q. That spirit who communicated at Mrs. Gregory’s.

A. “He was what he said. It surprises us much that he should have been able to attach himself to you. It was owing to your being near the place where he met his bodily death. Do not direct your mind strongly to the subject lest he vex you.”

Q. What does he want? Can I help him?

A. “He was wretched and sought help in ignorance. Prayer will aid him.”

Q. Well, now, how comes it that he woke at once, and Sunshine sleeps still?

A. “He has not yet slept. It will be well if he gets repose which will enable him to progress hereafter. Should he not do so he will remain an earth-bound spirit for long.”

Q. Then rest is really a step to progress?

A. “It is so. He will repose if prayer avail. Of this we will discourse hereafter. We endeavoured to control last night in vain. A new Egyptian spirit came and wrote for you; but it is unintelligible. Cease, the power goes. Farewell.”

“+ I : S : D.

“× Theophilus.”

*February 24th, 1874.*

Q. I have much to ask. You say that sleep is in some way conducive to progress.

A. “Yes, it would be so in the case of such a sudden severance of bodily existence as that now in your mind. It is to be desired that the poor soul may rest and not haunt the sphere of vice in which his earth-life was spent. Should the guardian be able to lull the soul to sleep it will be well. Otherwise it will but haunt the scenes of its former vicious habits. It is better that you do not direct your mind to that spirit. He has passed beyond your sphere now.”

Q. Is the spirit unharmed by such a ghastly mutilation as that?

A. “The mutilation of the body harms not the spirit. The spirit body is not to be harmed by injury to the body of earth otherwise than by the shock. And the very shock might stir it rudely into action, and excite it rather than lull it into quiescence.

“You are not now in a condition which enables us to go far into the subject. You have far from recovered your spiritual tone as yet.”

Q. Then that spirit haunted the place of its departure ?

A. “It is usually so that a spirit which has so rudely been severed from the body would hover near even for a long time after.”

Q. How did it come to pitch on me ?

A. “You passed by, and being in a highly sensitive condition the disturbed spirit would naturally be attracted to your sphere, even as iron is attracted to a powerful magnet. Moreover, when he came near he would be enabled to discern you by the aura which surrounds you and which is visible to the spirit eye. Light and attraction would both enable him to recognise a channel of communication which he longed for. You have been told before that an aura surrounds all material objects, and that aura in the case of a medium is recognisable afar off by spirit eyes.”

Q. Can you tell me what that aura is ?

A. “The magnetic aura which surrounds your body and enables spirits to gain access to you and to use the atmosphere for manifesting. It is more highly charged with the force which we use and so is known to us. The mediumistic aura to spirit gaze is of golden hue. The sympathetic tint is crimson, the colour of the affections—the tint of the learned and powerful agent for the development of truth is blue, the colour of the intellect. The spirit who seeks for a medium is attracted by the mysterious force, to you mysterious, yet the force of sympathy which is all powerful with us.

“Attraction and repulsion, sympathy and antipathy, are known in a degree to all, in the highest degree to the most sensitive.

“This is, as you know, the cause of the instantaneous feelings which dart into the mind on another being brought into the reach of your aura. It expands or contracts, attracts or repels, accordingly as it is in harmony or discord with the aura brought in contact with it. All spirits know this, though all do not profoundly understand it. Some, as the suicide in question, would act by intuition and subject to magnetic attraction. Such gravitate to a sympathetic as iron to a magnet. Hence it is that the highly developed are more open to attack from the grosser spirits.”

Q. Then to spirit eye, the aura declares the character ?

A. “To the more developed and progressed it does so, and hence the concealment is not possible in our spheres. The spirit carries its character impressed on the very atmosphere it breathes. This is a law of our being.”

Q. Very beautiful, but very awful !

A. “Nay, friend, not so : but a great safeguard, seeing that we know we are open to the gaze and the knowledge of all. It is well that it should be so. We pause.”

NOTE G.—*Baby Timmins*. Mrs. Speer has described to me this incident, which is remarkable as the only *observed* case where Mr. Moses had a sudden access of unconsciousness during ordinary life, although he himself mentions others.

NOTE H.—*Euphemia Death*. The séance at which this spirit appeared and at which Mr. Percival, Miss Percival (now Mrs. Garratt),

and Miss Birkett were present, is described by Mrs. Garratt in a letter in my possession, and also, concordantly and at greater length, by Miss Birkett, whose account I have subjoined.

*December 21st, 1874.*

“Exquisite scents of several kinds repeatedly brought round to each sitter. The fairy bells were heard clearly and beautifully; and on Dr. Speer asking for scales, the ascending and descending scales were clearly played, also arpeggio chords. The medium was controlled by various spirits, who declined to give their names; and the whole of the manifestations during the evening were interrupted and broken up by the attempts to communicate of two spirits who gave the name of Death, but were unable to tell the particulars they wished, until helped by Grocyn, who acted as interpreter, and repeated upon his lyre the facts he gained from them with difficulty. The spirits said they had passed away within two or three weeks; that they were mother and child; the mother’s name, Euphemia Matilda Death, aged 22, the child Ellen, aged 20 months; that the death was sudden and under painful circumstances; that E. M. D. was the wife of a veterinary surgeon at Aldershot; and that she died on November 20th; the child, it was thought, on the 4th of November. The medium had previously described the spirits, who stood close to him, as a young woman and young child; the latter standing, but supported by the mother. The medium seemed to suffer from their presence, and complained of their intense cold. Imperator controlled for a few minutes, saying that in consequence of the anxiety to speak on the part of these young spirits he could not control the medium, but would leave him, to allow them to make their communication. That they came for help to get rid of the earth-influence which still clung to them; and that this process caused the feeling of cold to the medium and circle. That it was easy to understand how good was obtained by the spirit in such a case, because of the sympathy existing between all living creatures, which bound all creation together. Regarding sudden death, Imperator also said that a suddenly painful and *premature* death caused much injury and distress to the spirit. He wished it, however, to be understood that an instantaneous death, when the spirit is ready and matured, is in no way disadvantageous.

“Later the same night the spirit of Euphemia M. Death returned to Mr. Moses to correct some slight errors in her statement. The child’s name was Edith Ellen, and she was 15 months old. She died in great pain from an accident, and the mother died suddenly.

“After enquiry and search, a Woolwich paper was obtained, which confirmed the foregoing statement in every particular, and added that the child Edith Death died from the effect of a fall into scalding water.”

Mr. Moses had a further account of this visit, as follows:—

*December 2nd, 1874.*

Q. I wish to ask about the séance last night. It was a very singular one as we were all so cold.

A. “The coldness was by the presence of the spirits who manifested. It was done without the Chief’s knowledge. We did not know that he would be able to control, and the spirits were anxious.”

Q. Why did they come?

A. "They were desirous and it was so planned. They are not in any way connected with us or you."

Q. Do you know if their story is true?

A. "It was rightly given, save that an error was made in one point through difficulty of controlling."

Q. They followed me home and altered that point and added somewhat. Can you put down the facts so that I may compare them? I have no remembrance of them except one name.

A. "We can procure them if you wait. But we do not know. There is no necessity."

[After a long pause.]

"The mother was Euphemia Matilda Death, and she passed from your world at Aldershot, on the twentieth day of November, at the age of 22. The little one was Edith Ellen Death. She was only 15 months old when she passed away. Her father's name was William Death, Veterinary Surgeon of the Military Train. These are the chief facts. We know no more. The Chief considered it well to cease the control, lest you should be annoyed by them.

"† R."

In the Registrar's list we find :—

"Euphemia Matilda Death, died at South Camp, Aldershot, November 21st, 1874, of 'valve disease of heart,' age 22. Edith Ellen Death, infant of above, died at the same place, on November 4th, 1874, of 'congestion of the brain 6 days,' age 1 year 3 months."

The discrepancy of a day in date of death is not unusual in case of death at night; especially from heart disease.

"Congestion of brain" might well follow upon an accident such as was here described.

#### PRINCIPAL SPIRITS CLAIMED AS COMMUNICATING WITH MR. MOSES.

C.—Spirits mentioned in "The Identity of Spirit."

1 A. P. Kirkland	17 Archie William Cholmondeley
2 J. B. Callister	Jones
3 T. J. Stainton	18 Suicide under steam-roller
4 Catharine Pauline Speer	19 Charlotte Buckworth
5 Emily C. C.	20 Beethoven
6 Cecilia Feilden	21 Mrs. Dalton
7 Henry Spratley	22 Mary Hall
8 Grandmother	23 Marian Timmins (baby)
9 George Eves	24 Euphemia Death
10 Augustus Eves	25 Edith Ellen Death
11 Emma Eves	26 Judge Edmonds
12 Bishop Wilson	27 Swedenborg
13 Rosamira Lancaster	28 Abraham Florentine
14 Henry Le Mesurier	29 W. B.—(Suicide)
15 Bertie Henry D'Oly Jones	30 Samuel Wilberforce
16 Edward George Nigel Jones	

*D.—Other Evidential Communications.*

31	“Blanche Abercromby”	35	Mr. Rowbotham
32	Miss Green	36	President Garfield
33	Fanny Westoby	37	Dr. Stanhope Speer
34	Louis Napoleon	38	Rector (clairvoyance?)

*SECTION D.—Other Evidential Communications.*

It will be convenient to prefix to this section a conspectus of the principal alleged spirits whose communications are in any way evidential. Some thirty of these have been already mentioned by Mr. Moses in the tractate just quoted; but a few more cases remain which it seems desirable to print.

31.—The first case which I shall quote under this section is in some ways the most remarkable of all, from the series of chances which have been needful in order to establish its veracity. The spirit in question is that of a lady known to me, whom Mr. Moses had met, I believe, once only, and whom I shall call Blanche Abercromby. The publication of the true name was forbidden by the spirit herself, for a reason which was at once obvious to me when I read the case, but which was not, so far as I can tell, fully known to Mr. Moses. The lady's son, whom I have since consulted, supports the prohibition; and I have consequently changed the name and omitted the dates.

This lady died on a Sunday afternoon, about twenty years ago, at a country house about 200 miles from London. Her death, which was regarded as an event of public interest, was at once telegraphed to London, and appeared in Monday's *Times*; but, of course, on Sunday evening no one in London, save the Press and perhaps the immediate family, was cognisant of the fact. It will be seen that on that evening, near midnight, a communication, purporting to come from her, was made to Mr. Moses at his secluded lodgings in the north of London. The identity was some days later corroborated by a few lines purporting to come directly from her, and to be in her handwriting. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Moses had ever seen this handwriting. His one known meeting with this lady and her husband had been at a séance—not, of course, of his own—where he had been offended by the strongly expressed disbelief of the husband in the possibility of any such phenomena.

On receiving these messages Mr. Moses seems to have mentioned them to no one, and simply gummed down the pages in his M.S. book, marking the book outside “Private Matter.” The book when placed in my hands was still thus gummed down, although Mrs. Speer was cognisant of the communication. I opened the pages (as instructed by the executors), and was surprised to find a brief letter which, though

containing no definite facts, was entirely characteristic of the Blanche Abercromby whom I had known. But although I had received letters from her in life, I had no recollection of her handwriting. I happened to know a son of hers sufficiently well to be able to ask his aid—aid which, I may add, he would have been most unlikely to afford to a stranger. He lent me a letter for comparison. The strong resemblance was at once obvious, but the A of the surname was made in the letter in a way quite different from that adopted in the automatic script. The son then allowed me to study a long series of letters, reaching down till almost the date of her death. From these it appeared that during the last year of her life she had taken to writing the A (as her husband had always done) in the way in which it was written in the automatic script.

The resemblance of handwriting appeared both to the son and to myself to be incontestable; but as we desired an experienced opinion he allowed me to submit the note-book and two letters to Dr. Hodgson. Readers of these *Proceedings* (Part IX., Vol. III.) may remember that Dr. Hodgson succeeded in tracing the authorship of the “Koot Hoomi” letters to Madame. Blavatsky and to Damodar, by evidence based on a minute analysis of handwriting. As regards the present matter, Dr. Hodgson reports as follows :—

5, Boylston Place,

Boston, *September 11th*, 1893.

“I have compared the writing numbered 123 in the note-book of Mr. Stainton Moses, with epistles of January 4th, 18—, and September 19th, 18—, written by B.A. The note-book writing bears many minor resemblances to that of the epistles, and there are also several minor differences in the formations of some of the letters, judging at least from the two epistles submitted to me; but the resemblances are more characteristic than the differences. In addition, there are several striking peculiarities common to the epistles and the note-book writing, which appear to be especially emphasised in the latter. The note-book writing suggests that its author was attempting to reproduce the B.A. writing by recalling to memory its chief peculiarities, and not by copying from specimens of the B.A. writing. The signature especially in the note-book writing is characteristically like an imitation from memory of B.A.’s signature. I have no doubt whatever that the person who wrote the note-book writing intended to reproduce the writing of B.A.”

RICHARD HODGSON.

The chances necessary to secure a verification of this case were more complex than can here be fully explained. This lady, who was quite alien to these researches, had been dead about twenty years when her posthumous letter was discovered in Mr. Moses’ private note-book by one of the very few surviving persons who had both known her well enough to recognise the characteristic quality of the message, and were

also sufficiently interested in spirit identity to get the handwritings compared and the case recorded.

The entries in the M.S. books will now be quoted. The communications began with some obscure drawings, apparently representing the flight of a bird.

A. "It is spirit who has but just quitted the body. Blanche Abercromby in the flesh. I have brought her. No more. M."

Q. Do you mean —— ?

No reply. Sunday night about midnight. The information is unknown to me.

Monday morning.

Q. I wish for information about last night. Is that true? Was it Mentor?

A. "Yes, good friend, it was Mentor, who took pity on a spirit that was desirous to reverse former errors. She desires us to say so. She was ever an enquiring spirit, and was called suddenly from your earth. She will rest anon. One more proof has been now given of continuity of existence. Be thankful and meditate with prayer. Seek not more now, but cease. We do not wish you to ask any questions now."

" + I : S : D.

" × Rector."

[A week later.]

Q. Can you write for me now?

A. "Yes, the chief is here."

Q. How was it that spirit [Blanche Abercromby's] came to me?

A. "The mind was directed to the subject, and being active, it projected itself to you. Moreover, we were glad to be able to afford you another proof of our desire to do what is in our power to bring home to you evidence of the truth of what we say."

Q. Is it correct to say that the direction of thought causes the spirit to be present?

A. "In some cases it is so. Great activity of spirit, coupled with anxiety to discover truth and to seek into the hidden causes of things, continue to make it possible for a spirit to manifest. Moreover, direction of thought gives what you would call direction or locality to the thought. By that we mean that the instinctive tendency of the desire or thought causes a possibility of objective manifestation. Then by the help of those who, like ourselves, are skilled in managing the elements, manifestation becomes possible. This would not have been possible in this case, only that we took advantage of what would have passed unnoticed in order to work out another proof of the reality of our mission. It is necessary that there should be a combination of circumstances before such a manifestation can be possible. And that combination is rare. Hence the infrequency of such events, and the difficulty we have in arranging them: especially when anxiety enters into the matter, as in the case of a friend whose presence is earnestly desired. It might well be that so ready a proof as this might not occur again."

Q. Then a combination of favourable circumstances aided you. Will the spirit rest, or does it not require it?

A. "We do not know the destiny of that spirit. It will pass out of our control. Circumstances enabled us to use its presence : but that presence will not be maintained."

Q. If direction of thought causes motion, I should have thought it would be so with our friends and that they would therefore be more likely to come.

A. "It is not that alone. Nor is it so with all. All cannot come to earth. And not in all cases does volition or thought cause union of souls. Many other adjuncts are necessary before such can be. Material obstacles may prevent, and the guardians may oppose. We are not able to pursue the subject now, seeing that we write with difficulty. At another time we may resume. Cease for the present and do not seek further."

"+ I : S : D. Rector."

Q. On reading over what has been written, I am struck with this. You said once that conditions had been interfered with by the projection of antagonistic thought from a distance. And now it seems that a spirit released from its body is carried whither its thoughts turn. It seems then that thought is motion : and that effect can be produced without the actual presence, as we understand it, of a spirit in the room. If this be so, it seems to follow that manifestations may be performed objectively, or at least directed, without the actual presence of the spirit who purports to make them. Is this so ever and is this so in our own circle ?

A. "It is so frequently in this way. Great spirits operate through inferior agencies without themselves being present as you understand the term. This is very frequent."

A few days later, Mr. Moses says:—

Q. The spirit B. A. began by drawing. Was it herself ?

A. "With assistance. She could not write. One day if she is able to return again, she will be more able to express her thoughts."

Q. I remember that poor man who was killed by the steam-roller drew.

A. "Do not dwell on him lest you be vexed. He was not able to express himself. And even as the undeveloped human mind betakes itself to symbols to supplement defect of language : so do spirits seek to illustrate that which they cannot utter. So the Holy Maid [of Kent] drew when she appeared. She has now progressed, and is progressing, having cast aside the weight that hindered her."

Q. I am glad. Will she come back ?

A. "It may be, but not now."

[A few days later.]

A. "A spirit who has before communicated will write for you herself. She will then leave you, having given the evidence that is required."

"I should much like to speak more with you, but it is not permitted. You have sacred truth. I know but little yet. I have much, much to learn.

"BLANCHE ABERCROMBY.

"It is like my writing as evidence to you."

In the next case the identity is shown by vision and internal voice.

32.—Miss Green (*Spirit Identity*, pp. 90-91).

“The first of my cases occurred on August 18th inst. I had returned from a three days’ absence to the house of friends with whom I was staying. When I left, a friend of the lady of the house was unwell. During my absence she died very suddenly. When I entered the room I saw her standing beside her friend—the lady whom I was visiting. The disembodied phantom was as clear to my gaze as the living person to whom I was talking. ‘So Miss — is dead,’ I said, forgetting that the good lady could not see the ghostly visitant. ‘Yes.’ ‘And buried,’ I continued, for the words sounded in my ear. ‘Yes; but how did you know?’ Then I remembered, and turned the subject, for my hostess would have fainted in horror had she known how near to her her friend was. Strange! a few hours ago and she would sit by the bedside and clasp the clammy hand, and kiss the lips on which death already had set the seal of silence: yet she would have screamed at the friend whose self was by her, minus only that old and shabby body which it had cast off. That is what ‘I believe in the resurrection of the body’ has brought us to. I took careful note of the dress, mien, and face of the ghost—I had never seen the original in the body—and, as occasion served, I elicited from my hostess a description, which greatly tallied with my vision, except in one point. The ghost wore a brooch of peculiar make, which I could get no description of. On the following day, however, my hostess came back from her friend’s house with the identical ornament in her hand. Her friend had left it to her as a memento.”

The “hostess” here was Mrs. Moses, mother of W. S. M. I have compared this account with the contemporary record, and Mr. Moses gave me a concordant verbal account.

33.—*Fanny Westoby*. This excellent case was described by Mr. Moses to Edmund Gurney and myself, while it was still fresh, on our first meeting with him, May 9th, 1874.

On the evening of April 8th, 1874, while at Bedford with his father and mother, Mr. Moses, who had been receiving messages about ancient religions during the day, began to ask a question, “I should like——,” when a meaningless drawing was made in place of intended words.

Q. What is all that? And why was I stopped?

A. “A spirit wishes to communicate, and we are commanded to permit her. She is not able to write with ease, but will communicate through us. Her name is Fanny Westoby. Do you know the name?”

Q. I do not remember.

A. “Your mother knows her well. She is a cousin of hers. She passed from your earth May 15th last.”

Q. Was she married?

A. “Yes, her maiden name was Kirkham.”

Q. Fanny Kirkham. Yes, I have a dim remembrance. She used to live at Markby.

A. "She says that she was born in Alford, in the house now occupied by Sam Stevenson. She then lived at Markby, and, having married, at Belchford. She passed away at Horncastle, at 63 years of age. You do not remember her, when, in the year 1845, you went to see her at Markby. Her mother, Elizabeth Kirkham, was then just released from a lingering illness, and your mother had gone to condole with her cousin. You were taken round the farm, and rode on a goat (she is anxious on this point), and she threw you in sport into a heap of wheat which was being threshed. The result was that you were severely bitten by the harvest bug. She is very anxious that you should recall this to your mother."

Q. I will. But is it wise?

A. "You will not be able to induce her to search into this matter, but you may satisfy yourself that what is said is true."

Q. Has she any message?

A. "She says, 'I lost much of my opportunity for progress through the gratification of bodily appetite which cast me back. My course of progress is yet to come. I find my present life not very different from yours. I am nearly the same. I wish I could influence Mary, but I can't get near her.'"

Q. Can she assure me that she is F. W.?

A. "She can give you no further evidence. Stay, ask your father about Donnington and the trap-door."

Q. I have not the least idea what she means. All the better. I will ask. Any more? Is she happy?

A. "She is as happy as may be in her present state."

Q. How did she find me out?

A. "She came by chance, hovering near her friend [*i.e.*, Mrs. Moses], and discovered that she could communicate. She will return now."

Q. Can I help her?

A. "Yes, pray. She and all of us are helped when you devote your talents willingly to aid us."

Q. What do you mean?

A. "In advocating and advancing our mission with care and judgment. Then we are permeated with joy. May the Supreme bless you." [Book VIII., pp. 78-83.]

" × Rector."

[I have enquired of my mother and find the particulars given are exactly true. She wonders how I remember things that occurred when I was only 5 years old! I have not ventured to say how I got the information, believing that it would be unwise and useless. My father I can get nothing out of about the trap-door. He either does not remember or will not say.]

[April 9th, 1874. My father has remembered this incident. A trap-door led on to the roof in the house he occupied at Donnington. The house was double roofed, and a good view could be had from it. F. K. on a visit wanted to go there, and got fixed half-way amid great laughter.



Elevation of double roof.]

[We have verified Mrs. Westoby's death in the Register of Deaths. —F.W.H.M.]

34.—For *Louis Napoleon* see Part A, January 5th, 1874. I have a concordant contemporary M.S. account from Mrs. Speer.

35.—Mr. Rowbotham. In *Spirit Identity*, pp. 94-5, Mr. Moses relates how, when walking with a friend and discussing spiritualism, he took refuge from rain in an inn, [the “*Britannia*,” Belsize Road, as he informed me].

“One day we were walking together and rain came on. To avoid a wetting we took refuge in a billiard-room near at hand, and whiled away the rainy hour with a game, discussing all the while. The proprietor was the only other person in the room, and he showed some interest in what I was saying. He asked some questions, and seemed rather frightened than otherwise. He was a wine merchant, and gave me his card as I left, asking for custom. From time to time I did purchase some goods from him, and on perhaps half a dozen occasions exchanged some words with him. He always asked me about Spiritualism. The last time I saw him he was ill, and said that he was in the doctor’s hands, but was mending fast. I saw no more of him, until sitting alone, as my habit is, in my study in the early morning, he appeared to my clairvoyant eye. I was writing about transcorporeal action of spirit, the double, and such phenomena, and I wondered much at this apparition. I never thought for a moment that it was anything but a double of the living man. For a time he could not speak; but when he managed to make me hear, he saluted me as he would have done in the flesh, calling me Mr. —, a name which he heard my friend use while we were together in the billiard-room. It was a name used by him, and known, I am sure, to no one else except two or three acquaintances. Yet this spirit used it quite naturally, as he would have done in the flesh, though he knew my real name well enough. I gradually inquired what brought him, and learned that he had ‘come to see me.’ He was dead—had died some two months ago at a place and address which he gave me. He likewise told me his full name, the disease which carried him off, and the date of his death. All these facts were entirely outside of my knowledge. He died at a watering-place far away. His full name, disease (a peculiar one), and death, were utterly unknown to me. I and some friends verified them all, and found them literally exact. Yet he seemed to have no special reason for coming, unless it was to add his stone to the cairn of evidence. He did not even say that he had discovered the truth of my faith, and had come to confirm it. He came, and he went, and, like many another who has done the same, I have seen him no more.”

Mr. Moses told me that this Mr. Rowbotham died at Torquay, of diabetes. I have not verified this decease, as the year is not given.

36.—President Garfield. This is a communication made, not by the departed spirit itself, but by friends.

30, St. Peter’s, Bedford.

*September 20th*, 1881, 10 a.m.—This morning, on awaking at 5.54 a.m., I was aware of a spirit who desired to communicate. It turned out to be

Mentor, with him B. Franklin, [Epes] Sargent and others. They told me in effect "The President is gone. We were with him to the last. He died suddenly, and all our efforts to keep him were unavailing. We laboured hard, for his life was of incalculable value to our country. He would have done more to rescue it from shame than any one now left." I asked why it had been deemed necessary to come to me with the news. It was replied that a period of great activity in the spirit world was now being renewed, and that my sympathies with him and with his work, and their own knowledge of me, had inclined them to bring the news. The *Daily News* contained no tidings, though the bulletins were bad. It seemed on the contrary that the news of the previous night which they contained was a little more favourable. I walked down to the station feeling convinced that the news would come, but up to 11.30 a.m. could not hear of it. About 12.37 I again went and found that a rumour had reached Bedford. The evening papers—*Globe* and *Echo*—which I purchased at 4.30 p.m. gave me the first mundane information of the event. It is now stated that he died at 10.50 p.m. on the 19th (yesterday). That in English time is 3.50 a.m. of this day, 20th, or two hours before I woke and got the message.

I have since learned that the death was sudden, and the remarkable fluctuations are not inconsistent with efforts such as described.

*September 21st.*—The latest reports fix 10.35 not 10.50 p.m. [or 3.35 a. m. English time] as the exact time of death. I forgot to say that very strong disapprobation was expressed of the administration of defibrinated bullock's blood which had been resorted to at the last. This seems to have been especially repulsive, as crude blood is apparently universally connected with the lowest and most undeveloped form of spirit-life, for which it has a great attraction. A vessel of fresh blood was a means of ensuring the presence of powerful spirits at magical incantations and séances. In the séance recorded on p. 70 this was insisted on, à propos of the slaughter of a bullock which I had been led to witness. It was said that undeveloped spirits rejoiced in the bloodshed, and found their great attraction wherever it was to be found.

### 37.—Dr. Speer.

Dr. Speer died February 9th, 1889, and shortly after his death Mr. Moses received from him a remarkable proof of identity, of which he wrote me an account at the time. I much regret that I have mislaid that letter; but Mrs. Speer has kindly written for me [1894] an, of course, independent account, which I recognise as completely accordant with that which Mr. Moses had given me. On receiving Mr. Moses' account, I wrote to him suggesting that the pet name might have been used by Dr. Speer in speaking to his wife during one of Mr. Moses' trances, and might thus have been subconsciously heard by Mr. Moses. He repudiated—indeed almost resented—this suggestion; and on talking to Mrs. Speer, since Mr. Moses' death, I find her absolutely sure that the nursery nickname—felt by herself to be absurd in its application to an elderly lady—had never been used except in complete privacy.

“The first time my husband made his presence felt to Mr. Moses was when he was writing about him for *Light*; he mentions it in the account. Several other times he told me he had seen Dr. S. in vision, but he seemed unable to speak, and if he did Mr. M. forgot what he said, as was often the case when he came out of the trance state. But I remember one incident which must have occurred soon after our loss, but I have not the date of it here. Mr. S. M. came one Sunday to dine with us. He looked strange and remarked to me, ‘I have seen your husband again, and he sent you a message which I do not understand.’ He seemed troubled, and I saw he was unable to take any dinner. Suddenly he took out his pocket-book and rapidly wrote something in one of the sheets, tore it out and handed it to me saying, ‘Can you make anything out of this?’ I saw a message written ‘Tell dearest —— all’s well.’ The word omitted was a pet name he often called me when alone. I think no one had ever heard it, and I am quite sure Mr. Moses never had. The name is too absurd to print, as pet names often are. I took the paper from him and could not help smiling to see the old familiar pet name again, and felt at once the message must have come from my husband, and said to Mr. S. M., ‘Oh yes, that is the pet name Stanhope used to use when we were alone. I can show it to you in many letters.’ I went upstairs and brought several down, all commencing ‘My dearest ——.’ As soon as I had shewn him the letter he looked greatly relieved and was able to enjoy his dinner. I think he must have feared he was being deceived. We looked on it at the time as a good test, as I know he had never heard the name. My daughter perfectly remembers the incident and says this account is correct.”

I have now quoted the best cases in Mr. Moses’ records of identification of a spirit recently departed. It is in these recent cases that the evidence is simplest and strongest; and it will be observed that they closely resemble similar proofs of identity given in a long series through Mrs. Piper, and recorded in more sporadic fashion elsewhere. The communicating spirit seems to be little changed, and to retain its characteristic interest in survivors and in the things of earth.

There are also an alleged group of remoter spirits; but it is obvious that the evidence to identity which they can give must generally be less direct and convincing. By the very conditions of the communication they cannot show commanding intellect, or teach entirely new truths, since their manifestations are *ex hypothesi* limited by the capacity—not by the previous *knowledge*—but by the previous *capacity*—of the medium. And if they give facts not consciously known to the medium—facts however elaborate—it may still be suggested that these facts have been *subliminally acquired* by the medium through some unconscious passage of the eye over a printed page, or else that they are *clairvoyantly learnt*, without the agency of any but the medium’s own mind, though acting in a supernatural fashion.

This is no merely fanciful hypothesis; nor is it a hypothesis derogatory to Mr. Moses' own probity. On the contrary, as will be presently seen, he himself prominently puts forth the circumstance (Rector's copying from a closed book) which tells most strongly for the view that the alleged remote identities may not really be concerned at all. Nay, the guides themselves expressly state—*à propos* of some brief accounts of musicians said to be interested in Mr. Charlton Speer—that spirits can refer to books, *e.g.*, their own biographies, and refresh their memory thereby. This admission of course leaves us with nothing more than the word of Emperor to prove that, say, Robert of Gloucester, or Geoffrey of Monmouth, (who merely give facts about their own writings), were in reality present. Such guarantee—sometimes only indirectly implied—was enough for Mr. Moses at the time; especially since these remoter spirits came in intermixture with nearer spirits, whose identity could be better proved. But in a serious talk with me on the matter in 1886 he withdrew much of this certainty;—saying that in the case of some of the musical spirits especially he had had no inward sensation of a spirit's presence,—such as he had had, for instance, in the cases of Miss Green and Mr. Rowbotham, given above. He repudiated, however, the idea of subconscious memory on his part of words actually seen by himself; feeling sure that some of the facts automatically written had never been beneath his eyes. This may very well be the case; as he had not, I think, more than a mere schoolmaster's acquaintance with English literature and history; not, indeed, so much as would nowadays be expected from an English master in a school as good as that where he held a post. I judge this largely from the "Notes by the Way," which he contributed to *Light* for many years; and in which he was certainly not minimising his actual store of knowledge. But be this as it may, I cannot find in these historical communications any provable fact which might not have been drawn from some fairly accessible printed source. There were certain stanzas from Lydgate, written by the alleged Zachary Gray, [or Grey,] which Mr. Percival verified in the British Museum. But these are to be found in *Warton's English Poetry*; from which they reproduce (as Prof. Skeat has kindly pointed out to me) a philological error of Warton's own. It will be seen below that the power of reading closed books is expressly attributed to Zachary Grey; and if he really possessed it he probably exercised it here; giving thereby, of course, no particular proof that he was Zachary Grey rather than any other spirit. On the other hand, the Holy Maid of Kent makes a statement which, although directly contradicted by Froude in his *History*, is almost certainly true. She says that she was led by "torture" to make her—as she claims untrue—confession; and although Froude says that she was *not* tortured, it seems plain that she received treatment in prison which led her in a

few days' space absolutely to change her tone, and give in to her accusers. "Torture" is not a legal term; but without any published contemporary order on the matter there might have been, and probably was, a very sufficient reality. This point also, making, so far as it goes, in favour of the identity, passed unobserved at the time.

I will now give the account of Rector—one of the alleged remoter spirits—as to a quotation from a closed and unknown book.

38.—Rector. This spirit is very intimately associated with Mr. Moses, and habitually writes for Imperator, and for the group of guides generally. His handwriting comes more and more to resemble that of Mr. Moses himself. To him, moreover, is attributed the power of reading in books unknown to Mr. Moses, and of writing out matter there found through Mr. Moses' hand.

#### THE READING OF BOOKS BY SPIRITS.

Q. Can you read?

A. "No, friend, I cannot, but Zachary Gray can, and Rector. I am not able to materialise myself, or to command the elements."

Q. Are either of those spirits here?

A. "I will bring one by and by. I will send . . . Rector is here."

Q. I am told you can read. Is that so? Can you read a book?

A. [Spirit handwriting changed.] "Yes, friend, with difficulty."

Q. Will you write for me the last line of the first book of the *Æneid*?

A. "Wait.—*Omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus æstas.*"

[This was right.]

Q. Quite so. But I might have known it. Can you go to the book-case, take the last book but one on the second shelf, and read me the last paragraph of the ninety-fourth page? I have not seen it, and do not even know its name.

A. "I will curtly prove by a short historical narrative, that popery is a novelty, and has gradually arisen or grown up since the primitive and pure time of Christianity, not only since the apostolic age, but even since the lamentable union of kirk and the state by Constantine."

[The book on examination proved to be a queer one called *Roger's Antipopopriestian*, an attempt to liberate and purify Christianity from Popery, Politikirkality and Priestrule." The extract given above was accurate, but the word "narrative" substituted for "account."]

Q. How came I to pitch upon so appropriate a sentence?

A. "I know not, my friend. It was by coincidence. The word was changed by error. I knew it when it was done, but would not change."

Q. How do you read? You wrote more slowly, and by fits and starts.

A. "I wrote what I remembered, and then I went for more. It is a special effort to read, and useful only as a test. Your friend was right last night; we can read, but only when conditions are very good. We will read once again, and write and then impress you of the book:—'Pope is the last great writer of that school of poetry, the poetry of the intellect, or rather of the intellect mingled with the fancy.' That is truly written. Go and

take the eleventh book on the same shelf. [I took a book called *Poetry, Romance and Rhetoric.*] It will open at the page for you. Take it and read, and recognise our power, and the permission which the great and good God gives us, to show you of our power over matter. To Him be glory. Amen."

[The book opened at page 145, and there was the quotation perfectly true. I had not seen the book before: certainly had no idea of its contents.] [These books were in Dr. Speer's library.—F.W.H.M.]

It is plain that a power such as this of acquiring and reproducing fresh knowledge interposes much difficulty in the way of identifying any alleged spirit by means of his knowledge of the facts of his earth-life.

The spirit "Imperator" claims responsibility for the whole series of manifestations and should therefore be mentioned here, although there is no proof of his identity with the historical personage whom he asserts himself to be. His character, however, claimed and obtained Mr. Moses' entire confidence. He answers for the identity and veracity of spirits introduced; he explains the phenomena, so far as they are explained; and he throughout impresses on Mr. Moses his own teaching.

If such high and sweeping claims were made by any ordinary writer, we should expect to find much in the course of his writings which would prove their extravagance. If we ask ourselves how to disprove Imperator's claims we shall find no very definite answer. We may indeed suggest that he seems to have reposed more confidence in the spirits styling themselves Magus than they altogether deserved. And of course we shall say, with varying degrees of emphasis, that the teaching which he offers as the highest boon, and which Mr. Moses accepts as such, is by no means so novel or so illuminating as is sometimes implied. But this is only to say that Imperator is not *our* appointed guide; that it is not *we* who are directly reached by his exhortation or argument. His utterances, like other human utterances, fall short of the universality, the permanence, which their author would fain give them. But in regard to their primary end, the development of Mr. Moses' own soul, I know not if words of more weight could have been spoken, or that sturdy and downright spirit led onwards by any surer way.

We have now briefly surveyed the principal members of the numerous group of spirits alleged to have communicated with Mr. Moses in various ways. The facts relating to them have been of a complex kind, and it will be convenient here to discuss some of the questions which they suggest.

1. In the first place let us review the group of communicating spirits as a whole, and see if we can form any conclusion as to the

reason why certain spirits, and not others, desired or were able to indicate their presence.

2. Next let us try to ascertain what *degree* of presence or influence is intended to be implied by the various forms of impressional or physical manifestation.

3. And, lastly, let us consider what proofs of identity should be asked for, or might conceivably be given, or have actually been given by the spirits in question.

1. Taken in itself, the list of communicating spirits seems to consist of names selected almost at random. From various explanations given by Imperator, we see that this list may be divided as follows:—

(a) A group of high spirits, aiming at the advance of knowledge, and especially of religion, who have been able to discern Mr. Moses' gifts, and have to some extent themselves trained him for the purpose required. They have modified his early life: for instance, by prompting him to his period of retirement on Mount Athos, and by keeping him from wishing to marry. Some of these spirits, however, stand in very distant relation to Mr. Moses, and their indications of presence or collaboration are of a purely arbitrary kind.

There are a group of spirits, it is said, belonging to various ages and countries, who are united by their desire to inform mankind of their destiny and duties. Each member of this group desires to show approval when an attempt is made at such communication. They cannot all take an active share, but, while some work actively, others express sympathy by choosing either a signature, or some special physical manifestation, to be associated with their names, even if not actually produced by themselves. This form of communication is of course not meant to be in itself *evidential*; it depends on the confidence reposed in the "control" in charge of the manifestations;—much as when letters of encouragement are read at a public meeting, their genuineness is taken on trust from the chairman. Even when the handwriting produced, (either automatically through the medium, or *directly*, without the intervention of human hands), resembles that of the deceased person, this, as elsewhere explained, does not in itself prove identity. Well-known signatures especially may be copied by other spirits.

As soon, however, as it is understood that such messages are not intended to be evidential, it seems not unnatural that they should be given thus. It needs no derogation from the dignity of even the highest spirit to express his sanction of any scheme designed to convey to "men of goodwill," in fashion however humble and unassuming, some message of their eternal fate.

But where identity is absolutely unprovable, as in the case of this group of "men of old time," it would be futile to discuss the probabilities on either side. I cannot blame Mr. Moses for his injunction to leave these spirits—eminent but not Divine—under the mask of the symbolic titles which they chose to assume. His reverence for Imperator was of a filial type which led him to desire that although there must be discussion about the doctrines, there should be none about the actual personality of the teacher to whom he felt that he owed all that was best in his own inner life.

(b.) The second group of communicating spirits consists of relatives and friends of the sensitive, or of other members of the group. This would seem natural on any hypothesis, and the most curious question is not as to who is included in the list, but as to who is omitted. There is no power of summoning any spirit at will. And it seems that some spirits cannot return ;—either from something in their own constitution, or because they are restrained by over-ruling guides from what might be prejudicial to their progress. During this series of séances, an intimate friend of all the sitters—mentioned in the M.S.S. as "Sunshine"—passed away from earth. For her return, or for some message from her, however slight, Mr. Moses and his friends ask with a persistency which should surely have produced for them her semblance, if the messages had been but the shadow of their desire. Yet she never manifests her presence in any way ; and the message of the guides about her is always that she is sleeping ; and that even when she awakens it will not be thought fit for her to revisit earth.

Somewhat similarly, Mr. Moses' own father manifests only once, controlling his son's hand to write one short "word of fatherly greeting," and no more.

It may be the case that the world beyond the grave is a world of moral and emotional affinities, freed from merely casual or spatial separations. But in communicating across the gulf this is not yet thus ; and, as on earth itself, the dearest may be inaccessible to us, while strangers press to our side.

(c.) The third group consists, in fact, of undesired intruders ;—spirits mainly of low type and recently discarnated,—sometimes by their own violent act. These intrusions were occasionally of value as evidence ;—as in the case of the man killed by a steam-roller, given above. But the guides discourage the appearance of such spirits, even warning Mr. Moses to avoid *thinking* of them, lest they thereby gain strength to infest him. As a rule, indeed, they effected no injury beyond a day or two's restlessness or fatigue. On one occasion only, when his own mind was greatly troubled by a gross wrong which had been done to him, and which he found it very hard to forgive, he seemed to feel a prolonged and injurious presence of bad spirits taking

pleasure in his angry thoughts, and fanning his resentment. But it is of importance to note that on the whole the occasional inconveniences of his sensitivity to spirit-influence were as nothing in his own view compared with its *benefits*; the sense of uplifting and strengthening which the communion of higher souls often brought to him, and even their every-day help (as he believed) in getting through his heavy work without breaking down.

When he spoke to me of these benefits during his lifetime, I supposed them to be merely subjective; but I confess that the study of all this intimate matter has brought me nearer to his point of view; presenting me with a picture of a character originally somewhat lacking in width and suavity, but essentially honest, resolute and manly, and controlled and disciplined into progress by spirits higher and wiser than himself.

(*d.*) A fourth and very important group consists of spirits willingly admitted by the guides, as contributing proofs of identity while satisfying their own desire to communicate. Such were Abraham Florentine and “Blanche Abercromby,”—the first of them apparently wishing to reach his wife with his message;—the second—with a touch entirely characteristic of that spirit as known to myself on earth—impelled by the mere desire to confess that she had been wrong;—to atone instantly and unreservedly for the injustice of her previous distrust.

It is in cases of quite recent departure (I repeat), like the two here mentioned, that the evidence for identity seems to me strongest. In remoter cases, although facts unknown to the automatist may be produced, the hypothesis of personating spirits, never absolutely refutable, will have more plausibility than it has with the sudden eager messages as from those who have just touched another shore.

2. And this brings us to our second question;—as to what degree or kind of presence or influence is intended to be asserted, or can by us be accepted, in messages taken as genuinely in some way emanating from their alleged authors. In such an enquiry we are bound to begin by ridding our minds as far as we can of the conventional notion of a personality consisting of one centre of consciousness only, operating in one place alone. Even for the incarnated spirit such a conception has elsewhere been shown to be in various ways too narrow. Even the constraining prison of the body, with its one (though partially duplicated) brain, through which all consciousness must find expression, cannot prevent the co-existence of more than one stratum of consciousness, nor the temporary transposition of what seems the main centre of consciousness to a distance from the body. When the centripetal force of the body, so to call it, is withdrawn, we must expect a still greater possibility of multiple centres of consciousness, of dissociations

of the elements of personality. I have elsewhere compared "hauntings" to "dreams of the dead;" to some vague persistent thoughts, that is to say, which may exist in the disembodied spirit, alongside of its fuller and truer existence, and may objectify themselves to terrestrial perception as though representing the entire departed soul.

Mr. Moses' experiences throw some light on this view. In the first place, in the case of the higher spirits, it is expressly asserted that they can act upon him from a distance, and can attend to many matters at the same time. And, in the second place, spirits of ordinary type, not necessarily low or "earth-bound," are represented as recognising the presence of friends, and especially of a sensitive, near their graves. Grotesquely enough, this was a source of real annoyance to Mr. Moses every Easter. It so chanced that Mrs. Moses' house at Bedford, to which her attentive son paid frequent visits, stands near a Moravian churchyard. The Moravians, it seems, are in the habit of singing over the graves of their dead at six o'clock every Easter morning, and Mr. Moses' bedroom used to be filled with the noise of spirits agitated by the ceremony<sup>1</sup>. It is not implied, however, that all these spirits were present in such a manner that they were no longer conscious and active elsewhere.

And we may conceive that the whole concern with earth of a spirit long departed may occupy as small a part of his total being as the remaining link with the body occupies in the being of a recently departed soul. The evidential inference from all this will be that we cannot use written communications of remote spirits as evidence of anything like what we on earth should term actual presence.

3. These preliminary considerations apply to all the messages, of whatever nature their actual content may be. We must now briefly go through the points which make a message *prima facie* evidential, which indicate, that is to say, that it actually does come in some way from its alleged source. This question, however, has been so often discussed in these *Proceedings* that a brief recapitulation of the main stages of evidential quality in messages given by automatic writing or by trance-utterances is all that will be needed here.

1. Evidentially lowest comes the class of messages which is by far the most common; messages, namely, in which, although some special identity may be claimed, all the facts given have been consciously

<sup>1</sup> I may mention here that Mr. Moses told me that he often saw spirits standing about in his bedroom while he undressed. He said that he was too tired to talk to them, and that if not looked at or encouraged they disappeared. It may be remembered that Mr. Rowbotham (case 35) manifested in this way to Mr. Moses when alone. It is not unlikely that there would have been more recognitions of this kind had Mr. Moses sought them with more zeal; but as soon he had become convinced as to identity, his own interest reverted mainly to Emperor's teachings.

known to the automatist. Here we may well suppose that his own personality alone is concerned, and that the messages have a *subliminal*, but not an *external* source.

2. Next above these come messages containing facts likely to be known to the alleged spirit, and not consciously known to the automatist; but which facts may nevertheless have sometime been noted by the automatist, even unwittingly, and may have thus obtained lodgement in his subliminal memory.

3. Next come facts which can be proved,—with such varying degrees of certainty as such negative proof allows,—never to have been in any way known to the automatist; but which nevertheless are easily to be found in books; so that they may have been learnt clairvoyantly by the automatist himself, or learnt and communicated to him by some mind other than that of the alleged spirit.

4. Above this again would come that class of *experimental* messages, or posthumous letters, of which we have as yet only one good (although rather remote) example; where the departed person has before death arranged some special test,—some fact or sentence known only to himself, which he is to transmit after death, if possible, as a token of his return. Every serious student of these problems, I think, should do this;—should write down, for instance, some sentence,—so significant to himself that he may hope to remember it after the shock of death;—should seal the letter and entrust it to safe keeping, and then should seek in the next world any method open to him of communicating the test sentence to survivors.<sup>1</sup>

5. Thus much for the various kinds of verbal messages, which can be kept and analysed at leisure. We must now turn to evidence of a different and not precisely comparable kind. In point of fact it is not these inferences from written matter which have commonly been most efficacious in compelling the survivor's belief in the reality of the friend's return. Whether logically or no, it is not so much the written message that he trusts, but some phantom of face and voice that he knew so well. It is this familiar convincing presence,—*ζῆκτο δὲ θέσκελον ἀντῶ*,—on which the percipient has always insisted, since Achilles strove in vain to embrace Patroclus' shade.

How far such a phantasm is in fact a proof of any real action on the part of the spirit thus recognised is a problem which has been dealt with already in various papers on Phantasms of the Dead. The upshot of our evidence to my mind is that although the apparition of a departed person cannot *per se* rank as evidence of his presence,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hodgson and I now hold a good many of such test-letters; and we shall of course be glad to receive others, under such various conditions as the senders may impose.

yet this is not a shape which purely hallucinatory phantasms seem often to assume ; and if there be any corroborative evidence, as, for instance, writing which claims to come from the same person, the chance that he is really operative is considerable. In Mr. Moses' case almost all the figures which he saw brought with them some corroboration by writing, trance-utterance, gesture-messages (as where a figure makes signs of assent or dissent), or raps.

6. And this brings us to a class of cases largely represented in Mr. Moses' series, where writings professing to come from a certain spirit are supported by physical phenomena of which that spirit claims also to be the author. Whether such a line of proof can ever be made logically complete or no, one can imagine many cases where it would be practically convincing to almost all minds. Materialisations of hands, or direct writing in the script of the departed, have much of actual cogency ; and these methods, with others like them, are, as we have seen, employed by Mr. Moses' "controls" in their efforts to establish their own identities. Physical phenomena in themselves, indeed, carry no proof of an intelligence outside that of the sensitive himself. Trance utterance, or automatic script, also, as we have seen, falls short in itself of proving the action of an external mind. When Grocyn, for instance, answers questions by making musical sounds (heard by all present) in the air, it is not inconceivable that the sensitive's own dream should clothe itself in Grocyn's imagined personality, and should then exteriorise itself in objective phenomena corresponding to that self-suggestion. Where all is so obscure, such possibilities should be duly noted ; but the hypothesis seems too far-fetched to be permanently acceptable.

But the questions now opening before us involve too much of discussion and of theory to fall suitably within this series of items of definite evidence. In these two papers I have given, I think, a sufficiently full account of Mr. Moses' physical phenomena, explaining my reasons for believing in their genuineness ; and also a sufficiently full account of communications professing to proceed,—and, as I believe, for the most part really proceeding,—from spirits who have recently quitted this earthly life. Much more matter remains ; matter which seems to me to help us towards a more coherent view as to the nature of relations between disembodied spirits and spirits still inhabiting this tabernacle of flesh. At some future date, should my readers desire it, I shall hope to recount some more of Mr. Moses' phenomena, and to discuss the directions in which, taken in connection with other phenomena of like nature, they seem, however dimly and obscurely, to direct our onward view.

## IV.

ON THE APPARENT SOURCES OF  
SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES.

BY "MISS X."

[For the benefit of any readers who may not be familiar with previous volumes of our *Proceedings*, it is well to state that "Miss X." is the lady who contributed a paper on *Recent Experiments in Crystal-Vision*, printed in Vol. V., p. 486, and a paper entitled *A Record of Telepathic and other Experiences* in Vol. VI., p. 358.—H. SIDGWICK.]

The aim of the following pages is solely that of presenting a familiar subject from a less familiar point of view. Much has already been written on the question of the Sources of Messages; many theories propounded which it is not my concern either to establish or confute; many experiences quoted, to which it is not in my power to add much that is new, or anything that is startling. I simply make an attempt to examine a few simple experiences from the point of view of the Subject, rather than from that, more familiar, of the spectator or the experimenter.

My own experiences, from which I propose to draw, have in them little of the marvellous; they are all of a most ordinary nature; they claim no merit but that of being carefully observed and recorded. For that very reason—because they present no special difficulties, because they are for the most part, as compared with others which have been described to us, mere commonplace—they are perhaps the better material for elementary enquiry.

I have attempted in several instances, mainly of so trivial a nature as not to absorb one's conscious attention at the moment of their occurrence, to analyse the impression which they created, to observe the nature of the sensations they aroused, and to measure the degree and kind of the emotion or train of thought, if any, by which they were accompanied.

That this analysis is far from satisfactory, I am quite as conscious as the severest critic could wish; this is the case for many reasons, some of them sufficiently obvious. The analysis of sensation is proverbially difficult at all times, and the analysis of sensation in some degree apart from one's ordinary experience, apart largely from that of others, having little analogy with other strata of one's conscious-

ness, little help from antecedent probability and ordinary *a priori* deduction, has in it perhaps some elements of especial perplexity.

I propose to deal with such phenomena as are purely spontaneous, for, directly the question of experiment is introduced, we introduce also the element of that self-consciousness which I venture to think fatally destructive of just those conditions which it is most useful to observe. And, just because of this, just because the phenomenon is in greater or less degree a shock, it is very obvious that we have, at the outset, the inevitable condition of surprise which, in some sort, disqualifies the subject for exact observation.

We might compare our position with that of an estate holder who, with the help of a Divining Rod, has lately discovered a fertile spring upon his property. A few years ago we were prepared to admit the possible existence of water somewhere, deep down, far out of sight, but we were less prepared to admit that there were possibilities of in some degree commanding a supply by empirical methods. A few had brought to us specimens of the precious fluid. Most of us knew people who had some sort of experience for which they could not account, but we dismissed the phenomena as so far removed from ordinary experience as to seem either wholly fortuitous, or mere charlatanry. The word "fortuitous" we now modify into "spontaneous," recognising that the phenomena are governed by laws, however little known or understood. In place of professional charlatanry we have now the results of organised experiment. The Divining Rod has been found to respond to other than professional manipulation, and systematised enquiry has become possible. We no longer dispute the existence of the phenomena. We even classify the methods of their production under such groupings as "automatism," "telepathy," "hypnotic suggestion," self-suggestion, and the like. But our classifications sometimes merely *name* while powerless to *explain* the phenomena. We want to go a step further back, to formulate, if possible, some system which shall help us to refer effect to cause. And when we remember that our material, our unit of thought, is not mere inorganic matter or a gas, a group of animals or plants, but a sentient, thinking human being, it seems as if our enquiry should have special advantages and facilities, in that we are not dependent solely on our own observation—that the subject of our enquiry can intelligently participate in the experiment, can itself observe, analyse, and record.

When considering the various psychological experiments of the kind now so familiar to us, which aim at classifying and explaining the impulses and emotions of the patient, one is sometimes tempted to ask, as in regard to other forms of vivisection, What is the Subject's point of view? This is the standpoint from which I propose to indicate not, as yet, a clue to the solution of the problem of the Sources of

Subliminal Messages, but, rather, a few of the difficulties which beset us in the attempt.

My friends have often said, "Surely you must have some impression of the nature of the phenomenon while it is passing, whether the message comes from without or from within, how far it is externalised, whether your vision—supposing a vision to be in question—is an externalisation of your own thought or mental perception; whether it is, so to speak, an emanation from some mind still in the flesh, or whether it is some definite message from a discarnate mind?"

Such a question, it might seem, should be, by an intelligent observer, easy of answer.

I confess, however, to feeling great sympathy with those who find it difficult to analyse sensations of this kind—possibly, even, some impatience with those who have a pigeon-hole ready prepared and docketed for the reception of each impression as it arises.

I.—Let me illustrate this point from the very simplest class of messages with which I am personally familiar, those in which a message is received, having no obvious corresponding sense impression.

One morning, July 20th, 1890, I had spent the whole morning, for I was recovering from recent illness, lying on a long chair on the lawn. I could not move without help, and was therefore incapacitated from going back to the house and forgetting that I had done so, as might otherwise have been the case. About twelve o'clock a friend casually calling, came through the drawing-room window into the garden to talk to me. When she returned to the house about half an hour later, a book which she had left in the hall was not to be found, and after a prolonged hunt in every likely place, she, with another friend, came back to the garden to see whether she could have left it near me. On hearing their story I at once remarked, "The book lies on the blue-room bed." The statement seemed wildly improbable, as the room in question was not in use, and was seldom entered even by the servants. There, nevertheless, on the bed, the book was found. Some workmen had come into the house during the morning, bringing a number of pictures and books belonging to a friend, to be taken care of for a short time, and these, for safety, had been placed in the disused room, the book lying on the hall table having been accidentally included with the new arrivals.

Now, how is one to explain a circumstance of even this simple kind? One can hardly dismiss it as mere "coincidence," for this is but a specimen of a type of incident which occurs very frequently. It would be somewhat far-fetched to call it "telepathic," as the book was unconsciously removed, and we have no reason to suppose that the workman was aware of having included it among those he was

carrying. No one in the house had seen its removal. The impression cannot have been, in any literal sense, clairvoyant, because there was no conscious picture in my mind. I formed no vision—of a kind often seen—of the whereabouts of the volume. I had no reason for the statement. I was not conscious even of forming a *guess*. I can only describe the impulse in some such phrase as “It came into my head to say”—*this*, and many other things of a like kind, equally true, equally improbable, and equally unexpected.

I would group this with another case with which it has some features in common, though the source of the message is perhaps more apparent. A very intimate friend had died, and we found a sad pleasure in reading and discussing the many notices of his life and work which appeared in newspapers and magazines. One afternoon his sister, a friend, and myself were speculating as to the probable authorship of an article containing details of a kind so intimate that we felt sure the author must be a personal friend. Several names were suggested and dismissed; at last one of my friends remarked: “I seem to have a hazy notion who it ought to be, but I can’t get hold of it.” At that moment my eye fell upon the paper in question, and across it I read in the handwriting of my deceased friend (I do not give the real name) Henry Roberts—a name which, to the best of my belief, I never heard before. “That is the man!” my friend exclaimed—when our companion interrupted, “What Roberts do you mean?” “The Oxford man.” “But I don’t remember one. Where does he live?” “I don’t know. I don’t fancy he belongs to any college.” At this point—again on the paper before me, and again in the handwriting of my friend—I read (I do not give the real name) Montagu Street.

It so happens that both of my friends are much more familiar with Oxford than I am, and the street I have called “Montagu” is a very unimportant one.

The friend who had recognised the name of the man was not able to say whether my further statement was correct, but the other lady remarked, “There is a Montagu Street, I know; but the only man I can remember living there is one whose name I forget—a great botanising man.” “That *is* Roberts,” said my friend. “He is a botanist, and he and my brother were great friends, and so the statement is quite likely to be true.”

Now the crowning mystery of this story is that it *wasn’t* true, and the article was written by some one quite different; so, had I accepted the communication as coming from my deceased friend (which happily I did *not*) I should have added one more to the multitude of cases one constantly hears of—of lying spirits and false messages—which would have been for me a very new and a very distressing experience indeed.

I find no difficulty in supposing that I received the name, Henry Roberts, from the mind of my friend who was trying to think of it, instances of sub-conscious knowledge coming to the surface in the mind of a second person more readily than in that of the thinker, being common enough. The "Montagu Street" question is a little more difficult; but we may perhaps explain it, either as forgotten knowledge on the part of the friend who transmitted the name Henry Roberts, or as a forgotten association with the name Henry Roberts, on the part of our other friend, who knew the name of the street, and not that of the man.

In both of the cases quoted two of the friends present were those who, in former accounts of experiments and observations, have been referred to as D. and H., and it seems likely that their presence was in some sense contributory to the experience, though, in the case of the lost book, their ignorance of its whereabouts was, to their great inconvenience, as complete as my own.

In a former paper I gave some examples of common percipience, or collective thought-transference, of H. and myself, and speculated as to whether she or I were to be considered the Agent in such experiences. A very recent example would seem, at first sight, to suggest that the message was transmitted through her, though the experience lends itself also to another interpretation.

On Saturday, January 12th, 1895, about ten o'clock in the morning, I went into D.'s room and found her writing letters. She happened almost immediately to be called away, and left saying—"I was just writing to H. You may as well go on with the letter." Accordingly, I took up the pen, when "it came into my head" to *write*, as under other circumstances it might have "come into my head" to *say*, that I feared she had been ill or troubled lately, and I hoped that nothing was wrong. It so happens that I don't write to H. once in six months, and I was somewhat struck by the nature of this revival of our correspondence, and added half a page of nonsense and chatter to take the edge off. I am constantly in the society of her family and friends, I had had a letter from her husband at Christmas saying that H. was too much occupied with guests to write, and neither D. nor I had any reason whatever to suppose that anything distressing had occurred. Later, on the same day, one of her sisters called, and we naturally asked for the latest news of H. We were met with the assurance "Oh she's all right; very busy," and I dismissed my fears. The same evening, however, D. received a letter from H. written early that morning to ask "do you know if anything is wrong with K. [a younger sister]? I kept hearing her call me in the night and fear that she is ill,"—the enquiry being made of D. rather than of her own family because K. is somewhat nervous. During a long illness some years ago, H., the elder sister, had acted as K.'s nurse, and

had been accustomed to be frequently aroused during the night, and to be ready at all hours of the day to obey the call of the invalid. K., who is now in average health, had, we found, in point of fact been suffering at the time referred to, and her thoughts had naturally turned to her former nurse.

The following is H.'s account of the receipt of my enquiry.

*February 10th.*

"I remember well the letter I received from [D.] dated January 12th. I am very sorry I destroyed it. The letter in question was begun by [D.], and then the rest of the first page was written by you, in which were contained these words in *your* handwriting, '[X] is staying here till Monday. She is quite well, thank you, but what is wrong with you?' This letter I received the following day, Sunday, January 13th. On Saturday, 12th., the same day on which you and [D.] wrote yours, I wrote to [D.] telling her how I had been disturbed on Friday night by hearing K. call out, and seeing her with a very distressed face."

The following is from the letter to D. to which H. refers.

*January 12th.*

"Last night I could not sleep much, and I had been awake a long while when, some time after 4 o'clock I think, I heard, as if it were in the room, K.'s voice . . . I turned and saw her, looking ghastly. I can't get her face out of my mind; I hope she is all right."

Commenting upon the incident under date February 10th, H. writes:—

"I was much worried about it all day, and mentioned it to my husband and to Mrs. R., and they both remember it."

There was nothing in my writing which could be called "automatic." I knew perfectly well what I was going to say, and was equally conscious of the unreasonableness of the impulse. At the same time though not under any compulsion to write, I felt, as in many such cases, that the impulse to write was stronger than the impulse to refrain. As a mere question of distance, K., who lives a few hundred yards away, was more likely to affect me than H., who lives a hundred miles away; and yet, unless the whole thing were a mere coincidence, K.'s distress, close by, was the exciting cause of a message which reached me from a distant county. It is worth while to mention that, though I have received many impressions from H., they have all been veridical, as have hers from me, with the one possible exception that she wrote to D. a few weeks ago asking whether I had lost a stone out of a pearl ring, when, in point of fact, I had shortly before lost an amethyst out of another ring on the same finger. This might have been a chance coincidence, though it seems the less likely for the fact that, so far as I know, I never

lost a stone out of a ring before, and H. never, except on that occasion received the impression of my having lost anything.

I had a curious series of impressions of this kind,—unexternalised—last September under rather special circumstances.

I had been asked by the owners of a house, reputed to be haunted, to pay them a visit, in the hope of elucidating the mystery of the alleged ghost. I had heard the details of the case from a neighbour of theirs, and beyond the invitation had had no correspondence with them, and knew absolutely nothing about them, except that they were young married people with some little children, and were very highly respected. I had already formed the conclusion that the phenomena were mainly subjective, and that it was a case for Bell, Book and Candle, and knowing that the alleged ghost had been the occasion of real distress, I felt some responsibility for my visit, which I thought would either remove or emphasize the discomfort of my host and hostess, and of others dependent upon them. I was anxious, as far as possible, to earn their confidence, to secure such help as might be in the difficult task of uprooting, in the course of a day or two's visit from a total stranger, an idea which had had possession of their minds for over two years. It is almost the only time when I have really longed for the power of controlling phenomena, so as to be able to "show off" at will.

I knew, however, that wishing would not help matters, and that I must await events.

My hostess drove me up from the station and courteously expressed her sense of the trouble I had taken in coming to so uncannily a house and among entire strangers. "We all tried guessing what you would be like," she said, "but it matters much more to you what we are like." There was my chance, "Perhaps I know," I said, "let me describe your husband;"—and hardly knowing from one phrase to another what I was going to say, I sketched a personality which I had certainly not consciously conceived, and which had certain marked peculiarities,—“very tall, extremely thin, with low forehead and unusually overhanging brows and deep set eyes, clean shaven.” I quote from memoranda made at the time. My hostess listened in silent surprise, and her only comment was "You *must* have seen him!" Next we discussed the house. "Have you had it ever since you were married?" I asked. "No," she said, "we first lived at another place a few miles off. We came here two years ago." "And in the meanwhile you went to New Zealand?" I was impelled to remark. This too proved correct, though I said it with as little perception of its meaning as if I were pronouncing words in an unknown language.

Later, when I came downstairs, after changing my dress, I was introduced to my host, who had, I found, been suitably impressed by the account of these lucky hits. Something was said of a visitor

to lunch the following day. "Is her name Clara Stimpson?" I was again prompted to enquire. This too proved correct.<sup>1</sup>

So far my impulses had been impulse merely, without any sense impressions. The words "rose to my lips," in a very literal sense. But when a gentleman present asked me how "Stimpson," not a common name, was spelt, I had a momentary visualisation. The name is familiar to me only as that of a certain London tradesman, who spells it Stimson. One of his carts rose before my mind's eye with the letter p inserted in the name above the s. "With a p," I said confidently, which was correct.

The next day I was returning alone from a walk, when I met my host in the carriage drive. "Miss Stimpson is here," he said. "She knows about what you said last night, and we want to see whether you can pick her out from the three ladies on the lawn."

I am too slow-sighted to distinguish easily even those with whose personality I am familiar, and I felt that here again was a case for self-abandonment. I walked up with perfect confidence to one of the three (they were all of about the same age and general appearance) and said, "You are Miss Stimpson," which proved correct. This however, by itself, would not be of any value, as I had only two chances of missing.

After that I was reduced to terror lest it should occur to my new friends to ask awkward questions dangerous to my new found reputation. I was by no means reassured when I learnt that part of the programme arranged for me was that I should "tell them their fortunes!"

This I declined, but offered to "read their characters." The power of character-reading is of course simply a result of the habit of observation, and in four of the cases present I knew, before I began, that I should find the task easy enough. But I was not prepared to find myself sketching scenes in their past lives, and I listened with as little expectation and quite as impersonally, as if the voice speaking were that of some one else.

It would not be fair to repeat these statements, but all who were present will bear me out in saying that the facts were all perfectly correct, and perfectly definite in kind.

I may add, incidentally, that I succeeded in "laying the ghost" so far that, though the previous manifestations had been very frequent, nothing has been heard of him since the date of my visit (August 29th to September 1st, 1894.)

I have long felt that some degree of *exaltation* is conducive to experiences of this kind. This of course may be of all degrees and

<sup>1</sup> Clara Stimpson is the real name.

varieties, the one necessary condition being, I believe, self-abandonment, and self-forgetfulness—whatever the motive. In the present instance my motive was a very strong one, and I never remember having so many impressions of the kind, without a single failure, in the course of so short a time, for all occurred within 24 hours of my arrival, after which, as I felt that the necessary preliminaries were achieved, and I had other work to accomplish, nothing more of the kind happened.

I have sent a copy of the passages in my diary referring to the above incidents to my host and hostess, with the following note, which they have signed :—

"The above statements are perfectly true, and, so far as we know, Miss X. could not have obtained the knowledge she displayed of our private concerns by any recognised method."

In my diary I find another recent example of this unformulated impulse to express what has never been consciously a thought.

In this instance I cannot attribute the impulse in any degree to special interest in the subject concerned, for nothing could be more futile, more absolutely without importance except merely as a psychological curiosity.

On August 15th last I was staying with my friend, Mrs. T., at a hotel in Scotland. When I wanted to ring for the maid in the morning, I found that my bell-pull was broken, and there was nothing for it but to go to the door of my friend's room, and ask her to ring, and give the necessary order.

Knowing that she was in bed, and the door locked, I intended to call out, "Will you ring your bell, please," but the words resolved themselves into, "Who is Frances at Eastbourne?" "I must be going daft," I thought, and when my friend called back, "What? What did you say?" I succeeded, though with an effort, in telling her of my needs. It was not till we were creeping up the Caledonian Canal some few hours later that I had an opportunity of telling her of the ridiculous incident. "I don't know any Frances, do you?" I added. My friend laughed heartily, and answered, "Well, no, I don't, but I had a letter yesterday about a Frances, who is going to Eastbourne, in whom I feel some second-hand interest. What sort of a Frances?" To my own surprise I had an answer ready. "A Frances," I said; "an oldish lady in a cap." "Quite true," said my friend, "I have never seen the lady, but she must be quite old enough to wear a cap." Mrs. T. confirms her share of this incident as follows :—

"[On] August 15th, as we were going up the Caledonian Canal on the steamer, Miss X. said to me 'Who is Frances at Eastbourne?' I was very astonished, as I do not know the Frances in question, but one of my correspondents a few days previously had told me of her visit to them at

Eastbourne. When I asked Miss X. for details, she said, 'I know the Frances is a woman, because of the way the name is spelt, and she is an oldish lady with a cap.'

In a later note Mrs. T. adds :—

“The Frances in question is an oldish lady and probably wears a cap.”

This sort of thing is almost irritating. It is quite useless, and not even amusing. If there is only a certain allowance of thought-transference or clairvoyance or the like, why cannot it be more usefully expended? In my own case I am not even able to deduce any conclusions. I have expressed all I am conscious of concerning it when I say—“it came into my head.” I believe, too, that I am justified in adding—“and such as the information is, I always feel that it is true.”

II.—Another group of subliminal messages is that which externalises itself in visual form. I find that others, less accustomed than myself to the receipt of messages from the sub-conscious stratum of one's mind, find it somewhat difficult to sympathise in my feeling that this class is less startling, more natural, so to speak, than the group, in some way more simple, with which I have dealt, so far. There is always, to me, something weird, something which quickens one's pulses and excites the kind of physical discomfort known as “feeling a cold wind,” familiar to frequenters of séances, in listening to unfamiliar statements proceeding from one's own lips, in not knowing what you may be led, or perhaps driven, to say next.

As I have had occasion to state in previous articles, I habitually think in terms of sight. Though often congratulated on the possession of unusual powers of memory, I am absolutely unable to recall anything which I cannot visualise. Even numbers when heard only, not seen, I associate with musical sounds, and these, in turn with combinations of colour. Consequently every idea or recollection, consciously dwelt upon, is visualised, and in many cases, dramatised,—that is, my pictures have life and movement. For this reason, a scene conjured up either in the crystal or, as the professional medium would say, “in the surroundings” of those about me, has in it none of the disconcerting elements of the less externalised impression. It is more in conformity with my habits—has a greater share in my consciousness; moreover it is, except in the rare cases of “collective hallucination,” my own property, with which I am not obliged to part, except by my own choice.

And here I should like to say, in the interests of those whom such of us as “collect cases” are perpetually badgering for evidence, that I believe the instinct of the subject of such experience is to be silent about it. I was disposed till lately to regard as a personal peculiarity

the sort of dumbness which strikes one at the moment of its occurrence. I can go away and write it down—I can talk about it later; I can even while it is present make trivial remarks on other topics, and "keep up" a conversation, but it is obviously easier to say to an afternoon visitor, "Do you take sugar?" or "Won't you have some more cake?" than, "Don't be startled—but your deceased husband—or an unknown lady—or a portion of the countenance of some human being, sex indeterminate," as the case may be, "is looking over your left shoulder." My visitor might not like it, for one thing; one has a guilty sensation of listening at key-holes, for another; for myself I have always the physical discomfort of being out of breath (a fact which may suggest more explanations than one), and finally one feels much as the young man does over his first sonnet (school-exercises not being counted), which he locks up in his desk for a length of time proportionate to the depth of the sentiments which gave it birth.

When, during my late visit to Scotland, I was brought in contact with more seers in six weeks than in the whole of my previous lifetime, I had the opportunity of noting the same conspiracy of silence, and of seeking to discover its cause. Again and again I came across stories, which, if true, and I had no reason to doubt them, went to show that, over and over again, catastrophes might have been averted, and trouble, greater or less, arrested in its course, if those who saw visions would have spoken out in time. I quote in illustration one story which struck us with some indignation, and which we had at first hand from the principal actor and the principal witness, two young men working in a quarry not far from Oban. One of the two, the fifth seer in a direct line in his family, had a brother who was about to row in a regatta on a loch some miles away. It was arranged that the quarrymen were to join him, but when the day came for their projected holiday, the seer declined to go, or to allow his friend to go, but would give no reason. Later, a telegram came to say that the brother was drowned. "I knew it," said the seer; "I knew it was to be so." We asked why he had not warned his brother against his impending fate. He seemed to think the very notion profane—an interference with "the will o' the Lord." We asked why he did not at least tell of his vision, and allow others to draw their own inferences. That, he said—and we heard this and the other excuse dozens of times—would never do; if you did that "ye'd hae nae mair," and indeed we constantly heard of "telling of the first" as a means of curing oneself of being a seer against one's will.

I cannot always share the impatience which the psychical investigator often shows towards the witness who did not relate his dream or intuition in time to make a good, well-evidenced "case" of it. The tendency to delay, however interpreted, is one in which I can

sympathise and I often record an intuition with a secret longing to anathematise the training which has made my conscience troublesome on such points.

But to return to the question of visualised impressions, or intuitions, or transference of thought.

The first example I shall quote is one in support of which I can bring no direct evidence. Had it occurred lately I could not, in the nature of things, tell the story at all. Two intimate friends who heard it a few days after its occurrence, can testify that the story has not varied in the interval, but that is all in the nature of corroboration I can offer.

We all, probably, know the sensation on being introduced to any one who excites our interest or curiosity, of making a conscious effort to grasp the stranger's individuality—an effort quite different from the spontaneous sympathy established with a friend. In my own case this effort is occasionally assisted in a somewhat unusual manner. A picture will form itself in the background of the stranger, which suggests a clue to the problem he presents—some indication of a dominant factor in his life or experience, the origin of which I find it difficult to ascertain. Thus :—

I was visiting for the first time at the house of a friend who had recently married. Her husband I had never met, but all that I had ever heard led me to expect to find him an agreeable gentleman of good birth, fortune, and position. We were introduced, and I soon perceived that he had, at least, the wish to please, and to show hospitality to all the guests assembled. However, from the first moment that I had opportunity to observe him carefully, I was troubled by a curious and perplexing hallucination. No matter where he happened to be—at the dinner table, in the conservatory, at the piano—for me the real background disappeared and a visionary scene succeeded. I saw the same man in his boyhood—he was in reality very youthful in appearance—gazing towards me with an expression of abject terror, his head bowed, his shoulders lifted, his hands raised as if to defend himself from expected blows.

I discovered afterwards that this scene was one which had really taken place at a famous public school, when, in consequence of a disgraceful act of fraud, he was ignominiously expelled, and had to “run the gauntlet” of his schoolfellows.

Now, how is such a circumstance to be explained? My own feeling is that the picture was symbolic; that this was, if one may so speak, a precipitated specimen of the man's moral atmosphere—“a taste of his quality”—and my impression is strengthened by the fact that the distrust the incident inspired in my mind has been amply justified by subsequent very disastrous events. Such a scene as this seems

analogous to those suggested by "trace"—the picture called up by a psychometric impression rather than one directly telepathic. It would be far-fetched to suppose that the scene—which had occurred at least ten years before, and was probably not a uniquely disgraceful incident—was literally present in the mind of its chief actor.

It was by the light of this very circumstance that I interpreted, perhaps wrongly, for quite a different interpretation also suggests itself, a later circumstance which occurred little more than a year ago.

In October, 1893, I happened one day to call on a friend who was engaged, I was told, with a visitor from the north. Though the visitor was unknown to me, I recognised his name as that of a correspondent of whom I remembered nothing definite except that he had spoken of himself as the pupil of a certain professor, whose lectures in philosophy and logic I had myself attended.

By some accident I remained standing for a minute or two before he was introduced to me, and had thus an opportunity of observing him, which I did with some interest. I have already explained more than once that I am so strong a visualiser that my impressions, when at all vivid, constantly assume an objective form, and I see them before me as a picture, often allegorical. On this occasion I saw, standing near Mr. H., the tall figure of a Hindoo whose dress and bearing I observed carefully, and whose appearance I took to be a symbolic presentation of the thought which passed through my mind, "You don't look much like philosophy, not a Kantian or Hegelian anyway, mystic possibly—meditative and receptive—not observant or critical. Perhaps you have played with theosophy."

When I moved across the room for conversation, the figure disappeared, but some time later, when our talk happened to turn on the sources of messages, I mentioned the circumstance, and Mr. H. seemed deeply interested.

On November 23rd I received a letter from Mr. H. reminding me of the incident, and asking me (saying that he would, later, explain his reasons) to answer the following questions :—

1. When and where did you see the vision ?
2. To what nationality did he belong ?
3. How was he dressed, and in what colour ?
4. Did he wear anything on his head ?
5. What colour was his hair ?
6. What sort of features ? Lips thick or thin ?
7. What was his manner towards me ?

I answered these questions to the best of my ability, and by return of post received a letter from Mr. H. relating that a few days before (November 20th) he had had an interview with a clairvoyant footman

who had, quite spontaneously, described the same figure which I had myself seen five weeks earlier. For the sake of comparing details, Mr. H.'s questions to me were framed upon the description given by the medium. My answers were from memory only, as I had made no note of the incident at the time, and the following, from Mr. H.'s diary, does not give details. I may, however, observe that he believes that there is no discrepancy between my earlier and later descriptions.

“The note I have of your interview is as follows (entered November 18th, 1893):—On October 10th or 11th I [was introduced to Miss X. who told me] that on entering the room where we were, she saw a vision (as it were) of an Indian gentleman, presumably a philosopher, standing behind me and vanishing immediately after I rose to shake hands with her. This vision she said she interpreted to mean that I was under an oriental control and should therefore presumably be fond of psychology, logic, metaphysics, and speculative thought generally.

“She was careful to explain that she did not regard the vision as proof of the real existence of such a spirit, but merely as a symbolical embodiment or projection from her own mind of a conception which she had formed of my character. She then looked, she told me, at the shape of my thumb, and though not a believer in palmistry, and believing that the lines on the hands are inherited from our prehensile ancestors, she thought that this part being large was indicative of some considerable logical argumentative or reasoning power.”

[This is not quite what I meant to convey. I considered Mr. H.'s hand very interesting from the curious resemblance of a somewhat unusually shaped thumb to that of a Parsee acquaintance, a great student of logic and of classical and oriental mysticism. I have never been convinced of the justice of the pretensions of the alleged “Science” of palmistry, but I often glean indications from what one may call the expression of the hand, and have sometimes found that the palm may act as, so to speak, a *point de repère* for thought-transference or intuitional impressions.]

I now append Mr. H.'s report on his comparison of evidence:—

“*Miss X.*”

*The Footman.*

On entering the room I saw a vision of a man standing behind you.

There's a man standing by you now.

He was an Indian; a Hindoo, or perhaps a Parsee.

He is a furrener (foreigner). He isn't white and he isn't black, but he's a kind of dark orange, a sort of Mulatto colour.

His clothes were white, apparently cotton or thin silk with a coloured bordering.

He's dressed all in white; he's got a kind of brown holland suit on.

"Miss X."

*The Footman.*

He had a white cotton or silk turban on his head, with a red edge.

His hair and his whiskers were very dark.

His lips were rather thin but not remarkable.

He stared before him with Hindoo indifference, but seemed to regard you as his property. He stood quite close to you with his hand on your shoulder. He had a sort of guardian spirit air; a sort of inspirer of your existence air; a general air of proprietorship and of your belonging to him.

He's got a white turban on his head.

He's got dark hair and dark whiskers; very dark.

His lips are neither thick nor thin, but medium.

He looks at you very lovingly. He knows you very well, and looks as if he could take you up in his arms and hug you. He stands very close to you, so he must be very intimate with you.

At the risk of apparent repetition I think it well to add Mr. H.'s notes, taken at the time of his interview with the footman, as in these cases the questions are often almost as important as the answers.

*November 20th, 1893.*

The servant without any questioning made the following statements:—  
There's a man standing by you now.

He's dressed in white, a kind of brown holland suit.

He's got a white turban on his head.

He isn't black and he isn't white. He's a kind of orange or Mulatto colour—a kind of dark yellow.

He's got dark whiskers and dark hair.

His lips are neither thick nor thin, but medium.

He looks at you very lovingly; he knows you very well and stands very close to you, so he must be intimate with you.

I said: "Does he wish to say anything to me? What does he wish me to do?"

He said: "He wants you to study philosophy. He wishes you to investigate spiritualism."

I said: "Does he wish me to go in for it deeply?"

Reply: "He says, 'yes.'"

I said: "Does he wish me to give up all my time to it?"

Reply: "He says, 'yes.'"

I said: "Does he wish me to give up my profession for the purpose of studying philosophy?"

Reply: "He nods his head and says, 'yes'. He says, also, that you are very impressionable, very easily impressed, and if you go by your impressions (? intuitions) you won't go far wrong."

The letter which accompanies this, illustrates the difference between Mr. H.'s point of view and mine.

“ See if this does not alter your theory of the vision. How could two different persons, one refined, educated, and well-connected like yourself, the other a poor ignorant working-man, see precisely and absolutely the same subjective vision, if there were no objective reality there ? Isn't the ‘ simple truth ’ hypothesis after all infinitely more simple and scientific and credible than all the fine-spun theories which seek to set aside the theory that the thing which we see first *is* that which it purports to be ? I have no intellectual difficulty in taking the vision as a piece of genuine objective perception made by means of a sixth sense or special power (latent perhaps in all), but developed only in a few.”

I should perhaps state that I have sufficient reasons, into which however I need not enter at length, for believing that this was not, as might appear, a case of that inscrutable omniscience which usually pervades the kitchen. I am as certain as one can be of anything, that by no normal means could this man have heard of the previous incident.

I reminded Mr. H. of the probability that as his psychical experiments and experiences had been very few in number, it was likely that his interview with me might, on the occasion of his visit to a medium, be somewhat prominent in his mind, and that thought-transference might account for the second description of the Hindoo. I have no means of deciding between the two interpretations.

III.—I find it possible to distinguish between a vision of a living friend and of one who has passed away, by reason of the greater concreteness of the phantasm of the living—a perception, mental, perhaps, rather than sensuous ; but on very careful reflection, recollection, and analogy, I can find no certain difference in kind between the thought image—the visualisation of an idea—and the so-called “spirit”; suggesting that this, too, may be in certain cases the visualisation of an idea—for myself a pregnant fact, infinitely suggestive. My own inclination is invariably to exhaust every possible normal, even every possible *extension* of natural explanation, before appealing to what we call the supernormal, and I ventured to urge this point upon my correspondent. He, however, assured me that he found a “straightforward spirit” a much more thinkable hypothesis than “an externalised visualisation of a symbolical idea subconsciously conceived”; and though I may have my opinion on the case in point, “I have no reason but a woman's reason”—“I think it so because I think it so.” Such things rest, unfortunately, but too often, on impressions too subtle for analysis, almost too subtle for statement.

A curious little incident, not the less suggestive and perplexing for its extreme triviality, occurred, also in connection with Mrs. T., while in Scotland last summer.

We were breakfasting alone, very early and somewhat hurriedly, on the morning of August 10th, having planned to take the coach to Glencoe, when I suddenly perceived a little red man dangling in the air, a foot or two away from my friend, and remarked upon the fact. She looked at the toast-rack and marmalade in front of her, and being used to odd statements on my part, asked "What kind of a red man?" As he continued his dangling I was able to describe him in detail. He was entirely red, and had the sort of outline of the little jointed ivory figures one buys in the Soho Bazaar. His arms were crooked abruptly upwards at the elbow, and he ceased a little above the knees. Mrs. T. could suggest no explanation, and we went our way leaving him, so far as I know, still dangling from an invisible string. We did not return till late in the afternoon, when Mrs. T., having entered the house first, met me as I came in at the front door, saying "There's your red man!" and showed me a letter she had just received marked, *Immediate—To be forwarded*, and sealed in red wax with the impress of precisely the figure I had described. The letter had arrived by the first post, shortly after our departure, and was of consequence.

We have kept the seal, which, so far as I am aware, I had never before seen, and Mrs. T. has written a separate account, as follows:—

"One morning at breakfast, (August 13th), during our Scotch tour, Miss X. said to me, 'I have a hallucination this morning of a little red man dancing about on the table; he has no legs, and has one of his arms crooked up in a funny fashion; he has something to do with you, not me, as he keeps dancing about in front of you.' I could not account for the little red man in any way; but in the evening I found among my letters (which had arrived after we had gone out in the morning) one of some consequence, with a red seal, an impression of a man without legs, and holding a flag or sword in one hand."

No cudgelling of my brains or stirring up of my memory avails to contribute anything further. I simply saw the little red man, he suggested no association, and I assigned him to my friend merely because he seemed to belong to her "surroundings."

Once while we were out I observed a girl with a heraldic device in her hat, sitting next to the coachman in his red jacket. We speculated as to the possibility of his correspondence with my vision. But I felt at the time he wouldn't do.

I should like, before passing on to another point, to illustrate what I have said as to the sense of abstraction which accompanies the image of one who has passed away.

It has happened to me many times, so vivid are these phenomena, to mistake a phantasm for a living person, *for the moment*, but only

for the moment. I believe that this is merely a consequence of my extreme slow-sightedness as, when the *time* sufficed, the mistake has always been corrected. If the vision has only sufficient duration I become conscious of its independence of my environment. In every case that I am personally able to recall, the living phantasm brings with it some hint of its own surroundings, of the things with which it has some real relation—the *dead* seem to be abstracted from any surroundings whatever.

Now for my illustration. An old family friend, a very accomplished musician, had directed my musical studies from my earliest childhood. He had a very highly strung, artistic temperament, yet, strange to say, was an absolute Materialist. He was so closely associated with my favourite study and my desire to please him by diligence and perseverance was so intense, that, when thoughts of music occupied my mind, it was not remarkable that I should visualise my old friend at his piano or organ. And it was always definitely at *his* instrument. If I fancied him at mine, a more careful observation would show that the piano before him was his own favourite Broadwood. I would see him, too, among the surroundings of the seaside home to which he had lately removed, which, though I have never seen it, seems quite familiar, and I was glad to find, on seeing a photograph of his studio only the other day, that I had correctly localised the old familiar furniture.

On the 5th May, 1893, I received a letter from his wife, in which she said that both were getting old and feeble, but nothing of a nature more alarming. On the 9th, one of my frequent pictures of my old friend arose before me. He looked just as usual, with this difference, the image bore no relation to anything else; it was, if I may so describe it, a vignette; there was no piano or violin, and the sense of abstraction, before referred to, was very intense. To a friend, who endorses the story, I remarked sadly that I knew my old friend was dead. I also entered the impression in my diary. The next day brought the sad news. I do not think there was any time coincidence. My friend had died at dawn, and my picture was formed about 9.30 a.m., three hours later. I have never classified this as “a phantasm of the dead;” it has rather seemed to me as if some sub-conscious knowledge of the fact, however obtained, served to modify a familiar act of visualisation, or, if we make thought-transference the basis of any theory of explanation, as if the seer were incapable of receiving an impression of the new surroundings, as if the new atmosphere could not communicate itself, as if, let us say, my friend had become abstracted from time and space and had no relation with the things which we call “real.”

Strange to say, I have lately had a similar monition of the dangerous illness of my friend's wife. I give the story as noted by D.

"On January 29th, X. and I were dressing to go [out] when I suddenly noticed that her eyes were fixed on the window, in a manner I know well and have long learned to associate with something 'uneanny.' I waited till her face regained its normal expression, and then asked what she had seen or what she felt. She turned to the clock, and said in a dreamy far-away tone, 'A quarter past 11. I think Mrs. C. is dead or very ill.' The next morning a letter telling of the dangerous illness of the lady in question reached X., from a relative,—a very rare correspondent."

[Signed by D.]

My old friend's illness was very sudden—the result of a stroke of paralysis, but I cannot discover any time coincidence, unless it may be that of the writing of the letter, as to which my correspondent can only say, "it was somewhere about the middle of the morning."

And here I would say emphatically that there are two classes of phantasms (I use the word as less committal than "spirits," for I do not feel myself in a position to speak with certainty) two classes of phantasms, of which I am unable to speak from experience, the phantasm that is so concrete as to utilise furniture, remove tables and occupy chairs, and the phantasm that is so abstract as to be independent of space, beyond whose person one may trace the pattern of the wall-paper.

I offer another example of the possible explanation by thought-transference of what at first sight might seem a vision of the departed.

Two years ago I was visiting in a country village in which I had spent much of my childhood. The constant companion of those earlier days was my friend M., who since my last visit had married, gone abroad and had died. So intensely was the thought of M. associated with all my old haunts, and so complete had been during life our power of thought-transference, that a vision of my old friend in half a hundred spots would hardly have surprised me. Nothing, however, of the sort occurred, until one day I was walking with a friend past a row of houses built since my last visit, and towards which I felt only the distaste of an old inhabitant for modern improvements. At the last house in the row I had a momentary vision of my friend M. As, of course, the sense of my friend's loss was very prominent in my consciousness, I could not, with any fairness, analyse the impression, for it is obviously a case in which one would have to discount for expectation. It was, perhaps, the very last place in which such a vision might be looked for, still I never for an instant mistook the figure for any other, brief as was the impression of its presence.

A remark made to me the following day possibly explains the phenomenon. A sister of my deceased friend said to me, "I want to take you to call on the T.'s. They live in the end house in that row of new

villas," naming the place of my vision, "and would like to know you. They are too old to call upon you, but M. used to be there so much that I think you would like to meet them. They think they saw you pass the house yesterday."

What more likely than that the thought of M., so prominent in several minds, should have thus taken shape, perhaps, in some such fashion as in a crystal picture. But I cannot tell.

I have, so far, tried to express the effect upon the Subject of three stages of supernormal messages.

(1.) The impulse to deliver a statement which seems to owe its genesis to something apart from one's own consciousness, to be independent of reason or memory, perhaps analogous to the messages of clairaudience or automatic writing, but having no corresponding sense impression, an elementary form possibly of the phenomenon known as "trance utterance."

(2.) The externalisation of an idea, a symbolic presentation of an impression consciously or sub-consciously made.

(3.) A definite sense hallucination, presenting some fact sub-consciously acquired by thought-transference, clairvoyance, or other means.

These have all so much in common that to distinguish between them is not easy and may be considered merely fanciful. But sometimes, as in the following case, a mind picture seems to contain all three elements at once, and the analysis becomes more complex still.

During the month of August 1893, we chanced to be staying in a sea-side village on the north coast of France. The hotel was so full that we had to sleep in a little chalet at a short distance away. My own room was next to that of an English lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance, mainly on the basis that we were fellow-members of the S.P.R. But we had exchanged but few visits, and I had no acquaintance with any of her friends.

On August 11th, about 7.20 o'clock, I looked into her room on returning from my afternoon bathe, to ask if she would walk with me up to the hotel for dinner. I found her lying on her bed, with her back to the window, and reading the newspaper. In place of the wall behind her, I seemed to see the view of a sea-side watering-place—a view quite different from that really visible through the window. With this for a background, I saw a scene which will be shortly described.

I was naturally somewhat startled, and hardly knew in what words I accounted for my visit; but I left my friend very hastily and returned to my own room. I there wrote the following memorandum in the few moments which I could spare before going up to our meal at the hotel.

"Friday, August 11th, 1893.

(A) "I entered Mrs. T.'s room rather hurriedly this afternoon about 7.20 to tell her that I was going up to the Hotel terrace, and found myself momentarily confronted with a startling scene. She was resting on her bed, and the very limited space behind her seemed to have expanded so that I looked straight on to the sea without the intervention of wall or window. It was rather a sea than what lies before us here. Against this background a man was moving so that I saw his profile only. He was above average height—not young—grey, with a moustache—clear cut face—very upright. As he came near Mrs. T. he turned so as to face me, but my attention was distracted at that point by the intervention of two other figures who seized him from behind with gestures which somehow conveyed to me annoyance if not actual malice. These were two girls, perhaps between 18 and 25, but it is not quite safe to say. I saw only one distinctly; she was well outlined—rather 'gentlemanly' in her get up—had a 'tailor-made' air—I rather think a shirt, but if so it had a stiff front or a man's tie, and was not loose and soft. The other girl impressed me as the stronger, but whether mentally or physically I cannot say. The man was well groomed—dressed, I *think*, in grey. I did not see the girls' faces."

While at table, I told my friend that a wish she had chanced to express that something of psychical interest would happen during her visit seemed to have been fulfilled, but without describing the circumstances, which we agreed she had better have in writing. We further agreed that in view of the possibility of some further development, it would be better that we should exchange no ideas or information upon the subject. On our return to the chalet, I presented her with my memorandum. She expressed great interest, but did not tell me to what extent the vision was veridical, beyond the remark that though the description of the gentleman was almost exact, she felt tolerably sure that he had not a suit of the colour I described.

The next morning I was alone in my room, turning over in my mind the details of my vision, when suddenly the whole scene re-appeared. For the first moment, I was inclined to feel that this was only a visualised memory, occurring as it might have done in a picture in the crystal. But I soon perceived that it was something more, as the story received new additions, which I at once described in writing, of which the following is a copy:—

(B) "Saturday, 11.40. Sometimes if I wait without seeking for information I get my visions repeated with additions—a recrudescence memory, as I believe, involving some facts unnoticed at the moment. I have now discovered the name of one of the two girls. As I was noting down yesterday's events in my diary the whole scene was reproduced in a flash with the addition that the man on being held back shouted 'Aimée! Aimée!'" [The real name being one which, as to the peculiarity of its finals, corresponds with this.]

Early next morning I slipped this memorandum under the door of my friend's room, calling her attention to it, with the remark, "I have found out the name of one of those girls." When we next met, my friend expressed increased interest in the story, but again offered me no information. During the day, however, she put into my hands a case containing photographs, calling my attention to the portrait of a friend of whom we had had occasion to speak a few days before. I at once exclaimed, pointing to another portrait near it, "Why, that's the ghost; and a very good likeness, too." She then told me that she had had all along little doubt that this gentleman, her friend, Admiral Z., [whose real name and title I am not permitted to give,—a man of distinction in one of the Services] was the original of my picture; that the two girls in question were his daughters, but they were unknown to her, and that she could not at all explain the details in my vision which had seemed to express some enmity towards her on their part.

I now add Mrs. T.'s remarks upon the incident.

"Miss X. has asked me to give an account of a curious incident in which I was the agent. I was lying in my room after bathing, reading the *Daily Telegraph*, and my thoughts entirely centred on the article which I was perusing. I heard a knock at my door, and on my saying 'Come in,' Miss X. entered to tell me that she was going up to the terrace of the hotel, at the same time remarking that I was very flushed, which, I said, I attributed to the bath. During dinner, about half an hour afterwards, she said 'I saw something extraordinary in your room just now,' and on my expressing astonishment she told me the following strange story which I cannot do better than give in her own words as she kindly wrote it out for me that evening.

[See A. ante.]

"I was much impressed, as all the figures were so distinctly described that I could, without hesitation, recognise every one of them. I purposely gave Miss X. no hint which could in any way guide her to a solution of the meaning of this curious vision.

"The next morning while I was dressing she pushed under the door the following, at the same time saying 'I have discovered the name of one of the girls.'

[See B. ante.]

"Now this is to me most interesting, as my second name was Aimée, and I have never in my life been called by that name except by the man in the vision; and on my asking Miss X. why she wrote the name with *ée* instead of the more usual *y*, she replied 'because it impressed me as being written thus.' I never sign this second name except to official documents, and she could not possibly have known that it was my name, my first [which is here given as Esther], of course being well known to her."

[Mrs. T. does not even use her second initial.]

The next chapter in the story was as follows :—

On Monday the 14th of August, we were at a hotel in Rouen, and at table d'hôte I was seated next to my English friend, Mrs. T. ; and in conversation, she referred, but without naming him, to the Admiral, and without touching upon the incident which had introduced him to me. As she spoke, I happened to be twisting round with my fingers a tall goblet of Chablis, into which I was idly gazing. As I looked, there formed upon the surface of the glass the following words, in long, narrow letters :—

"Aimée is Esther ; the one who speaks is Kate."

I read the message aloud to my friend, who at once exclaimed :

"Now you know. It is quite true that I, Esther, am Aimée. The name properly belongs to me, but it is one which I never use, and never employ in my signature, and never hear except from the lips of this one particular friend, the Admiral. It is also true that one of the girls is called Kate."

A curious detail in regard to this point is that the name which I have given as "Kate" is also my own name, which may complicate the question as to the real meaning of the message. I am inclined to think that it relates to one of the girls, as I can conceive of no reason for informing me of my own actions.

We both agreed that this message was of a particularly perplexing kind, as I had all along supposed that the cry, "Aimée, Aimée," referred not to my friend, Esther, but to the Admiral's daughter.

On the suggestion that I might perhaps see something more, I again gazed into my goblet, when at once the following picture appeared :—

[I quote the account written the same evening and which has been preserved (with A and B) by Mrs. T.]

*"Monday Evening, August 14th.*

"While at table d'hôte engaged in conversation with Mrs. T. (not having any obvious bearing on what followed) I chanced to look into my goblet of Chablis and there read in type of the following proportions [Here I reproduced the letters as exactly as I could] :—

" 'Aimée is Esther ; the one who speaks is Kate.' "

"This passed away, and was succeeded by a picture not so clear as before and which I cannot recall except as a memory—that is, I can revive the impression, but not visualise the scene—A long row of houses of the sea-side lodging house type—in front a road—beyond, a long low building—an esplanade, and below the sea—at the door of the building stands the same man as before—the right hand in his pocket, looking straight out before him—*perhaps* it is not a door—I saw the upright lines behind him—it may be a window—it faces the sea."

My friend was quite unable to say whether this vision were or were not likely to be true, as the place at which the Admiral was

staying was one she had never seen ; but she took an early opportunity of sending him a description of the incident, and two or three days after, she read me his reply.

I add some further notes of Mrs. T.'s on the story.

“ I must here state that my conversation at that moment was with reference to the man in the vision, although unknown to Miss X., and my thoughts apparently called up these names in the glass as if to tell her to whom I was alluding.

“ On writing to tell my friend of this vision, in reply he says ‘ the description Miss X. gives of the house does not correspond with the house I am living in, but does to a great extent with the club from which I always write—it is on the sea front with a road in front—then the esplanade and sea—and I often stand at the door or bay window and look out across the sea.’

“ One or two points are interesting as regards the first vision. I said to Miss X. ‘ you are wrong about the colour of the clothes the man was wearing, as he only has a brown suit with him.’ In reply to my query to him on the subject, he writes ‘ I had worn a grey suit that morning, and a brown one in the afternoon, but at 7.15 o'clock I must have been dressed for dinner,—the girls had on serge dresses with silk fronts, not shirts, (as they were going out for a sail after dinner); they often wear in the day-time stiff shirts with ties.’ ”

It seems to me that this story contains, as to the source of the messages, varied and conflicting elements. The figure of the Admiral might perhaps be traced to thought-transference from my companion; but as the figures of the girls—unknown to her—may be regarded as “ part of his surroundings,” whatever that phrase may mean, it would seem more simple to consider both elements in my vision as purely clairvoyant. In either case, the picture may be regarded as belonging to Class III. But supposing it to be clairvoyant—that I really did see the man and his daughters—how shall we account for the irruption of that part of it which was not *literally* true, though to me quite as real and vivid as any other—the action of the girls in withdrawing their father from my friend's influence ?

This can only be taken as symbolic, as belonging to Class II., the visualisation of an idea. How far the idea was of my own conception it would be difficult to say.

Then the explanatory message seen in the glass of Chablis—whose mind gave birth to this? Is not this, although more externalised, of the same class as the impulse to say things which our minds have not consciously conceived ?

The vision of the Admiral standing at his club window—which was literally coincident—one would explain without hesitation as thought-transference, except for the fact that if we admit clairvoyance in the former case, one does not see why it should be excluded

in the other, just because another and simpler hypothesis would fit the circumstances equally well.

On the theory that one's intuitions and premonitions and the like are messages from one's sub-conscious self to the self of one's ordinary consciousness, it is instructive to note that one's sub-consciousness occasionally appears to regard things from a somewhat different standpoint from that of the ordinary consciousness, to present important facts in an aspect which makes them seem to us unimportant, to externalise only some trifling accessory in an interesting picture, and to misrepresent, and often exaggerate one's emotions. Why, for example, should it not be as easy to see the contents of an important letter as to see the (equally unknown) device upon its seal? Why, if it were needful to offer warning against a new acquaintance, should the veil be lifted from a scene of his boyhood, disgraceful enough it is true, but a far less practically useful warning than a glimpse of his contemporary mis-doings, which might have saved those belonging to him from much subsequent misery? Why, again, should we be subjected to what I may describe as fictitious emotion, as in the following example?

On Tuesday last, January 22nd, I was, as is my custom, occupied with my books before rising. I had been reading for perhaps an hour and was vaguely conscious that there were movements about the house. I was reading "Love's Labour Lost," and had paused to visualise the second scene between Moth and Armado in the full absurdity of its detail. Suddenly, just as one scene succeeds another in the crystal, the picture I had conjured up disappeared, and gave place to that of the village street of my northern home. But, as often in dreams, the scene was historically inaccurate, for not only were there the rough stone cottages thatched with ling, of my childhood's days, with one of which (in my picture, especially visible) the abode of an old servant, I was very familiar, but also part of the block of handsome stone buildings by which they have been lately displaced, and in which a very intimate friend chances to have his offices.

Together with the picture, there flashed upon me a sense of loss and distress, which, as I gazed, took possession of my whole being. Tears sprang to my eyes, and I felt that I knew that something sorrowful had occurred, though of what nature I could not recall. The impression was as if left by forgotten knowledge, not a forecast of the future, the sort of distress with which one awakes from a forgotten dream. A moment later, hearing the steps of the maid, and the clink of the tea-cup outside, I extinguished the lamp to give me time to recover from my too obvious distress. She re-lighted the lamp and handed me with my tea a letter which I at once perceived was from a sister of this friend. I opened it with increasing apprehension,

for, as I had heard from her but a few days before, I felt sure she must have some special reason for writing. The letter was to tell me that our dear old servant, who formerly lived in the cottage of my vision and whom I had known all my life, had died suddenly, and that my friends had just returned from the funeral service.

It is an ungracious task to measure one's regrets and affections, but, as so often happens in the case of being "prepared" for a shock, the previous emotion was in excess of that which the news itself would have occasioned.

Certainly, whatever the source of such messages, there is about them a distinct lack of the sense of proportion in time, space, and degree. In the case just quoted, the superfluous emotion did not certainly come from the friend who communicated the news, for her interest in the old servant had been largely for my sake. So far as I can tell in looking back, I went through none of the natural consecutive processes of reasoning which might lead from a vague sense of something wrong in a certain village to association of the fear with those dearest to me in the neighbourhood, dread as to what that might include, and terror of the worst. I am perfectly clear that I saw both dwellings at once,—the sites of the two being not fifty yards apart.

There are many cases of this kind which do not admit of being recorded before the coincidence is known, and which must therefore rest on my personal veracity and be judged accordingly. This may be said also of the following incident, in itself trifling, but which I quote as a further illustration of the queer way in which one seizes upon an accessory, rather than the more important item in an incident. I was driving home in the afternoon of January 14th. My cab was checked at a street corner, and I noticed that we were passing an oyster shop. Suddenly I knew that my friend E. was sending some oysters to an old gentleman we know who is ill. I looked at the time,—4.20—and though I had not the smallest reason to suppose E. had ever thought of doing such a thing I felt no doubt as to the fact. I fully intended to note it down on my return, but unluckily forgot all about it till next day, when I heard D., my invalid friend's daughter, sending a message of thanks for some oysters sent by another friend, *not* E. E., however, was present and I turned to her and said, "You ought to have sent those oysters, I saw you doing it yesterday afternoon at 4.20."

"That was the very time they were being sent off," she answered, "and though they were Mr. J.'s present, I ordered and sent them at his request."

Presumably the motive force in any act is the initiation of that act. Mr. J. had never sent my friend a present before in his life, and, indeed, knew him very slightly; such impetus as the act might receive

from its novelty and his initiation ought, one would naturally suppose, to have been accompanied by the idea of Mr. J., and yet such idea failed to reach me, while the more familiar and commonplace one of E. did its work.

In receiving messages of this kind, I always feel that a main point is to preserve them from admixture with the ordinary stratum of consciousness; otherwise they become, in point of psychological interest, as dreams at the moment of waking to deep-sleep dreams. As soon as I begin to reason about an impression, I begin to distrust it. Constantly, in trying to receive psychometric impressions, I find that having dismissed my first impulse as too improbable I am reduced to mere guessing and all interest is lost. So I think it a good rule to say whatever comes into my head on such occasions. For instance, D. has noted down the following: "December 24th, I showed [X] Aunt E's little box to-day, and said 'you may have the contents of this if you can see them through the lid.' She answered, 'Then I certainly shan't get them, for what I see is not likely to be in a box of that sort' [a cardboard two-inch cube, coloured to look like oak]. 'What do you see?' 'Wedding cake.' In point of fact the box contained a miniature plum-pudding in a toy basin." I am perfectly aware that whereas my first (and approximately correct) impression seemed to my reasoning faculties absurd, the second article I visualised,—a memory of recent shopping, an inkstand shaped like a cricket ball,—was far more wide of the mark.

I do not apologise for the triviality of the experiences quoted. Were they of a more startling character they would lend themselves less easily to comment, either now or at the time of their occurrence. What I feel to be, from the critical stand-point, far more important, is their numerical frequency, and the relation of success to failure.

For about five years I have tried to keep a diary of such things. I have aimed at writing down premonitions before their coincidence was known—noting cases of thought-transference, retro-cognition, psychometry, intuition of all kinds. I am conscious, as most people are who attempt to keep diaries, of unlimited omissions; but so far as the entries go, I think they have been kept with exactness, and I may point out that, as I have exercised no selection as to entries, as I have omitted cases because I forgot them, or because the book was not at hand, or the occasion not convenient for writing, not because they were not good, such omissions tell against me, and not in my favour—which I note with satisfaction.

I am certainly within the mark in saying that I have noted less than one-third of the total of experiences of this kind. I ought to say, too, that I never note pictures which spring from fancy and recrudescient memory which I recognise as such at the time, nor pictures

which I *put in* the crystal, unless they develop in some unexpected direction. Such things are obviously not worth recording, as any one capable of visualisation can create them indefinitely at will. They are like half the novels one reads, amusing for the moment, occasionally suggestive, but mere pastime and not worth remembering.

I have omitted, too, certain cases which, for various reasons, have found record elsewhere,—as for instance, when any friend concerned in the experience has asked for a written account of it and it has not seemed to me worth while to repeat the memorandum. Further, I ought to explain that an entry may include half a dozen pictures or impressions, provided they relate to the same subject and occur on the same or a not distant occasion. For example, the whole story of Mrs. T. and the Admiral is recorded under one heading, and comes in first as “Number 31” and then as “31, continued, see above.”

Perhaps one year's records may be taken as typical; 1894 has given, as far as I can judge, a good average; better, I think, than 1893; not so good as the two previous.

All the above details being allowed for, I classify my record for 1894 as follows:—

- (a) 19 cases good.
- (b) 5 „ bad.
- (c) 27 „ imperfect.
- (d) 7 „ unexplained.
- (e) 5 „ incomplete.

(a) The classification “good” does not refer to the quality of the message but only to its accuracy. The “little red man,” for example, is very trivial, but as far as it goes it is correct; this, and “Clara Stimpson,” and “Frances at Eastbourne,” and “The Admiral” series, though differing in quality, I should classify alike as “good,” because they contain no element of doubt.

(b) I classify as *bad* such impressions as seem to have no foundation in fact, as for instance, when I picture a friend as in trouble, who, in point of fact, is in average spirits, and the like. I am inclined to believe that nearly all such cases are due to the irruption into an imperfect, or imperfectly understood, experience of the ordinary consciousness. Of course in certain cases there is another obvious explanation, that a friend may have transmitted the impression of a passing mood or sensation, keen enough for the moment, but forgotten in looking back, when questioned, on the day's general complexion. Two cases originally classified as *bad*, I have since changed to “imperfect” on discovering that I had been intentionally misled by the person to whom they referred. One of these is, I believe, were the evidence complete, really a *good* case, but I leave it, at present, as *imperfect*.

(c) I classify as *imperfect* all such cases as are only partly good,—like the "plum-pudding" story. It occasionally happens that a case at first *imperfect* becomes *good* in process of time.

(d) The class *unexplained* includes such stories as the Hindoo and Mr. H., which is neither right nor wrong but, as far as we know, meaningless. I was at first disposed to classify these as *subjective*, but I am inclined now to think that inadequate, perhaps unfair.

(e) The cases classified as *incomplete* are those as to which the evidence is too imperfect to admit of any conclusion being drawn, which it would be unjust to relegate to the *bad*, but which, for lack of precise information, I am unable to classify more precisely.

I will not further multiply examples which are the more tedious because their principal point lies in the minuteness of their differences. I have perhaps made it apparent how difficult it may be for even the recipient of supernormal messages to speak with any certainty as to their source. I should like to sum up, as possibly suggestive of comparison to others of wider and more startling experience than my own, the very few conclusions which I have been able to deduce from my own observation of apparently supernormal messages, which, I may remark, have been tolerably frequent during my whole life, and which I have now observed very carefully for about seven years.

(1.) I find it quite impossible to mistake the intention of any figure which has ever appeared to me at the moment of death, although these figures have, I think, in all cases, presented their usual appearance.

(2.) I think also that, when the glimpse has been more than momentary (and again I would emphasise the fact of my slow-sightedness), I have never, even in the case of strangers, mistaken a vision of a deceased person for that of one still living.

In both cases I am speaking of the kind of vision which we call clairvoyant—which it is difficult to trace to the mind of any one living, or to any memory or observation of my own. In both there is a strong sense-impression of abstractedness to which I have before referred; in the former case this, naturally, is further accentuated by the emotion or shock which accompanies it.

(3.) But things become more complex when this sense of abstractedness is carried—as in the case of the Hindoo—into pictures of the kind which seem to me to be externalisations of an idea. If the idea, whether born in my own mind or communicated from that of another, does not include any surrounding circumstance, the figure will be "a vignette," having no relation to things about it, standing or walking possibly in the air, owning none of the usual conditions of time and space.

(4.) But if, on the other hand, the mind in which the picture originates further conceives *the surroundings*, these too will be presented. Then the vision will fall under one of two groups :—

(a.) The picture may be thought of as in definite, distant surroundings, so that the seer, while walking in a London street, may see a friend seated at a dinner table at ten o'clock in the morning. A vision of this sort is difficult to distinguish from "clairvoyance," and it is constantly so mis-called, just as any subjective hearing of voices is mis-called "clairaudience." I admit the frequent difficulty of distinction. Happily, we have usually the obvious ground of coincidence, the comparison of time, place, and contents of message.

(b.) The figure may be thought of as having relation to my surroundings, so that I may see a friend, who has pictured himself as calling on me, in the act of lifting the latch of my garden gate. This is an instance when a hallucinatory figure may be excusably mistaken—as frequently happens—for a real one.

In all subjective analysis and observation of this kind, there are two constantly recurring difficulties, both of which have to be reckoned with—the element of surprise and the element of expectation. Each is in its way a serious interruption—the shock which partially unnerves, the antecedent knowledge or apprehension which overstimulates the activities, so that discrimination between what we *see* and what we *think* we see adds another feature to the problem of exact observation.

It must be a very hardened observer indeed, who does not feel some degree of emotion, whatever its kind, however familiar its occurrence, at the sudden extension of one's purview ; and it is, in many cases, only afterwards that one analyses the brief impression.

This, inevitable as it is, emphasises the importance of deducing no rule from a single, or even from a few examples. It is so easy, and yet so fatal, to read back the proof of any theory one is anxious to establish.

On the other hand, expectation too is a serious pitfall, far more serious, I believe, than we are ready to realise. The question is not one upon which time will permit me to enlarge ; but I believe that the extreme difficulty which has beset all my mechanical experiments in crystal-gazing is to be found equally, though less obviously, in every analysis of sense-impression. There is the difficulty of *sense*, of, so to speak, *physical* expectation, and the difficulty of *mental* expectation, this last being both conscious and sub-conscious.

In the above illustrations, I have tried to select some which seemed free from these especial complications, the importance of which I think will be readily conceded.

There is one danger of which I say nothing, because, in truth, I know nothing of it—the alleged danger to health of mind or body. For myself, I am perfectly healthy ; accustomed to an active life spent, in great part, in the country; riding, walking, or gardening, a lover of animals, flowers, and country pleasures. My health, like that of most, has suffered interruptions, but I can emphatically say that my psychical experiences are clear and abundant in proportion to the perfection of my physical health—that weariness or exhaustion, which might render them dangerous, makes them, as a rule, impossible.

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NOTE BY MRS. SIDGWICK.

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As no names are mentioned in the above paper, I am asked to state that "Miss X." has shown me all the signed documents referred to in it. The proofs of the part of the paper relating to incidents in which they were concerned have been submitted by us to Mr. H. and the lady referred to on pp. 120–122, who have approved them. Mrs. T. sent her accounts as quoted on pp. 122 and 130 direct to me, and "D.'s" original account given on p. 132 is also in my possession. The ladies spoken of as "D." and "H." have appended their signatures to the following cases, in which they were concerned, in testimony that the circumstances, so far as they knew of them, were correctly stated:—viz., H. to those on pp. 117, 118–119, and D. to those on pp. 116, 117, 118–119, 131, 139 (also signed by "E.").

I may add that the incidents seemed to me to gain in impressiveness when I discussed them with "Miss X.," partly on account of details which could not be published, but which added to the force of the coincidence.

# SUPPLEMENT.

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## REVIEWS.

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### I.

#### RECENT BOOKS ON HYPNOTISM.

1. *Psycho-Thérapie. Clinique de Psycho-Thérapie Suggestive d'Amsterdam.* By Drs. A. W. VAN RENTERGHEM and F. VAN EEDEN. Paris, 1894.
2. *Le Somnambulisme Provoqué et la Fascination.* By Dr. E. MESNET. Paris, 1894.
3. *L'Hypnotisme et le Crimé.* By Dr. CROCQ, (Fils). Brussels, 1894.
4. *Die Bedeutung der hypnotischen Suggestion als Heilmittel.* Berlin, 1894.
5. *The Use of Hypnotism in the first degree as a means of modifying or eliminating a fixed idea.* By Dr. RUSSELL STURGIS. Reprinted from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1894.
6. *The Elements of Hypnotism : its phenomena, its dangers and value.* By R. HARRY VINCENT. London, 1893.
7. *Ein Beitrag zur psychischen und suggestiven Behandlung der Neurasthenie.* Von Dr. FREIHERR VON SCHRENK-NOTZING. Berlin, 1894.
8. *Die Psycho-therapie (Hypnose) ; ihre Handhabung und Bedeutung für den praktischen Arzt.* Von Dr. MED. TATZEL. Berlin, 1894.

Members have no doubt noticed the satisfactory progress which is being made by the Library, and how especially the "Edmund Gurney" portion of it is being continually increased by the addition of new books on psychology and allied subjects. Works on hypnotism form the largest portion of the recent acquisitions, and the bulk of these are written by physicians and deal mainly with the subject as a method of treating disease. They are therefore outside the scope of the Society's *Proceedings* except so far as they contain matters of general interest.

(1). Among the most recent and most important of these is *Psycho-Thérapie*, by Drs. van Renterghem and van Eeden, of Amsterdam. These physicians have used hypnotism extensively in their clinique since 1887, and their book is an exposition of their experience.

In their interesting introductory chapter, they enter into an explanation of psycho-therapeutics, and contrast the method of treating diseased states by suggestion and by drugs. In the former case they claim, as do Liébeault and Bernheim, that we go at once to the root of the matter, and by stimulating the ideomotor centres in the brain attack the disease from

its starting-point or centre, instead of from the periphery, as when drugs are used.

The end aimed at by all treatment is to influence the *plasma* or formative material of the body, but this can be done more naturally and efficaciously, they think, by suggestion than by drugs. It is impossible, they admit, to increase the initial vital energy, which is a matter of inheritance, but the existing supply of vital energy may be stimulated and directed into proper channels by appropriate treatment. Man is not a machine which merely requires supplying with a certain quantity of fuel to replace waste of energy. He differs from a machine especially in that he possesses a fund of energy upon which he can draw for the wants of the organism. It is the direction and management of this fund which the authors consider the most important function of the physician, and the one which suggestion enables him to exercise to the greatest advantage.

They give detailed reports of a number of their cases, and a tabulated statement of the malady for which each patient was treated, his degree of susceptibility to hypnotism, and the result attained.

The number of persons who presented themselves for treatment was 1089, and of these 58, or 5·33 per cent., proved insusceptible to hypnotism, and 120, or 11·61 per cent., were affected to the extent of somnambulism, characterised by amnesia, or loss of memory on waking of what was said or done during the hypnotic state. The remaining 82 per cent. were influenced in varying degrees, from slight drowsiness or heaviness to profound sleep, which just fell short of somnambulism. The authors express themselves satisfied with the curative results obtained, and emphatically assert that in no case have untoward results followed the treatment.

The book is so clearly and candidly written that its effect upon the reader must be convincing. Drs. van Renterghem and van Eeden have earned especially the gratitude of the medical profession by this exposition of five years' carefully detailed experience, and no doubt their labours will be recognised and rewarded. In fact, indications are apparent everywhere that medical men are awaking to the important part played by suggestion in all methods of treatment.

(2). Dr. Mesnet's book is written from a medico-legal standpoint. He has closely studied the phenomena of profound hypnosis in neurotic patients in the wards of the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, of which he is Senior Physician. He comes to the same conclusion as Bernheim and Liégeois, of Nancy, that these highly sensitive subjects can be absolutely dominated by the hypnotist, and could be subjected to ill-treatment, made to sign documents, and impelled to commit crimes by hypnotic suggestion. He cites several test cases in support of his views, and urges consideration of the matter on medical men and jurists.

Dr. Mesnet has made a special study of that phase of somnambulism termed fascination, in which the subject is hypnotised by gazing into the eyes of the hypnotist or at a bright object. In this state, as has been demonstrated by previous investigators, the higher brain functions seem entirely suspended, and the subject simply follows the object which has fascinated him without consciousness or volition.

The condition sometimes occurs spontaneously, as in a case reported by Dr. Mesnet. One of his colleagues was called to attend a station-master who had been fatally injured by a locomotive. The poor man expressed himself completely ignorant of how he got on the line, but witnesses proved that he had advanced to meet an in-coming train, and had appeared determined to have it run over him. Further evidence showed that he had frequently suffered from catalyptic seizures and temporary loss of consciousness when suddenly confronted with a flashing surface. Similar cases have been reported by other physicians, and it is possible that some deaths which look like suicide may be due to attacks of spontaneous fascination.

Dr. Mesnet relates some interesting cases of spontaneous somnambulism which he was able to convert into the hypnotic equivalent by making suggestions at the moment the patient was waking to a normal condition, thus demonstrating the practical identity of the two states.

His endeavours to hypnotise his most sensitive patients from a distance have not convinced him of the possibility of this procedure, and he has had none but negative results in his experiments in thought-transference and clairvoyance.

(3). Dr. Crocq, of Brussels, also discusses hypnotism, chiefly in its medico-legal aspects. Though he agrees with Dr. Mesnet and others of the Nancy School, that the power of suggestion in profound hypnosis is so great that the patient's scruples may be overcome by repeated and energetic suggestions, yet he thinks criminals will find, if they attempt to use hypnotism to effect their ends, that they will be betrayed by it, for the memory is very likely to be revived by properly applied suggestions. Dr. Crocq has also made a considerable number of experiments with a view to obtaining hypnosis when at a distance from the subject, but he has not been successful, and we are justified therefore in continuing to hold that this is only possible, if at all, in a very small proportion of the most sensitive subjects.

(4). It appears that the practice of hypnotism has been forbidden, even to medical men, in Russia by the state authorities. Physicians who were interested in the medical use of hypnotism, and who looked upon this interference as uncalled for, appealed to their brethren throughout Europe to send a protest to the Russian Government, with a view to getting the prohibition removed. We do not know whether this effect has followed the petition, but the situation has produced a very interesting volume, and one which is probably unique in the history of medical literature. It contains articles written by thirty well-known physicians in German, English, French and Italian. The writers were asked to express their views with regard to the utility of hypnotism, its dangers, and the steps they would recommend for its regulation; and the result is this collection of essays.

(5). Dr. Russell Sturgis, a well-known physician of Boston, has published a pamphlet on the use of hypnotism in the first degree for removing fixed ideas and conditions of ill-health starting from nervous or moral shock. His views, which are illustrated by cases, bear out the experiences of Professor Janet and other physicians who are endeavouring to demonstrate

the importance of the psychical factor in disease. One of Dr. Sturgis's cases is that of a lady who had for many years suffered from sleeplessness, neuralgia and general loss of health. It was some time before she told Dr. Sturgis of the starting point of her illness, which dated from the sudden death of her invalid father, to whom she had spoken angrily shortly before he died. She had become impressed with the idea that he had died without forgiving her, and this so preyed upon her mind that her health gradually broke down. Dr. Sturgis was able by hypnotic suggestion to remove the morbid idea, and the patient rapidly recovered.

(6). In *The Elements of Hypnotism*, a young writer, Mr. R. Harry Vincent, has produced a useful and interesting *résumé* of the subject, illustrated by many original experiments. While an undergraduate at Oxford, he hypnotised a number of his college friends, both dons and undergraduates. He found, as did Mr. Hugh Wingfield at Cambridge, that undergraduates are, as a rule, excellent subjects. As these young men may be said to represent the pick of the country, this fact is sufficient to dispose of the assertion that one still hears at times, that only persons of a low order of intellect are hypnotisable. Mr. Vincent gives some remarkable instances of the readiness with which sensory hyperæsthesia is produced by suggestion during hypnosis. For example, "A number of persons each take in their hands some small object, such as a penknife or coin. While the subject is still out of the room, these articles are placed on the table and the subject is brought in. He takes up the first object, smells it, and then smells the hands of the various persons till he comes to the owner of the object, when he leaves it in his or her hand, and so on until he has settled the ownership of all the articles placed on the table." To show the effect of suggestion in heightening the power of memory, Mr. Vincent quotes the case of a friend of his who was in for an examination in history, and was unable to remember dates. He asked Mr. Vincent to hypnotise him, and suggest improved memory. The experiment proved so successful that the candidate passed a good examination and found himself able to remember columns of dates after reading them over a few times. Mr. Vincent adds that the effect has continued. The latter part of the volume is devoted to experiments on animals, and these are illustrated from photographs. Mr. Vincent finds he is able to hypnotise many small animals, such as birds, frogs, snakes and lizards, by monotonous excitation of special nerves. He has one pet toad which becomes almost immediately cataleptic when he strokes its back, and continues so for three or four minutes. Mr. Vincent is perhaps rather too ready to accept Professor Bernheim's dictum that suggestion explains all the phenomena of hypnotism, and to ridicule other theories; but the book is thoroughly readable, and can be recommended to the lay reader who desires to learn something of hypnotism and of the modern views concerning it.

(7). Dr. von Schrenk-Notzing's latest contributions are almost exclusively of medical interest; and the same may be said of (8) the excellent little volume *Die Psycho-therapie; ihre Handhabung und Bedeutung*, by a new writer, Dr. Tatzel of Essen, who has studied under Dr. Wetterstrand of Stockholm, to whom he dedicates the work.

CHAS. LLOYD TUCKEY.

## II.

*Apparitions and Thought-Transference: an examination of the evidence for telepathy.* By FRANK PODMORE, M.A. With numerous illustrations. London, Walter Scott, Limited, 24, Warwick-lane, 1894. Charles Scribner's Sons, 743-5, Broadway, New York. (*The Contemporary Science Series*, No. xxvi.)

Mr. Podmore tells us in his preface that he aims "at presenting in brief compass a selection of the evidence upon which the hypothesis of thought-transference, or telepathy, is based." For his material he has drawn upon the *Phantasms of the Living*, the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, the unpublished records of the same Society, and many other sources. The conclusions to which he aims to bring his readers are, he thinks, in substantial agreement with those of the representative workers of the Society, "yet," he says, "I have no claim to represent" that Society, "nor right to cloak my shortcomings with the authority of others."

Mr. Podmore's book will receive a warm welcome at the hands of all those who are interested in this line of work. We have long felt the need of just such a book,—a book that would put before the world in accessible form some small part of the evidence for telepathy that has accumulated in the last few years, and would thus serve as a stimulus to further observation and experimentation. Probably no living man is better fitted to undertake such a task than Mr. Podmore, and the book will meet this want most admirably. His many years of experience in dealing with such problems, his thorough acquaintance with what has been done in the field, his cautious temper and his uniform candour are known to all who have profited by his work in the past. The present writer feels no little hesitation in venturing to criticise the policy of such a veteran as Mr. Podmore. No one can say to what extent his own judgment is warped by tendencies to believe inherited from his cave-dwelling ancestors, and I am aware that some of the remarks which I shall make, which indeed seem to me to be based upon metaphysical speculations of recent origin, may be inspired by latent animistic tendencies long since formally exiled from the company of my accredited beliefs. Yet, even with such a dire possibility confronting me, I shall make bold to write the impression which the book makes upon me.

Mr. Podmore is cautious to the verge of conservatism. All will agree that any accepted theory should be somewhat strained to account for new facts, before we either confess ignorance or resort to new theories, but opinions will vary as to the exact point at which such straining ceases to be a virtue, and, by impeding the freedom of speculation, becomes a bar to further progress. In the first half of his book, Mr. Podmore seeks, and very successfully, to establish a theory; in the second, he strains it to account for phenomena which, I think, can be brought under it only by a series of more or less violent assumptions. It is to these assumptions that I wish chiefly to attract attention.

The thesis which the book is designed to establish is thus stated on page 6:—"Communication is possible between mind and mind otherwise than

through the known channels of sense." The introductory chapter calls the attention of the experimenter to such common sources of error as fraud, hyperæsthesia, muscle-reading and thought-forms. The four following chapters, "Experimental Transference of Simple Sensations in the Normal State," "Experimental Transference of Simple Sensations with Hypnotised Percipients," "Experimental Production of Movements and Other Effects," "Experimental Production of Telepathic Effects at a Distance," give a review of the more important part of the experimental evidence. It is not possible to give here any adequate idea of the strength of that evidence. It appears that tastes, smells, pains, visual images, motor impulses and inhibitions have been transferred to normal and hypnotised patients, at varying distances and under conditions which preclude any supposition of the intervention of normal means. It is difficult to understand how any one can follow Mr. Podmore's masterly presentation of these results without experiencing some degree either of conviction or of confusion.

In these first five chapters Mr. Podmore consistently aims at his proposed end. But with the sixth chapter, which takes up the evidence for thought-transference occurring spontaneously, we enter upon a quite new field. Chapter VI. itself contains a shrewd estimate of the absolute value of the spontaneous evidence, and of its relative value as compared with the unpretentious results of the first five chapters. Mr. Podmore unhesitatingly rests his case upon the experimental evidence alone. "If," he says on page 144, "all the [spontaneous] cases . . . hitherto recorded could be shown one by one to be explicable by more familiar causes . . . the grounds for the belief in telepathy would not be seriously affected; we should merely have to modify our conception of its nature, and restrict its boundaries." While admitting that the spontaneous evidence, far more than the experimental, is exposed to the possibilities of error, he claims that these incidents "in their aggregate are not such as can be plausibly attributed to misrepresentation or coincidence," but constitute "an important body of evidence."

To this important body of evidence we are introduced in the nine following chapters, the captions of which will sufficiently indicate their contents. Chapter VII., "Transference of Ideas and Emotions." Chapter VIII., "Coincident Dreams." Chapter IX., "On Hallucination in General." Chapter X., "Induced Telepathic Hallucinations." Chapter XI., "Spontaneous Telepathic Hallucinations." Chapter XII., "Collective Hallucinations." Chapter XIII., "Some Less Common Types of Telepathic Hallucination." (In this chapter we have reciprocal cases; misinterpreted messages; heteroplastic hallucinations; haunted houses and others mentioned.) Chapter XIV., "On Clairvoyance in Trance." Chapter XV., "On Clairvoyance in the Normal State."

Mr. Podmore admits that the weight of the evidence contained in these chapters will be variously estimated by various persons. But he does not, I think, make equally plain the fact that the significance of this evidence is at present far from clear. He has hitherto strictly confined himself to his task. He has given us the evidence for telepathy. Now, by telepathy Mr. Podmore means something more definite than the definition above quoted would lead us to expect, and the further limitations of his conception speedily come to

view in the meaning which he ascribes to the perplexing phenomena with which he is now called upon to deal.

This material is interpreted by many in favour of two theories which are at present in the deepest disgrace in the scientific world,—the doctrine of a life after death, and its twin, the belief that the intelligence does occasionally in some sense leave its body during life, and visit distant scenes. Mr. Podmore's object in adducing this evidence is, or seems to be, not merely to prove that there is such a thing as a non-sensory communication between mind and mind while in the body, but also to show that, admitting such a non-sensory communication as experimentally established, we can explain these spontaneous phenomena without resorting to either of the above obnoxious doctrines.

In the original definition there is nothing to exclude either of these theories. It is conceivable that telepathic communication may take place between minds in the body and minds out of the body, if the latter exist at all, which we do not as yet know. It is also possible to frame an animistic theory which will fall within the broad domain of that original definition. For it is not nominated in the bond that the minds in question must, to affect one another telepathically, remain in the place in which their respective bodies are, and there is nothing inconceivable in the notion that minds may in some sense be capable of translocation while their bodies remain unmoved. It is true that we cannot as yet define in what sense, except negatively. We can be quite sure that it is not in any material sense, and that the phantasm does indeed belong, as Mr. Podmore shows in the chapter on hallucination in general, to the world of dream rather than to that of matter. But until we have fixed more certainly the relations of the dream-world to the material, it is as well not to be too dogmatic in our assumptions.

It will, of course, not be possible for me to give, within the limits of a review, a complete analysis of the difficulties which confront Mr. Podmore in his endeavour to account for these phenomena after the analogy of the experimental evidence. A few must suffice.

The experimental evidence suggests what may be called an inductive conception of the telepathic process. This conception Mr. Podmore has, I think, in mind throughout, and in the last chapter he has attempted to work it out in detail. We have usually in each case: (1.) A known human consciousness, which we may proleptically style that of the agent; (2.) A mental state,  $x$ , consciously existing in it; (3.) A second known human consciousness, that of the percipient; (4.) A second state,  $x^1$ , consciously existing in it, and resembling or in some way related to state  $x$ ; (5.) A relation of sequence or coincidence established between states  $x$  and  $x^1$ .

To this type a large number of the spontaneous cases conform more or less exactly, and may be justly regarded as depending upon the same laws. In certain respects we may expect variations. The agent and percipient are usually known to one another, and frequently sustain intimate personal relations to one another. Preoccupation on the part of the agent with the thought of the percipient, especially in times of emotional excitement, and a deliberate intention on his part to affect the percipient appear to be conditions favourable to the transmission of the telepathic

impulse. A passive state on the part of the percipient seems to favour the reception of the impression. The emergence of the induced state in consciousness may follow or even precede the occurrence of the supposed inducing state. The induced state  $x^1$ , may diverge more or less widely from the actual form of the inducing state. If this divergence be very great, the message may be regarded as misinterpreted. If not very great, the induced state may be termed *autoplastic*,—that is, constructed by the percipient out of material furnished by his own mind upon the lines suggested by the telepathic impulse. When  $x^1$  is an exact copy of  $x$ , the state is said to be *heteroplastic*. Such are the leading features of this type.

The difficulties which I shall mention fall under two chief heads.

1. Those arising from a lack of evidence for the existence of the state  $x$ .
2. Those arising from a multiplicity of simultaneously “induced” states.

When there is nothing more than a lack of evidence for the existence of  $x$ , it is not unreasonable to assume that  $x$  exists in some consciousness unknown to us. Acquaintance and intimacy seem to be, as I have said, conditions favourable to the transmission of the telepathic impulse, but we have reason to think that they are not essential conditions, and, from the nature of the case, in most such occurrences the agent’s share in the matter would remain unknown,—we should simply have an unrecognised hallucination, and the evidence for its telepathic origin would be wholly lacking.

But frequently the circumstances are such as strongly to suggest an extra-human origin for the telepathic impulse. Often the information thus conveyed is known to have been in possession of some friend or relative of the percipient who has recently died, and the information is sometimes such as we should suppose the dead would wish to convey to the living. When in such cases we not only know that the information was in the possession of the dead, but also have good reason for thinking that it is not in the possession of any one living, or not in the possession of any living person known to the percipient, the presumption that the impulse originated with a dead person becomes very strong. Mr. Podmore’s unwillingness to resort to this hypothesis is, I think, not justifiable. However repugnant such a doctrine may be to our sensibilities as scientists,—especially since it has been conjoined with the absurdities of “Modern Spiritualism,”—it is our duty to consider it fairly as one of the conceivable hypotheses. It certainly is not yet proved. But there was a time when telepathy between living minds was also not yet proved, and it is not likely that it would have stood as near proof as it does to-day had Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Podmore, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Myers, Mr. Hodgson and others, at every step refused to consider the hypothesis at all. Such evidence, as Mr. Podmore himself shows, should be considered in the aggregate.

An analogous difficulty is presented in the phenomena of “clairvoyance.” If such phenomena can be established upon human evidence, it would appear probable that persons, either in the normal state or entranced, have described occurrences remote in space or time or both. The percipient seems to become cognisant of these things much as if he had been actually present and had seen them with his eyes. According to the telepathic theory, as formulated by Mr. Podmore, we must suppose that his information

is drawn from the consciousness of some other person, who did become so cognisant of them. But it often seems very improbable that any living being has at any time had an experience analagous to that which occurs in the percipient's consciousness. Thus when Mr. Cleave in trance sees his friend faint, we certainly cannot suppose that he in any way shared her experience of fainting. He saw it as he would have seen it had he actually been present. In one most interesting series of apparently clairvoyant visions of which I knew,—the patient being an intimate friend of mine,—the visions shifted between these two types, and in some cases passed through both. In the first stage the patient seemed to be a spectator of the scene, the supposed agent appearing only as one object among many. In many of the visions of this type, the "agent" was not in any way thinking of or interested in the patient. In the second stage the patient appeared to become identified with the visual consciousness and discursive thought of the agent, on one occasion heard a remark addressed to him, but never shared his motor sensation or *Gemeingefühl*. It is also noteworthy that the visions of the first type were accompanied by no disagreeable symptoms and could occasionally, though rarely, be produced voluntarily. The visions of the second type were invariably preceded by characteristic and severe pain in the head, were followed by great prostration and were never produced voluntarily.

It is not improbable that these are distinct but related types, and they certainly do not themselves tend to suggest a thought induction of any kind. The first is what is commonly called clairvoyance,—the second seems to suggest a partial coalescence of the consciousness of the patient with that of the supposed agent. I quote this case, however, as an illustration of possible conceptions and not as proof for the existence of the states in question. The evidence which I have goes to show that the information apparently derived from these visions was true, but the evidence is not, to my mind, satisfactory.

In all cases where the induced state  $\alpha^1$  contains non-veridical elements, we may term  $\alpha^1$  partially autoplatic. But when the "induced" state contains elements which, although veridical, are not apparently drawn from the mind of the agent, but are such as could have been got by some third person, if actually present, much as they were got by the percipient, how are we then to interpret them by the inductive theory?

The second group of difficulties, those attending the explanation of the collectively perceived phantasm, often contains all the above, as well as those peculiar to itself. There is often no known living agent, and the circumstances sometimes suggest a dead agent. Furthermore, the phantasm is usually described alike by all the percipients, but I know of little evidence for the imposition of a complete heteroplatic hallucination, under circumstances where no animistic conceptions are admissible, upon several percipients not known to be especially sensitive to telepathic influences. The single unambiguous case which Mr. Podmore quotes (No. 62), is so remote that I do not feel willing to accept it as conclusive. Again, there seems to be no known reason why the phantasm is so commonly that of the human figure.

The "local hallucination" (haunted houses) presents, in addition to those of the above types, certain difficulties of its own. Why, upon the telepathic

theory, should hallucinations be attached to certain places? Mr. Podmore mentions (page 314) a curious notion suggested by Mr. Gurney,—that any person, thinking of a given place which is at the time actually experienced in sense-perception by some other person, may attain thereby to such a community of consciousness with the other person as to be able, under some unknown circumstances, to import into the consciousness of the second person, in the guise of a hallucination, a thought existing in his own. This speculation is certainly fascinating to the idealist, but until some definite evidence can be adduced in its favour, it is not entitled to rank as more than a speculation.

In view of these difficulties, it seems to me that we have no right to say that telepathy is sufficient to account for such phenomena. For my own part, I know of no theory that is even approximately satisfactory. It is not, I think, necessary to accept the dilemma which Mr. Podmore offers us in his chapter on hallucination between a crude materialistic animism and such an inductive conception of telepathy as the experimental evidence and a large part of the spontaneous would lead us to form. No one will dispute Mr. Podmore's statement (page 272) that the notion of an objective material existence for the phantasm collectively perceived has not been rendered more intelligible "by the invocation of fixed ether, intercalary vortex rings, space of four dimensions," etc.; that the theory "betrays its own origin in a pre-scientific age, and without formal destruction by argument has shared in the euthanasia which has overtaken many other pious opinions found inadequate to the facts." But it is also possible to urge similar objections against ascribing "material" existence to any phenomena collectively perceived, and many thinkers of repute regard the much lauded conceptions of contemporary science as intrinsically little better than the barbarous animism of our forefathers. All alike are the outcome of more or less instinctive efforts to formulate the manifold of experience in relatively simple concepts. "Modern science" represents a much more advanced stage of this process, and the symbols it has devised represent the facts far more accurately than the productions of the pre-scientific age could hope to do. Yet not even the most "scientific" of these conceptions can withstand a metaphysical,—perhaps better a meta-scientific, analysis. Our power of analysis is greater than our power of synthesis; we can show how unsatisfactory these conceptions are, but we cannot frame better to take their place. It may well be that in these perplexing and unclassifiable phenomena we are gaining data whereby future generations will be able to correct and reconstruct the conceptions which our present day science regards as fundamental, and in view of that possibility we should, I think, be cautious in trying to force such facts into any semi-scientific conceptions that we can now frame.

In his concluding chapter, after suggesting that telepathy may possibly co-operate in normal life with the recognised means of conveying thought, and endeavouring to explain by its means the reported action of the metals and magnets upon the body and the alleged physical phenomena of Spiritualism, Mr. Podmore states the two theories as to the relation of telepathy to our other faculties. He seems inclined to favour the theory that it is a remnant of a lost faculty, but adds that if we admit the existence

of such supernormal faculties as clairvoyance, retrocognition and prevision, "it would be more reasonable to regard telepathy as a member of the group of such supernormal faculties, operating in ways wholly apart from the familiar sense activities, and not amenable, like these, to terrestrial laws."

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### III.

- (1.) *A Modern Priestess of Isis*: abridged and translated on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research from the Russian of Vsevolod Sergyeevich Solovyoff, by WALTER LEAF, Litt.D.
- (2.) *Isis very much Unveiled*: being the story of the great Mahatma Hoax, by EDMUND GARRETT.

These two volumes complete the story told in the Report of the Committee on Theosophic Phenomena (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. III.). In the pages of the Report we were enabled to examine the finished products of Madame Blavatsky's genius; we saw the manufactured phenomena, as turned out for the American, Indian, and European markets; we made the acquaintance of some leading members of the Theosophic cult in their final stage, a pleasantly ambiguous blend of charlatany and simplicity. In Mr. Solovyoff's vivid narrative, as englished by Dr. Leaf, we are privileged to look on at the process of manufacture, to watch the gradual evolution of history into myth, of conjuring tricks into occult phenomena, of Madame Blavatsky's colleagues into her dupes or her accomplices. Mr. Garrett tells us how the business was carried on by less competent hands after the death of the head of the firm, and the disastrous consequence of glutting the market with astral letters.

Mr. Solovyoff is a Russian of good social position, and an author of some repute. At the time when his narrative begins, May, 1884, he was staying in Paris, studying mystic and occult literature, and planning to write on "the rare, but in my opinion, real manifestations of the imperfectly investigated spiritual powers of man." Quite opportunely, when thus engaged, he came across a recent book of Madame Blavatsky's, and a copy of the *Matin* containing a notice of her arrival in Paris. Having obtained an introduction from a friend at St. Petersburg, Mr. Solovyoff called a few days later. He found Madame Blavatsky lodged in a small, poorly furnished apartment, in a long mean street, and was at first repelled by "the plain, old, earthy-coloured face" of the Prophetess herself. But they were both Russians, and in a strange land; Mr. Solovyoff received a frank and kindly greeting, and in a few minutes found himself talking as to an old friend. The intimacy thus suddenly begun seems to have continued on much the same footing until the final rupture. Madame Blavatsky constantly appealed to Solovyoff's friendship whenever he could render her any service, and he seems never to have disregarded the appeal. Whatever he may have thought at different periods of their acquaintance of

Madame Blavatsky's claims to supernormal power, Solovyoff throughout seems to have looked upon her as a woman to be loved—or at worst to be pitied.

Their first interview, whilst productive of much high spiritual converse, was not wholly barren of “phenomena.” Madame Blavatsky left the room for a few minutes—to attend to some domestic duty, as she explained—and shortly after her return the silvery peal of the famous astral bells was heard in the air. A few days later, after receiving an assurance that no religious dogma was involved, and that the study of Oriental literature was the chief object aimed at, Mr. Solovyoff was initiated in due form into the Theosophical Society, in the presence of Mr. Keightley, and the pure-souled chela, Mohini M. Chatterjee. Shortly afterwards he made the acquaintance of Colonel Olcott and the celebrated turban given to him in New York by an astral visitant from the Himalayas.

A few days later, Mr. Solovyoff was himself privileged to witness a manifestation of a remarkable kind. He called upon Madame Blavatsky by appointment one morning. There were present Madame Blavatsky, her sister, Madame Jelihovsky, and others. To them thus assembled there came a ring at the outer door. The door was opened by the serviceable Babula, Madame Blavatsky's Hindoo servant, who was seen by Solovyoff to take a letter from the postman's hand, and lay it, securely sealed, on the table. The letter was for Miss X., an elderly lady staying in the house, who had not yet left her room. It occurred to Madame Blavatsky that the letter, thus unexpectedly introduced, afforded an excellent opportunity for a test. She placed the unopened letter against her forehead and slowly wrote down the contents of the letter, uttering them aloud at the same time, amidst expressions of scepticism from Madame Jelihovsky. Irritated no doubt by this wanton display of domestic unbelief, the Prophetess vouchsafed further proofs of her power. With a red pencil she drew on the paper a theosophical symbol—of the kind with which readers of the *Westminster Gazette* are familiar through Mr. Garrett's narrative—and at the same time underlined “obviously with a great effort of will” a word in her copy of the letter. The letter was then handed through the open door to Miss X., who came out and read it in their presence. The contents of the letter were identical with the copy made by Madame Blavatsky, and the theosophical sign and underlined word occurred in their proper place in the original. That this “phenomenon” much impressed Solovyoff at the time is shown by the fact that he not only signed an account of it drawn up on the spot, but that he subsequently sent, in his own name, a letter detailing the circumstances to the *Rebus*. The latter fact, indeed, is not mentioned in its proper place in the narrative; but Solovyoff admits, in the description of the incident, that he did not at the time realise all the possibilities of fraud in the case.

A few days later, in obedience to a summons from Madame Blavatsky, Solovyoff came away from a theosophical meeting in the middle of a lecture by Olcott, and was rewarded for this act of self-denial by witnessing, in the same domestic circle, the birth, under the maieutic hands of Madame, with the still serviceable Babula as assessor, of yet another “phenomenon.” The miracle on this occasion, however, was perhaps a trifle crude for European

tastes ; or the whole performance may have been badly staged. At any rate the impression produced upon Solovyoff appears to have been unfavourable ; the incident was not recorded over his signature in the newspapers ; and Madame Blavatsky had occasion to lament his hardness of heart.

In August, 1884, Solovyoff was privileged to have another experience, this time of a less dubious kind. He went to see Madame Blavatsky at Elberfeld, and on the night of his arrival there, under peculiar circumstances, had a vision of Mahatma M. But lest this dream or hallucination should fail of its due effect, the "Master" followed it up by inserting the following day a confirmatory note in Olcott's coat pocket, "between a button and a toothpick."<sup>1</sup> As Olcott was, however, in another room at the time of its receipt, it must be admitted that the Master paid less than his usual deference to Western ideas of evidence. At any rate Solovyoff, though obviously anxious to believe, remained unconvinced.

Then came the publication of the Coulomb letters, and the investigation by Mr. Hodgson and the S.P.R. Committee ; there were many agitated letters and much travelling to and fro on the part of Madame Blavatsky. Finally, in August, 1885, apparently—Mr. Solovyoff is vague about times and seasons, and extremely chary of dates—he went to Würzburg at Madame's invitation. Her only companion at the time was a small Hindoo, one Bavaji (or Babajee, as he is called in Dr. Hodgson's Report). Madame Blavatsky appears to have thought that the time had now come for a final effort to overcome the obstinate scepticism of her pupil. He called upon her one morning, and found her sitting in a huge arm-chair :—

"At the opposite end of the table stood the dwarfish Bavaji with a confused look in his dulled eyes. He was evidently incapable of meeting my gaze, and the fact certainly did not escape me. In front of Bavaji on the table were scattered several sheets of clean paper. Nothing of the sort had occurred before, so my attention was the more aroused. In his hand was a great thick pencil. I began to have ideas.

"'Just look at the unfortunate man,' said Helena Petrovna suddenly, turning to me, 'he does not look himself at all, he drives me to distraction. He imagines that here, in Europe, he can carry out the same régime as in India. He never used to eat anything but milk and honey, and here he is doing the same. I tell him that if he goes on like that he will die, but he will not listen. And so he had an attack last night.'"

Then came much talk in Russian—a tongue Bavaji did not understand—on the S.P.R., and on Solovyoff's want of faith. Then Solovyoff continues, "I was walking about the room at the time, and did not take my eyes off Bavaji. I saw that he was keeping his eyes wide open, with a sort of contortion of his whole body, while his hand, armed with the great pencil, was carefully tracing some letters on a sheet of paper.

"'Look ! What is the matter with him ?' exclaimed Madame Blavatsky.

"'Nothing particular,' I answered, 'he is writing in Russian.' I saw her whole face grow purple. She began to stir in her chair, with an obvious

<sup>1</sup> An account of the incident, written by Mr. Solovyoff shortly after its occurrence, will be found in *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. III., pp. 393—5.

desire to get up and take the paper from him. But with her swollen and almost inflexible limbs, she could not do so with any speed. I made haste to seize the paper, and saw on it a beautifully *drawn* Russian phrase.

“Bavaji was to have written in the Russian language, with which he was not acquainted: ‘Blessed are they that believe, as said the Great Adept.’ He had learnt his task well, and remembered correctly the form of all the letters, but he had omitted two in the word ‘believe.’ [The effect was precisely the same as if in English he had omitted the first two and last two letters of the word.]

“‘Blessed are they that *lie*,’ I read aloud, unable to control the laughter which shook me. ‘That is the best thing I ever saw. Oh, Bavaji! You should have got your lesson up better for examination.’”

Then came more revelations. Madame Blavatsky was alone, except for poor Bavaji, and seems to have felt the need of a sympathetic companion. At last an accident precipitated the crisis. Solovyoff went by Madame’s instructions to get a photograph from a drawer, and found there a packet of the Chinese envelopes, already familiar to him, in which letters astrally conveyed from Thibet were wont to appear. Then came the dramatic moment. Madame Blavatsky unbosomed herself completely. “What is one to do,” she said, “when in order to rule men it is necessary to deceive them”; when they will not accept even the doctrine of Isis Unveiled without the belief in miracles; when their very stupidity invites trickery; for “almost invariably the more simple, the more silly, and the more gross the phenomenon, the more likely it is to succeed?” There is much more about the imbecility of her dupes, and of the world in general, and something about the syndicate of scribes who wrote the celebrated Koot Hoomi letters; of Olcott’s blundering but well-intentioned assistance in “phenomena,” and his acquittal by the S.P.R. of anything worse than stupidity—a verdict which Madame seems to have regarded as a personal insult. The strange interview terminated with an exhibition of the “astral bell,” and an invitation to co-operate in the manufacture of Koot Hoomi letters.

On the same day there followed a second interview, in which Madame Blavatsky tried by various means to obliterate the impression which she had made. First, she alleged that it was a black magician, and not she herself, who had spoken through her mouth; then, that the “Master” had designed to try the faith of his would-be disciple. Lastly, she used alternately threats and promises. After this there followed more interviews with Madame, and letters from her: and finally, an extraordinary document, headed “My Confession.” The receipt of this last appears to have finally decided Mr. Solovyoff. On the 16th February, 1886, he despatched to Adyar a letter resigning his membership of the Theosophical Society, and shortly afterwards laid before the Theosophists in Paris the proofs in his possession of Madame Blavatsky’s fraud.

After that he appears—whether for the sake of a former friendship or through fear of vengeance—to have kept silent until after the death of Madame Blavatsky, and the appearance in a Russian journal of some articles on her by Madame Jelihovsky. It was to correct the false picture drawn in these articles that Mr. Solovyoff published in 1892 the account now translated. The book is supplemented by two appendices, containing Madame Jelihov-

sky's comments on Solovyoff's book and Solovyoff's reply. Madame Jelihovsky quotes many of Solovyoff's letters, written during the period of which his book treats, which unquestionably tend to show that he was much more favourably disposed towards a belief in theosophic "phenomena" than would appear from the narrative written some years after the events. But this, if admitted, does not in any way reflect upon his candour. He must be an exceptional man who can reconstruct with fidelity his earlier mental attitude towards a problem, at a time when after events have placed the solution in his grasp. That Solovyoff was disposed to believe in Theosophy if he could, appears from his narrative. From his contemporary letters it would further appear that he did actually go some considerable way towards belief. That is all.

As regards Mr. Solovyoff's credentials, he tells an interesting story, and tells it well. Perhaps for our purposes he tells it sometimes almost too well. He appears not as a rule to have kept a diary or memoranda of the events he relates: on only one occasion does he mention having taken written notes of an interview, and, as already said, he is vague about dates. It is not surprising, therefore, if he had to rely almost exclusively on his memory, or on the letters which he received from Madame Blavatsky, that he should have to some extent misrepresented his own mental attitude at the time. Nor are we required to suppose that the conversations reported with Thucydidean aptness have all the authority of historical documents. But such considerations do not seriously affect the value of his testimony. The two most important pieces of evidence—the interview at Würzburg, and the Confession written some months later—are sufficiently attested, the one by notes written, as Solovyoff tells us, on the same day, the other by the actual document with a legally certified translation. For the rest Mr. Solovyoff tells a straightforward tale, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the incidents of which he treats are in their main outlines accurately described.

Scarcely less valuable evidence is afforded by the letters which Mr. Solovyoff has appended to his narrative, written from America by Madame Blavatsky to Mr. Aksakoff. We have here the whole early history of the Theosophical Society, told in her own inimitable style by its foundress. The series begins in October, 1874, with a letter describing the spirit materialisations at the Eddy brothers' house, and the writer's meeting there with Colonel Olcott. It goes on to speak of the 11 millions of Spiritualists at the last census in the United States, "which have already grown to 18 millions, almost 50 per cent." (Madame was always a little vague in her arithmetic), and of the writer's own adhesion to the faith—"I have now been a Spiritualist for more than ten years, and now all my life is devoted to the doctrine." Then came, at an inopportune moment, the Katie King exposure, which made Spiritualism less popular on the other side of the Atlantic. Madame Blavatsky began by denouncing the exposure as "neither more nor less than a plot (now almost proved) of the Protestant Jesuitical Society called the Young Men's Christian Association!" (Ten years later, the same Madame Blavatsky, in a new rôle, was protesting that another exposure, in which she was more directly concerned, was due to a conspiracy on the part of certain Christian missionaries, who had—as again was "almost

proved"—paid 40,000 rupees to suborn false witnesses). Shortly after we read of a secession from the orthodox American Spiritualists, and the establishment of a new organ, the *Spiritual Scientist*. Then again we hear much of the Hermetic philosophy and of the Kabbala and of Paracelsus; of the fruits of Madame's observations in past journeyings in Egypt, Assyria, Siam, Cambodia, Mexico. But time would fail to trace the devious paths by which Spiritualism grew into Theosophy, ghosts into astral bodies, spiritual phenomena into manifestations of the occult power of the human mind; how finally Madame from a medium was metamorphosed into a chela, John King with his saucer-shaped cap became the Mahatma Morya with his turban; and the centre of the spiritual universe shifted from the séance room to the Thibetan Himalayas.

In these pages we find a partial revelation of the whole life of Madame Blavatsky. For the Confession and her earlier letters to Mr. Aksakoff indicate pretty clearly what manner of woman she was before she began to pose as a great Spiritual Teacher. From the same letters we learn by what steps she rose to her position at the head of a movement at one time by no means inconsiderable. These letters and Solovyoff's narrative help us also to a clearer understanding of a personality which she herself might have described as a reincarnation of Cagliostro or Alexander of Abonotichos. That she was no vulgar impostor must be admitted. But how much her activities owed to the common greed of bread and butter, and how much to such subtler instincts as the love of power and the artist's pleasure in the work of his hands it is hard to say. One feature, already patent to all who knew her, however slightly, is brought out strongly by Solovyoff's narrative. She had at all times of her life the most singular power of winning the interest, and even the regard, of those who came in contact with her; even of some who mistrusted and half despised her. Her opinion of missionaries in general, and especially of missionaries in India, was well known and freely expressed; yet I have myself seen an Indian missionary sitting bound to her side by the mere charm of her conversation, for half a summer afternoon. Part of the attraction lay, no doubt, in the fiery energy of her nature,—an energy which led her to feel or feign an interest in the most diverse subjects; which availed to keep her alive when half-a-dozen mortal diseases were warring in her body; which enabled her to emerge triumphant from two such cataclysms as the Katie King exposure in 1874 and the publication of the Coulomb letters and Mr. Hodgson's report ten years later.

But something was due, no doubt, to her simple humanity; to the largeness of nature which held men like Solovyoff and women like Mrs. Besant captive. Certainly she was built on a grand scale. Her very impostures were stupendous in their audacity. What other man or woman could have set two continents talking of her by the help of a few torn cigarette papers and a buried teacup or so? And she could inspire fear as well as friendship. It is impossible not to be struck by the very obvious reluctance which Mr. Solovyoff showed to offend her—a reluctance which led to his keeping silence until after her death; and there is evidence in his narrative that he had reason to fear her vengeance. I am acquainted with another case, in which Madame Blavatsky, when as yet she had not reached the zenith of her power, half revealed herself to a gentleman in whom she apparently hoped

to find an accomplice. He, too, drew back from the proffered alliance, but dread of her vengeance kept his lips sealed during her lifetime.

As regards Dr. Leaf's share in the present book, his name is a guarantee for the accuracy of the translation. Those of us who do not understand Russian can see for ourselves that the book is written in clear picturesque English. But not the least laborious part of Dr. Leaf's work, it may be supposed, lay in the editing and abridgment of Madame Jelihovsky's voluminous reply, and of Mr. Solovyoff's further comments, for which labour all English readers owe him gratitude.

Space will not permit us to discuss at length the contents of Mr. Garrett's clever and entertaining booklet. But the nature and importance of his work can perhaps best be indicated by the following extracts. Speaking in the Hall of Science (writes Mr. Garrett) on August 30th, 1891, three months after Madame Blavatsky's death, Mrs. Besant said :—

“You have never known me tell a lie (No, Never! and loud cheers). I tell you that since Madame Blavatsky left I have had letters in the same handwriting as the letters which she received (sensation). Unless you think dead persons can write, surely that is a remarkable fact. You are surprised, —I do not ask you to believe me; but I tell you it is so. All the evidence I had of the existence of Madame Blavatsky's teachers and of their so-called abnormal powers came through her. It is not so now. Unless every sense can at the same time deceive me, unless a person can at the same time be sane and insane, I have exactly the same certainty for the truth of the statements I have made, as I know that you are here. I refuse to be false to the knowledge of my intellect and the perceptions of my reasoning faculties.”

In an interview published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of September 1st, 1891, Mrs. Besant further explained that these letters came from a Mahatma of whom she was a pupil, and that they did not come through the post, but “in what some would call a miraculous fashion,” in a word, that “the letters I receive from the Mahatmas are precipitated.”

It was afterwards shown conclusively that Mrs. Besant and other members of the Society had indeed received many such letters, but that they were written by the hand of Mr. Judge, (“our devoted Judge,” as Madame Blavatsky fondly called him), and forwarded to their destination sometimes through the ordinary course of post, sometimes by sleight of hand. The proof being complete, Mrs. Besant at a *private convention* of the Theosophical Society delivered a speech, of which the following is an extract :—

“I do not charge, and have not charged, Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading form to messages received psychically from the Master in various ways. . . . Personally, I hold that this method is illegitimate. . . . I believe that Mr. Judge wrote with his own hand, consciously or automatically I do not know, in the script adopted as that of the Master, messages which he received from the Master or from chelas; and I know that in my own case I believed that the messages he gave me in the well-known script were messages directly precipitated or directly written by the Master. When I publicly said I had received, after H. P. Blavatsky's death, letters in the writing that H. P.

Blavatsky had been accused of forging, I referred to letters given to me by Mr. Judge, and as they were in the well-known script, I never dreamt of challenging their source. I know now that they were not written or precipitated by the Master, and that they were done by Mr. Judge; but I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that Mr. Judge's error lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself, and not saying so . . . Having been myself mistaken, I in turn misled the public."

Mrs. Besant's proclamation in 1891 of her correspondence with the Mahatmas was published from the house-tops; but up to the date of the appearance of Mr. Garrett's articles in the *Westminster Gazette* this oracular utterance in a hole and corner convention of the Faithful was the only attempt made by her to retract the false testimony so emphatically given to the world. From the evidence which Mr. Garrett has brought forward, we are all enabled to share Mrs. Besant's conviction that the letters were "done by Mr. Judge," and to form our own opinion as to the probable nature of his inspiration. Not the least instructive part of the book, it should be added, is the appendix containing a selection from the letters written by Theosophists on the exposure.

FRANK PODMORE.

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#### IV.

*Ueber die Trugwahrnehmung, (Hallucination und Illusion) mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der internationalen Enquête über Wachhallucination bei Gesunden.* Von EDMUND PARISH. A. Abel, Leipzig, 1894, pp. 246.

This work originated—the author informs us in his Preface—in a study of the international statistics of the waking hallucinations of persons in a normal condition, and grew out of a series of lectures given in the Munich section of the *Gesellschaft für psychologische Forschung*. Its aim is to review the whole field of sensory delusions,—one important class of which, viz., those occurring under normal conditions, has generally been entirely ignored in current works on hallucinations,—and to show their relation to "correct" or "objective" perception. The author has made an exhaustive study of the German, English, French and American literature bearing on the subject, as far back as the early part of the century, and the multitude of references he gives form what is probably by far the most complete bibliography of the subject in existence. He also describes a few hypnotic experiments of his own, devised to test and illustrate certain points.

As his work came out while the last part of the English *Report on the Census of Hallucinations* was passing through the press, Professor Sidgwick's Committee did not have the benefit of his criticisms on their results, and his conclusions with regard to the Census are based on the provisional Tables published at the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, and on material furnished by the German collection, which only amounted to 625 answers.

His preliminary general account of sensory delusions is excellent, embodying the results of all the most important recent discussions, and he

gives a convenient and well-arranged summary of the kinds of hallucinations that arise under certain pathological and physiological conditions. The differences between the pathological hallucinations and those that occur to persons in a normal waking condition appear from the descriptions to be very marked. The former are incidents in a systematic—a more or less coherent—course of delusion, with which they fit in, just as our ordinary percepts of external objects fit in with our ordinary course of thought. They are therefore not often recognised to be delusive. The waking hallucinations of normal persons, on the other hand, are isolated experiences not cohering with the general course of perception, and therefore recognised to be hallucinatory.

The hallucinations produced by intoxication, various forms of poisoning, and acute illness or delirium, are also as a rule very lengthened and complicated, and are bound up with delusive ideas, involving the whole consciousness of the patient. Different types of hallucinations are often reported as the effects of different poisons, but the specific action of the poison is only one factor in the determination of the type. The most important factors are the circumstances and temperament of the patient; such drugs as haschish and opium owe their renown as producers of certain types chiefly to their being the principal narcotics used by Orientals.

The hallucinations accompanying certain physiological conditions, *e.g.*, sleep and hypnosis, occur in the state of dream-consciousness. In post-hypnotic hallucinations, however, the full waking consciousness is sometimes—though not always—retained, and in this they resemble the next class considered,—crystal visions. In treating these, free use is made of “Miss X.’s” experiences, so familiar to all readers of these *Proceedings*, and the analogous phenomenon of “shell-hearing” is illustrated by an interesting case quoted from Spitta (*Der Schlaf u. die Traumzustände d. menschl. Seele*, p. 293), who succeeded in inducing auditory hallucinations in himself by listening to slight strokes made by a muffled clapper on a bell.

After considering these various types of hallucinations, Herr Parish enunciates his main thesis,—that the one element common to all the states under which they arise is a *dissociation of consciousness*, more or less pronounced. He holds that in the pathological state the intellectual activity is obstructed, the higher nerve elements that carry on the work of association become exhausted, and hallucinations set in. The process by which this is supposed to take place is explained more fully as follows:—

In abnormal conditions of the brain, for instance in anæmia, and also during sleep, some of the higher nerve centres become exhausted, while others are in a state of unusually high tension. There is therefore obstruction in the nervous paths leading to the former, and less resistance than usual in those leading to the latter; hence the nervous impulses that would normally affect the first set, become diverted towards the second, and produce there an effect which is a hallucination. During this process, sensations which are generally sub-conscious may become conscious, and may thus determine the form of the hallucination; the influence of sub-conscious ideas being often seen, for instance, in crystal visions. The blocking of paths to the centres which would normally be reached is a process of “dissociation,”—the opening of paths in other directions is what

Herr Parish calls "enforced association." His description of the nervous action is, of course, as he says, only to be regarded as a "diagrammatic representation" of the way it actually takes place.

Herr Parish maintains that both hallucinations and illusions are anomalous reactions of the brain to stimuli in the way just described, but that while illusions arise from *dissociation*—a dropping out of certain processes that normally occur, and a consequent failure to correct the sensations received;—hallucinations arise from *forced association*, the nervous impulses travelling to centres that would not normally be affected by them, and producing changes there. He holds that the two processes seldom or never actually take place separately; but generally one or the other predominates. The original stimulus may be external or may start in the brain itself; in the latter case, the hallucination is an illusory perception of the brain change. The cases given in illustration of these points are all, however, what would be generally called illusions, and we fail to see why Herr Parish is not satisfied to retain the ordinary usage of the words "hallucination" and "illusion." There is no doubt that there are two quite distinct kinds of phenomena,—illusions, in most cases clearly traceable to external perception, which can often be reproduced at will, for their original percipient, at least, and sometimes for others as well; and hallucinations which, as a rule, cannot be reproduced at all, and can rarely be shared, and which, therefore, clearly do not depend on any perception of external objects. The fact that it is sometimes difficult in practice to draw the line between the two types cannot do away with the distinction between them; the same difficulty occurs in all attempts at classification, and it is not only more convenient, but also more accurate, to keep the distinctions between types in view, notwithstanding the existence of intermediate forms.

The physiological section of the essay contains also a full summary of the long-standing dispute as to whether hallucinations are originated in the sensory or in the ideational nerve centres, and whether the nervous changes travel centripetally or centrifugally. Due weight is given to the many arguments that have been brought forward on both sides, and the conclusion is reached that both views are equally correct (or incorrect), since recent investigations tend to show that the sensory and ideational centres occupy the same part of the brain.

Later on, he discusses the evidence for retinal action in hallucinations, which is drawn from their changes in colour and form according to optical laws, and shows that the effects are probably due to association of ideas; similarly, in atropin poisoning and in fever delirium, both real objects and hallucinations appear distorted,—the effects observed on real objects being apparently transferred by association of ideas to the hallucinations.

In discussing the theory of *points de repère*, he thinks that we should regard as the starting-point of the hallucination, not a single given sensory stimulus, but the sum of all the sensory stimuli acting at the moment. We can then explain the sensory nature of hallucinations by the participation of the sensory nerves, while the particular form they take is determined by the brain changes. There seems to be a certain confusion of ideas in this view. The sensory character of hallucinations can be thus explained only if it can be shown that, in the presence of sensory stimuli, all ideas tend to take

a sensory form, which is obviously not the case. The phenomena of "synæsthesiæ"—when the stimulation of one sense leads to a hallucinatory impression on another sense, for instance, in the case of "coloured audition,"—lend some slight support to the view; but, as Herr Parish justly remarks, we know too little of the subject to be able to explain hallucinations as "synæsthesiæ"; we have rather to regard synæsthesiæ as hallucinations whose regular appearance points to an automatic association, acquired very early in life.

Many other points of general interest are raised which we have not space here to discuss. One of the most interesting is an elaboration of Hoppe's theory that many auditory hallucinations originate in the percipient's unconscious articulation of his thoughts, in consequence of an unusual intensity in the centrifugal motor innervation which is supposed to accompany all verbal thinking. Without being audible to others, the articulation might reach such a pitch as to give rise to auditory hallucinations or illusions. This view, which refers chiefly to morbid cases, is supported by some observations on insane patients, and Herr Parish adduces one of his hypnotic experiments, in which the suggestion that the subject should articulate all his thoughts did not—as he had expected—lead to audible speech, but to an apparent impression on the part of the subject that another person was talking. The same inaudible articulation, carried a step further, produces enforced speaking aloud, and Herr Parish compares the various degrees of the process to analogous stages in automatic writing.

Passing to the results of the Census of Hallucinations, he gives a tabular summary of the English, French, American and German collections, which contain between them 27,329 answers, of which 3,271, or 11·96 per cent., are affirmative, 9·75 per cent. of the men and 14·57 per cent. of the women answering in the affirmative. The relative frequency of hallucinations in the two sexes is thus about the same as in the English collection taken alone. It was shown by Professor Sidgwick's Committee, in their *Report on the Census of Hallucinations*, (*Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. X., p. 153), that this result may perhaps be accounted for to some extent by women remembering their hallucinations—at all events those recently experienced—better than men do.

Next comes the important question of whether the statistical results represent accurately the frequency of hallucinations. In comparing the various *Ad interim* reports published by the English Committee with their final Tables presented to the Congress, Herr Parish observed that the percentage of affirmative answers constantly decreased in each fresh section. While of the first 2,928 answers collected, 12·4 per cent. were affirmative; of the last 7,724, only 8·1 per cent. were affirmative, or, omitting the foreign element, which belongs chiefly to the last section, only 7·0 per cent.<sup>1</sup> On this ground, he concludes that the total percentage of 9·4 in the English-speaking division is considerably too high, and that it can only be rectified by further "intensive" enquiry; a further "extensive" enquiry by which,

<sup>1</sup> The percentage given by Herr Parish is somewhat lower, as he calculated it on the assumption that *all* the foreigners belonged to the last section.

so to speak, the cream is skimmed off a larger area, will only further exaggerate the error. He thinks, in other words, that "selection" of affirmative answers was consciously or unconsciously exercised to a large extent.

Various arguments are, however, brought forward in the *Report on the Census* (pp. 57—60) to show that "selection" has not had much influence on the total result, and we may add here that, of the English collectors, 37 collected each at least about 100 answers, the total number collected by the 37 amounting to about 6,500, or considerably over one-third of the answers from English-speaking persons. It seems likely that these collectors at least must have almost exhausted their circle of acquaintances, and cannot have merely "skimmed the cream" from them. Some of the rest of the collection was made by their friends, whose circles of acquaintance would have overlapped theirs, so that certain sets of people must have been pretty thoroughly canvassed.

Then, again, as regards the part of the collection in which the percentage is highest, viz., the Brazilian section (23·9 per cent.) its size is evidence—considering that it was entirely the work of one man—that not much selection can have been exercised, apart from the fact that Professor Alexander was certainly well aware of the proper method of collecting answers. His results, therefore, undoubtedly tend to show that hallucinations are considerably more frequent among the Brazilians than among the English.

From these considerations it appears to us probable that the results of the whole collection are in reality more trustworthy than that of any part of it taken alone.

It is also noteworthy that in the German collection, although it only amounts to a total of 625 answers, the proportion of affirmative answers (5·95 per cent. from men, 10·72 per cent. from women, 8·16 per cent. from both), is decidedly lower than in any of the other collections, in spite of the apparent inclusion (see Table II., p. 229) of "yeses" relating to hallucinations of non-vocal sounds, which would have been excluded from the English Tables.

As to the different frequency in different nations, Herr Parish remarks that the existing material is hardly sufficient to form a judgment on, and it seems to be partly on the larger proportion of "yeses" reported by the French and Americans, as shown in his Table I. (p. 226), that he founds his view that a more "extensive" enquiry is misleading.

But the numbers, as they stand, cannot be compared with the English results. It is a remarkable fact that the proportion of persons originally answering "yes" in the English and in the American collections was almost exactly the same; in the English, 10·5 per cent. of men, 16·1 per cent. of women, 13·4 per cent. of both; in the American, 10·97 per cent. of men, 17·19 per cent. of women, 13·5 per cent. of both. The English "yeses" were reduced by counting as "noes" those which referred to experiences clearly not within the scope of the question asked, and to experiences of a doubtful kind, which the Committee, after careful consideration, excluded from their Tables. (See *Report on the Census*, pp. 36-38.)

The French collection also contains affirmative answers which in the English would have been counted as negative, for instance, some relating to

hallucinations of non-vocal sounds. If we reduce the number of affirmative answers by allowing for these (on the basis of the French Tables in an *Ad Interim* report published in the *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. VII., pp. 264-7) the French percentages are brought very near to those of the Russian section of the English collection, and it seems probable that if the same principles of counting had been applied throughout to the French cases as to the English, the number of affirmative answers would have been still further reduced. M. Marillier thought the percentage too high, as he found that some persons who collected only "noes" did not send in their lists. (See *Report of the International Congress of Experimental Psychology*, p. 65.)

Herr Parish remarks that a comparatively small number of hallucinations are reported to occur in bed, but this, he supposes, is because the same condition—a "dissociation of consciousness"—that leads to hallucinations, also promotes the forgetting of them. The English Committee pointed out, however, (*Report*, p. 171) that the numbers reported as occurring in bed are very large, considering what a small part of our lives is generally spent awake in bed. And if this be so, we cannot draw from them the conclusion that a large proportion of these hallucinations are forgotten.

Herr Parish's explanation of hallucinations as due to a "dissociation of consciousness" is clearly derived from a study of the pathological cases, though it is possible to apply it also to dreams and hypnotic hallucinations. He says, indeed, that in the different types of hallucinations it exists in many different degrees, and that the profounder the dissociation, the more "massive" is the character of the hallucination, and the more also is all memory of it prevented. We can find, however, as a rule, no evidence of any such "dissociation" in waking hallucinations of the kinds included in the Census, with the exception of those that occurred in bed, which were treated separately in the *Report*, on account of the difficulty of proving that the percipient was awake in all cases. The cases he gives to illustrate the supposed existence of the dream-consciousness occurred after long exposure to cold and exhaustion, and are practically dreams, not waking hallucinations at all. Mere fixation of the eyes may occasionally tend to bring about a dreamy condition, but the English collection contained very few cases that could be thus explained, and it would be a more serious interference with intellectual work than experience justifies us in assuming if reading or writing for any length of time were constantly liable to bring on the dream-consciousness, which he suggests was the explanation of the two cases he gives on p. 73.

Whether the state in which hallucinations such as these occur should be called one of dream-consciousness or not, is, after all, merely a question of verbal definition; but Herr Parish deduces the conclusion that hallucinations, like dreams, are specially liable to be forgotten and therefore that the reported numbers no more afford a true measure of the number that actually occur than would a reported number of dreams. He admits, however, that in sleep there is a much deeper dissociation of consciousness than in waking hallucinations, and maintains that forgetfulness depends on this, from which it must follow that dreams are forgotten much more than hallucinations. And since, as a matter of common knowledge, dreams are reported very much more frequently than hallucinations, it follows *à fortiori* that halluci-

nations are very much rarer phenomena than dreams. There is really no evidence that memory is less reliable about hallucinations than about most other things. The *Report on the Census* shows (see pp. 62—69) that the majority of them are forgotten, but an investigation of memory with regard to almost any other class of events would probably show similar results.

The last chapter of the essay is concerned with the question of telepathy, which Herr Parish declares cannot at the present day be passed over in any general discussion of hallucinations. He approaches the subject evidently with an open mind, but it seems to us that his treatment of it is marked by a want of discrimination of the different degrees of evidence in different cases. There are no doubt a great many apparently veridical phenomena—real or alleged—which, by straining a point here and there, can be explained without having recourse to the theory of telepathy, and a study of them is useful in revealing unsuspected sources of error. But the important question is whether the residuum of well-evidenced cases can be thus explained away, and with this question Herr Parish does not attempt to deal. The reports of the German collection, which he seems to have chiefly studied, and a number of which are published at the end of his essay, certainly add little or nothing to the evidence, and he did not perhaps sufficiently realise the purely provisional nature of the Tables issued by the English Committee at the Congress.

His criticisms have been in the main forestalled in their *Report on the Census*, but it may be worth while to recapitulate and discuss them further here. First, he remarks that in testing whether chance will account for the number of coincidences that occur, we ought to consider only the proportion of coincidental to non-coincidental cases recorded during the most recent period, namely, the five years preceding the enquiry, since veridical or coincidental cases are shown by the Tables to be remembered much better than non-coincidental ones.

The calculations of the English Committee, as given in their *Report*, were made on a much more stringent basis than this, viz., on the numbers reported as occurring during the most recent quarter of the year before the enquiry. The utmost degree of forgetfulness of non-coincidental cases warranted by the *facts* (not by mere theoretical considerations) was assumed, and it was also assumed that no coincidental cases at all were forgotten. The latter is undoubtedly an extreme assumption. The Committee met with some evidence in the Census itself of such forgetfulness (though not indeed of the precise type of case—recognised apparitions seen at the time of the death of the person represented—on which their calculations were based) and some evidence also of unwillingness to mention veridical experiences, which, if at all usual, must have unduly reduced the number reported.

It is also, of course, probable that the disproportionately large number of *remote* coincidental apparitions reported is partly due to some of them being wrongly remembered as coincidental, rather than to any abnormal difference of memory with regard to the two kinds of cases.

Secondly, Herr Parish considers that the proportion of coincidental to non-coincidental cases reported during the last five years is much too high, because it is begging the question—the question whether there are two

different classes of hallucinations, one, subjectively, and the other telepathically caused—to compare the coincidental cases only with the clearly objectified apparitions of recognised living persons. He holds that we ought first to prove that the facts cannot be explained by one theory covering all cases. His reasoning then proceeds as follows :—

Since for the non-telepathic explanation, both the form of the hallucination and the greater or less degree of its externalisation are matters of indifference, it is necessary to prove that the veridical cases occur in a larger proportion among *all* hallucinations than can be accounted for by chance. Now, of the apparitions of recognised living persons reported to occur during the last five years, as stated in the English Tables presented to the Congress, 5 per cent. were coincidental. Assuming the correctness of this proportion, then, out of the whole number of such apparitions reported—348—there should be 17 coincidental cases. But the whole number of hallucinations reported—visual, auditory and tactile, recognised and unrecognised,—was 1,871. Therefore the true proportion of veridical cases is 17 out of 1,871, or only .9 per cent.<sup>1</sup> Finally, since he considers it proved that only a very small proportion of the hallucinations that occur are remembered, and consequently reported ; since further, there is in his view no reason to regard illusions (in the ordinary sense of the word) as essentially different from hallucinations, or to separate dreams from waking hallucinations, the veridical cases thus dwindle to an infinitely small proportion.

It is remarkable that Herr Parish can have gone through this carefully elaborated piece of reasoning without discovering that the assumption on which the whole is based is altogether arbitrary and unwarrantable. If we wish to find the true proportion of veridical cases among all kinds of hallucinations—including in the term illusions and dreams—it is surely obvious that we ought to take all kinds of veridical cases, including veridical illusions and dreams, also cases coinciding with other events than death, as well as premonitory cases. It cannot be correct to apply a restriction to veridical cases which is not also applied to the whole group of cases with which they are to be compared.

No doubt it would be an instructive—though a somewhat lengthy—process to discover what proportion veridical experiences of *all* types bear to all experiences of the *same* type. We should probably find the proportions different in different types, because it is most likely that telepathy manifests itself more easily along some lines than along others. There seems reason to think, for instance, that it has a special tendency to produce hallucinations. The particular type of case selected in the Census—apparitions of recognised living persons—was chosen as that in which the calculation of chance coincidence could, for obvious reasons, be estimated probably more accurately than in any other.

The whole argument for telepathy, however, of course turns on the question whether the reports of veridical cases are trustworthy. Assuming the *bona fides* of the witnesses, are their recollections to be trusted? Herr

<sup>1</sup>Several arithmetical errors were made in this calculation, which we have corrected for the benefit of readers.

Parish follows, or rather goes far beyond Professor Royce, in maintaining that a large number of cases can be referred to "pseudo-memories,"—an irresistible conviction that some event which did not really occur has been experienced, a hallucination of memory as vivid and convincing and of necessity more difficult to correct than a sensory hallucination. The theory was elaborated by Professor Royce in the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research* (Vol. I., pp. 366 *et seq.*), but was put forward by him as a pure hypothesis, applicable only to a certain number of cases, chiefly dreams and mental impressions, not externalised waking hallucinations. He himself admitted that there were many apparently veridical cases to which it would not apply. The only definite evidence in favour of this hypothesis was drawn from a very small number of morbid cases. *Illusions* of memory, *i.e.*, inaccurate recollections of real events, are, of course, common enough, and are one of the errors that have always to be guarded against. Herr Parish gives an instance known to himself of a lady who dreamt that a certain estate was sold for the price of 750,000 poodles. Soon after, an offer was made to buy it for 750,000 marks, whereupon not only the lady herself, but many of her friends, were convinced that she had dreamt of marks instead of poodles. The story does not appear to rest on the kind of evidence that we should require from one which was supposed to illustrate telepathy, but assuming that it is accurately reported, it is merely an *illusion* of memory of a familiar kind. If the lady had had no dream at all with regard to selling the estate, a *hallucination* of memory to the effect that she had dreamt of it would have been a much more remarkable error, different in kind rather than in degree.

The argument against chance coincidence is thus disposed of in a wholesale manner by premising (1) that a very large number of *non-coincidental* hallucinations occur, whereas only very few of them are remembered, and (2) that the great majority of *coincidental* hallucinations that *are* remembered never occurred at all, but are to be put down to hallucinations of memory. The analogy, however, of hypnotic cases, on which Herr Parish in general lays so much stress, would lead us to suppose that a revival of apparent memory is more often genuine than hallucinatory. The memory of what has happened during hypnosis may often be revived by a few words bearing but very remotely on the subject. (For examples, see Moll's *Hypnotism*, English Translation, p. 125.) So far as dreams go, we are often reminded of them by some slight incident, and there is no reason to distrust the accuracy of such recollections.

Herr Parish argues further that the method of calculation of chance coincidence is fallacious, because the probability of coincidence is different in each case. Supposing that the percipient is nursing her mother who is ill with pneumonia and 75 years old, it is comparatively probable (*a*) that "among other hallucinations and dreams" some will relate to the mother, and also (*b*) that the mother may die at the time of one of these "hallucinations and dreams." These are obvious considerations—except the assumption of the frequency of hallucinations under such circumstances. But it was shown in the *Report on the Census* (see pp. 167-171), that there is little evidence for the production of hallucinations by anxiety. Also in most of

the cases there presented as affording evidence for telepathy, the percipient was in no anxiety at all, and there was therefore no antecedent probability that his "hallucinations and dreams" would relate to the dying person.

With regard to the age of the dying person, this, of course, affects the probability of death in any individual case, but the method of averages is misleading only if the average of all the individual cases considered differs from the standard average. Thus, if the coincidental apparitions were only of persons dying at advanced ages, it would be incorrect to use as a factor in the calculation the annual death-rate for the whole population. Now, the ages of the decedents in the coincidental cases included in the English collection were unfortunately not always given, but the circumstances generally enable us to estimate them roughly. Such an estimate of those 35 cases which were published in the *Report on the Census* as supported by more or less good evidence, gives the following results:—

<i>Age at Death.</i>	<i>Number of Cases.</i>
From 6 months to 25 years.	9
From 25 to 55 years.	11
Over 55 years.	15

Of the last 15 cases, there are 4 in which the decedent was very likely under 55 years old, while of the middle 11 cases, there are two in which he may have been under 25.

From the Tables of Expectation of Life compiled from the reports of the Registrar General, we find that out of 100 persons (taking men and women together), 32 die under 25 years of age, 22 between the ages of 25 and 55, and 46 over 55 years. Out of 35 persons, the corresponding numbers would be 11, 8, and 16 respectively, which are not very different from the numbers in the Census cases just quoted. It follows that the average probability of death in these cases was about the same as in the population generally, and therefore that it is legitimate to use the annual death-rate as a factor in the calculation.

If, however, Herr Parish's treatment of the evidence for telepathy will hardly seem adequate to those who take a more favourable view of it than he does, it must be remembered that this forms merely a subordinate part of his book. To psychologists and to those interested in the general study of hallucinations, his wide knowledge, his capacity for the orderly marshalling of facts, and his careful and impartial discussions of disputed points, will make his work of great value, if not indispensable, and should rank him among recognised authorities on the subject.

ALICE JOHNSON.

## V.

*Rivista di Studi Psicici; Periodico Mensile.* Edited by Dr. G. B. Ermacora (Padua), and Dr. G. Finzi (Milan).

In spite of the prevailingly positive character of scientific thought in Italy, psychical studies have in the last few years gained a firm footing there, partly, no doubt, owing to the modified adherence of such eminent men as Lombroso and Schiaparelli, but still more to the active work of the

two editors of the new periodical, whose names will be familiar to all students of the *Proceedings*. We are heartily glad to see that the subject has now progressed so far as to call for the establishment of a special organ, to which we offer a most cordial welcome.

The first number, issued last January, opens with a most suggestive and interesting address by the editors, "Ai nostri lettori." It takes as its text "Misoneism," the resistance of the human mind to the entrance of new ideas, as shown, of course, in the attitude of the scientific world towards psychical studies. A new idea, the editors say, means a modification of brain-substance; but all living beings tend to resist anything that causes an expenditure of energy, and therefore anything that tends to modify their organs. This resistance to change, among other effects, produces in the region of thought a secondary form of "positivism." Scientific positivism is the progressive adaptation of the intelligence solely and entirely to the facts of experience; this operates to the good of the species. But there is another sort of positivism which may be called that of the individual economy; this urges the individual to avoid the necessity of new and painful adaptations of the intellect involving expenditure of energy, and therefore operates hurtfully to progress. A man conscious that he is a factor in the advance of humanity will always be subject to the opposition of these two sorts of positivism, and is tempted to confound with scientific positivism that which is only the expression of his own individual desire to avoid painful effort. The psychical enquirer must endeavour, in the first place, to accept as fact nothing but fact, but at the same time he must not shirk the painful effort to adapt his mind, by gradual steps, from ideas already familiar, to those which are new, and that with the least possible waste of intellectual energy.

After this introduction, which is closed by a long letter of good wishes from Carl du Prel, the number contains one rather curious case of apparition at the time of death or shortly afterwards—a collective hallucination of two sisters living near Rovigo, in 1874; translations of two other cases from the October number of our *Journal*; the first part of a popular exposition of the present state of our knowledge with respect to telepathy, by Dr. Ermacora; a translation of an extraordinary case published by Dr. Liébeault in the January, 1894, number of the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*; notes on the Census of Hallucinations, on spirit-identity, and on the exposure of Mrs. Williams; and finally a long and highly complimentary review of Mr. Podmore's *Apparitions and Thought-transference*, again by Dr. Ermacora. He has some good criticisms to make; and ends by expressing an earnest hope that the work may soon be translated into Italian, "because the popularization of psychic science begins with telepathy, because there is in our language no book which adequately treats of the subject, and because Podmore's work is the one which most thoroughly attains this end."

WALTER LEAF.

PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL MEETINGS.

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The 72nd General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, April 5th, at 4 p.m.; PROFESSOR SIDGWICK in the chair.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS read and commented on various cases of Premonition, forming part of a paper on "The Relation of Subliminal Phenomena to Time," which will be published in a future number of the *Proceedings*.

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The 73rd General Meeting was held in the same place, on Friday, May 17th, at 8.30 p.m.; MR. R. PEARSALL SMITH in the chair.

MR. ANDREW LANG's paper on "The Voices of Jeanne d'Arc," printed below, was read by MRS. LANG.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS read a further part of his paper on "The Relation of Subliminal Phenomena to Time."

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The 74th General Meeting was held in the same place, on Friday, July 5th, at 4 p.m.; PROFESSOR SIDGWICK in the chair.

PROFESSOR W. F. BARRETT read a paper on "Human Personality, in the light of, and in its relation to, Psychical Research," which it is hoped to publish in a future number of the *Proceedings*.

MR. F. W. H. MYERS read the paper on "Resolute Credulity," printed below.

## I.

SOME EXPERIMENTS ON THE SUPERNORMAL  
ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY MRS. A. W. VERRALL.

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For the last five years, at irregular intervals and with many interruptions, I have been making experiments in "guessing" ordinary playing cards; I have varied the conditions, with a view to testing some of the suggested causes of success—hyperæsthesia, telepathy, clairvoyance, or telesthesia—and I will now describe and attempt to classify the results. The number of experiments is in no single series great enough to justify me in looking upon any suggested explanation as proved; at the same time, the evidence seems to point to certain conclusions, and perhaps the publication of my attempts may induce others to carry on similar experiments, which may result in more assured conclusions.

I ought to say that I have recorded carefully at the time each experiment; occasionally, on beginning a new series, a few preliminary trials were made with a view to ascertaining what would be the most convenient way of carrying out a proposed experiment, but as soon as the method was determined on, every experiment has been recorded. Where another person—my little girl—was concerned, I took the precaution of assigning marks for success to each of us, using the marks as a means of testing the accuracy of the record. Thus I noted the cards drawn and guesses made, she reckoned in her head the marks obtained by each of us. When the series for the evening was finished, she would say what marks each had obtained and I would revise my notes. We never found any discrepancy, so I may take it as certain that my records are substantially correct. The rough notes were taken on loose sheets of paper, copied into a book, and compared the next day with the originals. I have no guarantee to offer of the accuracy of the notes taken when I was alone beyond that of my desire to avoid error and my knowledge that extreme care is necessary to do so. In every case the guess has been recorded before the actual card was looked at. In cases where it was necessary to cancel a guess—perhaps because the card fell over on its face or might otherwise have been observed—the fact of the cancelling has been recorded, though the guess has, of course, not been reckoned.

The experiments have almost all been made after five o'clock in the evening, some before dinner, some after—nearly all, therefore, by

artificial light. The series have often been interrupted, sometimes unavoidably, sometimes voluntarily. When I have been specially busy, or have felt thoroughly disinclined for guessing cards, I have not continued a series. But if one experiment has been made, I have always continued on that occasion till the regular number has been completed; my usual number at a sitting has been 5 or 10.

The experiments made fall into five classes, divided according to the supposed cause of success, if success there were. They were arranged to test the following possible causes of successful guessing of unperceived cards:—

A.—Delicate and cultivated sense of touch—the fingers consciously feeling the face of the card.

B.—Momentary contact—one finger being placed for an instant on the back of the card.

C.—Telepathy, of various kinds, direct and indirect.

D.—Hyperæsthesia.

E.—Telæsthesia.

I have some difficulty in giving names to the supposed causes in these last two classes, D and E, but as one of the senses (touch or sight) has always been employed, though the information has not been consciously obtained through it, I have called the cause provisionally hyperæsthesia, where the card has been known to no intelligence before it was guessed, and telæsthesia, where the knowledge has been present in one mind and conveyed to the other, not directly as a mental image, but indirectly and apparently through the tactile sense of the person guessing. I will explain my meaning more fully when I come to these classes.

It will be seen that class A is more nearly akin to class D than to any other, and that C and E are possibly closely connected. But as the whole classification is provisional, I have thought it better to deal with the five groups in something like chronological sequence.

#### *A.—Sense of Touch.*

I was led to try experiments in the direction of ascertaining how far it was possible to know a card by feeling its face, after some other trials had shown me how much easier it was than I had supposed to see the reflection of a card. I had dealt cards out over a polished wooden surface, by lamplight, and had seen every card with ease; I found the same results when I used an ordinary leather-covered writing table, and by a careful arrangement of lights, was able to see enough of the cards reflected on a well ironed white linen table-cloth to enable me to distinguish with certainty between picture and non-picture cards, black and red, and so on. I could not distinguish 3 of Hearts from

3 of Diamonds, but I dare say I should soon have acquired the skill, had I persevered.

I then went on to see if I could distinguish between a picture and a plain card after passing over the surface the sides of my thumbs. I found it quite easy to do so, and in a pack that I had used a few times I was able to pick out the picture cards with very few errors. I now began a regular series with a view to learning to distinguish each card by touch. I drew a card, felt it without looking at it, guessed it, recorded the guess, put the card aside, and drew the next. After every 10 or 15 cards, I turned up the cards which had been laid aside in a regular sequence, entered the results in the book, shuffled, and began again. I did not put each card back and then shuffle, as I found it very important to perform the feeling process rapidly, and my fingers—or rather thumbs—seemed to lose their sensitiveness if I constantly re-adjusted the cards. As, however, I did not know whether my guesses were correct or not, I do not think the probable number of successes was materially affected by this method. I made 50 guesses in an evening, and went on till I had 400 guesses in all. For the results *see* Table, Series A I. p. 194.

Taking the separate evenings, the completely correct guesses were distributed as follows: 3, 2, 9, 6, 4, 2, 3, 5.

I found that the art of feeling the number of the pips was one that could be learnt: in that of perceiving the suit I made no conscious progress. The figures on the separate evenings were as follows;—

Number of pips right: 10, 8, 13, 14, 8, 8, 6, 16 = 83; most probable total, 31.

Suit right: 18, 17, 17, 16, 14, 13, 10, 16 = 121; most probable total, 100.

Before leaving this Series I, I may note a curious instance of an illusory mental impression as to how the guess was made. I am a very good visualiser, and as soon as I think of a card, see a mental picture of it. On the 3rd night, *i.e.*, after 100 guesses, I found that I was mentally reversing these processes, and had it not been for my experiences of the two preceding evenings should have said, not that I *felt*, but that I *saw* the card. From this time to the end of the experiments, I ceased to be conscious of the process by which I learnt what the cards were.

This experience has not been without interest to me in leading me to mistrust any personal impression, however distinct, as to how a conclusion has been reached. [See *Appendix A.*, p. 190.]

Since trying these experiments, I have had the sensitiveness of the skin of my hands tested, with a view to ascertaining whether there is any reason to suppose that I have greater natural facilities than most

people for recognising cards by feeling their surfaces. It was found that the sensitiveness of the skin of the hands, as tested by placing small weights upon it, was not more than normal, and as tested by Weber's test, it was not more than normal except along the inner edge of the left thumb, where the sensitiveness was as high as at the point of the index finger, which is unusual.

*B.—Momentary Contact. Pure Guessing.*

Side by side with the series just described I carried on some experiments with a view to testing the results of pure guesswork. I took the top card of the pack without looking, put my hands on it and guessed. I was careful not to move my fingers over the card nor to look at it. I kept my hands on it merely to make some connection ; I waited for no impression, but guessed as quickly as I could get my mind to form a choice. I never seemed to have any reason for guessing one card more than another, and often had great difficulty in making a reasonable guess. Such phrases as "Queen of roses," "6 of shadows" came constantly to my lips. For results see Table, B II, p. 194.

*C.—Telepathy.*

The experiments in telepathy that I am considering in this paper have all been made with my little girl, now aged 11½. I have made experiments with her, being myself either agent or percipient, from the time she was four or five years old, using occasionally other objects than cards, and I have once or twice received spontaneous impressions which I am inclined to believe were derived telepathically from her. The record of an earlier series of experiments with cards has been published in the *Journal S.P.R.*, Vol. IV., p. 33. The experiments in telepathy now to be mentioned are of two kinds, direct and indirect ; in the direct experiments, Series III., she (or I) would draw a card and look at it, and I (or she) would guess. The guess was always recorded before the actual card was mentioned. In the indirect experiments, Series IV., a card was drawn by one of us from a pack, the back was looked at by both, a guess made by each, recorded, and the card then turned over and the face looked at by both. As to our success in guessing these cards correctly I shall speak when I come to the next class of experiments, D. I have counted and classified in Series IV. the cases in which our guesses (whether right or wrong) coincided, and it is this series which I mean by the experiments in indirect telepathy.

The general results of these card experiments in telepathy, direct and indirect, is negative—that is, there is no evidence in favour of telepathy. For the actual figures see Tables. There is a slight excess over the figures given by probability in the Series IV., but not enough to warrant the drawing of any conclusion in favour of telepathy.

Another series, III b., in which H. was percipient, should be mentioned. To vary the experiments in direct telepathy, which were very dreary work for a child, we started a series in which instead of guessing the whole card at once the percipient guessed in three stages, receiving the answer "Yes," or "No," before the next guess. Thus, "Picture Card"—"No." "Diamonds."—"Yes." "Eight."—"No."

The success was somewhat greater in this series (which is included in C IIIa in the Table), but the experiments soon proved as dull as the others, and we abandoned them.

The extreme difficulty in keeping up any interest in this "very dull game" may account for the failure of the experiments. In the original series, some years ago, the child was quite unfamiliar with cards, and much interested in them. On the occasions I am now discussing, the cards themselves were no longer interesting to her, and she was keenly anxious to be successful and correspondingly depressed at failure.

In the course of the experiments in direct telepathy, we had some interesting experiences, which are perhaps worth noting for the benefit of future investigators. On one occasion, when I had drawn a card and was holding it as usual, with the light of the lamp on it, H. said "3 of clubs; I saw that through the back, against the light." We proceeded to investigate and found that in some circumstances it was possible to see the pips through, although it was not easy to do so unless we put the card actually against the globe. On another occasion I was looking at 8 of hearts, and H. guessed 7 of hearts, adding; "That must not count, for I heard you say hearts." On further inquiry, she said that she heard —t, —t, —t, —t, and then 'art, 'art 'art. My attention had, as I knew, wandered on this occasion, and it is possible that I did say the word unconsciously. I had a cold, and my breathing was more difficult and louder than usual. We never had another similar experience. These guesses just mentioned do not appear in the tables. I mention them here because they suggest a possible explanation where the number of successes in thought-transference is slightly higher than probability would lead us to expect—viz., the including of a few cases where the information was conveyed by the ordinary channels, neither agent nor percipient observing that such was the case.

As bearing on the question of telepathy between H. and myself, I add two notes, one on a case of apparent spontaneous telepathy, the other on experimental telepathy where the interest of both agent and percipient was greater than in the case of the experiments with cards.

*Apparent Spontaneous Telepathy, between H. and myself.*

On January 22nd, 1891, I was sitting alone in a perfectly dark room, with my two hands on a small wooden table. At this time I

was in the habit of sitting in this way every day for a quarter of an hour, but nothing had so far occurred of any kind. On January 22nd I went into the drawing-room at 5.45, and left when the clock struck six. When I had sat for about 10 minutes I saw a bright spot of light, which, however, disappeared when I looked fixedly at it; a moment after, I had a very clear vision in another part of the room of a golden key, very large and bright. I shut my eyes, and on opening them again saw the key. This persistence of a vision is quite unlike my experience in crystal-gazing. The handle was towards my right, the wards to my left; the key was nearly horizontal, the handle slightly higher, as it would be if the key were lying on the ground with the wards nearer to me than the handle. But in the absence of any object to compare with the key, I could not say whether it was represented as lying on the ground.

The phenomena I was looking out for were not of this nature, and as I happened to be interrupted just as I left the room, I unfortunately made no note at the time. About 7 o'clock H., aged  $7\frac{1}{2}$  years, came back from a small children's party in a great state of excitement about a magic lantern, which she much regretted that I had not seen. The story represented was that of Bluebeard and the "golden key." This key, she said, appeared in several of the pictures, one, "a dreadful one, with the key lying in the blood."

On hearing this, I noted my own vision and the time, 5.55 p.m., with a sketch of the key—and H.'s account, as above given. Two days later I was able to see the slides, and fix the hour of the performance. The show began, the hostess told me, at 20 minutes or a quarter to 6, and lasted about a quarter of an hour. The more sensational slides had been omitted, and there was no picture with the key lying in the blood. The key appeared 3 times, once held by Bluebeard, once by Fatima, and once lying on the ground, in the same position as I had seen it, but reversed; *i.e.*, with the handle to the left. In no picture was the key golden.

It was clear then that my vision did not reproduce anything that had been actually seen by the child, although it seemed to have occurred at the time when she was seeing the pictures and wishing that I could do so also. It should also be noted that the child's own account to me did not reproduce exactly what she had seen. It was not till some years later that I discovered by accident that in the first version she had ever read of Bluebeard, a French one, the key was golden. The staining of the key with the blood is, of course, an essential element in the story, and H.'s account of the show suggests that the central incident to her mind was the golden key lying in the blood. If then, my vision were due to something more than chance, H. seems to have conveyed to me a symbolic representation of the

story as conceived by her rather than a reproduction of the actual picture at which she was looking.

*Apparent Thought-transference of Clearly Visualised Scenes, I being percipient.*

In the autumn of 1893 we tried to transfer visualised scenes ; in this I believe myself to have had some slight success as percipient with other people. H. and I sat in the same room, at some distance, back to back ; she thought of a scene or picture, I looked at the ceiling, described what I saw, and drew it. There was not complete silence, but no leading questions were asked, and very few remarks made. I took down at the time, on one occasion, every word that was said, and am sure that no sort of hint is given by H., other than the inevitable one of satisfaction or disappointment, of which I am conscious, though it is not expressed. After my description and drawing were complete, H. made rough outlines in some cases where her description was not definite enough to please her. She did this before seeing my drawings. We have made in all 7 attempts, besides 2 where I had no impression of any kind. Out of these 7, in 2 cases H.'s visualisation was not clear enough to enable her to draw anything, and in these two cases I failed completely. In one case, there may have been a connection between my impression and H.'s mental picture ; the four remaining cases I will describe in detail.

(a). My description was as follows :—

Darkish centre, perhaps brown ; light or white side pieces, like an odd-shaped chandelier or a gigantic white butterfly. Most conspicuous vivid blue background, as if the object were seen against a bright blue sky. My drawing is reproduced on the Plate, marked P.1.

H.'s picture, in her own words :—

Ship leaving Port Gavin, very tall, brown, central mast, white sails—the whole showing against a brilliant blue sea, with dark brown rocks on one side. For H.'s drawing, *see* Plate, fig. A.1.

She had seen this on the Cornish coast, when on a visit without me, and had been struck with the beauty of colouring. She was disappointed at my not seeing the rocks.

(b.) My description :—

Fat insect—no, child—child with its back to me, and arms and legs stretched out ; colour reddish brown in the centre ; shiny bright head, very solid body. (*See* Plate, fig. P.2.)

H.'s picture :—

Baby —, in a passion, standing in the corner with his face to the wall.

The child in question had very shining, bright hair, much brighter,

as H. said, than his frock, which was white (not brown). He stood with legs and arms outstretched.

(c.) My description :—

Large globe on the top of a pillar—base indistinct—cannot see colour of globe ; it is light, has reflections, is dazzling and bright—perhaps an electric light on the top of a pillar. (*See Plate, fig. P.3.*)

H.'s picture :—

Sun setting behind point of hill, so that a little notch is taken out of the disc of the sun by the point of the hill. The whole scene is distant, lower ranges of hills leading up to the highest, behind this is the setting sun. Mist over the lower part. (*See Plate, fig. A.3.*)

(d.) My description, verbatim. H.'s comments in italics.

“Scene, outdoors—colour, green. *Yes.*”

“Right hand definite, left hand undefined, *e.g.*, on right hand, mountain or hill, line of trees, house. *Which ?*”

“Right hand, hill—green hill, clear outline. Something at bottom of hill, behind it sea—or before it. Purplish flat surface fills middle of picture. Object [at foot of hill] not natural—geometrical in outline. *How large ?*”

“Can't see size ; colour, white and red. No horizontal lines ; [lines] vertical and aslant.”

H.'s picture :—

Dieppe as seen from the steamer (6 months before ; H.'s first impression of a French town). Cliff sharply defined on right ; on left, view cut off by the steamer. Red and white houses below the white cliff in the green hill, all seen across a dull bluish sea.

I have given the account of this impression in detail because it illustrates the difficulties which I experience in what I may call interpretation. The objects present themselves to my mind as groups of lines, accompanied by an impression of colour, but there are no external objects for comparison, so that it is difficult to get any notion of their size—and sometimes, as in this last case, they appear in succession, so that even their relative proportions are not easy to determine. The “object at the foot of the hill” seemed to be equally likely to be a house with a red roof and white front, a red waggon with a white load, or a child's white pinafore against a red dress. The only certainties were that the main colours were red and white, and the general trend of the lines vertical and aslant. The description is, I think, not inaccurate when referred to the view of Dieppe at the foot of the cliffs. Again in the 3rd case, it will be seen that in general outlines the two drawings are similar, but I interpreted my impression on too small a scale when I suggested a globe of electric light carried on a pillar for what was the sun momentarily resting upon the hill top.

D.—*Hyperæsthesia.*

The card experiments under this head fall into two main divisions—viz. : (1) Those already spoken of, where two persons guess ; (2) Other experiments in which I alone looked at or touched the pack of cards.

I will begin with the first division, Series V. and Va.<sup>1</sup> I have already partly described the method, and will only add that I shuffled and H. drew the card, that on forming a guess each person said "Now," that when both "Now's" had been said, H. spoke her guess, I mine. I recorded both, and then the card was turned up. I shuffled after each guess, and we guessed 10 at a sitting. The reason that H. mentioned her guess before I did was that I thought that, as she was quite a child at the time, she might be influenced to change her card if she heard mine before recording her impression. I may have been influenced in the same way, but at least I was aware of the danger. The first series was in February, 1890; the next in October, 1890, with a fresh pack; the two short series were in January, 1891, and May, 1892. Some preliminary experiments with an old and defective pack were successful, and we then began the regular series. For results see Table, p. 195.

It will be seen that, taking the totals, the success is marked, and so it is in each of the long series. The cards were different in each of the four series. In the first series we used a pack which had been occasionally used for piquet, and there was a slight difference in the appearance of the cards that had been more often used. The difference, however, was so slight that H. did not notice it when I drew her attention to it, and I was myself unable, at the end of the experiments, to sort the piquet cards from the others. Still it is possible that the difference, slight as it was, may have helped me to guess the cards rightly. There was a perceptible progress in my guessing of the *numbers* of cards : 6, 5, 7, 13, 10 (total 41), being the totals correct in each 50, while the total of *suits* correctly guessed by me was precisely in accordance with probability—viz., 62.

For the second series, in October, 1890, we used a fresh pack, with backs dark in general colouring and well covered. They were not unused, but were entirely unfamiliar to me and quite new to H. I was not so successful in guessing numbers (22 instead of 41), while I was nearly as good in guessing cards (9 for 10). The results with H. were not quite so good as those in the first series (number right, 22; card right, 9; instead of 26 and 14 respectively). The third series was unavoidably interrupted; the only interesting point about it was the striking example it offered of what I have observed on other

<sup>1</sup> The guesses are identical with those in Series IV., described above.

occasions, namely, the tendency to be distinctly good or bad, rather than indifferent, in this special form of guessing. On one evening, out of 10 guesses, I was right 6 times as to suit and 3 times as to number, thus scoring half my total, both of "number right" and "suit right," on one of the four nights. The 4th series promised well, but was also unfortunately interrupted. The cards in this series were pale in colouring and had not been used by either of us before.

I made a careful examination of the cards correctly guessed in the first and last sets of this series (V.) with a view to determining the question whether the large number of successes—obviously beyond what chance would produce—was due to recognition, conscious or unconscious, of cards previously drawn. Such an explanation will not account for everything; in the first 10 attempts in the 4th series, for instance, I guessed 2 cards correctly, 2 of diamonds and 6 of diamonds. Of these, 2 of diamonds was drawn again nearly a month later and rightly guessed by H., while 6 of diamonds was drawn again on the same night and incorrectly guessed by us both. In the first set of 250, my 10 completely correct guesses represented 8 cards, and H.'s 14 completely correct guesses represented 5 cards, but in all cases the cards correctly guessed were turned up on other occasions and not rightly guessed.

I now come to the second division of this Class D—viz.: solitary experiments in guessing cards without excluding the senses of sight or touch, but without applying them to the faces of the cards. The whole series where I used my eyes I will call VI., but I will treat separately of the five sets of experiments. The series in which I used only the sense of touch I call VII. In July, 1892, after the conclusion of the double series just described, I began a set of experiments alone. I shuffled the cards, picked up the top one, being careful not to touch the face, looked at the back and made a guess. I used a pack of cards that had been used, I think, for some of our telepathic experiments, but the backs of which I had not examined. With these I made 100 trials (*see* VI. 1, Table, p. 195).

I then bought a new pack, thick, well glazed, with dark well covered backs, with gilding on them. I chose them with a view to trying success under what I believed to be the worst possible conditions, as I have a fancy that it is easier to guess when the backs are pale in colour and not highly glazed. The results are shown in VI. 2; *see* Table, p. 195.

The next series (VI. 3) was a very short one; the pack was another perfectly new one, with pale but well covered backs.

The next 30 (VI. 4), some months later, were tried with a new and unused pack, and the last 20 (VI. 5) with a pack specially opaque.

The most marked results were with the familiar pack, but I ought

to say that in the 2nd set with the new pack, out of the four cards correctly guessed, 3 were guessed at their first appearance, the 4th at its second ; but this one, as well as two of the others, was drawn again and incorrectly guessed. Comparing these results with those obtained in the double experiments of the same kind, I am convinced that the whole explanation is not to be found, as I once thought, in the identification of certain cards by marks on their backs, though this may occur and help to produce the success.

The last series I tried (No. VII) was one where I used touch only ; this ran concurrently with set 2 of series VI. I shut my eyes, during shuffling and drawing, and placed one finger of the left hand on the back of the selected card. I had some difficulty in obtaining impressions at all, even after waiting some time. The results were not more than what chance might give, 2 complete successes in 100 guesses.

Before going on to record our most recent experiences, I may perhaps here mention some of my own impressions as to the way in which my knowledge was obtained in the more successful series, though I place very little confidence in the trustworthiness of such impressions. I will also here mention some delusions which I had, and some cases where I seem to have misinterpreted my impressions.

Generally, when looking at the back of a card, I see a sort of ridge or ridges along it which represent the face to me. For instance, a 4 or 6 will have a longitudinal ridge at each side, a 2 or 3 one central ridge, a 5 and an ace run down to a hollow, but the 5 is more distinctly raised at the edges than the ace ; 7 and 8 seem to be closely alike, all over little ups and downs, and so, again, are 9 and 10, while the picture cards present a curious uniformity of surface, with no ridges at all. At one time I thought certain cards were more inclined than others to spin on the surface on which I placed them, but on making experiments I could not find that this was the case. On several occasions I convinced myself that impressions as to marks on the back were complete delusions ;—*e.g.*, in the last of the 2nd set of 250 (Series IV. and V.) a card was drawn which I thought looked like king of diamonds ; we had drawn king of diamonds earlier in the evening and on its back I had noticed five little marks close together. I saw five nearly similar marks on the card in question, and (note the dream-like quasi reasoning !) guessed queen of diamonds. The card was king of diamonds. Of course I at once said that it was marked, but H. declared she could see nothing. I undertook to pick it out of the pack. I went through the whole pack, and laid aside two cards as having little marks, like in kind, but not identical with those on the king. These two cards proved to be the knave and the 2 of diamonds, but I had failed to find the king, and on close examination could see no trace of any kind of mark on it. Again, when alone, I was sure that

a card was "very like" the last one—king of clubs (correctly guessed)—and therefore decided to guess queen of clubs. But immediately after I felt sure that it was a spade. So I guessed queen of spades. The card was a king of spades—obviously more like king of clubs than any other. Had I reasoned correctly from my impression, I should have guessed correctly. As it was I failed.

On another occasion, after some successful guesses alone, I showed the cards to my husband to see if he could see any marks or ridges on the backs. I gave him ace of diamonds which I had just guessed correctly, but he could see nothing. I drew another, and handed it to him; he gave it back (on a book) saying it was possible that there was something down the middle. I looked and said, "No; now the 10 is an odd card; I have never guessed a 10 right. This may be a 10—yes, it is a 10, I should think hearts." It was 10 of spades. This guess is, of course, not counted in the series.

Once again, alone, I drew a card, and thought it was an ace;—then my attention having been called to the backs by a small tear in the first card drawn that evening, I noticed equal signs of use at the top and bottom of this card, and concluded that it was a reversible card. I *therefore* (notice the absurd inference) decided that it was not an ace. I made no guess, and cancelled the trial, as it was obviously not spontaneous guessing. The card was ace of diamonds, the one reversible ace.

These cases seem to tell against the theory that success is due to the perception of actual marks on the backs of the cards, too slight to be easily seen; for the signs which seemed to guide me had probably no actual existence. On the other hand, the appearance of something on the back—ridges, hollows, &c.—more or less corresponding with the face of the card, taken together with the fact that I had no success in guessing when my eyes were shut, suggests to me that the stamping of the pictures and pips on the cards may possibly produce indications on the backs, which are visible under some conditions and to some persons.

As illustrating the possibility of hyperæsthesia, see in *Appendix B*, the account of some experiments with diagrams in contact with the percipient, but not consciously felt; but as they were known to the agent, telepathy may have been the cause.

#### *E.—Telæsthesia.*

The last series of which I have to speak were undertaken after I had read an account of experiments by M. Roux in the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, July, 1893. We selected the 13 cards of one suit out of two packs, and the agent took those of one pack, the percipient those of the other. The agent drew a card from her pack and looked at it. The percipient with eyes shut sat at some distance with

her back to the agent, holding her own pack, with the backs of the cards towards her, in her left hand. The percipient transferred her 13 cards from left to right hand slowly until she had a wish to stop at any particular card. This card was reckoned as her "guess." In the first series, in which H. acted as agent, I had no success. I seldom felt any impulse, and often went through the whole 13 cards and began again, ghoosing at random (I always kept my eyes shut) but very soon I recognised the cards by touch, and this naturally spoilt the experiment. I had probably unconsciously recognised the cards by touch before my conscious attention was drawn to the fact. On looking back at the record I find that I "guessed"—that is, stopped at—the same card twice in one evening (5 trials) and on six out of the first twelve evenings, namely, on the 1st, 4th, 6th, 10th, 11th, 12th. On the 13th evening I stopped at the 10 for my second guess, again for my third, and again for my fourth. I was conscious on this occasion of recognising it, that is, I was conscious of a certain familiarity in the card which made me wish to select it. On the next night, I stopped at the 7 for my first guess, and could not get rid of it, selecting it four times out of five. After we had finished I tried to select the 7 by deliberately feeling the cards, but failed. I mention these facts because they seem to me to confirm the earlier experiments as to the facility of learning to recognise a card by touch. At the same time they seem to show that the amount of skill which can be attained in such matters is far beyond what the experimenter is able consciously to exert.

For the purpose of the particular experiment I was anxious to try, this delicacy of touch was most inconvenient. We went on, however, with the experiments with a new suit, and later on tried 26 cards (two suits) at a time instead of one. For results see Series VIII. and VIIIa, Table, p. 196. The packs were altered between the two sets of each series.

Taking these two sets, where 13 cards were used, it will be seen that H.'s success is almost double the most probable number—21 instead of 11·5. From the beginning she, unlike me, was aware of a definite impulse to stop; her difficulty in deciding which card to select came from an occasional uncertainty as to which of two cards was the "card intended."

Some incidental observations may be interesting. On the 5th evening of the second pack (diamonds), H. had stopped three times at the 10, and I thought that she might be beginning to recognise the cards by touch. She knew nothing of my experiments in that direction. On the next evening, at the 2nd trial, she said: "I have guessed what this is," meaning that she had a mental impression, and on stopping at a card, she added, before seeing it, "here it is, it is

the 6," which was the right card. I note this as possibly explaining the process that results in success, namely, telepathy, more readily felt subconsciously than by the conscious mind, but on this occasion reaching the consciousness as well as apparently enabling the percipient to stop at the right card. I do not know, and H. was not able to say, whether, when she said "I have guessed," she had already touched the right card. Her impression was that she "saw"—she is also a good visualiser—the card before she felt it, but in the light of my own experiences in feeling cards, (see above, p. 176) I attach little value to this impression.

However, on this evening, when our sets were finished, we tried some experiments to see whether H. could select a given card, consciously or unconsciously. I shuffled the cards, and she tried to find the required cards under the same conditions as above. The two sets of trials were as follows :—

A.—I named a card and asked her to find it ; the cards named were, 6, 7, 6 ; the cards drawn were, respectively, 7, 6, 8.

B.—She thought of a card (unknown to me) and tried to find it. The cards thought of were king, 2, queen ; the cards drawn were 6, 6, king.

It will be seen that on no occasion did she succeed, when deliberately trying to produce the required card ; the choice of one card (the 6), three out of the six times, suggests that her fingers were sensitive enough to find again a card once drawn.

But I have still to mention the most interesting of all the observations that I have been able to record. On the 1st night of the 2nd set (diamonds), when H. was percipient, I was aware of an impression beforehand that H. was going to guess correctly on the two occasions when she did so. I therefore decided to record beforehand any such impression that I might have. As soon as H. had drawn her card, I was in the habit of recording my card, before she looked at hers, and I now arranged to put a mark whenever I had the impression that she was right. The result was as follows :—

Number of cards guessed correctly by H., 9 ; of these all were marked by me.

Number of guesses marked by me, 11. Of these 9, as above, were right ; one was wrong (queen for king), the 11th was half right—*i.e.*, I felt sure that H. had guessed, made my mark, felt her stop at what I was sure was the right card, and wondered why she did not speak. Then she said : " Well, this one," and produced the 4. (My card was the 3.) On my saying " No," she said : " Oh, then, it is the other, I was not sure," and produced the preceding 3.

It is difficult for me to describe what is the nature of the impression I receive, which leads me to believe that the percipient has been

successful. All who have tried to convey an idea by thought-transference must be familiar with the sensation that after a special effort the thought has been actually projected into space, leaving one fatigued and conscious of a loss. But in this case that I am trying to describe, the effort made seems to meet with a response, the force exerted, instead of departing, returns, and the momentary fatigue is followed by so vivid an impression of recovery of power that it amounts to a pleasurable physical sensation. Difficult as it is to describe, the sensation is unmistakable, and—what is more important—seems rarely to be misleading.

Since writing the above, I have received a report of the results of some 200 guesses of cards done under somewhat similar circumstances to those described under the head of D. The conditions were better, inasmuch as the card was drawn by one person, who did not look at it, and guessed by another. Not only is there, under these circumstances, the guarantee against self-deception afforded by the presence of another person, but the tendency to recognise a card by touch in shuffling is overcome.

I quote from the account I have received :—

“Mrs. Y. sat at one end of an ordinary table, and Mr. Y. on the opposite side. A screen was formed by a piece of newspaper fixed up against a stand. Behind this Mrs. Y. drew a card from a pack and, without looking at it, placed it face downwards on a book and passed the card and book to Mr. Y. whose fingers never touched anything but the back of the card sometimes. A shuffle of the pack followed each guess. On two occasions third persons were present.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Y. sees or does not see an image on the back of the card. This is sometimes so faint that nothing can be made of it; sometimes it is shifting and variable; sometimes clear, with colour. Sometimes no image is seen at all.”

In all cases, even where no image was seen, a guess was made; it is probable that had all cases where no image appeared been rejected, the number of successful guesses would have borne a higher ratio to the most probable number than they do in the record as it stands. But that the success is very striking, the figures (given at the end of the Table, see p. 196) show.

Two guesses are excluded from the calculation because they were alternative; they were (*a*) 4 or 5 of hearts, the actual card being 5 of hearts, (*b*) 2 or 3 of diamonds, the actual card being 2 of diamonds.

The following is a complete record of three more recent series of experiments—carried out in the presence of other witnesses—in

<sup>1</sup> The corroboration of these persons has been obtained.

which Mr. Y. only made a guess in the cases where he saw a distinct image. The mark × indicates that he had no impression.

*March 21st, 1895.*

<i>Card guessed.</i>	<i>Card drawn.</i>
×	Not recorded
×	Not recorded
King of Hearts	5 of Diamonds
5 of Diamonds	5 of Diamonds
×	Not recorded
×	Not recorded
5 of Hearts	King of Clubs
×	Not recorded
5 of Diamonds	7 of Clubs
King of Clubs	King of Clubs

This list was recorded and witnessed by Miss A. E. Grignon, of Essenden, Hatfield, Herts.

*May 22nd, 1895.*

<i>Card guessed.</i>	<i>Card drawn.</i>
×	Not looked at
×	3 of Hearts
×	4 of Hearts
×	2 of Hearts
Knave of Hearts	Ace of Spades
×	8 of Spades
×	6 of Diamonds
×	4 of Hearts
7 or 9 of Spades	9 of Spades
×	2 of Spades
3 of Clubs	3 of Clubs
×	5 of Diamonds
×	2 of Spades
×	7 of Clubs
×	2 of Diamonds
9 or 8 of Spades	9 of Spades
×	4 of Spades
4 of Hearts	King of Clubs
×	3 of Hearts
×	Ace of Diamonds
×	Knave of Clubs
×	Ace of Clubs
2 or 3 of Hearts	6 of Hearts
6 of Hearts	Knave of Clubs
King of Clubs	King of Clubs

The above list is signed by Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

May 26th, 1895.—These experiments were made in the presence of Mr. Y.'s two brothers, one of whom shuffled and handed the cards to him.

<i>Card guessed.</i>	<i>Card drawn.</i>
×	8 of Hearts
2 of Hearts	2 of Hearts
×	Knave of Clubs
3 of Clubs	3 of Clubs
×	5 of Hearts
×	10 of Hearts
×	4 of Diamonds
2 of Hearts	Knave of Hearts
×	5 of Spades
×	8 of Spades
4 or 5 of Clubs	5 of Clubs

Mr. Myers writes :—

May 30th, 1895.

“I know the reasons why Mr. and Mrs. Y. wish to remain anonymous, and regard them as sufficient. Mrs. Y. was known to me for some years before her marriage as a scrupulously careful informant. Mr. Y. is occupied in studies which both demand and foster accuracy of mind. I have witnessed other phenomena of interest in Mr. Y.'s presence, besides the card-experiments here cited. In the series signed by me, I gave Mr. Y. the cards myself, shuffling the full pack between each experiment, and sliding off the top card under my hand, face downwards, on to a piece of cardboard, in such a manner that neither he, nor I, nor Mrs. Y., could obtain the slightest glimpse of its face. The cards were thick, with a pattern on the back, and were guessed as they lay face downward on the cardboard, upon a small table between Mr. Y. and myself, being in my sight all the time. The perception seemed to come gradually, the suit being generally guessed in a few seconds, if at all, and the number of pips in a few seconds to half a minute longer.”

I should be very glad to receive accounts of similar experiments from any other informants who may be inclined to try them. Reports to be addressed to me at 5, Selwyn Gardens, Cambridge.

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## APPENDIX A.

### ILLUSTRATING MISINTERPRETATION OF MEANS BY WHICH INFORMATION IS CONVEYED TO THE MIND.

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The observations now to be mentioned seem to me in some ways analogous to the imaginary transference of the source of information from one sense to another, mentioned on p. 176, inasmuch as in each case there is a sensation erroneously interpreted. But instead of a

perception actually derived from one sense appearing to be derived from another, as with the cards, in these cases a piece of information not consciously possessed at the moment is conveyed to the conscious intelligence by means of an apparent mechanical difficulty, which on examination turns out not to exist. The information thus obtained is usually negative ; that is, this apparent mechanical difficulty prevents my doing something unnecessary or undesirable, which I should know to be such if I thought about it, but which from thoughtlessness I am on the point of doing. An illustration will make my meaning clearer.

Constantly, when using my typewriter, it has happened to me to find a difficulty in pressing a key, so great a difficulty as to oblige me to look to see what is wrong. I then see that what is wrong is that my finger was on the wrong key, but there is, in fact, no difficulty whatever in depressing the key if I determine to do so. The effect of this apparent mechanical difficulty is to draw my attention in time to the mistake I am on the point of making.

I have notes of two similar occurrences, both extremely trivial, but illustrating the above point. One day last September I was putting on my bonnet, and had taken the pin, which goes through the back, to secure it. The pin entirely refused to pass through my hair, and after some inefficient thrusts, I took it out to look at the point to see what was wrong. I then saw that I had not taken the usual pin ; with this particular bonnet I had been in the habit of wearing a large-headed ornamental pin, whereas the pin I now held had a small glass head, and was one I usually wore with a hat. *There was nothing wrong with the point, and now that I knew what I was doing I had no sort of difficulty in pushing it through my hair.* The two pins are quite unlike in shape and weight ; what probably happened was that my hand felt something unusual in the head of the pin, but instead of my becoming conscious of the difference in sensation of the head, my attention was attracted by the apparent bluntness at the point.

The second experience occurred a few days later. I wrote, in the afternoon, five letters, and then stretched out my left hand to the stationery case to take the necessary envelopes. I wanted five, and as I can usually take a small number without error expected to take five. But I did not get enough ; I found that I only had three, and tried to take a couple more. But one of these two slipped through my fingers and I only held one. I was quite vexed at my maladroitness, gave up a further attempt for the present and proceeded to fold my letters, put them into envelopes, and address them. When I came to the 5th letter, I remembered that I had an envelope ready addressed for this letter, as I had written the night before, but torn up the letter after receiving a letter by the late post, which decided me to wait for fuller information. I had kept the envelope, and it was actually lying on my

table while I was trying to take the five envelopes. I may have seen it, but if I did, it was unconsciously ; it was only when I found that I could not get five envelopes that I discovered that I did not require more than four.

### APPENDIX B.

#### RECOGNITION OF OBJECTS BY TELEPATHY OR HYPERÆSTHESIA. H. PERCIPIENT, AGED $7\frac{1}{2}$ YEARS.

In November, 1890, I tried the following experiment with H. I drew a diagram, which I placed on H.'s forehead, while her eyes were shut, and asked her to describe it. To make the performance more like a game, I went on to ask what colour it was, and what she could see through it. We tried four experiments, three on the afternoon of November 16th, and one at 6.15 on November 30th, with the following results :—

*Object drawn.*



H. drew a triangle with her finger in the air. *Right.*



A triangle with apex cut off.

H. described and drew an irregular figure, which did not seem to satisfy her, then said it was like an oval dish . *Wrong.*



Square.

H. said : "It's like a window with no cross bars," and drew a four-sided rectangular figure in the air. *Right.*



Square divided into 4 squares by a vertical and a horizontal line.

H. said : "It's a diamond." "What else?" said I, meaning what colour, &c. "It's got a line across it, and another across that. The colour is pale blue." *Right.*

When I gave her the diagram, she turned it anglewise and said, "Oh yes, that's right, and the colour was not far wrong." As the diagram was drawn in ink on white paper, I did not understand, and asked what she meant. She said, "Why it's all blue, bluish white inside, and even the ink is blue." The diagram had been dried with blotting paper and was not a very deep black, but I could see nothing blue. Ten minutes afterwards she picked up the paper again and

commented on the fact that it was blue, the lines dark bright blue, and the inside pale blue. I burnt the diagram and discontinued the game after observing this persistence of a self-suggested hallucination.

We had previously tried experiments which seemed to show that the child could feel the diagram. She could almost always tell whether the right or wrong side of a playing card were placed on her forehead. I was quite unable to distinguish the two sides. I am more inclined to attribute her successes (3 out of 4) to hyperæsthesia than to telepathy.

ANALYSIS OF MRS. VERRALL'S CARD EXPERIMENTS.

BY C. P. SANGER, F.S.S.

If we make  $m$  guesses, and the probability<sup>1</sup> of each individual guess being right is  $\rho$ , it is clear that the most probable number of successes is  $m\rho$ ; but the probability of being successful exactly  $m\rho$  times is less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Suppose that  $p_r$  is the probability<sup>2</sup> that the number of successful guesses lies between  $m\rho - r$  and  $m\rho + r$ , then the "probable error" may be defined as that value of  $r$  which makes  $p_r = \frac{1}{2}$ . This value of  $r$  is approximately  $\frac{1}{4} \sqrt{2\pi m\rho(1-\rho)}$  when  $m$  is large. In the Tables given below, I have calculated the "probable error" from this formula. It is also found that  $p_r$  will differ from 1 by a very small quantity if we take  $r$  to equal  $3\sqrt{2(1-\rho)m\rho}$ , so that any number of successes greater than  $m\rho + 3\sqrt{2(1-\rho)m\rho}$  would indicate that the successes had not all been obtained by mere chance. In the Tables below I have calculated the "number of successes required to prove skill" from this formula.

As these formulæ are obtained by assuming that  $m$  is large and that  $m\rho$  and  $m(1-\rho)$  are not small, it is probable that they would not give trustworthy results if applied to the case of "whole cards." I have therefore omitted to give any calculations or inferences based on them.

The figures given for "number of pips" are probably not very trustworthy when the number of trials is less than 200. The number of trials is certainly insufficient to base any very definite conclusions

<sup>1</sup> For a complete discussion of the problem involved, see Professor Edgeworth's papers on "The Calculus of Probabilities applied to Psychological Research" in the *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. III., p. 190, and Vol. IV., p. 189.

<sup>2</sup> The general value of  $p_r$  is given by

$$p_r = \frac{2}{\sqrt{\pi}} \int_0^{ra} \rho^{-x^2} dx + \frac{1}{\sqrt{2\pi\rho(1-\rho)m}} \rho^{-r^2a^2}$$

where  $\frac{1}{a^2} = 2\rho(1-\rho)m.$

upon whenever the "number of successes required to prove skill" is greater than twice the "most probable number of successes." I have added the inferences that I think may fairly be drawn from Mrs. Verrall's results, using the terms "skill,"<sup>1</sup> "probably skill," "possibly skill" and "chance"; in doing so it is possible that I err in favour of inferring probable or possible skill too readily.

[*Note.*—In the following Tables, the capital letters prefixed to the series refer to the classification adopted on p. 175.

The numbers of successes in "suits" and "number of pips" include the successes in "whole cards," as well as those in "suits" or "number of pips" respectively.

A complete pack was used in all the experiments except those of Section E, and one guess only was made in each trial.]

	SUITS.	NO. OF PIPS.	WHOLE CARDS.
<b>A I. Mrs. V. feeling faces of Cards.</b>			
400 Trials. Jan. 18th—Feb. 10th, 1890			
Most probable number of successes ...	100	31	8
Probable error ... ..	6	4	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	137	53	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	121	83	34
Inference ... ..	probably skill	skill	—
<b>B II. Mrs. V. touching backs of cards.</b>			
350 Trials. Jan. 18th—Feb. 11th, 1890			
Most probable number of successes ...	87	27	7
Probable error ... ..	6	4	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	122	48	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	82	25	6
Inference ... ..	chance	chance	—
<b>C III. Mrs. V. percipient; H. agent.</b>			
185 Trials. Oct. 18th, 1890—Feb. 3rd, 1891.			
Most probable number of successes ...	46	14	4
Probable error ... ..	4	3	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	71	29?	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	46	14	3
Inference ... ..	chance	chance	—
<b>C IIIa. H. percipient; Mrs. V. agent.</b>			
240 Trials. Oct. 18th, 1890—Feb. 16th, 1892.			
Most probable number of successes ...	60	18	5
Probable error ... ..	4	3	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	89	36	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	68	24	7
Inference ... ..	possibly skill	possibly skill	—

<sup>1</sup> The word "skill" is used to mean that the results are due to some cause other than chance.

	SUITS.	NO. OF PIPS.	WHOLE CARDS.
<b>C IV., D V., and D Va. 590 Trials.</b> <i>Feb. 14th, 1890—June 16th, 1892.</i>			
Most probable number of successes ...	148	45	11
Probable error ... ..	7	4	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	192	72	—
<b>C IV. Mrs. V. and H. both guessing same card; coincidence of guess counted as a success.</b>			
Actual number of successes ... ..	155	56	14 <sup>1</sup>
Inference ... ..	possibly skill	probably skill	—
<b>D V. and D Va. Mrs. V. and H. both guessing same card; correctness of guess counted as a success.</b>			
<b>D V. Mrs. V. percipient; 590 Trials.</b>			
in 250 trials. <i>Feb.</i> , 1890 ... ..	62	41	10
in 250 trials. <i>Oct.</i> , 1890 ... ..	55	22	9
in 40 trials. <i>Jan.</i> , 1891 ... ..	12	6	0
in 50 trials. <i>May</i> , 1892 ... ..	18	9	4
Total actual number of successes ...	147	78	23
Inference ... ..	chance	skill	—
<b>D Va. H. percipient; 590 Trials.</b>			
in 250 trials. <i>Feb.</i> , 1890 ... ..	71	26	14
in 250 trials. <i>Oct.</i> , 1890 ... ..	51	22	9
in 40 trials. <i>Jan.</i> , 1891 ... ..	6	2	1
in 50 trials. <i>May</i> , 1892 ... ..	17	2	1
Total actual number of successes ...	145	52	25
Inference ... ..	chance	probably skill	—
<b>D VI. Mrs. V. looking at backs of cards. 280 Trials.</b> <i>July 23rd, 1892—Feb. 25th, 1894.</i>			
Most probable number of successes ...	70	22	5
Probable error ... ..	4	3	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	101	40	—
in 100 trials ... ..	35	26	13
in 100 trials ... ..	28	14	4
in 30 trials ... ..	12	1	1
in 30 trials ... ..	8	3	1
in 20 trials ... ..	5	1	0
Total actual number of successes ...	88	45	19
Inference ... ..	probably skill	skill	—
<b>D VII. Mrs. V. touching backs of cards. 100 Trials.</b> <i>Aug. 1st, 1892—Feb. 17th, 1893.</i>			
Most probable number of successes ...	25	8	2
Probable error ... ..	3	2	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	43	19 ?	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	28	9	2
Inference ... ..	possibly skill	chance	—

<sup>1</sup> Of these 14, 6 were correct as to suit only; the other 8 were entirely incorrect.

E VIII. *Mrs. V. percipient; H. agent; 144 Trials.*

E VIIIa. *H. percipient; Mrs. V. agent; 150 Trials.*

[In these, only one suit was used at a time, instead of a whole pack, and the number of pips was guessed.]

	E VIII. 144 TRIALS.	E VIIIa 150 TRIALS.
<i>Oct 13th—Nov. 26th, 1893.</i>		
Most probable number of successes ... ..	11	12
Probable error ... ..	2	2
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	24 ?	25 ?
Actual number of successes ... ..	in 69 trials ... 2	in 75 trials ... 9
	in 75 „ ... 8	in 75 „ ... 12
	Total ... 10	Total ... 21
Inference ... ..	chance	probably skill

*Mr. Y.'s Experiments.*

	SUITS.	NO. OF PIPS.	WHOLE CARDS.
<i>197 trials. Jan. 26th—Mar. 11th, 1895.</i>			
Most probable number of successes ...	49	15	4
Probable error ... ..	4	3	—
Number of successes required to prove skill ... ..	75	31	—
Actual number of successes ... ..	102	43	34
Inference ... ..	skill	skill	—

[From Mr. Sanger's calculations of Mrs. Verrall's experiments, some other cause than chance is shown to have been operative in the following series of experiments:—

A I, where Mrs. Verrall was feeling the faces of the cards ;

D V, when she was looking at the backs of the cards, H. looking at them and guessing at the same time ;

and D VI, when she was looking at the backs of the cards alone ;

and possibly also in C IV, the series of experiments in “indirect telepathy.”

H. was less successful than Mrs. Verrall, there being no series in which “skill” was conclusively proved in her case. The best were:—

C IV, the experiments in “indirect telepathy” ;

D Va, in which she was looking at the backs of the cards, Mrs. Verrall looking at the same time ;

and E VIIIa, the experiments in “telæsthesia.”

It is noteworthy that Mrs. Verrall was decidedly more successful in guessing the number of pips than in guessing suits, as shown in

Series A I, C IV, D V, and D VI,—that is, in all her successful series. The same tendency is shown in H.'s guesses, see Series C IV, and D Va.

The series of experiments in which Mrs. Verrall failed altogether were those in "direct telepathy" (C III); those in "telæsthesia" (E VIII); and those in which she merely touched the back of the card, generally with one finger only, and waited for no impression, but guessed as quickly as she could get her mind to form a choice (B II and D VII). These two last series should hardly be counted as "experiments on the supernormal acquisition of knowledge" at all, as they were intended merely to show the results obtained by "pure guesswork."—ED.]

## II.

## THE VOICES OF JEANNE D'ARC.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In spite of the minute French research into the history of Jeanne d'Arc, and the active French pursuit of studies in esoteric psychology, no expert seems to have applied the new psychological methods to the old problem of the Maid. The remarks of Mr. Myers, in his essay on "The Demon of Socrates" (*Proceedings*, Vol. V., Part XIV., pp. 522—549) contain almost all which I have met with on this curious topic, from the pen of the modern psychologist. Perhaps one may be permitted a few comments on these notes of Mr. Myers. He would not lay stress on his *obiter dictum* that the Venerable Jeanne had "no conspicuous strength of intellect." Simplicity, as all witnesses declared—with "feminine subtlety," according to Beaupère, one of her judges—was the mark of the Maid. She was uninstructed. She could not read. But her native intellectual strength is attested by the lucidity of her political ideas. She went straight to the point: the necessity of recovering France, of expelling the English, of securing French loyalty by crowning the Dauphin. Like Bedford, she saw that, after the Coronation at Rheims, Paris must "fall at one stroke," (I quote Bedford) if the stroke were swiftly dealt. Paris did *not* fall, because Jeanne's counsel was neglected, and during the derisory negotiations with Burgundy, which she denounced, Paris was garrisoned by fresh English troops.

In the same way, Jeanne's replies to the most subtle and ensnaring theological questions (replies recorded by her hostile judges), are worthy of her Master, our Lord, and are irrefutable proof of "conspicuous strength of intellect." Her improvised skill, not only in tactics and strategics, but in the practical art of the artillerist, is attested by d'Alençon, and is apparent to any intelligent reader of the story of her campaigns.<sup>1</sup> She not only struck sudden and severe blows, not only organised surprises, but (as Captain Marin proves at length) understood the game of war on the great scale. Meanwhile, the manners of this peasant girl were the manners of a *grande dame*. In brief, she had this quality of genius, that no situation, however novel and strange, found her unready or incompetent.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Marin's *Jeanne d'Arc, Stratégiste et Tacticienne*, may be consulted.

To me it seems that Shakspeare himself gives less extraordinary proof of "conspicuous strength of intellect," for we never see Shakspeare put to trial in great practical affairs. On the bodily vigour of the Maid, it is needless to dilate. Severe wounds did not incapacitate her from instant action; she wore arms for six days without intermission<sup>1</sup>; all her comrades testified to her extraordinary endurance, and without such endurance, her week of victory, crowned by the battle of Patay, would have been impossible.

One point may be left to physiologists and physicians.

Twenty-five years after her death, her Maître d' Hôtel, d'Aulon, declared that women who knew her well had averred that she was free from the infirmities of her sex. Nothing to this effect was stated by ladies in whose houses she had lodged, who had the most intimate acquaintance with her, who had bathed with her, and shared her couch. Her unusual, if not unprecedented, personal modesty is described by her comrades in arms, and may explain the origin of the rumour. Intellectually and physically, then, the Maid, like Socrates, was undeniably robust and vigorous. Except under stress of fasting, chains, and the torture of a prolonged trial, or after her leap from the top of the donjon of Beaufort, we never hear of ill-health in Jeanne d'Arc. All this differentiates her from the neuralgic, neurotic, or epileptic patients of the Salpêtrière, and from mystics like the contemporary St. Colette. The vague and question-begging term "hysterical" can only be applied to Jeanne if we argue, "All visionaries are hysterical. Jeanne was a visionary. Therefore, Jeanne was hysterical."

In her private character, we learn from every side that she was naturally gay and humorous. Some of her answers to her judges show this: the most touching proof of all is that when one of the notaries at her trial made a mistake in a date, she corrected him, laughed when her accuracy was demonstrated, and playfully threatened "to pull his ears if he made another blunder." Such were the natural gaiety and high spirits of a captive who, in chains and fasting, was being tried for her life. On the other hand, the Maid, while the best and most industrious girl of her village, had early attracted the ridicule of other children by her extreme devotion. She kept fast-days strictly, she was much in prayer, from her infancy upwards. To prove that such practices may beget hallucinations, we have (among many other cases) the example of the American Puritan scholar, Cotton Mather. Having noticed that, after prayer and fasting, Cotton Mather saw an angel, who entertained him with literary conversation, I called to this fact the attention of Père Ayroles, S.J., an historian of the Maid. The learned father asked me if Mather's prophecies were fulfilled, as a rule.

<sup>1</sup> Contemporary Letter of Boulainvilliers.

I had to answer "No," whereon Père Ayroles drew a not unnatural distinction, unfavourable to the New England mystic.

The period when Jeanne supposed herself to see her first visions was physiologically critical. She was either between thirteen and fourteen, or between twelve and thirteen. M. Siméon Luce, in his *Jeanne D'Arc à Domremy*, held that she was of the more advanced age, and his date (1425) fitted in with some public events, which, in his opinion, were probably the occasions of the experiences. Père Ayroles prefers the earlier period (1424) when the aforesaid public events had not yet occurred. After examining the evidence on both sides, I am disposed to think, or rather I am certain, that Père Ayroles is in the right. In either case Jeanne was at a critical age, when, as I understand, female children are occasionally subject to illusions. Speaking then as a non-scientific student, a mere literary man, I submit that on the side of ordinary causes for the visions and voices, we have:—

1. The period in Jeanne's life when they began.
2. Her habits of fasting and prayer.
3. A rumour of her abnormal physiological condition.
4. Her intense patriotic enthusiasm, which may, for all that we know, have been her mood *before* St. Michael announced to her the mission.

On the other side, as facts more or less inconsistent with hysteria and hysterical illusions, we must reckon her unprecedented vigour of mind and body, her humour, her lack of the customary superstitions (such as belief in fairies), *her unswerving belief in the objectivity of what she saw and heard* and the contents of the messages which she believed herself to have received. The point which I have italicised has been a subject of dispute. It is enough to say that Jeanne's recantation, made in sight of the stake, is notoriously a very dubious document, and that she most undeniably withdrew it, preferring death and obedience to her voices to such a life as the English were leading her. There is another informal document (written a week after her death) concerning an examination held on the day of her martyrdom, a document which the *greffiers* refused to sign and which is unsigned (*Procès* I. p. 477). The testimony of this paper, such as it is, assures us that Jeanne ceased to believe that her voices came from saints and angels. They had promised "release with great victory;" she was being led to the stake, therefore she had been deceived. But even now she maintained that the voices and visions, whencesoever they came, were *objective*. "Realiter habuit revelationes et apparitiones spirituum." In the letter of Henry VI. to the nobles, prelates, and towns of France, he (or rather Bedford) adopts this dubious confession. "Seeing her end approach, she plainly knew and confessed that the spirits which often

appeared to her were evil and lying spirits, that their promise to deliver her was false, and so she bore witness that by these spirits she had been mocked and deceived." (*Procès I.*, 493. Rouen, June 28th.) On the scaffold, at last, she understood the nature of her victory and called upon her familiar saints. Thus Jeanne, on the most dubious and most unfriendly evidence, never conceived that her "voices" were merely subjective and hallucinatory. Bad spirits or good, they were spirits! Taking it for what it is worth (and, though it is informal, M. Quicherat does not think that it is forged), this posthumous testimony adds another important fact to our knowledge.

Only when within an hour of the inevitable fire, did Jeanne dream that her voices had deceived her. Therefore, previously, they had *not* deceived her, or not essentially. The intimations thus obtained had been correct. If any external evidence for this can be adduced, the visions of Jeanne will certainly be differentiated from those of Cotton Mather, for example.

Let us then examine the evidence as to the origin and nature of the alleged phenomena. Mr. Myers regards Jeanne's replies to her accusers, in 1431, as "the only trustworthy source." Certainly, if the *Procès* has been garbled, (as is probably the case, for in a brief official recapitulation facts are stated which are not in the full Report), it was *not* garbled in a sense favourable to the accused. But I conceive that letters and other evidence, written in 1429, are not to be neglected, while criticism may discern much valuable or significant matter even in the *Procès* of 1452-56.

I shall begin with the letter of the Sénéchal de Berry, Perceval de Boulainvilliers, to the Duke of Milan, (*Procès V.*, p. 115.) The date is June 21st, 1429, six weeks after the relief of Orleans. After a few such tales as that the cocks crowed when Jeanne was born, and that her flock was lucky, he dates her first vision *peractis aetatis suae duodecim annis*, "after she was twelve." Briefly, the tale is that, in a rustic race for flowers, one of the other children cried, "Joanna, video te volantem juxta terram," "Joan, I see you flying near the ground." This is the one solitary hint of "levitation" (so common in hagiology and witchcraft) which occurs in the career of the Maid. This kind of story is so persistent that I knew it must have been told in connection with the Irvingite movement in Scotland. And it was! There is, perhaps, just one trace that flying was believed to be an accomplishment of Jeanne's. When Frère Richard came to her at Troyes, he made, she says, the sign of the Cross.<sup>1</sup> She answered, "Approchez hardiment, *je ne m'envouleray pas.*" Now the contemporary St. Colette was not infrequently "levitated!"

<sup>1</sup> *Procès I.*, 100.

To return to the voices. After her race, Jeanne was *quasi raptā et a sensibus alienata*, then *juxta eam affuit juvenis quidam*, who bade her "go home, for her mother needed her."

"Thinking that it was her brother or a neighbour" (apparently she only heard the voice, and did not see the speaker), she hurried home, and found that she had not been sent for. Next, as she was on the point of returning to her friends, "a very bright cloud appeared to her, and out of the cloud came a voice," bidding her take up her mission. She was merely puzzled, but the experiences were often renewed. This letter, being contemporary, represents current belief, based either on Jeanne's own statements before the clergy at Poitiers (April, 1429), or on the gossip of Domremy. It should be observed that till Jeanne told her own tale at Rouen (1431) we have not one word about Saints or Angels. She merely spoke of "my voices," "my counsel," "my Master." If she was more explicit at Poitiers, her confessions did not find their way into surviving letters and journals, not even into the journal of the hostile *Bourgeois de Paris*. We may glance at examples.

The *Journal du Siège d'Orléans* is in parts a late document, in parts "evidently copied from a journal kept in presence of the actual events." (Quicherat. In *Procès IV.*, 95.) The *Journal*, in February, 1429, vaguely says that "about this time" our Lord used to appear to a maid, as she was guarding her flock, or "cousant et filant." A St. Victor M.S. has *courant et saillant*, which curiously agrees with Boulainvilliers. The *Journal*, after telling of the Battle of the Herrings (February 12th, 1429), declares that Jeanne "knew of it by Grace Divine," and that her *vue à distance* induced Baudricourt to send her to the Dauphin. (*Procès IV.*, 125.) This was attested by Baudricourt's letters (*IV.*, 125). All this may have been written as late as 1468, but a vague reference to an apparition of our Lord rather suggests contemporary hearsay, before Jeanne came to Orléans. Jeanne never claimed any such visions of our Lord. The story of the *clairvoyance* as to the Battle of the Herrings is also given in the *Chronique de la Pucelle*. (*Procès IV.*, 206.) M. Quicherat thinks that the passage is amplified from the *Journal du Siège*. On the other hand, M. Vallet de Viriville attributes with assurance the *Chronique de la Pucelle* to Cousinot de Montreuil, who was the Dauphin's secretary at Poitiers, when the Maid was examined there in April, 1429.<sup>1</sup> If Cousinot was the author, he certainly did not write his chronicle till long after date. However, he avers that the story of clairvoyance was current in the spring of 1429. The dates exactly harmonise; that is to say, between the day of the battle, February 12th, and the setting forth of the Maid from Vaucouleurs,

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de Charles VII.*, II., 62.

there is just time for the bad news from Rouvray to arrive, confirming her statement, and for a day or two of preparation.

These and other documents, whether contemporary or written later by contemporaries, contain none of the references to visions of St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and St. Michael, which we find in Jeanne's own replies at Rouen. For this omission it is not easy to account, even if we suppose that, except when giving evidence on oath, the Maid was extremely reticent. That she was reticent, we shall prove from evidence of d'Aulon and Dunois. Turning to the Maid's own evidence in court, we must remember that she was most averse to speaking at all, that she often asked leave to wait for advice and permission from her voices before replying, that on one point she constantly declared that, if compelled to speak, she would not speak the truth. This point was the King's secret. There is absolutely contemporary evidence, from Alain Chartier, that, before she was accepted, she told Charles *something* which filled him with surprise, joy, and belief. (*Procès V.*, 131. Letter of July, 1429.) The secret was connected with Charles's doubts of his own legitimacy, and Jeanne at her trial was driven to obscure the truth in a mist of allegory, as, indeed, she confessed. Mr. Myers does not seem to have understood this point. All that tale of an angel and a crown was mere allegory. Jeanne's extreme reluctance to adopt even this loyal and laudable evasion is the measure of her truthfulness in general. Still, she did say some words which, as they stand, it is difficult to believe, to explain, or to account for. From any other prisoner, so unjustly menaced with a doom so dreadful, from Mary Stuart, for example, at Fotheringay, we do not expect the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The Maid is a witness of another kind, and where we cannot understand her, we must say, like herself, *passsez outre!*

When she was "about thirteen," she had a voice from God, to aid her in governing herself. "And the first time she was in great fear. And it came, that voice, about noon-day, in summer, in her father's garden" (where other girls of old France hear the birds sing, "Marry, maidens, marry!") "and Jeanne had *not* fasted on the day before.<sup>1</sup> She heard the voice from the right side, towards the church, and seldom heard it without seeing a bright light. The light was not in front, but at the side whence the voice came. If she were in a wood" (as distinguished from the noise of the crowded and tumultuous court) "she could well hear the voices coming to her." Asked what sign for her soul's health the voice gave, she said it bade her behave well, and go to church, and used to tell her to go into France on her mission. (I do not know why the advice about going to

<sup>1</sup> The reading is *nec not et*, as in Quicherat *Procès I.* 52, compare. *I.* 216.

church is generally said to have been given *first*.) Jeanne kept objecting that she was a poor girl who could not ride, or lead in war. She resisted the voice with all her energy. As to her male dress, she "varied." Obviously she was anxious not to involve her first warrior friend, Jean de Nouvellompont, as having made the suggestion that she should dress as a man. Her loyalty to all of her party perhaps made her hint that her voices were her advisers; this is obscure. She asserted that she knew the Dauphin, on their first meeting, by aid of her voices. (I. 56.) She declared that the Dauphin himself "multas habuit revelationes et apparitiones pulchras." In its literal sense, there is no evidence for this, but rather the reverse. She may mean, "revelations" through herself, or may refer to some circumstance unknown. "Those of my party saw and knew that voice," she said, but later would only accept them as witnesses if they were allowed to come and see her. (I. 57.)

This is the most puzzling point in Jeanne's confession. She had no motive for telling an untruth, unless she hoped that these remarks would establish the objectivity of her visions. Of course, one of her strange experiences may have occurred in the presence of Charles and his court, and she may have believed that they shared in it. The point is one which French writers appear to avoid, as a rule.

She said that she heard the voice daily in prison, "and stood in sore need of it." The voice bade her remain at St. Denis (after the repulse from Paris, in September, 1429), but she was not allowed to remain.

On the next day (the third of the trial) she told Beaupère that she was fasting since yesterday afternoon. Beaupère conceived that her experiences were mere subjective hallucinations, caused by fasting, by the sound of church-bells, and so on. As to the noise of bells, Coleridge writes that their music fell on his ears, "*Most like articulate sounds of things to come.*" Beaupère's sober common sense did not avail to help the Maid, but at the Rehabilitation (1456) he still maintained his old opinion. "Yesterday she had heard the voices in the morning, at vespers, and at the late ringing for *Ave Maria*, and she heard them much more frequently than she mentioned." "Yesterday she had been asleep when the voice aroused her. She sat up and clasped her hands, and the voice bade her answer boldly. Other words she half heard before she was quite awake, but failed to understand." (I. 62.) Mr. Myers says that this rousing from sleep by such a voice is "a phenomenon often observed in our cases of veridical hallucination." But, in the spirit of Beaupère, I may ask if the phenomenon is unfamiliar to the insane, who are often haunted by airy voices?

She denied that the voices ever contradicted themselves. On this occasion, as not having received leave from her voices, she refused to say anything as to her visions.

At the next meeting she admitted having heard the voices in court, but in court she could not distinguish the words, owing to the tumult. She had now, however, leave to speak more fully. The voices were those of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Later she was asked if St. Margaret "spoke English." Apparently the querist thought that the English Margaret, wife of Malcolm of Scotland, was intended. They were crowned with fair crowns, as she had said at Poitiers two years before. She now appealed to the record of her examination there, but it was not in court, nor was it used in the trial of Rehabilitation. It has never been recovered. A witness who had examined her at Poitiers threw no light (twenty years later) on the saints and voices. Seven years ago (that is, when she was twelve) she first saw the saints. On the attire of the saints she had not leave to speak. They were preceded by St. Michael "with the angels of Heaven." "I saw them as clearly as I see you, and I used to weep when they departed, and would fain that they should have taken me with them."

As to the famous sword at Fierbois, she averred that she had been in the church there, on her way to Chinon, that the voices later bade her use a sword which was hidden under earth,—she thinks behind, but possibly in front of the altar,—at Fierbois. A man unknown to her was sent from Tours to fetch the sword, which after search was found, and she wore it.

Asked whether she had prophesied her wound by an arrow at Orleans, and her recovery, she said "yes."

This prediction, omitted, as to its exact details, by Mr. Myers, is singular in that it was recorded before the event. The record was copied into the *registre* of Brabant, from a letter written on April 22nd, 1429, by a Flenish diplomatist, De Rotselaer, then at Lyons.<sup>1</sup> De Rotselaer had the prophecy from an officer of the court of the Dauphin. The prediction was thus noted on April 22nd, the event occurred on May 7th. On the fifth day of the trial Jeanne announced that, before seven years were gone, the English would lose a dearer gage than Orleans; "this I know by revelation, and am wroth that it is to be so long deferred." Mr. Myers observes that "the prediction of a great victory over the English within seven years was not fulfilled in any exact way." The words of the Maid are "Angli demittent majus vadium quam fecerunt coram Aurelianis," and, as prophecies go, their loss of Paris (1436) corresponds very well to the Maid's announcement. She went on, indeed, to say that the English "will have greater loss than ever they had, through a great French victory," but this reads like a gloss on her original prediction. "She knew it as well as that we were

<sup>1</sup> *Procès*, IV., 425.

there." (*Procès I.*, 84). "You shall not have the exact year, but well I wish it might be before the St. John;" however, she had already expressed her sorrow that this was *not* to be. "Perhaps some English will fall before Martinmas," a vague and not unsafe, but rather annoying remark! Asked, on March 1st, whether her liberation was promised, she said, "Ask me in three months, and I will tell you." In three months exactly, her stainless soul was free.

On the appearance, garb, and so on of her saints, she declined to answer questions.

She had once disobeyed her voices, when they forbade her to leap from the tower of Beaurevoir. She leaped, but they forgave her, and told her that Compiègne (where she was captured on May 23rd, 1430) would be relieved "before Martinmas." It was relieved on October 26th, after a siege of five months. On March 10th an effort was made to prove that her voices had lied to her, and that she had lied about her voices. The enemy maintained that on May 23rd, 1430, she announced a promised victory to the people of Compiègne, vowing that St. Margaret and St. Catherine had revealed it to her. Two hostile priests of Compiègne were at Rouen, and may have carried this tale, which is reported by two Burgundian chroniclers, but *not* by Monstrelet, who was with the besieging army. I have examined the evidence in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1894, and, to myself, it seems inadequate. In court she said *n'eust autre commandement de yssir*. She was not asked whether she had pretended to have received such an order. She told the touching story of how, at Melun, on April, 1430, the voices had warned her that she would be taken prisoner before midsummer; how she had prayed for death, or for tidings as to the day and hour. But no tidings were given to her, and her old belief, often expressed, that she "should last but one year or little more" was confirmed. The Duc d'Alençon had heard her say this several times; for the prophecy at Melun we have only her own word.

She was now led into the allegory about the Angel (herself) and the Crown (the coronation at Rheims). This allegory was fatal, but does not bear on her real belief about her experiences. She averred, returning to genuine confessions, that her voices often came spontaneously; if they did not, she summoned them by a simple prayer to God. She had seen the angelic figures moving, invisible save to her, among men. The voices *had* promised her the release of Charles d'Orleans, but time had failed her. This was as near a confession of failure as she ever made, till the day of her burning; if she really made one then. But here, as always, she had predicted that she would do this or that if she were *sans empeschement*. She had no revelation bidding her attack Paris when she did, and after the day at Melun, she submitted to the advice of the other captains. By the way, if this be so, not she, but the

captains, displayed the strategy admired by Captain Marin in the Oise campaign of 1430. As to her release, she was only bidden "to bear all cheerfully; be not vexed with thy martyrdom, thence shalt thou come at last into the kingdom of Paradise."

To us, this is explicit enough, but the poor child explained to her murderers that by *martire* she understood the pains of prison and she referred it to her Lord, whether there were more to bear. In this passage the original French exists, as well as the Latin translation. The French is better.

"Ne te chaille de ton martire, tu t'en vendras enfin en royaulme de Paradis."

"Non cures de martyrio tuo: tu venies finaliter in regnum paradisi."

The word *hinc* is omitted in the bad Latin. Unluckily we have only a fragment of the original French, as taken down in court.

This passage, with some others, may perhaps be taken as indicating that the contents of the communications received by Jeanne were not always intelligible to her. Those who believe in a kind of plurality of personalities may put their own interpretation on this fact. But as far as I have read, people who, like "Léonie," have several selves are people in all ways very unlike Jeanne d'Arc.

That her saints could be, and were, touched physically by her, she admitted. (I. 185.) Here I am inclined to think that she had touched with her ring, (as the custom was), a *relic* of St. Catherine, at Fierbois. Such relics, brought from the desert of Sinai, lay at Fierbois, and we know that women loved to rub their rings on the ring of Jeanne, in spite of her laughing remonstrances. But apart from this conjecture, she regarded her saints as tangible by her. She had embraced both St. Margaret and St. Catherine. (I. 186.)

For the rest, Jeanne recanted her so-called recantation, averring that she was unaware of the contents, or full significance of the document. Her voices recalled her to her duty, for them she went to the stake, and, as I have shewn, if there was a moment of wavering on the day of her doom, her belief in the objective reality of the phenomena remained firm, and she recovered her faith in the agony of her death.

Of *external* evidence as to these experiences, the best is probably that of d'Aulon, the Maître d'Hotel of the Maid, and her companion through her whole career. He and she were reposing in the same room at Orleans, her hostess being in the chamber (May, 1429), and d'Aulon had just fallen asleep, when the Maid awoke him with a cry. Her voices bade her go against the English, but in what direction she knew not. In fact, the French leaders had begun, without her knowledge, an attack on St. Loup, whither she galloped

and took the fort. (III. 212.) It is, of course, very possible that the din of onset, which presently became audible, had vaguely reached the senses of the Maid. Her page confirms d'Aulon's testimony.

D'Aulon states that when the Maid had any martial adventure in prospect, she told him that her "counsel" had given her this or that advice. He questioned her as to the nature of this "counsel." She said "she had three councillors, of whom one was always with her, a second went and came to her, and the third was he with whom the others deliberated." D'Aulon "was not worthy to see this counsel." From the moment when he heard this, d'Aulon asked no more questions. Dunois also gave some evidence as to the "counsel." At Loches, when Jeanne was urging the journey to Rheims, Harcourt asked her, before the King, what the nature (*modus*) of the council was; *how* it communicated with her. She replied that when she was met with incredulity, she went apart and prayed to God. Then she heard a voice say, *Fille Dé, va, va, va, je serai à ton aide, va!* "And when she heard that voice she was right glad, and would fain be ever in that state." "As she spoke thus, *ipsa miro modo exsultabat, levando suos oculos ad cælum*" (III., 12). Finally, that Jeanne maintained her belief to the moment of her death, we learn from the priest, Martin Ladvenu, who was with her to the last (III., 170). There is no sign anywhere that at the moment of an "experience," the Maid's aspect seemed unusual, or uncanny, or abnormal, in the eyes of those who were in her company.

These depositions were given twenty years later, (1452-56) and, of course, allowance must be made for weakness of memory and desire to glorify the Maid. But there is really nothing of a suspicious character about them. In fact the "growth of legend" was very slight, and is mainly confined to the events of the martyrdom, the White Dove, the Name of Christ blazoned in flame, and so forth. It should also have been mentioned that at the taking of St. Pierre de Moustier (November, 1429) Jeanne, when deserted by her forces, declared to d'Aulon that she was "not alone, but surrounded by fifty thousand of her own." The men therefore rallied and stormed the place.

This is the sum of the external evidence as to the phenomena. I have already indicated what is known as to the mental and physical characteristics of the Maid. Her extreme temperance should also perhaps be remembered. M. Quicherat writes as if hysterical patients occasionally fell from great heights "*sans lésion*," as Jeanne leaped from the donjon of Beurevoir. This may be left to the consideration of physicians.

As to the contents of the communications to Jeanne, they were certainly sane, judicious and heroic. M. Quicherat, (*Aperçus Nou-*

veaux, p. 61) distinguishes three classes of abnormally conveyed knowledge, all on unimpeachable evidence.

(1.) *Thought-reading*, as in the case of the King's secret ; she repeated to him the words of a prayer which he had made mentally.

(2.) *Clairvoyance*, as exhibited in the affair of the sword of Fierbois.

(3.) *Prescience*, as in the prophecy of her arrow-wound at Orleans. According to her confessor, Pasquerel, she repeated the prophecy and indicated the spot in which she would be wounded (under the right shoulder) on the night of May 6. But this is later evidence given in the Trial of Rehabilitation.

To these we might add the view, from Vaucouleurs, a hundred leagues away, of the defeat at Rouvray ; the prophecy that she "would last but a year or little more;" the prophècy, at Melun, of her capture ; the prophecy of the relief of Compiègne ; and the strange affair of the *bon conduit* at the battle of Pathay.<sup>1</sup> For several of these predictions we have only the Maid's word, but, to be plain, we can scarcely have more unimpeachable testimony.

Here the compiler leaves his task : the inferences may be drawn by experts. The old theory of imposture, the Voltairean theory of a "poor idiot," are untenable. The honesty and the genius of Jeanne are no longer denied. If hysteria be named, it is plain that we must argue that, because hysteria is accompanied by visionary symptoms, all visions are proofs of hysteria. Michelet holds by hallucinations which were unconsciously externalised by the mind of Jeanne. That mind must have been a very peculiar intellect, and the *modus* is precisely the difficulty. But "Miss X." avers that, being a strong visualiser, she often *sees* her impressions objectively before her, "as a picture." I do not gather that she also hears, touches, and smells them, as Jeanne did. Henri Martin believes in some kind of manifestation revealed to the individual mind by the Absolute. Many Catholics, as yet unauthorised, I conceive, by the Church, accept the theory of Jeanne herself ; her saints were true saints from Paradise. It is manifest that visions of a bright light and "auditions" of voices are common enough phenomena in madness, and in the experiences of very uninspired men and women, collected and published by the S.P.R. From the sensations of these people, Jeanne's phenomena are only differentiated by their number, by their persistence through seven years of an almost abnormally healthy life, by their importance, orderliness and veracity, as well as by their heroic character.

Mr. Myers has justly compared the case of Jeanne with that of Socrates. A much humbler parallel, curiously close in one respect, may be cited from M. Janet's article, *Les Actes Inconscients dans le*

<sup>1</sup> IV., 371, 372. Here the authority is Monstrelet, a Burgundian.

*Somnambulisme* (*Revue Philosophique*, March, 1888). Mr. Myers analyses and comments on this essay in *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. V., Part XIII., p. 374.

The case is that of Madame B., a peasant woman near Cherbourg. She has her common work-a-day personality, called, for convenience, "Léonie." There is also her hypnotic personality, "Léontine." Now Léontine (that is, Madame B. in a somnambulistic state,) was one day hysterical and troublesome. Suddenly she exclaimed in terror that she heard *a voice on the left*, crying, "Enough, be quiet, you are a nuisance." She hunted in vain for the speaker, who, of course, was inaudible to M. Janet, though he was present. The sagacious speaker, so to say, is "brought out" by repeated passes, and when this moral and sensible phase of her character is thus evoked, Madame B. is "Léonore." Madame B. now sometimes assumes an expression of beatitude, smiling and looking upwards. As Dunois said of Jeanne when she was recalling her visions, "*miro modo exultabat levando suos oculos ad coelum.*" This ecstasy Madame B. (as Léonore) dimly remembers, averring that "she has been dazzled *by a light on the left side.*" Here apparently we have the best aspect of poor Madame B. revealing itself in a mixture of hysterics and hypnotism, and associating itself with an audible sagacious voice and a dazzling light on the left, both hallucinatory.

The coincidence with Jeanne's earliest experience is most curious.

*Audivit vocem a dextero latere . . . claritas est ab eodem latere in quo vox auditur, sed ibi communiter est magna claritas.* Like Madame B., Jeanne was at first alarmed by these sensations.

The parallel, so far, is perfectly complete. But in Jeanne's case, I have found no hint of temporary unconsciousness. When strung up to the most intense mental eagerness in court, she still heard her voices, though, because of the tumult of the assembly, she heard them indistinctly. Thus her experiences are not associated with insanity, partial unconsciousness, or any physical disturbance (as in some tales of second sight), while the sagacity of the communications and their veracity distinguish them from the hallucinations of mad people and of Cotton Mather. As far as the affair of Rouvray, the prophecy of the instant death of an insolent soldier at Chinon, (evidence of Pasquerel, her confessor), and such things go, we have, of course, many alleged parallels in the predictions of Mr. Peden and other seers of the Covenant. But Mr. Peden's political predictions are still unfulfilled, whereas concerning the "dear gage" which the English should lose in France within seven years, Jeanne may be called successful.

On the whole, if we explain Jeanne's experiences as the expressions of her higher self (as Léonore is Madame B.'s higher self), we are compelled to ask what is the nature of that self? To one inquirer it seems

like "something far more deeply interfused" than any mental concomitant of the cerebral organism.

The evidence for knowledge acquired by no familiar natural channel of sense sufficed to convince M. Quicherat, whom Père Ayroles regards as a free-thinker. Nor have I exhausted all the alleged instances, from a dislike to drawing on the evidence given in 1452-1456.

In the whole story I am struck by the comparative lack of miraculous undergrowth of legend. Moreover, when we remember our current theories of collective hallucinations propagated by enthusiasm, or feigned by enthusiasts, when we remember that the legend of the contemporary St. Colette is a tissue of such tales as are told about D. D. Home, it seems odd that even the later reports concerning Jeanne are so temperate. Nobody pretends to have heard voices in her company, to have seen lights or saints, to have beheld her elevated in air, or even to have seen her chair snatched away, like St. Colette's, by invisible hands! When I say, "nobody," I should make an exception, perhaps, for a Monsieur de Cailly. If a Grant of Arms, now existing only in a copy made about 1610 by Charles du Lys, is authentic, Monsieur de Cailly shared with Jeanne at Orleans, in May, 1429, a vision of Angels. The Grant of Arms, permitting him to bear three Angels' heads, avers that Jeanne herself, in June, 1429, begged for him this favour. The copyist, Charles du Lys, married a Mademoiselle de Cailly, and doubtless copied a document belonging to her family. Jeanne healed no diseases, and refused credit for the momentary recovery of a new-born child at Lagny, in April, 1430. Thus it seems that "contagious enthusiasm in a credulous age," even in the presence of one who was herself a miracle, does not always generate a rich undergrowth of legend.

I began by saying that I could find no work on Jeanne d'Arc by a psychological expert. The remarks of Briere de Boismont are singularly inadequate. The sun flashing on the church window caused the first experience, and so forth. How much does the sun flash, outside, from a mediæval window of stained glass? A few attempts at a pathological explanation rest on a late rumour reported at third hand. I have not consulted the *Zoist*, Vol. XIII., p. 257. The Comte de Bourbon Lignières, while he assails the theory of hallucinations, is hardly to be regarded as himself a scientific expert. Finally, I have been unable to procure an essay by Captain Marin, in which, according to M. Lanery d'Arc, he regards the apparitions to Jeanne as objective, and of the same spiritualistic category as the famous Katie King.

To state the facts, with some criticism of the evidence, has been my sole object, nor can I add a conjecture to the many unsatisfactory hypotheses about this mystery of the Maid. Were I compelled to

pronounce an opinion, it would be to some such effect as this : Following Brierre de Boismont-as-against Lélut; I should think that persons entirely sane may be so constituted as to see and hear, as if externally, their ideas and mental impressions.

It would be impossible for Jeanne, as-it-was-for-Socrates, to regard these experiences as other than objective and caused by external influences. Thus I should have no hesitation about considering her experiences mere constitutional externalisations of her ideas. But the evidence showing that the contents of the messages received by her were such as she could not have learned in any normal way is so strong that I am compelled to believe in some abnormal extension of faculty, corresponding to her native and unparalleled genius. } To a certain extent, she was admitted within the arcana and sanctuary of the universe.

“Come to the Salpêtrière,” said a man of science to an Abbé, “and I will show you twenty Jeannes d’Arc.” “Has one of them given us back Alsace and Lorraine?” said the Abbé.

There is the *crux*.

## III.

## RESOLUTE CREDULITY.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

The work of the Society for Psychical Research in its own sphere resembles in some important points that of the Charity Organisation Society in the sphere of almsgiving. The C.O.S. has had to deal with a widespread and worthy although often an ill-directed and even ruinous impulse—the impulse to relieve the physical wants of other men. In its endeavours to guide that impulse into the best channels the C.O.S. encounters two contrasted, or rather *complementary*, forms of evil. On the one side there is the credulity, the indolence, the vanity of the reckless giver; on the other side there is the helplessness, the fraud, the vice and cruelty which the ill-judged boons encourage or engender. We too, on our part, deal with a widespread and noble impulse;—although an impulse whose misdirection has made the saddest side of human history. Our motive power is furnished by man's innate longing to penetrate the Realm Unseen;—that world-old desire which is now taking on itself a new definiteness and intensity as science is accustoming men's minds to a standard of more assured and verifiable certainty than contented the aspirations of earlier men.

And we meet in this inquiry also those two complementary causes of error which make earthly charity so hard to dispense aright. On the one side we too often find credulity, indolence, vanity; on the other side the fraud and falsehood which that credulity generates and that indolence allows. For us also, as for the C.O.S., it is needful from time to time to utter a word of warning; to define anew the spirit in which we hold that high truth should be sought; to point out some blind pathways which as yet have led only to deceit and disillusion.

Once more then I must repeat, (since men on the side both of belief and of negation seem slow to understand it), that our very *raison d'être* as a Society is that we endeavour to be scientific and not partisan; that the persons of widely different views and experiences who compose our group unite only in the strong desire to be careful, thorough, dispassionate; since we know well that in that temper only shall we arrive at truth.

“We exist,”—to quote a letter written by Edmund Gurney and myself to the *S.P.R. Journal* for January 1887,—“we exist in order to

carry, if we can, the methods of recognised science into a region where no recognised science as yet has forced its way. And we appeal with equal sincerity to each of the groups which stand aloof from us on either side, to help us in the task which we have undertaken. To those who deem us *credulous* we say, ‘ Criticise our methods, and we will do our best to improve them. Attack our evidence, and we will strengthen or abandon it.’ And to those who think us *over-sceptical* we say similarly, ‘ Offer us more and better evidence, and you will find that there is nothing to which we oppose a mere *a priori* denial,—no case which we will not set forth with candour and criticise with care.’”

Our history during the eight years since these words were written has not, I hope, been inconsistent with their tenor. We have set forth much fresh evidence ; and among it much evidence to phenomena for which, when we began our labours, there was little testimony which seemed to stand examination. My own writings, especially, are likely to be oftener attacked as exhibiting an excessive, than an insufficient, tendency to belief. It may therefore be useful if I here enumerate certain theses for which we have *not*, in my view, received evidence enough to give them even a *primâ facie* claim to be regarded as true. These unproved theses, however, are not all on the same footing. Some of them might conceivably be established to-morrow. To believe in others of them indicates, I think, that resolute, predetermined credulity against which it is the purpose of this paper to protest. But of all alike I may say that the man who alludes to any one of these theses as true is bound, in my view, at the same time to state or refer to the definite and provable facts which justify his conclusion. In all cases alike, however, he will probably prefer simply to say that the existing evidence is too voluminous to be printed on that particular occasion.

*Thesis 1.*—There is such a thing as “Occult Science” or Magic ; and supernormal powers, especially in the East, are transmitted by tradition, or acquired by ascetic practices, so that the possessors of such powers can understand and control them.

I was once disposed to believe in the truth of some parts at least of this thesis, but the study of various books and periodicals written to defend it has destroyed that tendency to belief.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hodgson’s paper on “Indian Magic” (S.P.R. *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 354) was not calculated to reassure me. Since that paper was written, however, some articles by “Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph.D.,”

<sup>1</sup> I do not of course mean to assert that there may not be tricks depending on suggestion, or even on telepathy, which may be handed down in country places and may enter into “folk-lore,”—a very different matter from the claim discussed above.

have appeared in the *Arena* (an American monthly magazine which gives some space to these topics), which articles, if true, establish all the occultism that could be desired. Dr. Hodgson and I examined these papers, and concluded that they were entirely unworthy of notice. Mr. Stead printed a story of Dr. Hensoldt's in *Borderland*; but with reserve, as "one of a series of articles which were undoubtedly thrilling, and might be true." It is fortunate that he did so, as this led to an interview in which Dr. Hensoldt told Mr. Stead "that in the main he was quite sure that his facts were correct, but that he had written them up a little."<sup>1</sup> In *Borderland* for April, 1895, p. 168, Mr. Stead prints, along with this statement of Dr. Hensoldt's, an article from the *Ceylon Observer* (date not given), from which, if no answer is forthcoming, it certainly appears that Dr. Hensoldt's story was a tissue of deliberate falsehoods. As Dr. Hensoldt has been lecturing in America, and "has been much pleased by the universal interest which his discourses upon Indian occultism have roused among the educated classes of the United States," it is to be hoped that the *Arena* will presently educate those classes a little further in his direction.

*Thesis 2.*—Mahatmas exist in Thibet; Mme. Blavatsky's occult performances and those of her friends were genuine,—and (this last clause is now optional) have been continued since her death by Mr. Judge.

I do not propose to say anything more on all this. History tells us that Moseilana after the death of Mahomet introduced an egg into a bottle, and by the marvel of that sight shook the prestige of the Prophet and balanced for some months the destinies of Islam.

An egg in a bottle! One might exhibit an apple in a dumpling to Mr. Judge's admirers, and ask them triumphantly what they had to say to *that*.

*Thesis 3.*—The heavenly bodies indicate or influence in an occult way the destinies of men.

I do not know on what evidence this belief is based.

*Thesis 4.*—The lines in a man's hand indicate his history, character, and destiny.

I have seen no evidence of any value for this proposition.

*Thesis 5.*—By the act of bathing in or drinking the water of the spring at Lourdes, or of other sacred springs; or by

<sup>1</sup> We are quite familiar in the S.P.R. with the genial admission of "writing up a little." It has put a sudden end to many correspondences.

invocations of a special kind ; or by the practice of a "Christian Science," which can be learnt from books and lectures, therapeutic results are attained which differ in kind from those which ordinary suggestion or self-suggestion, without any of these adjuncts, occasionally produces.

On this point I may refer to a paper by my late brother and myself in *Proceedings*, Vol. IX, p. 160, and to a discussion of the Holywell cures by the Rev. A. T. Fryer in the *S.P.R. Journal* for May, 1895. Since the article in *Proceedings* M. Zola's work on Lourdes has appeared, and has been recognised on both sides as a serious study of the problem. His descriptions from personal observation of the *constatation* or proof of the cures—descriptions whose accuracy has not, so far as I know, been seriously questioned—are absolutely confirmatory of the conclusions drawn, from mere study of the literature favourable to Lourdes, by my brother and myself.<sup>1</sup>

I will add that I am personally very anxious that some part of the above thesis should be proved true ;—that is to say that some method should be found by which the processes of therapeutic self-suggestion, at present so rarely effective, should be made more certain and more profoundly efficacious. I cannot but think that there must be some such method ; but I see little evidence that it has yet been found.

*Thesis 6.*—Some public showmen now use in their exhibitions some form of supernormal power.

I should be very willing to believe this thesis, which would show more regularity in the operation of telepathy or clairvoyance than we have ever seen attained in experiments. But I see no proof that it is true of any public performer at the present time ; and I shall presently quote two cases where supernormal powers which audiences have believed to exist can be shown to be in no wise needed to explain the phenomena. On the other hand I remember that when some of our group were learning and buying tricks from a conjurer, some twenty years ago, she told us that it was not worth our while to buy her code-trick, because her occasional specially good hits depended, as she believed, on thought-transference from the man who went round looking at the articles which she guessed. She said that she was obliged to pay this man, who was not in other respects useful, because she found that she could not get the same clear knowledge of objects from other confederates equally trained in the code. This is no *proof* of super-

<sup>1</sup> A narrative given by Dr. Pierre Delbet (*Revue de Paris*, 1895, p. 628) suggests considerable doubt as to the good faith of some of the religious bodies who announce cures.

normal powers ; but it is nearer proof than is the mere fact that many spectators have been puzzled by many codes.<sup>1</sup>

*Thesis 7.*—Some public mediums now giving séances are producing genuine phenomena of movements at a distance or of materialisation.

I do not feel by any means certain that this thesis is wholly false. Believing as I do that genuine phenomena occur both through Eusapia Paladino and through various private persons known to me ; and believing also that genuine phenomena have at one time or other occurred through more than one public medium, it would not surprise me to receive proof that something genuine was thus occurring now. But when I consider the great difference between the care and skill which have been devoted to the investigation of Eusapia (I am of course not thinking of my own minute share in that long inquiry) and the kind of observation on which other contemporary claims are mainly based, I feel bound to draw the line as I have done.

I shall presently give accounts of two sittings with Mr. Husk, which illustrate the modest equipment of capacity on which a *soi-disant* medium can live and prosper. But the most important source of information on this subject is a pamphlet compiled by Mr. John Curtis, of Boston, with a preface by the late Colonel Bundy, of Chicago, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. Colonel Bundy firmly believed in the genuineness of *some* of these phenomena, and the newspaper which he edited was distinctly spiritualistic ; but with admirable courage and disinterestedness he made it a large part of his business to expose the

<sup>1</sup> The reader may refer to *Borderland* for July, 1894, p. 422, for Miss X.'s account of the performance of Mr. Jesse Shepard, the "musical medium,"—an account concordant with the view of other competent musical critics. There is no reason whatever to credit Mr. Shepard with any powers more supernormal than a high falsetto voice and a judicious use of the left elbow.

Mr. Hamilton Aïdé has favoured me with the following graphic description of one of Mr. Shepard's séances ;—charge, a guinea a head for each auditor :—

"Shepard informed me that he was an uncultured musician—a statement which his subsequent performance fully verified ; also, that he was inspired at will by the spirits of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc. This was a greater demand on my credulity. And yet I believe there are many who have swallowed the astounding pretension without difficulty. The spirit of a young lady in the schoolroom was, apparently, the one who descended upon S.'s shoulders, arms, and hands (and descended heavily, too) on this occasion. As long as he played in full lamplight his performance was beneath criticism. When the room was reduced to total darkness and he played what he termed "The Passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea," a curious and clever effect to imitate the trampling of horses and rumbling of chariots was produced by—what part of his body or what mechanical contrivance I know not, but clearly the thing was a trick. Of his vocal powers, which he justly considers abnormal, I can truly say that anything so terrible and hideous I never heard issue from the human throat—varying from the roar of a bull to the screech of a mackaw. One felt glad there were not more vocal spirits let loose upon the world."

fraudulent materialisations which are unfortunately still too common in the United States. The pamphlet referred to is called "Some account of the Vampires of Onset, past and present." It is published by S. Woodberry and Co., 105, Summer-street, Boston, Mass., price ten cents. It should be in the hands of every inquirer. "Onset" is the name of the "Camp" or settlement of tents, where spiritualistic gatherings are held in the summer, and where these persons drive their trade. Among the "Vampires" exposed in this collection of legal documents, sworn statements, and other contemporary and first-hand evidence are Mrs. Hannah V. Ross, Mrs. Amanda M. Cowan, Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer, "Dr." D. J. Stansbury, and Mrs. M. E. Williams, who has lately been exposed in Paris.<sup>1</sup> It is to be regretted that wider publicity had not been given to these pages by spiritualistic papers; for although no actual catching of Mrs. Williams' rag-doll or herself is recorded in this pamphlet, certain other facts there given would have prevented any lady from permitting her presence.

It is in the continued patronage accorded to many of these Vampires and Jezebels—in their rapid transits through the sliding panel and the divorce-court—that I find the strongest instance of that resolute, that immutable, that immoral credulity which almost makes one wish to see some of the dupes in the dock alongside of their deceivers. I have felt a similar wish when I have seen a man who had dined toss half-a-crown to a maudlin woman in the rainy street, while she pinched the hired baby that she was slowly murdering for the sake of those very half-crowns.<sup>2</sup>

I proceed now to some of the concrete cases of which I have spoken

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Hodgson writes to me: "Mr. Curtis has in his possession masses of material taken from Mrs. Hannah V. Ross, Mrs. H. B. Fay, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Amanda M. Cowan, Mrs. Fairchild, the Berry sisters, and Mrs. Holmes, at the times when these persons were seen posing as spirits."

Dr. Hodgson also sends me much matter, published and unpublished, *re* the detected frauds of several mediums, especially the Bangs sisters and one Keeler (not the conjurer of that name). We hold all this in readiness for printing, if required; but after reviewing much of what has already been printed on both sides of the controversy, I think that the evidence for widespread fraud throughout all this group is already so strong and the evidence for genuine phenomena anywhere in the group so weak, that few of our readers can need further caution.

<sup>2</sup> I am afraid that Mr. A. R. Wallace may protest against this passage; and I desire respectfully here to anticipate an attack from him to which I shall not wish otherwise to reply. I regard Mr. Wallace's testimony with regard to the character of public mediums as precisely on a par with the testimony of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus with regard to the character of Faustina. There are natures—and, as in the case of Marcus, such natures may belong to the wisest of men—which stand so far removed from the meaner temptations of humanity that those thus gifted at birth can no more enter into the true mind of a cheat than I can enter into the true mind of a chimpanzee. Only may such spirits judge us also at the end! However far they may be above us, we shall have nought to fear,—

Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline  
Have ever in them something of benign.

above. Roughly speaking, we have to meet three main modes of producing illusion. There is the skilful use of natural forces ; there is the employment of confederates ; and, last not least, there is simple "suggestion"—some would call it sheer effrontery—supported by darkness and by appropriate "patter."

I quote first Professor Lodge's account of Mrs. Abbott's exhibition :—

ON THE MECHANICAL PERFORMANCE OF MRS. ABBOTT, RECENTLY  
ADVERTISED AS "THE GEORGIA MAGNET."

My attention has been called to an article by Dr. Henri Goudard in the Jan.-Feb., 1895, number of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, wherein that gentleman relates his experience with Miss or Mrs. Abbott in Paris, finds himself unable to agree with the short summary quoted correctly as embodying my opinion by Professor Richet, and asks me to state at greater length why I recognise nothing abnormal in the performance.

I will answer his courteously worded request briefly, but I hope definitely.

The extracts given by Dr. Goudard from the "Figaro" are not scientific or precise in their terms. I pass at once to the experience of Dr. Goudard himself, as described by him in the paper referred to.

*I.—A man holds a chair firmly against his chest and is then pushed about by the operator, who appears to exert very little force on the chair.*

The experiment is easily repeated by anybody, and the subject of it is usually surprised at the apparent strength of the person operating. The right hand of the operator need exert no force at all, and it is to this hand that attention is directed ; force is exerted by the left hand near the chest of the patient, and in an unexpected direction, first pushing and then pulling, or vice versa. It is the unexpected and sudden variation of the force which throws the patient off his balance, especially if he has strongly braced himself to meet and oppose a force in the wrong direction.

I do not remember having seen Experiment II., so I pass on to the next, which is an important one.

*III.—The operator stands on one foot holding a billiard-cue while a tall strong man is then asked to push her backwards by steady pressure on the cue, and fails.*

To succeed with this experiment the operator must be short and strong in the arms. When a tall person is pushing against a short person he is pushing largely downwards, and by standing on a heel the body of the short person can become a strut almost in the direction of the force. If she can then maintain her arms rigid there is no chance of pushing her backwards. Untimely and unexpected pushes are not permitted, and if the cue is lowered so that the pushing becomes more horizontal, she abandons it for a time and rests or changes the person ; the rules of the game have to be adhered to if the experiment is to succeed. With the cue held well up, a short strong woman can repeat the experiment, as I have verified. When four or five men push on the same cue they get in each other's way—the cue bends so that the end men refrain from exerting much force, and the thing degenerates largely into a farce.

With one or two men the experiment is certainly surprising, but it is simply and purely mechanical. A man pushing somewhat downwards can exert singularly little propulsive force. The magnitude of it depends on the position of his centre of gravity and the amount by which a vertical through it outlies his toes. He stands on one leg and instinctively throws the weight of his other leg forward to get as much moment as he can, but the fact that the position of this free leg makes a material difference shows how slight is the force really exerted. On the other hand a person standing on a heel and pushing upward and forwards is in a position to sustain a very considerable load.

The conditions are entirely reversed when the force exerted is a pull instead of a push. A tall heavy man has then a great advantage. Tug of war in a standing position depends upon weight and height; and if Mrs. Abbott had been able to engage successfully in a tug of war with me, it would have been a direct proof of something abnormal. I spent altogether some hours fruitlessly in trying to persuade her and her exhibitors to permit me to try in private any form of *pulling* experiment. But the most frivolous pretexts were brought forward, such as the presence of a carpet on the floor, etc., and the test was resolutely declined.

*IV.—She holds a billiard cue in a slanting, nearly vertical position, and asks some one to force its point to the ground by sliding it along her open palms.*

This experiment can be repeated by any one with strong enough arms. It was not so invariably successful with Mrs. Abbott, and is not one of her best tricks. If the operator can get an energetic person to push vigorously, the friction of the open palms is sufficient to prevent the cue from sliding, (again rather surprising, but easily verifiable), but if a languid person, without pushing against the operator, simply exerts force in the direction of the cue's length, it slides down with perfect ease. A practised exhibitor is, however, prepared for this, and is able to evade the attempt, or to discount it in some way.

I remember the stethoscopic feat numbered V., but I was not impressed by it. Perhaps I too ignorantly accredit the human body with the power of purposely generating slight sounds when they are listened for attentively.

*VI.—She presents her elbows to a person standing behind her, and requests to be lifted by them. Sometimes she can thus be lifted, sometimes she cannot.*

This experiment is certainly singular. It appears that this mode of raising a person is not far from the margin of what is possible without overbalancing oneself. One has to stand rather vertically, and one has very little moment adapted to support a weight placed in one's hands held out horizontally. If the operator holds her elbows well back the lifting can be done, but if she draws them forward even slightly, the lifting cannot be done. I conjecture that a man with extra long feet, and stiffly soled flat boots, and short fore-arms, would have an advantage in this mode of lifting, and might be able to succeed in lifting the person in spite of the awkward position of her elbows. The lifting can always be done if the elbows are forcibly drawn back first; but this brings the dress and body into contact, and that is not considered fair.

It was not pretended that there was any *real* increase in weight such as a balance could show, and in fact a rough balance test, improvised by Professor Fitzgerald, tended to disprove any such increase. It is therefore quite different from the levitations testified to by Mr. Crookes. The effect only pretends to be subjective, *i.e.*, one to be tested by a human being. A human being so arranged as a balance is a deceptive one, and his margin of lifting is very narrow, owing to the small basis afforded by his feet. A lever or bracket projecting from a pillar standing in a pair of human boots would have very little lifting power, especially if the weight were applied somewhat far out towards the free end.

*VII.—She stands with her hands lightly against a wall and then asks to be pushed up to the wall by pressure on her back.*

This is a modification of No. III. The pushing force of a man on a short person is less than he expects, and the purchase given her by pressure on the wall is precisely in the right direction and is sufficient to balance all the force necessary. The palms of her hands may indeed be tested and found not to touch the wall, but some part of her finger-tips always touches, and these finger-nails will be seen to go white, indicating pressure. The experiment is easy enough for any one to do.

I did not see experiment VIII., but conjecture that it depends on the known fact that a child willing to be lifted and holding itself properly can easily be raised, whereas a child unwilling and limp is comparatively difficult to sustain. The reason, doubtless, depends on the mode of holding; a mode which may be sufficient in the one case can be made quite inadequate in the other.

*IX.—The apparent difficulty of being lifted is transmitted to another person.*

When I saw this experiment it was performed thus:—

A loutish boy was called in, and his hands held with fore-arms horizontally by Mrs. Abbott. Any one was then asked to raise him by the elbows, standing behind him in the orthodox way. My opinion is, that when she wished him "light" she pushed his elbows a trifle back, and when she wished him "heavy" she drew them a little forward. That so small a motion of the elbows makes all the difference constitutes the beauty of the trick. In one case the weight is below, in the other it is above the load possible with the given condition of leverage. That is how I saw the performance, but if I had seen it as Dr. Goudard apparently has seen it, tried with a child of five years old, I should, I suppose, have been much more impressed. I cannot, of course, say what other circumstances might have modified the view one would naturally have been compelled to take if the facts were precisely as now described by him.

*X.—A billiard cue standing vertically on the ground is to be pressed down by the hands of a number of persons placed on the top of it, while a man who has clambered up and perched himself there is seated upon these hands; the operator then easily raises the cue, grasping it anywhere with one hand.*

This is a sort of psychological experiment. If the reader pictures himself as one of those with hands on top of and pressing down the cue, he will

realise that the consequences of a break in the cue appeal forcibly to his imagination, and it is not improbable that without knowing it he will be assisting to sustain the weight of the seated person, rather than doing what he supposes every one else to be doing, viz., vigorously pressing down. Under these conditions it is perhaps only surprising that the cue does not rise even without the gentle upward force exerted by the operator.

*XI.—Five or six persons are sitting and sprawling on a chair, which the operator then momentarily raises or jerks for an instant from the floor.*

This experiment is performed with a special chair with a narrow and uncomfortable seat. The man to be seated is selected of a suitable height for his feet to be well on the floor, and, by the time the other men have sprawled on his lap, most of their weight is really sustained by his legs and feet, especially if the operator standing behind the chair begins to tilt it up. The experiment is rather a farcical one, as the raising is only momentary and it results in a sprawl on the floor for the bodies insecurely propped, rather than supported, by the chair.

It is, I know, asserted that very little force is exerted by the operator's hands; it is also asserted that none is exerted by her knees. But in my experience the tests for these two things are not made together, and the tilting or jerking up can be done either way, with the help of the fore-arms. With a suitable chair it is an experiment which any one can try, and he may be surprised to find how readily the necessary force can be exerted. If Mrs. Abbott does not do it by muscular exertion, why does she stand in precisely that position which would be chosen by a person who had only muscular exertion to rely on?

I have now dealt, I hope sufficiently, with all the more important statements of Dr. Goudard. I only answer for what I myself saw, but I was not satisfied by one visit, nor did I come to a final conclusion till I had tried experiments with other persons of suitable size. It will be observed that I conclude that the feats are ingeniously chosen to suit a short person, and that Mrs. Abbott, though small and in appearance frail, is probably very muscular, at any rate in the arms. Perhaps Dr. Goudard noticed that her fore-arms exhibited more muscle than is common in her sex.

I did not offer any public statement<sup>1</sup> at the time she was exhibiting in England, beyond the bare fact that in my opinion there was nothing occult in the matter, because I had no wish to injure the exhibition, which was a fairly good and entertaining exhibition of well chosen feats of strength and skill. Nothing shown to me demanded the exercise of actual "fraud"; nor was there any prominent subterfuge or pretence, beyond the name "Magnet," which to the populace may signify anything or nothing. At any rate, the public who paid to see Mrs. Abbott's performance obtained full value for their money, and investigators were treated with a very fair amount of frankness even by her exhibitors; and that she should decline to attempt feats impossible to do by normal physics was after all perfectly legitimate as a matter of business, which indeed the whole show was.

OLIVER J. LODGE.

March, 1895.

<sup>1</sup> The account given in the S.P.R. Journal, Vol. V., p. 168, was not a *publication*.

I have also three other first-hand, independent, and concordant accounts of Mrs. Abbott's muscular and other tricks—(1) from James H. Hyslop, Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia College, New York City ; (2) from the Rev. Solon Laner, known to Dr. Hodgson (account first printed in *Religio-Philosophical Journal*) ; (3) from Dr. Hodgson himself.

Professor Hyslop's long and careful analysis is based upon notes taken the day after the performance. He succeeded in himself repeating almost all Mrs. Abbott's tricks, his agreement with Dr. Lodge as to their *modus operandi* being very close. He takes, however, a more serious view of the amount of actual and conscious falsehood in Mrs. Abbott's statements, and demurs, for instance, to accepting the same child as this lady's daughter one day and as a disinterested stranger from among the audience the next.

Mr. Laner describes certain phenomena which Mrs. Abbott seems to have abstained from attempting in Professor Lodge's presence :—

One of her cleverest performances was the weighing trick, which deceived the audience and all the committee, including the man who did the weighing (a prestidigitator), I alone claiming it to be a trick, and showing the method of its performance after the exhibition was over. The trick was as follows :—First, Mrs. Abbott called for me to stand on the platform of an ordinary pair of scales to be weighed. She instructed me to stand on the iron portion of the platform, which was about five inches wide, running around the platform. I stood with one foot on each side of the platform, my weight being nearly in the middle of the platform, measuring lengthwise. In this position the weight registered was my normal weight, about 140 pounds. Then I stepped off the scales, and Mrs. Abbott stepped on. But she took a position differing from mine, as I observed. Her feet were placed on the extreme rear of the platform, across the rear corners, her heels being just on the rim of the platform. I asked her to place one foot forward, but she objected that she must stand on the iron portion. I remarked that the iron extended all the way around the scales, but she still persisted in her position. Standing thus, she easily caused her weight to fluctuate, by tipping up the front of the platform slightly, and then lowering it again, and the man who was weighing her was not able to move the weight fast enough to record the fluctuations.

It should be said before describing the second stage of this performance that all members of the committee, save myself, were by her request seated at the rear of the stage, where they could not observe closely her position on the scales. I had been standing near her, and when she began this performance, sat down opposite the scales, where I had a favourable view. The man at the scales was too busy with the weights to observe carefully. The audience could not see the details on account of distance.

The second stage of the weighing trick was as follows :—A small box was handed round among the committee, and pronounced unsuspecting. It was then placed behind the scales, and I noticed that it was just the height of the platform, which it touched at the rear end. This box was ostensibly for

a man to stand upon, in order that he might bear down on Mrs. Abbott's shoulders, as she stood upon the platform of the scales. When this man bore down upon her shoulders the scales registered many pounds less than her normal weight, (which she stated to be 98 pounds, but which, I should say, was nearly 120 pounds). The explanation of this trick was very easy to me when I saw that her feet were so placed that her heels rested on the box behind her, which thus relieved the scales of much of the weight of herself and of the man who was vigorously pushing down on her shoulders.

The third stage was as follows:—A board smaller than the top of the platform of the scales was placed on the platform, ostensibly for insulating persons. Then Mrs. Abbott invited the man who had previously pushed down on her shoulders to now partially lift her from the scales, and while he was doing this her weight was reported to be several pounds more than normal. This trick was performed by pushing the board with her foot so that it rested partly on the box, before the man who was to lift her had stepped upon the box. In the excitement he did not notice the board, and thus he and Mrs. Abbott were both standing on this board, one end of which rested upon the scales, throwing the greater part of their combined weight upon the platform. Although the man lifted her from the platform, he still stood on the board, and thus did not lift her weight from the scales, but rather added part of his own weight. The scales registered 150 pounds, if I remember rightly. This was the last performance on the programme, and without waiting for any report from the committee, the audience rushed out, exclaiming upon the marvellous things they had witnessed. The other members of the committee crowded around Mrs. Abbott expressing their profound astonishment at her gifts. My own congratulations were upon the clever exhibition she had given, and were received with suspicion. The man who did the weighing was, he said, a prestidigitator, but failed to learn the *modus operandi* of any of her tricks, but confessed himself satisfied when I did the scales trick, and allowed him to do the weighing as before.

Other tricks would be difficult to describe in detail, but may be briefly mentioned. She produced a snapping noise on a tumbler, by holding it with a handkerchief, slipping her thumb or finger along on the glass, producing thus a noise like the crackling of electricity. I did the same afterward. A physician was called on the stage to take her temperature with a clinical thermometer. He reported it to be three degrees below the normal point, indicating an abnormal condition, which in a patient would be considered very dangerous. I did the same thing the next day with a physician's thermometer, by slyly inhaling through the lips, and exhaling through the nostrils, thus keeping a current of cold air playing on the tube of the thermometer, and putting the temperature at five degrees below the normal, yet I still live.

Dr. Hodgson himself saw Mrs. Abbott in Boston in 1889, when she must, he thinks, have been less expert than now. He pushed her against the wall, and forced the vertical cue to the ground, then refused to endeavour to lift her unless allowed to stand on a chair. This was imprudently permitted, and he then lifted her from the ground with ease. At that date the exhibition, he thinks, was more

definitely spiritualistic, and therefore, under the circumstances, more definitely fraudulent, than it has been since she achieved a wider repute.

The next case which I shall quote depends on the use of confederates. The stern moralist might object to some of the private deceptions which seem to have been necessary to secure the public effect.

Mr. G. A. Smith, from whom the account comes, is already known to readers of these *Proceedings* as an acute observer.

Brighton, *December*, 1894.

[After describing the great recent success at Brighton of Mrs. Baldwin's "Somnomancy," Mr. G. A. Smith continues :—]

The performance generally began with a *cabinet séance*, in which sometimes the "Professor" and sometimes his wife acted as "medium." This kind of exhibition is now too common to arouse much interest, so, although this part of the show was patiently endured, it excited no enthusiasm. At its termination Professor Baldwin sent several assistants amongst the audience to distribute slips of paper and pencils, also small squares of mill-board to serve as desks. Some forty or fifty of these conveniences would be distributed in different parts of the hall, the recipients being told that they might write any question upon the paper, fold it up and stow it in their pockets—the pencils and mill-boards being then collected by the assistants and deposited on the stage in full view of the audience. The mill-boards were ostensibly offered to prevent the inconvenience of writing upon the knee; the "Professor" frankly referred to the theory of preparation and ridiculed it, stating that if any preferred to discard the mill-board they were at liberty to do so—indeed they might use their own paper and pencils, and might in fact write their questions at home and come to the hall with them safely concealed in their pockets. The great thing was to keep the question vividly in mind, and it had been found by experience that to write it down there and then was a help towards this end. He further said that he could only control Mrs. Baldwin's "visions" to a very limited extent himself; and only an uncertain proportion of those who had written questions would be likely to receive answers.

After this business some serpentine dancing, some character songs, and a nigger were inflicted upon the audience, and then Mrs. Baldwin was led on with her eyes bandaged and seated in the centre of the stage.

Her method of procedure now was somewhat as follows :—“There is a Kate Jones somewhere—in the gallery, I think—somewhere on the left—she wants to know what became of the stone from her fancy ring—she won't get it back—it fell in the cinders when she was over the grate—I can't trace it further to-night.” As soon as the name of Kate Jones was announced that personage was instructed to hold up her paper, an assistant would go and take it from her, bring it to the Professor who had taken his stand at the foot of the steps leading up to the stage, and he would unfold it and read out the question immediately Mrs. Baldwin's answer was given. The question in this instance was probably, “Where shall I find the stone missing from my ring? Kate Jones.” The questions were all of this type more or

less, and Mrs. Baldwin's answers were generally a mixture of skilful generalities and bold dramatic detail, but never contained matter which could be either denied or confirmed on the spot. The real cleverness of the business however lay in the *extra* "visions," so to speak, which often clustered round the bare question. For instance, Mrs. Baldwin would say, "There's a lady sitting here—somewhere just beneath me—whose mind is fixed upon something like—like—oh! a *cat*. Why, yes—that cat's been lost—it's lost now, too!" The assistant meanwhile approached the lady (who was beamingly holding her paper up), spoke a few words to her, took her folded paper, carried it to the Professor, who opened and read it, saying, "Yes, Mrs. Baldwin is certainly on the right track—now we'll just see if we can't catch this cat." Then turning to Mrs. Baldwin, "How long has it been lost? Can you tell us?" Mrs. Baldwin would make an effort and finally say, "It has been away from home some *years*—one—two—why, it must be nearly four years." "Is that so, madam?" the Professor would enquire. "Quite true," from the delighted lady. Then the Professor would read aloud from her paper, "*What became of my favourite Persian cat?*" and he would draw attention to the fact that no hint was given in it as to the date of the animal's disappearance. He would then proceed, "Mrs. Baldwin seems to be right on this cat's trail—we'll chase it home any way." Then, turning to her, "Can you tell us what that pussy's *name* was now?" Here he would hasten on the stage, go behind her and make some violent passes towards the back of her head, the pianist meanwhile striking a loud and sustained chord. Mrs. Baldwin would start, strain, and declare with a gasping effort that the cat's name was "Dick." The lady having been called upon to confirm this, Mrs. Baldwin would add some details to the effect that two men (described) had been instrumental in getting the cat away, they sold it for a good bit—it seemed next in a dealer's shop—and seemed now to be in a good home—in the country—seemed well cared for. This case was one which actually came under my own notice. I watched every phase of it, and it affords a type of and a key to the whole performance. The date of the cat's disappearance and its name were *both communicated to the assistant* in answer to his enquiries when he collected the lady's paper, and he in turn communicated them to Baldwin in a passing whisper, whereupon Baldwin mounted the stage and whispered the word "Dick" to Mrs. Baldwin under cover of the piano, but still quite loud enough for my companions and me to hear. Sometimes the Professor would communicate with Mrs. B. by means of a code, but I never saw this used except when *dates* were to be communicated, when it seemed to be invariably used.

I saw the exhibition three times from a position in the stalls close to Baldwin. Again and again I saw assistants bring him the folded papers and at the same time rapidly mutter some information extracted from the enquirer; and I got to know two or three of the words used in the number code between Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin.

In the case of some questions such as, "When shall I be married?" "Shall I pass my examination?" and so on, the answer was easy enough to frame without the intermediate assistance of the "Professor." Mrs. Baldwin's replies often admitted of no proof—nor could they be disproved; but they excited wonder all the same, for the simple reason that an appropriate

answer to an unseen question was a marvel in itself. The ground-work of the whole thing was the well-known *pad trick*.

Amongst the numerous mill-boards distributed to the audience were a good many innocent-looking thin pads, and these probably contained a sheet of carbon paper concealed, so that anything written would leave an impression beneath. These pads were distributed judiciously by the assistants, who stood by ready to take them again at once, after use. I never received one of these, nor did any of my friends. I never received answers to any of my questions written upon the plain mill-boards, nor did any of my friends. On the other hand, when one of the audience within my range of observation received something to write upon which was obviously not a mill-board like mine, that person received an answer to his question. The assistants no doubt kept these prepared pads separate from the others, and when the mill-boards were subsequently placed by the footlights for everybody to see, the special ones would find their way behind the scenes, so that Mrs. Baldwin might inspect them and commit to memory suitable answers.

I know a conjurer who is doing a "Somnomancy" entertainment (in imitation of the Baldwins) with great success by means of this pad trick; but the thing which makes the Baldwin exhibition so specially remarkable is the skilful way in which they generally manage to give more information than the written question conveys, and this, as I have explained, is managed by boldly pumping the writer on the quiet, and then retailing for the edification and mystification of the entire audience the information thus gained.

Not the least remarkable feature about the business is the fact that in nearly every case of such pumping, the person pumped is as much surprised as the rest of the audience when Mrs. Baldwin states the facts. This is, no doubt, due to the fact that the assistant is not looked upon as part of the trick. It did not seem to occur to people that if they told the assistant, who politely came to receive their folded paper, that the lost watch was marked with the initials "J.W." he could tell the "Professor," and the "Professor" could tell Mrs. Baldwin. A friend of mine, a reporter, who got hold of several of the people who had received most astonishing answers, was much struck at finding that they had not only given to the assistant all the information additional to that contained in the written question, but that until closely questioned they had quite forgotten having done so, through attaching no importance to it at the time.

It was often asserted in controversy that Mrs. Baldwin frequently answered questions which had been privately written at home and which were never produced from the writer's pocket until the answer was announced at the public entertainment. Now Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin made a large circle of acquaintances in the town, and in fact held little impromptu receptions daily. I think that some of these "questions written at home" were probably the outcome of these receptions, where preliminary confidences, promptings, and pumpings doubtless occurred. Only on three occasions did I see answers given to questions which had been written on private paper before the entertainment. One was in the case of a lady, who had written her question on her own note-paper at home, and she received an answer—appropriate enough, but not open to verification for some years to come. This lady had certainly attended Mrs. Baldwin's tea-parties, and like her

husband (a press man), was one of her warmest admirers. It is quite probable that Mrs. Baldwin knew enough of this lady's interests to guess at the nature of the question; in fact, it is not inconceivable that the question had been privately propounded, and that Mrs. Baldwin had said: "You had better write it in the usual way, as I can answer better when in the trance this evening." The second case was that of a boy who wanted to know whether he would become a chemist, his question being written on an old telegraph form. This may have been introduced by the mother in Mrs. Baldwin's presence in the same manner as in the last case; or the boy may have taken one of the assistants into his confidence—for there were hundreds of people who took Mrs. Baldwin quite seriously and made every effort to get her advice upon subjects which they had close at heart. The third case was that of a well-known Brighton clubman, who, sitting in the front row obtained an answer to a question which he had pencilled *on his cuff*. There could certainly be no *confederacy* here, but I do not think it was by any means impossible for Baldwin himself or some of the assistants to get a sight of this question during the excitement and wild confusion which always prevailed throughout this portion of the entertainment. He was probably seen writing it. There were always plenty of people at each entertainment carrying questions which had been previously written, who received no replies; I know, myself, of a good many such cases amongst my own friends.

The whole business was most cleverly and successfully carried out here; but careful observers agreed that there was no good proof of occult or psychic power, whilst, on the other hand, the proofs of conjuring and trickery were abundant.

G.A.S.

I give next an account of my own of a recent sitting with Mr. Husk. The record, taken from notes jotted down shortly after the sitting, has been approved by "Mrs. C.," who, as the holder of Mr. Husk's other hand, was alone able to judge of its accuracy. It was also shown in draft to two leading members of the group, who found nothing to contradict; although one of them, I fancy, retains some kind of belief in some of Mr. Husk's phenomena. I should add that all the members of this group, who had been sitting for a long time with Mr. Husk, were persons of position and intelligence; and that "Mr. A." particularly is an acute man of the world, and is himself the dread of impostors in a quite different line of research which he has made especially his own.

I was recently told by a friend—whom I will call Mr. A.—that he had had certain experiences with Mr. Husk,—notably the playing of fairy bells in the air,—which he was at a loss to explain. I reminded my friend of the exposure narrated in *Light* for February 14th, 1891, under the heading "A triple exposure of cheating mediums, Williams, Husk, Rita;" where the sudden flash of an electric pin disclosed Husk leaning over the table and showing his own face as that of a spirit, illuminated by a card covered with luminous paint. I reminded him also of an incident recounted in *S.P.R. Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 460, where a committee, including Mr. Crookes, examined an iron ring which encircled Husk's arm, and was believed by his

admirers to be too small to have been placed in that position by ordinary means. The committee found that it was just *not* too small ;—and offered to take it off again by ordinary means ;—guaranteeing the wearer against any pain in the process by a few whiffs of chloroform. The offer was declined, but the ring did not much longer figure as a standing miracle.

My friend replied that he held no brief for Husk's character, and that a medium might be both fraudulent and genuine ; and since I agreed to this, and had a real curiosity as to the powers which enabled Husk to maintain a *clientèle* in spite of the "record" above referred to, I consented to meet him at the lodgings of Mr. B. in Eaton Terrace, S.W., only stipulating that his hands were to be held by myself and Mrs. C., a lady whose powers of observation I had reason to trust. This was agreed to, and a group of seven persons awaited Mr. and Mrs. Husk in Mr. B.'s sitting-room. We were to sit at a round table, and Mr. B. pointed out that if one sat just opposite a leg, one could step on to the table without shaking it. From any other point one would tilt up the table in a dangerous way.

Mr. and Mrs. Husk arrived, and Mr. Husk, left to choose his seat, sat down just opposite the leg of the table. "Fairy bells" and various small objects were then placed on the table, which they nearly covered, so that they lay a few inches from each sitter's hands. The room was then very completely darkened, and Husk offered his little fingers to Mrs. C. and myself, in which to crook our own,—that method of hand-holding being enjoined as least irksome. We linked hands all round in the same fashion. Of course the only security which we thus gained was that Husk would not actually walk away from us. His large hands were practically at liberty ; and as he moved our hands freely about, as though with convulsive tremors, our hold was not only no real check, but might even, as will be seen later, become a positive advantage to him. He kept his arms well out from his sides, and his body and legs at such a distance from us that without deliberate effort, of a kind unlikely to be made by his ordinary sitters, no contact was possible.

The first "phenomenon" was a general shaking of the room, which ceased and began again at request, so as to show that it was not due to any external cause. The value of such a phenomenon depends, of course, on the ease with which any particular room can be shaken, and we found by subsequent experiment that it is perfectly easy to shake Mr. B.'s room (which is in a very ill-built house), by vigorous contractions of the muscles of the thighs upon the chair. Of course, one can hardly keep one's hands quite still meanwhile, but Husk's hands jerked about in such a way as to conceal any tremor which might have been caused by muscular pushes on the seat of his chair.

Spirit-voices then came;—that is to say, Husk leant first in one direction and then in another, and uttered quasi-pleasantries for which I am glad not to be obliged to hold any disembodied intelligence responsible. On one occasion, for instance, I leant forward rather markedly over my hands on the table, and Husk, who is a tall man and can move noiselessly, leant over and behind me, and made some remark in a squeaky voice over my further shoulder. It was so absolutely obvious how this was done that when "Uncle," or whatever the supposed spirit's name was, said, (from Husk's normal

position, which he briskly regained,) "There! I jumped over your shoulder that time!" it was hard to realise that a claim was made that the voice had been separate from the medium's body. Some of the party, I learnt, had taken a ventriloquist to decide whether these voices were due to ventriloquism or to spirits. He pronounced that neither hypothesis was required. For the most part Husk leant well back behind Mrs. C. to utter these voices, assuming, (although, as it happened, erroneously,) that the lady was the less formidable of his two neighbours. He gave another indication of this presently when more serious business began. Husk now moved his hands more violently, raised ours from the table, and swung them about in the air. Mrs. C., who held his right hand, extended her fingers to discover what it was that he wished to touch. She found her hand brought into contact with the back of his chair, so that his linked hand might have hitched it into a position convenient for his next move. I managed to sidle a little nearer to him on my side, and distinctly felt the movement of his thigh and knee, as he stepped on to his chair and then on to the table, with a corresponding strain on my little finger, which he now held high in air, and used to *steady* himself in stepping upwards. This was so manifest that I immediately said "Mr. Husk has stepped on to the table," to which Mrs. Husk replied, "He has not *stepped* on to the table;"—being, I suppose, aware in some occult manner that he had been raised in some occult way. I then felt about for Husk's chair, but that also had been lifted on to the table, probably by his placing one foot through its back and hitching it up after him, when he had placed one foot firmly on the table. We tried this afterwards, and Mr. B. found that with a little practice it was not difficult, given the two hands on each side by which to steady oneself in the process. The table was low, and the chairs light. It is possible, however, that he drew up the chair with his right hand, keeping it immediately beneath him, and away from Mrs. C.<sup>1</sup>

After a minute or two we were told to light up, and saw Husk, still holding our little fingers, sitting on the back of his chair, with his feet on its seat, in the middle of the table,—a performance which was rendered quite easy by the continued support of our hands.

He then descended, and the room was re-darkened. An attempt was made by the spirits to get Mrs. Husk to sit next to the medium, but this we declined, and Mrs. C. and I changed places, (Mrs. C. now taking Husk's left hand with her right), so as to use fresh little-fingers, as the strain which Husk had imposed on those members had made them almost insensible;—a result, by the way, which may have its value at times. We sat for a few minutes, and the small objects on the table in front of Mr. Husk began to move about. But almost at once the squeaky voice was heard, saying to Mrs. C., "You're breaking the conditions!" "No," replied Mrs. C. with truth, "I still hold my neighbour's finger, as I was told, to maintain the chain." What Mrs. C. had in fact done was to bring her neighbour's hand and her own left hand well on to the table, and near the objects, so that when Husk put out his left-hand fingers to move the objects, he came in contact with Mrs. C.'s left hand as well. There were no more move-

<sup>1</sup> For a somewhat similar feat on the part of Mr. Eglinton, see *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 359.

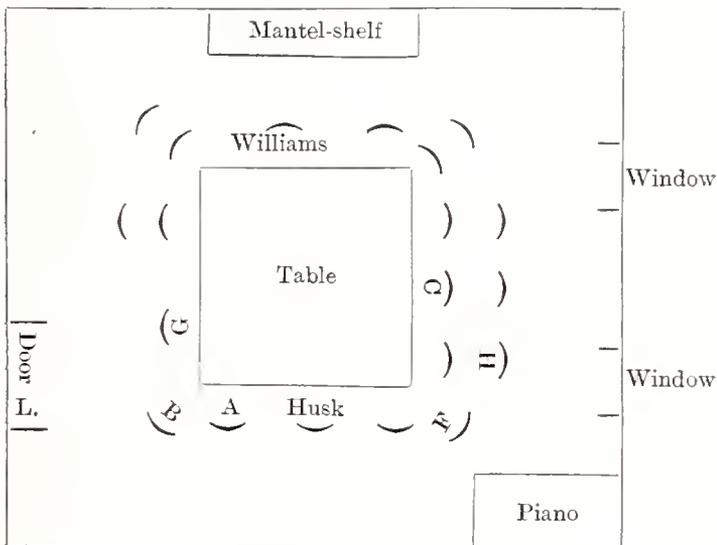
ments, except the movement of thirty-five shillings into Mr. Husk's pocket before he and his wife went away. I cannot but think that there is still a very fair opening for beginners in this trade.

The playing of the fairy bells did not occur,—but it seems only to occur when Mrs. Husk, or some similarly devoted person, sits next to Husk. Two hands being then free, Husk can easily stand on his chair and play (say) with his right hand the instrument held up by Mrs. Husk with her left, varying this by himself holding up the instrument and knocking it against the ceiling; a phenomenon observed, as I understand, only in low rooms. As the whereabouts of the instrument is recognised by a piece of luminous cardboard gummed on to it, it would, of course, be easy to enlarge its apparent range of flight by brandishing a similar piece of luminous cardboard at the end of a wire. But I must not demoralise Mr. Husk by suggesting tricks of this kind. His actual powers are amply sufficient for all that his sitters call upon him to perform.—F.W.H.M.

Mrs. Sidgwick, to whom I showed this account, produced for me another record (undated) of a sitting with Husk, by the late Mr. S. J. Davey; interesting to me as showing in actual operation the little artifice with luminous paper and musical box above suggested. Our readers will remember that Mr. Davey's own skill in reproducing and surpassing various "spiritualistic phenomena" by adroit conjuring led many spiritualists to believe for a long time, in spite of Mr. Davey's disclaimers, that he was a powerful medium himself. See *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII., p. 253.

A few months ago my friend Munro and myself went to a séance given by Messrs. Husk and Williams at 15, Southampton Row, for the benefit of a certain Mr. Robson.

The room where the sitting was held being somewhat small, it was decided the chairs should be placed as per diagram herewith.



Hands were supposed to be held all round.

On taking our seats Munro selected that marked A, whilst I sat next to him at B.

The lights being turned out the spirits rapped out that they objected to Munro sitting at A, consequently he had to move over to C and I slipped into his former seat at A.

Whilst the others were loudly singing "Shall we gather at the river," I put my head down close to the table, and in doing so I heard Husk say something in an undertone across the table to Williams.

Immediately after this the raps proceeded from the neighbourhood of Williams and reflected upon my adverse magnetism, and as the gentleman next to me at G remarked that he felt very sick, I thought it prudent to change my quarters and therefore went over to H.

I then found I had made a good exchange, for I noticed coming through the door at L, a faint streak of light, and this I should never have seen had I retained my seat at B.

The usual mountebank tricks were then played, such as the medium's speaking through the paper trumpets, etc.

Aided by the streak of light I distinctly observed a form, which I have little doubt was Husk, stalking about the room. Every time he crossed the streak he was plainly visible, and every now and then he patted the sitters' heads with the paper tube he carried in his hands. (N.B.—There was no suggestion of a spirit moving about the room.)

Mr. Burns sat at F and it seems incredible he could not have seen this as well as myself, for the figure was sometimes only a foot or two distant.

A large musical box commenced to play and was supposed to float over the heads of the sitters. I discovered that the floating light supposed to be the musical box was simply a small piece of luminous substance and that the musical box was on the table most of the time. I should say that undoubtedly either Mr. Husk or Mr. Williams employed the well known fishing-rod apparatus to float the luminous substance about the room. I saw what appeared to be a black cloud over the table in the neighbourhood of the musical box, and it is possible that this was the stuff used to vary the sounds by muffling the box. I also think that on one or two occasions the musical box was really lifted off the table, a feat easily to be accomplished by any one with the free use of their two hands.

Various "phenomena" took place, but none worthy of record. In fact, most of the tricks were so badly worked that they were unworthy of the name of conjuring.

S. J. DAVEY.

A good many unpublished M.S.S. of this type are by this time in the possession of the S.P.R.; and there are (for instance) further papers with regard to Messrs. Husk and Rita, which can be produced should those gentlemen desire it.

For my part, although I had set aside some further detections to quote, I am now weary of this uncongenial task. And I trust that in London at any rate there is not now nearly so much of this kind of thing going on as there was when the efforts of the S.P.R. began. Most of the Harpies have fled from Phineus' banquet-hall; have estab-

lished elsewhere their dark rooms and their séance-tables—*mensasque metu liquere priores*.

One final word,—addressed both to those who look askance on our labours, and to those who fain would assist them. The case of our psychological work, as compared with psychological work recognised as orthodox, stands, if I mistake not, somewhat thus. Psychology is at last becoming an experimental science ;—is even aspiring to become the chief of sciences. At present, however, two groups work, with little connection, at the two ends of Experimental Psychology. First come the many new Professors and Lecturers in Germany, France, America, and elsewhere who are making accurate experiments on everything in man which they can manage to get at ;—the nervous system in general, vision, audition, orientation, tactile sensibility, reaction-times, fatigue, attention, memory, mental imagery,—with a host of cognate inquiries. Much of this is delicate quantitative work, and is performed with instruments of precision. The drawback is that such methods and such apparatus are better adapted to give accuracy to facts already roughly known than to carry the inquirer much farther into the depths of our being. It is work preparatory to discovery, rather than discovery itself.

At the other end of the range a group still small, although it spreads yearly somewhat wider in each civilised land, is attacking psychological problems of the highest importance, but which admit as yet of only approximate and tentative methods of inquiry. This is work of discovery indeed ; but it is rough pioneer's work—preparatory also in its own way to the ultimate science to which we all aspire. And for a new and complex task like this you must needs prepare in both these ways. If men want to make a map of India they may begin by accurate measurements of a small tract of populous plain ;—but at the same time by attempting a first and half-conjectural survey of the unscaled Himalayas. If you choose the former task as your own you can progress without mistakes ; if the second, you needs must make many mistakes, since no man who dares not be often baffled can reach the secret of the snows.

It is our duty then to remember that we are no isolated hunters, but the scouts and avant-couriers of the scientific host. Our work, to be of permanent value, must lie in the preparation of data for organised science. However bizarre our facts may be, we must treat them with as distinct a sense of responsibility to the ultimate judgment of the learned world as though they were merely fresh facts of an old type ; as though, for instance, we were computing from scanty observations the path of a new comet.

I disclaim altogether that spirit of exclusiveness which has sometimes—almost grotesquely as it seems to me—been alleged against the

group with which I work. I believe that in no way has our standard been held too high; and though we may thus have missed many adherents, I believe that we have not lost one collaborator whose work would have been of serious value. We need, of course, informants and helpers in every country and in every position in life. We welcome and respect every informant, be he Spiritualist or Agnostic, or an unlettered rustic or a child of ten, who comes to us in that straightforward temper which is as natural to child as to *savant*, because it is the temper not of Science only, but of Conscience herself. On the other hand the hinderers of our cause—the “back-friends,” as the old English term would exactly name them—are merely such men as sciences of older status than ours have long been able to rule out of court. Our foes are the crank and the charlatan; the intellectual parasite who exists at second-hand; the fanatic who ignores damning evidence and takes fraud for marvel; the self-seeker who would reserve from the common fund of truth a *peculium* or perquisite of his own.

But I would not speak as though men like these were growing in number. On the contrary, it says much that we should even have begun to dream of expelling them from a region so long the chosen sanctuary of outlaws from the scientific camp. And the dominant feeling, I venture to say, of all those who have taken an active part in this movement is one of surprise and gratitude at the amount of generous and competent help which we have received from men and women previously unknown to us;—at the rapid extension of those habits of thought and action which our research requires. For my own part, such share as I have taken in the work would have been manifestly impossible without the help literally of hundreds of careful, intelligent, disinterested correspondents. Such contributions, indeed, have formed so integral a part of all that I have published that I have rarely been able to speak of the contributors as I would, lest I should seem to bespeak favour for myself also. Personal matters, however, are of little moment in a quest like ours. *Res enim humani generis agitur, non nostra*; and it is not for the sake of one group, or of one age, that we may desire that the helpers of our work shall be many, and the hinderers few.

IV.

TELEPATHIC DREAMS EXPERIMENTALLY INDUCED.

BY DR. G. B. ERMACORA.

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[Dr. Ermacora, of Padua, is already known to readers of these *Proceedings* by an experiment numbered M. 41 and printed in the *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 68. Since the publication of that case Dr. Ermacora, in conjunction with Dr. Finzi of Milan, has become the Editor of the *Rivista di Studi Psicici*.—ED.]

INTRODUCTION.

During part of the months of September and October, 1892, I had left Padua and was at Milan, in order to be present at some experiments which were being made there with the aid of the well-known medium, Eusapia Paladino. I was obliged in consequence to interrupt the psychical experiments which I had for some time been making in Padua with Signa Maria Manzini, who possesses automatic powers of various kinds, both motor and sensory, with occasional indications of supernormal faculty, shown especially in her susceptibility to telepathy and, more doubtfully, in her apparent power of foreseeing the future and of producing physical phenomena. Her motor automatism takes the form of writing in the waking state; and the form of speech and mimicry with changes of personality in special conditions of somnambulism; her sensory automatism consists in auditory hallucinations of articulate and occasionally of musical sounds, and visual hallucinations, fully developed only during somnambulism. All these phenomena, whether motor or sensory, are not the result of suggestion, in the common acceptation of the word, but are connected with the assumption of the existence of certain mediumistic personalities, which assert, without however having been able as yet to adduce sufficiently convincing proofs of it, that they are the disembodied spirits of human beings.

Shortly after my departure for Milan, there came to live with Signa Maria her little cousin Angelina Cavazzoni, of Venice. Angelina was born on July 16th, 1888. Thus, during the experiments here recounted, and in which this child played so important a part, her age varied from 4 years and 3 months to 4 years and 10 months.

Although the experiments which I shall describe have not yet reached the point I could have wished to attain before publishing

them, still I think them worthy of note, both because I have not yet seen a systematic series of researches in this direction published, and because I believe that some of the results already obtained are of sufficient importance to arrest the attention of modern psychical researchers, and to encourage them to further investigations in this direction.

#### ORIGIN OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

While I was at Milan, I received from Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria a letter dated September 23rd, of which I give a part. I ought first, however, to mention that the name *Elvira* refers to a mediumistic personality which habitually manifests itself through the automatism of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. It has the characteristics of a child, and professes the greatest affection for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. Here is a part of the letter:—

. . . Yesterday Angelina arrived and slept with me. Last night I was sleepless and crying. . . . The child was, I am sure, wide awake, and all at once I saw her put out her hands as if to catch something. I said to her, "Be quiet and go to sleep." Then she said, "Do you not see, Aunt," (Angelina calls Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria aunt, although really she is her cousin, but not of the same generation) "that beautiful child?" I looked at the pictures in the room,<sup>1</sup> for at that particular moment I was not thinking of spirits. And she added, "Are you deaf; don't you hear her speaking? And she says to me that you should not weep, but that you should sleep." Then I bethought myself of the little *Elvira*, and I asked Angelina, "How is she dressed?" She replied, "She has a beautiful blue pinafore, Aunt; make one like it for me to-morrow." Then nothing more passed. But this morning, the first thing for which she asked me, before I had spoken to her, was the pinafore like that of the little girl. It may be nothing, but to-day I shall try to make her write (automatically),<sup>2</sup> and shall watch whether she hears herself spoken to.

This incident was quite sufficient to lead one to suppose a probable susceptibility in Angelina to telepathic perception, for the blue garment and the eagerness to comfort Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in her sad moments were precisely the characteristics of the mediumistic personality *Elvira*, whom Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria saw in dreams and in somnambulism, and with whom she communicated in automatic writing. Moreover, Angelina, who had only arrived that day, had no knowledge of the experiments of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, nor did she ever hear of them later on. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria is not in the habit of speaking of them to others, and has never mentioned them even to her mother, her sole companion, with whom she lives in perfect harmony.

<sup>1</sup> Signorina Maria explained to me afterwards, that at first she thought that Angelina alluded to one of the pictures of women in the room. The light was burning.

<sup>2</sup> Angelina showed no particular aptitude either for automatic writing or for hallucinatory audition.

The following extract is from another letter of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's, dated September 26th :—

On Saturday night (Sept. 24th) I dreamt that Elvira brought *Adriano* to me as usual. Angelina says she saw her in the night, but she cannot explain herself as well as the first time ; she says that she also sees her own mother, and she asks incessantly for an apron like that of the child,<sup>1</sup> so much so that I was obliged to make her one with some stuff I had ; but she does not care for it, because, she says, it is not “like the other.”

It will be understood that *Adriano* is a personality of the same kind as *Elvira*. He showed at this period a childish character, and Elvira calls him her brother.

The visual hallucination of her own mother was not new to Angelina, for a similar thing had happened to her at the end of July of the same year, 1892, when, shortly after the death of her mother, she had come to spend some days at Padua with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. But in this case it is uncertain whether it was a hallucination or simply a dream, for Angelina only spoke of it in the morning.

In a letter dated September 28th, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria wrote to me as follows :—

The little Elvira comes seldom. Angelina said yesterday morning that she had seen her (in a dream), and she drives me mad because she wants to go with the child ; she says she cannot go because she has not got a pinafore like hers.

In another letter dated October 2nd, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria tells me that on September 24th, when she was receiving communications from *Elvira* by means of automatic writing, she asked her, “Was it really you who showed yourself to Angelina?” To which Elvira replied, “Yes, it was I, because I like the child.”

Although frequently communications of this kind are rather irrelevant and characterised by the incoherence of ordinary dreams, yet in this instance, the personality *Elvira* having already shown a certain coherence, and, moreover, some signs of supernormal activity,<sup>2</sup> I felt justified in hoping that on my return to Padua I should perhaps be able to evoke, with the co-operation of the child and of Elvira, phenomena of the nature already described, but more distinct, and under more conclusive conditions.

<sup>1</sup> Angelina never knew even afterwards that this child seen by her in sleep, or in hypnagogic hallucinations, was already known to us, and bore the name of *Elvira*, and she always alluded to her as the “*bluc child*.” This proves that Angelina had not been in the least degree influenced by anything she had heard.

<sup>2</sup> I speak purposely in vague terms, and shall continue to do so, so as to leave unprejudiced the question,—in my opinion yet unsolved,—whether Elvira and the other analogous personalities which manifest themselves by means of Signorina Maria are creations of her subliminal consciousness, or possess independent individualities.

## PART I.

## PRELIMINARY EXPERIMENTS.

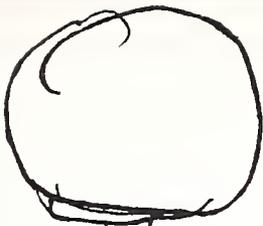
On October 18th, 1892, I returned to Padua, and on the same evening I recommenced experimenting with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria with automatic writing.

The personality *Elvira* manifested itself and at once asked after Angelina, and, without being questioned, told us that with her help and that of Adriano she hoped to be able to show us *something fine soon*. She said, however, that we must not ask her for explanations now, because "Adriano, who will be the principal author of all, does not wish to give us other explanations," and she "fears to spoil everything by disobeying him." Afterwards, however—so far, at least, as I could judge—the personality Adriano did not seem to be concerned in any interesting fact connected with the little Angelina.

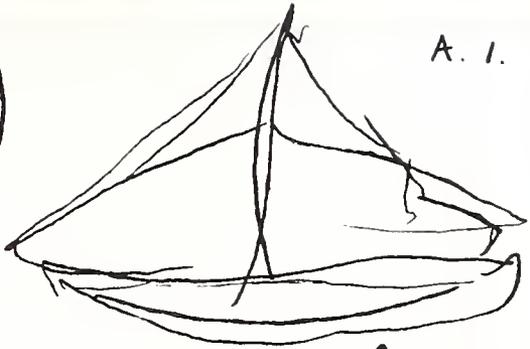
But before proceeding further, I wish to justify what might be condemned by some as an error in the system of exposition which I have adopted.

The idea still exists amongst many people that in psychical phenomena there are only two things worthy of note—(1) the definite result of the phenomenon expressed in terms which do not involve ideas as to the nature of the process, and (2) the *subject* considered from a physiological or pathological point of view. This mode of procedure resembles that of a person who, wishing to study a clock, considers only the movement of the hands and the outside case, leaving out the mechanism on which that movement depends. Now, the motor mechanism of every psychical phenomenon is naturally the personality which produces it, and therefore this should be studied with the greatest care,—as well as the subject,—not only in the case (supposing it to be possible) when the acting personality is extraneous to the subject, but also when it is merely a psychical isomer of the normal personality of the subject himself; for in both cases,—as we are treating of conscious and volitional acts,—if we neglect to study the personality which knowingly and willingly acts, we neglect the study of the true mechanism of the phenomenon.

Many experimenters, while maintaining a correspondence with these acting personalities, feel some repugnance to mentioning their relations to them, or do not do so frankly, except when they are of the officially recognised type of somnambulic personalities. This seems to me an unwarrantable suppression of facts; accordingly, I feel bound to follow quite an opposite method, although it may be distasteful to some readers.



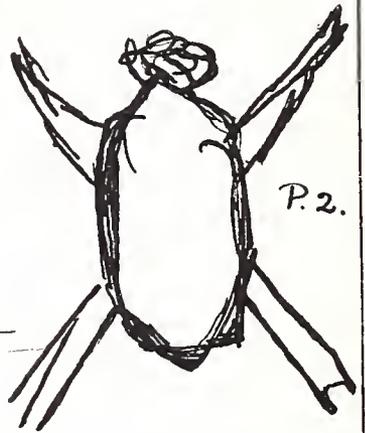
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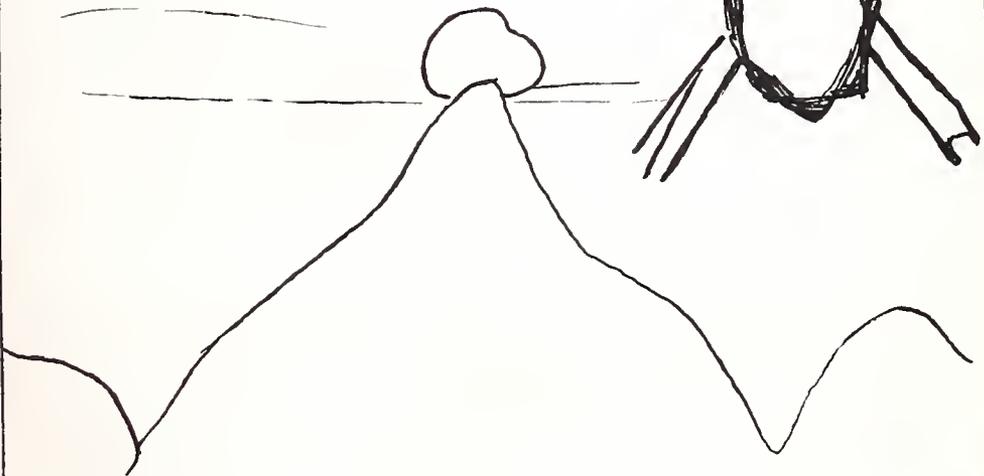


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Naturally I shall condense the communications somewhat, modifying them where the style or personal considerations may make it necessary, without of course altering the sense so far as the present argument is concerned.

To return to the experiments.

*Experiment 1.*—On the evening of October 19th, I put myself as usual in communication with *Elvira*. *Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria* and I were alone with *Angelina*, who appeared to be sleeping profoundly. As I was thinking more of the vague promise of experiments with *Angelina* which *Elvira* had made the evening before than of my own plans, I first asked *Elvira* whether she would be able to try something with the child this evening, and whether we ought to wake her. She replied (in automatic writing) that *Adriano* was again absent and therefore she could do nothing, and that when she was coming with him, she would warn us. But, as I have already remarked, nothing interesting ever occurred to *Angelina* with the apparent assistance of *Adriano*.

Then I asked *Elvira* if she could appear to *Angelina*, as she said she had done on the night of September 22nd to 23rd. She replied:—

“Certainly I can, but the child must be sleeping, and if I can I will appear to her in a dream. You must ask her afterwards what she has seen, and so discover whether I have succeeded.”

*Question.* “But why do you doubt your power to make her see you in a dream, if you have already been able to show yourself to her when awake?”

*Answer.* “Yes, that is a reasonable question; but you must know that on that evening, seeing *Maria* very unhappy, I made a great effort, which can only be made for a person extraordinarily dear, and so I succeeded. However, I will try this evening in a dream; moreover the child will see me, when she is awake, when I come with *Adriano*.”

*Q.* “How must we try? Will you show yourself to *Angelina* after *Maria* has been sent to sleep, or before?”

*A.* “I warn you first that this is not a proper evening to send *Maria* to sleep. I will appear to *Angelina* in the form of a child with a beautiful doll in my arms, and if I can I will come in another colour” (*i.e.*, not dressed in her favourite blue).

*Q.* “Then we are to experiment at once?”

*A.* “Yes; I wish to try at once, but mind you ask the child what she has seen. I may very likely be dressed in pink, and if I succeed I shall be content. I warn you that I shall not communicate again this evening, and so I wish you good evening, but remember that if I fail it is my fault, not being accustomed to do this. If *Adriano* were here he would certainly succeed.”

Naturally these communications were read in silence, and no word was spoken about the doll and the pink dress, lest Angelina should be influenced, although asleep. Not knowing when the supposed action of Elvira would end, I thought it better to wait till the child had been questioned the next morning.

The evening of the following day (October 20th) Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that by means of persistent, but not suggestive, questions she had been able to elicit from Angelina that she had dreamt of Elvira with a doll in her arms, but she was dressed in blue and not in pink as had been settled. In order to make sure that the child was not making a mistake as to the name of the colour, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria showed her various patterns of coloured stuffs from which to choose the colour she meant, and she chose the blue.

So the dream was not in complete accordance with the programme, and, what is more important, the conditions under which it occurred were not conclusive; because the child slept with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and it is possible that the latter while asleep may have suggested the dream to Angelina verbally.

In the next communication from Elvira (by automatic writing, October 21st), she justified the partial failure in her own way, saying that "she had not had time to make another colour" (*i.e.*, different from the usual one). She did not seem disposed to repeat the experiment that evening.

On *October 22nd* Elvira (in automatic writing) told us that not even the next night would it be possible to act. Nevertheless, next day, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that in the morning the child had told her spontaneously that she had again dreamt of Elvira with the doll in her arms, but that this time she had on a pink dress. Thus the dream proposed on October 19th was completely realised on the night of the 21st-22nd; but this seems not in harmony with the hypothesis that the dreams were really called forth by the personality Elvira, since she had said she could not act. Asked for an explanation, she gave it (in automatic writing) in the following terms:—

"Yesterday evening Angelina took her doll to bed, and therefore dreamt that she saw me, but I assure you it was not the case, but all the effect of fancy. I have already told you many times when we really originated the dreams, and I am sincere and tell you the truth when they are the effect of fancy. So I think there is no need for so many doubts, because I am the first to warn you what dreams are true and what imaginary."

Although the communication may only have been an excuse invented on the spur of the moment, still I must note that on the evening of October 21st, when I asked Elvira why in the preceding dream she had not appeared to Angelina in the pink dress, Angelina

was present,<sup>1</sup> and it is likely that on the night of the 22nd, at the moment of falling asleep, the idea of the doll at hand may have been associated with the idea of Elvira dressed in pink and with a doll in her arms, and may have produced the dream.

It will be seen that in the course of the experiments the explanations given by Elvira proved trustworthy, at least as far as they concerned things accessible to her intelligence and verifiable by ours.

Seeing some probability of success, I wished at once to try the experiments under better conditions, determining to exercise stricter control by degrees as success followed on the less rigorous. So all I did at first was to have Angelina put to sleep alone in a little room close to that in which Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and her mother slept. The two rooms communicate by the landing of the staircase on which their doors open.

*Experiment 2.—October 24th.* Evening.—I found Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in bed with a bad headache, an ailment to which she has been subject from infancy. I put her into the somnambulic state to cure it by suggestion. I took this opportunity to evoke a communication from Elvira, who manifested to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria through a sensory hallucination.<sup>2</sup>

She proposed to cause Angelina to dream of her dressed in pink, with a white parasol in one hand, and a fan, also white, in the other, and with bare feet, according to her custom.

After waking Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria (whose somnambulism is always followed by amnesia), I forgot to warn her that Angelina would probably have some dream in the night, and that she must question her in the morning. Leaving Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's room, I found her mother issuing from the next room, where she had just put Angelina to bed; the child had already been asleep for some time on the ground-floor, so that she could not have heard Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's voice when she related to me the dream planned by Elvira.

*October 25th.*—In the evening, when I went to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's house, she told me that Angelina kept saying to her all day that she wanted a

<sup>1</sup> This does not contradict what I said at first about the child's ignorance of the nature of these experiments, for at an age when a child does not know what writing is, it is unlikely to know what automatic writing is, and the little one could not suspect the presence of any personality other than our normal selves from my behaviour.

<sup>2</sup> Neither during Signorina Maria's somnambulism nor in other conditions does my suggestion alone suffice to evoke the personality Elvira. I do not exclude the possibility of producing in the trance a hallucination of the presence of Elvira, just as I could produce the hallucinatory presence of a real person; but probably in this case the Elvira so suggested would not be coherent with the other. I deduce this from the fact that Elvira often flatly denies strong convictions of Signorina Maria's with regard to her; hence I infer that she would equally repudiate the false Elvira suggested by me.

white parasol and a white fan. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria did not guess the origin of the child's wish. The latter had not told her of the dream, nor did Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who was not aware of the experiment, think of questioning her. She assured me that after my departure on the evening before she did not move from her own bed, nor in any way communicate with the child during the night. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who slept with her daughter, confirmed this.

These conditions, however, were far from being conclusive, both because Angelina's desire for a white parasol and a white fan was not sufficient to prove that the dream predicted by Elvira took place, and because the possibility of verbal suggestion during the night on the part of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, to whom Elvira might have returned in the trance state, was not excluded. I say Elvira might have returned, because not only does Elvira in motor manifestation<sup>1</sup> leave no traces in the somnambulic memory (much less in the normal memory) of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria; but, as I discovered later, the period of somnambulism during which Elvira manifests sensorially<sup>2</sup> to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, although it differs in no other point from her ordinary somnambulism, is followed by amnesia directly Elvira's sensorial manifestation ceases, although the somnambulic state remains apparently unaltered.<sup>3</sup> Consequently the spontaneous appearance of the normal somnambulism does not suffice to recall the ideas expressed by Elvira while manifesting sensorially in a previous somnambulistic state of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. Therefore if the somnambulism and the personality of Elvira happen to present themselves when Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's mother is asleep, the former might possibly go to the child's room and act on her by verbal suggestion. Although during several years of hypnotic experiment I have only observed two or three cases of spontaneous somnambulism in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, it will be better to keep its possible occurrence in mind, because we continued our experiments in this way for some time before introducing stricter conditions. On the other hand, there is no need to exaggerate this danger, or to make the gratuitous hypothesis that it would be easy to produce a series of exact and complicated dreams, like those I shall relate, by mere verbal suggestion, in a person who had never been hypnotised. In any case, when precautions were taken later on, the dreams occurred in spite of them.

*Experiment 3.*—On the same evening (*October 25th*), wishing to advance a step, I asked Elvira if it would be possible to make Angelina dream according to a programme pre-arranged. She replied

<sup>1</sup> That is, when Signorina Maria speaks as Elvira.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> That is, through a sensory hallucination.—Ed.

<sup>3</sup> Sometimes the moment of the internal change is marked by a slight sigh or a yawn.

(by automatic writing) that it could be done, or that at least she hoped so. I then proposed that Angelina should dream of Elvira with a light in one hand and a cross in the other.

*Answer.* "The light if you like, but not the cross ; choose something else."

I proposed Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's portrait instead of the cross. Elvira accepted the idea of a portrait, but preferred that of Angelina's mother, recently dead. Kind feeling on Elvira's part, no doubt, prompted this suggestion as it had prompted the rejection of the cross. For when asked if she had rejected it on account of a religious scruple, she replied, "Not at all ; only it would have made too strong an impression on the child."

*October 26th.*—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that she had not seen Angelina again the evening before, after I had proposed the dream and departed. The child was then in her room and asleep, and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria went at once to bed in her mother's room.

Directly Angelina awoke in the morning, she came to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's bed, and the latter, after waiting to see if the child would relate a dream, followed my instructions, and tried to draw her attention to a light. No effect. She then talked to her of a box Angelina knows, which has the picture of a little girl on its lid. Upon which Angelina said she had seen the *blue child* in a dream, and added that this time she had no parasol or fan, but a light in one hand, and a portrait (unrecognised) in the other, and was dressed in white. The non-recognition of the portrait is interesting, for it begins to make us see that the perception probably takes place by means of sensorial images, and not by any process of direct ideation independent of these images. It is a point of great importance in the present experiments, because it is the first indication that the child is directly impressed by the images of the things represented in the dream, and not by verbal suggestion.

*October 27th.*—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that last night Angelina had dreamed of Elvira with a book and a candlestick in her hands. As no dream had been arranged the evening before, this counts as a failure. It is instructive, however, as showing, as did that of October 22nd-23rd, the child's tendency to spontaneous reproduction of dreams on the same theme. I had no time to ask Elvira, as I did on the 23rd, if this dream had been induced by her.

*Experiment 4.*—I wished to assure myself of the success of this simple type of dreams, and proposed that this night Elvira should appear in a dream with a violin in one hand and a bottle in the other. When asked if she would find this easy, she replied (by automatic writing), "Yes, it is very easy for me, but you must ask the child directly she wakes, or she may forget and make a mistake."

Asked if she required time for her action, or if she produced the dreams instantaneously, she answered :—

“ Oh, no, indeed ; I must have at least ten minutes.”

Elvira appears to appreciate time with sufficient exactness.<sup>1</sup>

*October 28th.* Evening.—Complete failure. The child had been indisposed, and had slept in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's bed. She had not dreamed. I asked Elvira the reason of this. She replied, through motor somnambulism, that it had been impossible to act, on account of the child's disturbed sleep. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had been obliged to wake her often, thus interrupting Elvira's action. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria confirmed this when she woke.

*Experiment 5.*—During the trance, and while Elvira was present, I asked her to make Angelina dream as follows : she was to be at Venice in a two-oared gondola with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and me, and go to the Lido. Elvira justly observed that the child on waking would not be able to explain the object of our excursion, and that, therefore, to make sure of the place she must be made to see the horses, the baths, and the sea with its waves, Elvira making the sound “ vuuh ” to imitate the noise of the waves.

When Elvira was gone, I did not mention the proposed dream to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria either in her trance or in her normal state after waking, in order that she might remain ignorant of it in both conditions. It is needless to say that Angelina on the ground floor had heard nothing. When I left, some time after Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had woken, I saw Angelina already in bed and asleep.

*October 29th.*—I found Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in bed and indisposed this evening. She told me she had gone to bed directly after I left, without seeing the child ; said that Angelina had risen at seven a.m., and come to her room about eight, but when questioned had said she had not dreamed. When Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria got up, about 9.30, the child asked for a story, and on being told that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria did not know any, said, “ Then I will tell you one, only I have forgotten—that little girl has told me so many pretty ones ! ” Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria asked, “ What little girl ? ” “ The one I know, the one who always comes. She was dressed in blue, and we were in a boat with two oars, and we went to the *Gardens*. There were lots of horses, and the sea said ‘ vuuh ! ’ ” (imitating the sound which Elvira had produced motorially the evening before). “ We played on the grass, and she ran more than I did ; she told me so many stories, but I have forgotten them.” She made no mention of other persons being in the boat, and, as only Elvira and not Maria knew the programme, she, of course, could not question the child on the point.

<sup>1</sup> I have experimented on this subject with other secondary personalities.

The following night, as I had proposed no dream, Angelina's mind was free, and she told the last dream again on the next day, adding that in those gardens (the Lido) there was also a tramway, and that the *blue child* had made her ride, and had then told her stories to prevent her being frightened.<sup>1</sup>

It is to be observed that the word "vuuh" by which Elvira imitated the roar of the sea before the dream, and Angelina after it, is commonly, and one may say almost inevitably, used by any one who wishes to imitate this sound.

[In this case, as in others], the dreams do not always follow the programme with exactitude. The points of identity are, however, such as to begin to produce a conviction that they cannot be mere chance coincidences. It must be remembered that at first Elvira did not understand the aim of these experiments, and, as she herself afterwards told me, she omitted some things as of no importance, and added others *to make the dream prettier*. When this was clear to me, I asked Elvira to aim first of all at precision, upon which the successes sensibly improved. This again demonstrates the necessity of considering the active personality, as otherwise its idiosyncrasies may be taken for general laws.

October 30th.—*Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria* was again ill in bed. She told me that to-day Angelina had asked her to make a frock and buy a pair of shoes for the *blue child*, who must be cold in her blue chemise and with bare feet. I mention this to show that the child's dreams were vivid enough for her to confound them with reality.

#### DREAMS OF VARIOUS OBJECTS.

*Experiment 6.*—October 31st, 1892.—Elvira manifested in the trance motorially, and promised to make another dream experiment that night. Seeing that I could not think of a subject, she proposed as follows. She would take the child to Venice and show her the regatta from the Rialto; red will win.

I wished again to study the manner in which imitative sounds are perceived (*see* dream of October 28th-29th), so I told Elvira that I wished the child to hear the *fru-fru* which the prows of the boats make in cutting the water, and I asked her to make the sound so that I might know what characteristic it acquired when reproduced by *Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria* in the character of Elvira. She emitted the prolonged sound *ff, ff*, which is really a better imitation of the real sound.

To my question whether she needed a longer time to act to produce a dream apparently long, she replied, "One or two minutes longer. We can produce dreams which seem to you to last for hours in a short time."

<sup>1</sup> As Venetian children are not used to horses, they are generally afraid of them.

I left Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria ignorant of all that had happened during her trance.

*November 1st.*—I wished to hear this dream directly from Angelina, who was usually sleeping or dozing in the evening, so I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria during the day. As she knew nothing, she had not questioned Angelina, who had said nothing spontaneously. But as she was shy, instead of telling me anything she began to cry. I therefore left her, asking Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who was still in ignorance, to question her patiently. When I went back in the evening, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me all she had been able to extract from the child. She had thought last night that she was at Venice on the *Riva del Vino*, close to the Rialto, in the company of the usual *blue child*. The small steamboats for passenger service had stopped running, and the boats were not about as usual. Instead there were some boats which went very fast, rowed by men dressed in different colours. The water dividing before their prows made the sound *gro, gro*. The boat in front carried two men dressed in red. Elvira and Angelina fanned themselves with a large fan.

This time the child made use of an imitative sound unlike Elvira's; Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said she could not reproduce it, as Angelina accompanied it by a breathing, which, however, did not make it the more resemble *ff*. We have also in this case a slight variation, for the point of view was the *Riva del Vino* and not the Rialto; and the fan was an addition. But these particulars are chiefly of use to weaken the hypothesis that the dream was produced by a verbal suggestion from the personality of Elvira.

This evening Elvira refused to make Angelina dream,<sup>1</sup> saying that she would be occupied elsewhere.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may be worth noting that on this night Angelina had a dream which was possibly of telepathic origin, but which took place without any voluntary action on the part of Signorina Maria and apparently without the agency of the Elvira personality. The following are Dr. Ermacora's notes of the incident:—"November 2nd, 1892.—Maria tells me that last night (November 1–2) Angelina—who should not have been influenced by Elvira—dreamt that she was in a room where there was a table in the middle, a piano, a buffet having no cupboard with glass doors above it, and a sofa. Several persons were there, including Signorina Maria and Dr. Ermacora." He states that this description exactly fits a room to which he used to go with Signorina Maria and other persons to carry on experiments, except that there was a small harmonium instead of a piano in it. There was reason to think that Angelina had never heard of this place. Dr. Ermacora observes that if the dream was telepathic, it was the only case of the kind that occurred during the course of these experiments spontaneously and without the action of Elvira.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Even those who do not admit the possibility of the independence of a secondary or mediumistic intelligence must take count of this form of expression, although they often *a priori* consider it meaningless. We must remember that nothing is meaningless, and to say a thing has no meaning simply implies that as yet it has none for us. In this case, the phrase "Elvira occupied elsewhere" may be supposed to mean the activity personifying itself as Elvira operating telepathically elsewhere.

*Experiment 7.—November 2nd.*—I asked Elvira if she would induce a dream this night. She answered (automatic script), “We have always succeeded till now ; we will try again this evening.”

I had arranged the dream beforehand. I proposed that Elvira, dressed in red and with a large straw hat on, should accompany Angelina to the Piazza San Marco at Venice, and should find it turned into a garden with grass and many flowers. The campanile should have vanished, and there should be a very large tree in its place. Many children, dressed in white, should be running and playing with young goats. A peasant on the great tree should saw off a branch, and Angelina should hear the saw make the sound *zin-zin*.

It will be seen that this experiment was again arranged in order to discover if the child had a direct perception of images in the dreams, or if they were replaced by words. The programme was too complicated. But Professor William James, of Cambridge University, U.S., had honoured me by his presence, and I was so imprudent as to venture among difficulties not yet overcome, with the hope of showing him a more interesting result, forgetting that any small disturbance, such as the introduction of a stranger, has a tendency to diminish, or even entirely prevent, success.

When I asked Elvira if she hoped to succeed, in spite of the unusual complexity of the dream, she answered (by automatic writing), “It is rather long. It is possible for me, but I don’t know if the child will remember all that. However, we will try.”

*Question.* “Could you not induce dreams with persons better able to remember and relate them?”

*Answer.* “But, you see, it answers so well with her that if you will have patience you will succeed. I am not certain, but still I think that the one at Venice (Angelina’s sister) would answer the purpose as well.”

It is quite natural that I should be dissatisfied at having for a subject a child of an age which prevented her lending intelligent assistance, and who was shy with me, which prevented my studying her closely. Therefore I tried occasionally to propose a different percipient to Elvira ; but my efforts were vain, and it is easy to suppose that it would be difficult to find a person who was a good percipient in *rapport* with Elvira, and who could besides be made use of as a subject of study. Then we must consider that the child’s innocence offered me opportunities of making interesting observations which might have been impossible with an adult.

*November 3rd.*—When I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in the morning the child had not yet told her anything, and she had not thought of questioning her. This showed Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria’s want of interest, which was rather an advantage than not, as it prevented her curiosity or

untimely zeal from disturbing the results. And though she had no initiative, she was careful and punctual in executing my instructions. She and I questioned the child together, but her replies were vague and often contradictory. She seemed only to remember that she had been in the company of Elvira, who was dressed in red, in a place surrounded by a wall where there was grass, and many little girls dressed in various colours, who were playing with toys. She did not appear to have recognised the Piazza S. Marco; on the contrary, she said the wall was smooth and that there were no shops; she had not even had the impression that the scene was in Venice. This cannot be called more than a partial success; but it is worth observing that if the dream had been produced by verbal suggestion, the words *Piazza San Marco* must have been used, and would have aroused the corresponding idea clearly in the child.

The partial failure was, as I understood later, no doubt partly caused by our having made Angelina relate her dream in my presence, which disturbed her; she appeared so uncertain, contradictory, and suggestible that I soon learned to place most faith in the second-hand accounts of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria or her mother.

*Experiment 8. — November 4th.* — Elvira manifested motorially during Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's trance, after having manifested sensorially as usual. When questioned as to the preceding incomplete success, she replied that she had evoked the pre-arranged dream exactly, but that the child had not remembered it. I proposed the following dream for the next night:—

Elvira would come to Angelina, accompanied by the latter's dead mother, who would bring her a pretty blue hood. Elvira asked that the dream should be modified, not wishing to cause too great an impression on the child through her mother's presence, and proposed to substitute a great-aunt, who was just then at Milan. She thought the dream simple and easy to induce, and again recommended that the child should be questioned directly she woke.

*November 5th.*—Signor Carlo Vanzetti and Dr. E. T. (who are interested in psychical phenomena) and myself, called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria about 2.30 p.m. I had forgotten to repeat Elvira's advice to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria the preceding evening, and the latter had not questioned the child. So we interrogated her ourselves. Fortunately she was in an expansive humour, and told us that the blue child had come to see her with the great-aunt from Milan, who had a blue hood, but she could not explain if it was on her head or in her hand, and contradicted herself. There were many ribbons on the hood, as well as the plaits of Angelina's hair, which had been cut off. She did not know if her aunt meant it for a present to her. She added that the blue child was

not really dressed in blue, but in white. I only mention this unimportant point, which was outside the programme, to remark afresh how much the effect of these dreams on the child resembles that of real waking events; thus Maria told us that to-day Angelina had wanted to wear her white frock, to be like Elvira.

We put ourselves in rapport with Elvira, and asked her why the aunt had not given the hood to Angelina as pre-arranged. Elvira replied (by automatic writing), "No; her aunt put it down and I took it up to show it to her (Angelina)." This may be true, and the child may have forgotten it. It was a mistake on my part not to ask for an explanation about the locks of hair, which were not in the programme; all the more that they had some connection with the aunt. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told us that this aunt had been much vexed when Angelina's hair was cut off after her mother's death, because there was no one to arrange it.

*Experiment 9.*—The child was sent away, and Signor Vanzetti proposed the following dream to Elvira. She should appear in company with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's mother, who should present Angelina with a large cake, which she should open. A little bird should come out and fly away, laughing.

*November 6th.*—I went to see Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria about 2.30 p.m., and found Signor Vanzetti already there. We had arranged that he should call to see if the attempt were a success or not. The child was present and had already told her dream as follows:—The blue child had come to her with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's mother<sup>1</sup> who brought her a cake. From a hole in the cake came out—(Angelina failed to find the word).

*Vanzetti.* "A mouse?" *Angelina.* "No." *V.* "A cat?" *A.* "No." *V.* "Then it must have been a dog." *A.* "Yes." *V.* "Was it like a hen?" *A.* "No; like a pigeon, but smaller."

This dialogue shows that the child probably saw a small bird, but it also shows how easy it is to lead her astray by suggestive or even non-suggestive questions made by persons who do not possess her full confidence.

We sent her away and placed ourselves in communication with Elvira, who manifested through automatic writing, and then in the trance sensorially, and at last motorially.

<sup>1</sup> I cannot say with certainty that the success was complete, as regards the presence of Signora Annetta in the dream, for Dr. E.T., whom I met in the course of the day, said he did not remember the introduction of Signorina M.'s mother into the programme. I am obliged to report this circumstance, but I find the point recorded in my notes of the 5th, or at most of the 6th November; and besides the arbitrary introduction of another person into the dream would have caused me to question Elvira about it, or at least I should have made notes after the success; and I find I did neither the one nor the other. As Signor C. Vanzetti had left at once, I could not trust entirely to his memory. The point besides is of little importance.

*Experiment 10.*—Signor Vanzetti proposed the following dream:—While the child was aware of being in her own bed, Elvira should come and kiss her forehead, then put her hands underneath her body and carry her to her father in Venice. Then she should bring her back to her own bed.

*November 7th.*—Doctor E. T. and I visited Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who was ignorant of the dream, which had been planned while she was in the trance. However she had followed her instructions and questioned the child in the morning; but the latter would tell nothing, and had said she was bored by always dreaming of Elvira. She was sufficiently docile to relate her dream to us, notwithstanding. She said that last night the blue child came to her and kissed her on the *chin*. She took her to Venice *in a carriage drawn by a horse*, went with her to her father, who kissed her on her *forehead*, and then *flew home with her through the air*.

As we see, the variations from the programme are not great. The following day (*November 8th*) I asked Elvira, “Did you make the slight changes in the dream of the 6th-7th, or did she forget?” She replied (by automatic writing), “No; you know it is I who make these little changes. I do not think there is any harm, but if so tell me, and I will not do it any more.” I naturally recommended exactness, and the results seemed to me to improve.

*November 8th.*—No dream had been pre-arranged, and Angelina had a spontaneous one, which is not odd. But it is curious that, though she was used to pleasant dreams, this night she dreamt of a man with horns, in whom she believed she recognised the devil; and she remarked that she would rather see the blue child again than dream such things. So that this dream would seem to have been a reaction, either spontaneous or imposed from outside, against the protests she had made against the too persistent dreams about Elvira.

*Experiment 11.*—While Elvira manifested in automatic writing, I proposed a dream which it is useless to relate, because it was a complete failure, in spite of Elvira’s acceptance of it.

*Experiment 12.*—*November 9th.*—I proposed the following dream for the next night:—Angelina, with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, would be at the window of her own room, and would look towards the river. A lamb would be grazing on the bank. A boat loaded with apples would pass, conducted by one boatman. He would stop close to the iron bridge, and get out to drink at the inn. While the boat was unguarded the lamb would jump in and begin to eat the apples, which would make Angelina laugh very much.

I will explain my aim with regard to the detail of the inn. [It exemplifies a method of control which] has the advantage of passing entirely unperceived by the personalities to which it is applied, or at least by their supraliminal selves. This consists in introducing into the programme of the dream some idea which, when perceived sensorially and objectively, would produce a different effect on the subject than if it had been expressed verbally; or in introducing sensorial images, which, with regard to the percipient, should not be in perfect correspondence with his verbal images. It is evident that if the dream were originated by verbal suggestion, the percipient, in most cases, will mention even the circumstances which he has not seen, or will describe his experience in proper terms; while, on the other hand, if the scene were perceived by means of direct images of the things, we must expect that he will be ignorant of every accessory circumstance mentioned in the programme, but not present in the scene; he will form mistaken judgments about the things perceived, and will give them inappropriate names. The dream of the Piazza S. Marco transformed into a garden is a good example of this. (*November 2nd-3rd, 1892*). Thus, in the present case, if Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria suggests the dream verbally to Angelina, it is improbable that she will omit the particular about the inn, and it is besides probable that the child, knowing the reason for the boatman's absence, will have some sensorial image of it, and will mention it in her account. Whereas if she perceives the scene directly, she will see the boatman go away, but will not be able to say why or where—the inn not being visible from the window at which she will be.

Angelina was in bed and asleep, with the door shut, while I explained this programme to Elvira. When I left I asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta<sup>1</sup> to take care that her daughter and the child should not meet during the night, and as she and Angelina generally wake before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, I asked her to get the child to relate her dream before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria awoke, or at least before they met.

This intervention of Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta was of great advantage, although it did not do away with the inconvenience of my getting the story at second-hand. It allowed of the child being questioned by a person who was not only ignorant of what dreams were expected, but who also did not know what interest Angelina's dreams could have for me, and who did not trouble herself about it. She could not, therefore, alter them by involuntary suggestion. I may add that she fulfilled my

<sup>1</sup> It is well to keep in mind that during the communications with *Elvira*, only Signorina Maria and I were present, except in the few cases always mentioned, when I went with some person not of Signorina Maria's family. Signora Annetta was unaware of the existence of the *Elvira* personality, and of that of others resembling her, and Angelina knows *Elvira* only through her dreams.

charge with so much patience that the child ended by being unwilling to tell her dreams to anybody else.

*November 10th.*—About 4 p.m. I called to discover the results. I saw Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta first, and she was convinced that no communication had been possible between the child and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria till the morning. Angelina told her the dream before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was awake. It is useless to repeat it, as it corresponds almost exactly to the programme. I say almost, because there are two points of difference which are precisely what render the result most interesting. One is that Angelina called the animal which ate the apples a “light-coloured dog,” instead of a “lamb.” Now the child, being a Venetian, had not seen any lambs, and when she saw one, she naturally baptised it in her own fashion. The other point of difference is that she did not say where the boatman had gone, and, when questioned on the point on my arrival, she could not explain it, though she remembered the dream perfectly. According to what was said above, these two particulars favour the hypothesis that the child *sees* the scene, instead of simply hearing it described.

*Experiment 13.*—The usual communication with Elvira having been established, she declared herself ready for a fresh experiment the following night.

I read the programme I had written down a few moments before:—

Angelina is in the Piazza dei Signori (Padua) with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta. It snows, and the Piazza is white. Angelina is amused at the sight, but stops suddenly to look with astonishment at a spot in front of the Caffé Mio, where the snow is black instead of white, *because just before Angelina's arrival a man had passed with a sack of coal dust; the sack had burst and the coal dust was spilt on the snow.* I underline the last words in order to emphasise the fact that they relate to a circumstance extraneous to the dream, and are designed to put the form of perception to the proof. While I was reading the programme in the usual room on the first floor, the child was playing outside the street door with other little girls, and could have heard nothing.

*November 11th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me that neither last evening after I left nor during the night had her daughter and the child had any communication relating to the dream; they had never been out of her sight. The evening before they had all gone together to call on another son of Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta's, who is married and does not live with them. There Angelina fell asleep, and was carried home, and put to bed in her own room by Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta without having awoke. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and her mother slept together as usual. The child told her dream to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta in the morning before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was awake. The account was as follows:—

Angelina had been in the Piazza dei Signori with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta. There was much *hail* on the ground, and outside the Caffé *Tuo* (as the child was accustomed to call it) the ground was black like coal.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in her turn told me that she had gone out later with the child, who, passing through the Piazza before-mentioned, related the story over again, repeating that the ground had been white with hail. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria asked her if the white stuff might not have been snow, to which the child replied, "No! what is snow? It was hail; the ground was white, but near the Caffé *Tuo* it was black instead—all coal; and I ran on the white. It was such fun." She wanted to accompany Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to the side of the Piazza, where she had seen the coal; and to explain better, showed her the black colour which formed the background of the glass windows, and said that at that part of the ground it was blacker even than that. I at first thought it odd that the child should call the white stuff on the ground *hail*. But later Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria discovered that the child had never seen snow. This ambiguity about a name could not have happened under better conditions for excluding the hypothesis of verbal suggestion, because, as Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria *could not know that the child called snow hail*, she would naturally have used the term *snow*, which would not have been understood by Angelina, and therefore would not have produced the image of the whiteness on the ground.

*Experiment 14.—November 12th.* Evening.—I went to see Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, with the programme of the next dream ready written. During the communication with Elvira (by automatic writing) I read this programme to Maria, word for word: "Angelina is with me in the church of S. Marco at Venice. Elvira, dressed in pink and with a white handkerchief round her head, comes to meet us, and all three go to the Riva degli Schiavoni, and go into a tent, where we are shown a fine tiger."

As I saw that the results, if telepathically produced, were becoming more and more important, I desired to increase the rigour of the conditions. I therefore asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to lock the child's room directly she was asleep, to hide the key, to unlock the room in the morning, and to induce Angelina to relate the dream before any communication with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was possible.

*November 13th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that Angelina was already asleep when I left last evening: She found her daughter in bed, and followed her, tying the key round her neck. She herself woke with the key still tied round her neck, and when the child called she ran to open the door. Angelina at once, while Sig<sup>n</sup> Maria still slept, told the following dream:—She was with me at Venice in the church of S. Marco. A little girl entered dressed in pink, with a

white handkerchief on her head. We all went together to a little house, where there was an animal like a cat, but larger, and not really a cat.

Here, again, the visual, and not the verbal, image of a tiger was probably perceived. We have besides the circumstance that Elvira was *seen*, because Angelina mentioned the pre-arranged details of the pink dress and white handkerchief, but she was not recognised. [These points, again, tell against the hypothesis that] the dream was induced by verbal suggestion.

*Experiment 15.*—While Elvira was manifesting sensorially she, in reply to my questions, caused Maria in the trance, to tell me she could make the child see in dreams even things unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, but known to herself and to me.

I wished to try the experiment at once, and proposed that she should make Angelina see the interior of a house I had examined a short time ago, and which was entirely unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, being in a village some kilometres from Padua, where she had never been. Elvira had said on a previous occasion that she knew this house; thus her proposed conditions were realised. Our programme was that Angelina should find herself in this house with her little sister. Signor C., who lived there, would give them sweetmeats, and would either show them over the house or round the neighbourhood of it.

*November 14th.* 3 p.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta was alone in the house. She told me that from the moment I left on the previous evening she had taken the same precautions as on the night before, including the locking up of Angelina. Directly the child awoke she related the following dream:—

Enrichetta (her little sister) had taken her to a garden where there was much grass, and in the midst a large house. They played, and an old gentleman gave them two boxes of sweetmeats and took them in to see the house, which was large, and neither pretty nor ugly.

Although all this is correct, I cannot consider the dream a success, so far as the representation of a place unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria is concerned, because the description is too indefinite.

*Experiment 16.*—*November 15th.*—I was at Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's house at 2 p.m. Elvira said she hoped to show the child places unknown both to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and me, but known to herself. As I could not invent a dream of this kind on the spot (up to the present time I have not seen one such realised), I proposed the following which I had prepared in writing for the day before:—

“Angelina will still be in the country house of the preceding dream, and will be eating boiled potatoes with Professor B. Then I

shall come and bring her some Indian figs. (As Elvira said she did not know what Indian figs were, I substituted common figs.) Afterwards I shall take her and Professor B. to see the neighbourhood ; I shall tell Angelina to be very fond of me, and to let herself be sent to sleep by me."

This programme had among other aims : (1) To refresh the vision of the surroundings of the house, which should furnish characteristic points for recognition, if the representation should prove exact ; (2) to see if a sufficiently exact visual perception of a person wholly unknown to Angelina, but known to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria (as is Professor B.), is possible ; and (3) having used visual images exclusively until now, to see if auditory images would be perceived equally well, and if verbal images could be used for making suggestions ; as, if that were the case, they could be utilised to forward our present researches.

The most simple method of proving the telepathic origin of these dreams would naturally be to ask Elvira to induce a certain dream in the child on the spot ; then, when Elvira had given us notice that her own action was completed, to wake the little one and make her recount the dream. But in this way we should have encountered two difficulties. The first is, that Elvira says she can only act when the child is in deep and tranquil sleep, which does not easily happen in the evening ; the second is that to wake her would put her out of temper, so that it would be difficult to get any coherent account from her. Being thus doubtful of results, I put off this experiment till the time when I should have succeeded in putting her into the somnambulant state, when I could control her sleep and her temper. This is why I wished Elvira's suggestion to come to my aid. However, up to the present time my efforts have been unsuccessful, and I have been satisfied with the proofs which I have succeeded in obtaining later, so that I dropped this method for the time being, always intending to try it again when circumstances were propitious.

*November 16th, 2 p.m.*—I found only Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and the child at home. Angelina told me as follows :—She had dreamed of being in a large house in the country, but could not explain if it was the same she had seen in the preceding dream. She was with a handsome, tall, and rather stout gentleman, with beautiful long moustaches. Then I arrived and brought her some figs which she found sweet. I told her to be good, and to let me put her to sleep. Questioned about the neighbourhood of the house, she could say nothing to prove that she had seen it as it really is. Besides which, she did not remember eating with the gentleman before I came.

I took out of my pocket 17 photographs which I had prepared. That of Professor B. was among them. The others also were portraits of men of middle-age, and offered a certain resemblance to him ; such a

resemblance as would make it difficult for an adult, and impossible for a child, to distinguish that of Professor B. from the others, after a mere verbal description.

I promised the child some sweetmeat if she could find her dream gentleman among the 17 portraits. Meantime I watched Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, to see if she influenced Angelina by any unconscious sign. The latter seemed very tired, or perhaps confused by the novelty of the thing, and could not decide. I stopped her when I found she was looking about, instead of at the photographs.

Meanwhile Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta had returned and I instructed her to induce the child to search for the portrait when her daughter was not present, lest the latter should unconsciously influence her. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta herself could not influence the results, for she does not know Professor B., and is also ignorant that the gentleman Angelina saw in her dream is so named.

When I returned in the evening, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me that her daughter had not seen the photographs since I left, and that the child had made her choice while Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was out of the house. She then showed me two photographs that the child had selected, adding that she had preferred one of the two. Now, the portrait preferred as most resembling the gentleman in the dream is precisely that of Professor B., and the other is sufficiently like to be taken for his portrait, even by an adult who had only glanced at the original. The resemblance fails in one point. Professor B.'s moustaches are very long, and those in the second photograph are rather short.

I should add that the choice was made among 27 portraits<sup>1</sup> instead of 17; I added 10 more when I left.

*Experiment 17.*—I read the programme I had prepared for the coming night to Elvira this same evening.

Angelina is at Desenzano upon the lake of Garda with Elvira and me. I am dressed in white linen and have a straw hat. Elvira has a red dress and a wreath of blue flowers. We look for a boat to take us to Sirmione, but cannot find one. Then we go the whole way on foot. When we reach Sirmione, Elvira and I recommend Angelina to remember the dreams well and to relate them with exactness.

This programme had a special aim. Some time ago Elvira had said she knew the lake of Garda and its neighbourhood. I also know them a little, while Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Angelina have never been there. Therefore, I wished the dream to give Elvira a new opportunity to show the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Ermacora has sent me all the photographs in question for comparison. I concur in what he says as to the difficulty of recognising any one out of them by verbal description.—ED.

child in a dream something known to us, and unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and the percipient.

*November 17th.*—About 4 p.m. I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. I was told that Angelina had not had any dream, and that she had been rather restless during the night.<sup>1</sup>

*Experiment 18.*—Elvira communicated in automatic writing. I asked her if she could try the same dream again the next night, and if she would like me to repeat it. She replied, “Yes, if I can make her dream, I will. You need not repeat it; I know it quite well.”

A result which I had aimed at from the beginning, because it would have offered me a most simple and certain proof of the telepathic origin of these dreams, was their realisation at a distance which would have made any communication between Maria and Angelina impossible. This wish had remained unfulfilled. Such experiments were [for various reasons] not easy, and I accordingly deferred trying the plan till I had exhausted the easier methods of control.

Just then Angelina’s father desired to see her and keep her at home for a few days. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was to take her, and as Angelina’s father had not room for her also, she would be obliged to pass the night at a distance from the child. This was a propitious circumstance, and I decided to go to Venice on the same day as Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, November 18th.

*November 18th.*—I went to Venice and met Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria about noon. She had arrived an hour sooner than I. She told me that her mother had unlocked Angelina’s room that morning and found her already awake. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria entered the room while Angelina was telling the dream to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, and thus it was she who related it to me.

Angelina had dreamt she was in the country with me and the blue child. I was dressed in white, and my hands were very much larger than was natural. Elvira had blue flowers on her head. We all went to look for a boat, but not being able to find one, I went on foot, while Angelina and the blue child were transported through space. Angelina, when she awoke, thought she was still in the air. In reply to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria’s questions she replied that there were many houses and banks like those in the Gardens, but larger.<sup>2</sup> She did not remember the colour of Elvira’s dress, nor what hat I wore, but when closely questioned said that the dress was red; she would not admit that my hat was of straw, but said it was of soft brown felt, like my

<sup>1</sup> As Angelina’s little room was next to that occupied by Signorina Maria and her mother, they could easily hear if she woke, because she became alarmed at finding herself alone, and called to them.

<sup>2</sup> Angelina has never been in a hilly country, so she could only express the idea of mountains by amplifying that of the banks or hills of the public garden at Venice.

usual one. She did not remember that Elvira and I had said anything to her. She added that there was a great deal of water, but that it seemed less than in the lagoon at Venice.

The dream was therefore successful in its general outlines, but there was no point in it which did not probably pre-exist in the mind of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria.

*Experiment 19.*—In the evening I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and tried to communicate with Elvira. But instead of Elvira, Adriano manifested in automatic writing. Does the non-appearance of Elvira, considered from the point of view that these personalities are mere dramatisations of more complex subliminal phenomena,<sup>1</sup> signify a refusal to attempt the experiment? This is the interpretation which suddenly occurred to me as the most natural one, but Adriano explained that he was sent by Elvira, who was much vexed at not being able to come. In the end I told Adriano the programme.

*November 19th.*—Towards midday Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and I went to the home of Angelina, who could barely remember that she had dreamt of the blue child and nothing more. The failure is complete, because Elvira did not figure in the programme I had communicated to Adriano overnight. Later, in another place, I questioned Elvira about the cause of the failure. She replied in automatic writing, and attributed it to the too light and agitated sleep of the child.

*Experiment 20.*—I proposed to Elvira to try again, and gave her another programme for the following night. Naturally I took care that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Angelina should meet no more that evening.

*November 20th.*—I went in the morning with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to see the child, who told us she had had two dreams, neither of which had the least connection with my programme.

I had here another opportunity of remarking how easy it was, by means of suggestive questions, to make Angelina relate any story I wished. However, to-day she was particularly pre-occupied with the return to Padua—not because she regretted it, but because she feared her cousin would go without her. This pre-occupation, which drove the dream from her mind, no doubt augmented her suggestibility, or rather her inclination to give heedless answers in order to put an end to a subject that did not interest her. This susceptibility, however,

<sup>1</sup> This hypothesis does not affect the utility of the study of these personalities, upon which I have insisted from the first. On the contrary, it is clear that if they are nothing more than the translation into supraliminal terms of subliminal operations inaccessible to our intelligence, they would constitute the real keys which yield access to the study of the transcendental man. To neglect studying them would be like the neglect of the study of hieroglyphics by a person who wished to penetrate the mysteries of ancient Egypt.

by no means weakens the telepathic interpretation of the successful cases. In the various cases concerning which I myself interrogated her, I certainly could not mistake my suggestions for her dreams. When Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria questioned the child, I could trust to her good sense and to her exactness in following my indications, which was also evidenced by the care she showed in bringing forward the points of discrepancy. But in the greater number of cases, and those the most interesting, the child related the dream to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who knew absolutely nothing of the programme fixed.

On the evening of the same day (November 20th) we had all returned to Padua. By no means discouraged at the negative result of this little telepathic expedition, I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria again in the evening. Elvira manifested in automatic writing, [and—after explaining that the child's susceptibility to her influence had been disturbed by the presence of strangers—said finally,] "I warn you there will be no dream to-night, because the child is too excited with her journey; another night perhaps; to-night I can promise nothing."

*November 21st.*—[No dream proposed.]

*Experiment 21.—November 23rd.*—I proposed the following dream for the next night:—Angelina was to be among the hills with a peasant of the mountains, who had a basket on her back. They were to climb a rough path, and Angelina would be tired. Then the peasant would put her in the basket and carry her. This peasant was to be Angelina's grandmother, who was then at Milan. I chose a mountainous scene on purpose, because the child had never seen one, and thus we should be able to discover traces of verbal suggestion or of direct perception.

It was still day when I left, so the experiment was not protected by the usual blockade.<sup>1</sup>

*November 24th, 4 p.m.*—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that the dream had taken place with precision. Angelina had told her that her grandmother at Milan looked ugly dressed up like that with a *handkerchief on her head*. The basket in which she had been carried was like those used at Venice for carrying coals.

It is evident that Angelina perceived the scene with more details than were mentioned in my programme, as she saw her grandmother's headkerchief as it is worn by our mountaineers. It is not rare to see, both at Venice and Padua, mountaineers with basket and kerchief. However, as we have seen, the waking Angelina associates the basket with the coal vendors of Venice, instead of with women with kerchiefs on their heads.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I mean by this word any precaution taken to prevent normal communication between the subjects.

<sup>2</sup> My notes taken at the time do not make it clear that the child saw the mountain scenery. But I believe I remember that she spoke of a fatiguing path and many stones.

*Experiment 22.*—The dream I proposed for the next night need not be stated, as it did not take place, possibly for the following reasons.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's father, who was old and ill, was at this time in Venice. On the evening of this day, November 24th, she received notice that he was very ill, and she and her mother decided to go to Venice next day. During the night Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria dreamt that she saw her father, as thin as a skeleton, as she had never seen him in life, rise slowly from his bed into the air. She woke suddenly with the impression that he was dead and found (she does not remember how) that it was a little past 4 in the morning. The child also woke just then, and said that now it would be useless to go to Venice, for that *her grandfather was already dead.*

When they arrived at Venice they heard, in fact, that he had died shortly after 4 a.m. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's grief prevented my attempting to procure other information about the case. However, a short time after she told me that she had heard from those about him that he had become exceptionally thin, as the dream had shown him.

For other reasons the dream experiments were interrupted for some days. In the meantime, on the nights of November 28th, 29th, and 30th, the child, who slept alone in her little room, awoke frightened about 4.15 or 4.30, saying that she felt the bed shake, and heard scratching on the floor mat. It is curious that this should have happened at the particular hour of Maria's dream.

During this period I busied myself, without success, in preparing the ground for the production of dreams under my direct control. I tried to habituate the child to the hypnotic sleep, but I only succeeded once, and the one success was followed by several failures; her want of attention makes her at present a bad hypnotic subject. [I also failed to persuade Elvira to help me in inducing sleep in the child.]

*Experiment 23.*—*December 18th.*—Evening. I proposed the following dream to Elvira, who manifested in automatic writing:—Angelina was to be in a box at the theatre with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Signor G. M. (who is known to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and also to the Elvira personality, but is entirely unknown to the child). The spectacle was to be an equestrian circus, and Angelina was to be particularly pleased with a little white ass (somarello).

This dream had two aims. As Angelina had never been in a box at the theatre, this might give occasion for some discrepancy between the visual images perceived and the terms which she might use in her account; thus the hypothesis of verbal suggestion would be put to the proof. Further, I wished to repeat the experiment of the recognition of the portrait of an unknown person seen for the first time in a dream.

Before I left, and before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had seen the child, the latter was locked into her room, and I asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to hide the key instead of tying it round her neck, so that Elvira, if she should possibly manifest motorially during the night, should be unable to get possession of it and proceed to make verbal suggestions. (I have said that Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and her daughter slept in the same bed.)

*December 19th.*—4 p.m. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was in bed with a headache. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta (as usual ignorant of the programme) told me the dream which Angelina had related to her that morning; it had nothing in common with the programme.

*Experiment 24.*—As I did not think it probable that the suspected verbal suggestion (which I judge to be impossible without the trance) could take place in spite of Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta's vigilance during the day, I charged the latter to renew the nightly blockade and hide the key, in the hope that the dream would occur on the succeeding night.

No communication with Elvira to-day.

*December 20th,* 4 p.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was better, and I found her up. This night the dream had taken place, and the child had related it in the morning to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, whom she had seen before anybody else, and then to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and the latter's brother.

She had thought she was in the theatre, in a tiny room which had no windows towards the street, but which had them towards the inside of the theatre. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was there too, and also a very tall gentleman with a fair moustache. There were only a few people in the middle of the theatre, but running horses instead. There was besides an animal, a little donkey, white and small, which she liked so much that she wished to have it at home.

I caused the child to tell me the story over again, and again I proved how easy it was to make her alter her story by suggestion. Naturally this detracts nothing from the value of the first spontaneous account made to people who knew nothing of the programme.

It must be noticed that in this dream the verbal image *box* was entirely excluded, while Angelina translated the visual image into words with childlike ingenuousness, which favours the hypothesis of direct perception. The child did not recognise the portrait of Signor G. M., which I gave to her among twenty others, and which she had first looked for in the presence of Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and her daughter-in-law, and then before me and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria; on the contrary, on the latter occasion she put it aside without hesitation.

From time to time as the child told her story she turned towards Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria for approbation, as if she were convinced that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria

had been present at the scene ; and this shows how easily she confounds her dreams with reality.<sup>1</sup>

I trust that the successive nocturnal blockades, although separated by the intervening day, need not be put down as inefficacious, since Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was in bed all day, and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me that the child only once entered her room for a few moments. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria assured me also that on account of the intense pain she suffered, she only exchanged a few words with the child, and that no allusion was made to the dream.

*Experiment 25.*—I proposed the following dream to Elvira for the next night:—Angelina is in a boat on the neighbouring canal with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and me. I am not rowing, but the boat is drawn by a pair of swans, and I am seated at the prow guiding them with reins. The other two are seated behind me. We go up the canal as far as the astronomical observatory.

When I went away, I left the twenty portraits, including that of Signor G. M., with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, to see if the child would recognise him when she was left in quiet. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta watched her all the evening, then locked her into her room and hid the key.

*December 21st, 4 p.m.*—The first thing I heard when I entered the house was that Angelina had recognised the portrait of Signor G. M. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me she had found it when alone with her (she herself does not know Signor G. M., and did not know which portrait was to be looked for). Angelina justified her first failure by explaining that that gentleman at the theatre was smiling, and that in the portrait he was very serious.<sup>2</sup>

Angelina told me that she had dreamed last night that there was a boat in the neighbouring canal and that I was in it. She could give me no other particulars, not even if she had also been in the boat ; but when I re-visited Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in the evening she, upon being questioned, assured me that when Angelina told her dream in the morning, she had said spontaneously that she was in the boat with me.

This success is evidently very incomplete, but it cannot be regarded as a chance coincidence if we consider it as a whole.

*Experiment 26.*—I asked Elvira if she was aware of people, places, actions, or other things unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, out of which I could

<sup>1</sup> I believe myself in a position to reject as an absurdity the hypothesis that the child's story is a comedy taught her by Signorina Maria, and that consequently she turns ingenuously to the latter for suggestions ; and it is besides disproved by the later successes under stricter conditions.

<sup>2</sup> This photograph also has been sent to me by Dr. Ermacora.—ED.

make dreams for Angelina. She replied, "Yes; I will even tell you the dream for to-night, but I will only tell you this evening."

I accepted the proposal, stipulating that I might add something myself, to make sure that the nocturnal blockade should not be frustrated by a previous communication with Angelina.

In the evening I asked Elvira for her programme, and she replied in automatic writing:—"I think it would be fine to make Angelina dream that she was on the Lake of Garda with me, but then I will make her see things which no traveller sees, but which exist notwithstanding, I assure you. Now tell me what you want to add to it." I accepted Elvira's programme, requesting as addition only that the water of the lake should be as white as milk. Elvira replied, "I must make her see everything under water, but I can easily make it the colour you want."

When I left I saw Angelina already asleep on the ground floor. I made the usual recommendations to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, though I knew there was no need.

*December 22nd, 4.30 p.m.*—Angelina told me she had dreamt as follows:—She was with the blue child, who was dressed like a boy, in trousers, with a large hat on her head. They went to a very large canal, without bridges, and with trees on its banks. At first they walked on the water without bathing themselves in it, and then they went under it. There Angelina saw many *broken* houses, of which she could distinguish the doors and windows; there was also a church, *broken* too, but not so much as the houses. She also heard bells ring, but without seeing either bells or bell-tower. Then they both came out quite dry, and the blue child kissed her, and said, "I am going to Paradise, and you must take care to remember the dream." The water was the colour of water and *anise*.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me that the dream had been told the same way in the morning, and first, as usual, to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, when her daughter was not present. The night before, Angelina had been put to bed directly I left by Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who allowed no communication with her daughter, and locked the door and hid the key.

A dream like this did not, of course, represent things unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and known to others, because the existence of ruins under the Lake of Garda is not demonstrated nor demonstrable. There is a legend to that effect, but Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria may have once known and forgotten it. When she was asked if she had read anything about the Lake of Garda, she replied in the negative, and told me that her scanty reading consisted chiefly of translations from French novels, in which the Champs Elysées, etc., and not the Lake of Garda, played a part. But such a declaration is, of course, insufficient to prove that she might not in some way have heard the legend, and this is rendered

more probable by a discovery I made later, that when, in the case of Maria, a conscious idea has been telepathically transferred, it acquires in consequence a tendency to pass out of the field of conscious memory.

It is to be noted that Angelina showed from her description that she had really seen a lake, but she called it a very large canal with trees on its banks ; simply because the idea of a canal was familiar to her. Besides, the water was seen of a milky white colour, but this perception was not associated with the colour of milk, but with the colour of aniseed and water. This is another fact unfavourable to the idea of verbal suggestion.

*Experiment 27.*—When Elvira manifested in automatic writing, she first asked me :—“Are you pleased with the child’s dream? Tell me the truth.” I replied :—“The dream was amusing to her, but of very little use to me, because it was about things which I cannot possibly verify.”

*Answer.* “Leave me to show her something that Maria cannot possibly have seen. I see that the child understands me and remembers quite well what I say to her. I will tell her in her dream the name of the city, and the name of the exact point she has seen.”

I thought it best to accept the proposal, though it was not what I was aiming at, but I asked Elvira to show Angelina a little cart, with a small barrel in it, drawn by a large dog. Elvira accepted the addition.

*Experiment 28.*—*December 23rd.*—4 p.m. Angelina had had no dream the preceding night, or at least when she woke she did not remember it. I was told that she had been restless, probably from worms, and this would account for the failure.

Elvira said instead that the dream had not taken place because she had been unable to come, and promised to act the next night.

*December 24th.*—4 p.m. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that Angelina had related the following dream that morning :—

She was with the *blue child* in a place full of stones ; there were very large horses with long thin necks, and some had one hump, and some two. The men wore white cloaks. The road was all up and down hill. She saw a great stone with many holes, and a little cart drawn by a large dog, with a barrel full of wine which was trickling out. The blue child had told her at the end of the dream that this place was *Cario* (*i.e.*, Cairo). I called the child and made her give an account, which coincided almost perfectly with that of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. She only left out some small details which she afterwards added in

reply to my non-suggestive questions. She added that the men were not all in white cloaks,—some had jackets; they had also white hats (turbans?)

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who, as usual, had heard the child's story directly she woke, confirmed all this.

In this case also the ideas might have been easily drawn from the mind of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who might have acquired them from illustrated books, pictures, or more likely panoramas, and the control, of course, was not perfectly rigorous. Angelina described the camels as large horses with long thin necks and one or two humps. Such a description renders it probable that she really saw them without knowing what they were. I could not understand what the child meant to describe in talking of the large stone with holes.<sup>1</sup>

*Experiment 29.*—In the evening I visited Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria again, and, putting myself into communication with Elvira, I proposed a dream of aerial ascension for the same night; but first, of course, I asked her if she knew anything about it. Elvira replied (automatic script), “Yes, we can try that too; I am not used to it, but I know a little, however.”

I then explained my dream: Angelina should be with me and with the servant who lived at her own home in Venice, in the enclosure of the Prato della Valle (in Padua). We should all get into the car of a balloon and ascend from the middle of the enclosure, descending at Venice, on the Rialto bridge. The balloon was to be green.

*December 25th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that, when I left the evening before, Angelina was already asleep, and that her daughter had gone to bed directly after without seeing the child. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta had put the latter to bed without waking her, had locked her into her room and hidden the key. In the morning the child told her dream before seeing Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. Her story was as follows:—

She seemed to be with me and the servant from Venice in the *Prato della Valle*, where there was a great ball, the colour of salad, furnished with many ropes. We all went up into the air and descended at Venice upon the Rialto bridge.

Afterwards Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that in the morning, as soon as she saw the child, the latter had told her the same story, with the difference that she had said “the colour of grass” instead of the colour of salad; and she had added that we had climbed in by the cords.

It should be remarked again that the expressions “colour of grass, colour of salad,” bear witness for the direct impression of colour rather than for verbal impression; but I need not insist upon this

<sup>1</sup> About nine months later I asked Elvira for an explanation of this. She replied that Angelina had meant to describe certain Egyptian houses.

further in cases of complete success with the blockade, especially as it will be seen that my methods became more and more stringent.

*Experiment 30.*—I then proposed to Elvira to carry out a dream she had proposed on December 20th—viz., to make Angelina dream that she was at sea and sea-sick in a storm, and that she heard the orders of the captain. She accepted the unexpected proposition. The aim of this dream was, as I have said, to discover if it were possible to induce in the child emotions and sensations hitherto entirely unknown to her. I asked Elvira, “Do you know enough of nautical matters, or must I help you?”

*Answer.* “No, don’t tell me anything; I know a little.”

To obtain a proof that the dream was a result of impressions received that night, and in no way prepared beforehand, I asked Elvira to add a red flag, with a green cross in the middle, to the boat.

*December 26th.*—Signor C. Vanzetti and I called on Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria about 3 p.m. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was present, but not Angelina, when Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured us that she had applied the blockade rigorously the preceding night, so that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria could not possibly have communicated with Angelina, whose door had been locked and the key hidden. About 4 a.m. Angelina had called for Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who went to see what she wanted. When the child saw her she said, “Grandmother, so bad!”; complained of having been sick, and pointed to signs of the sickness on the floor, but Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta could see nothing. Then the child said she had dreamt of being in a very large boat, with flags above, one of which had a *salad*-coloured cross, and that a man with a great beard had said, “*Cut the ropes, cut the sails.*”

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who, as usual, only heard the child’s story later on, added the following particulars:—Angelina had told her that the flag with the *salad*-coloured cross was red; that the men had black trousers and were in their shirt-sleeves; that they were all upon a very large tramway. It should be noted that at Venice the small steamboats which carry passengers from one point of the city to another are called *tramways*, and thus Angelina, when speaking of great tramways, meant steamboats.

The absent child was now called, and repeated the account herself. She said she had been in a steamboat with many men, none of whom she knew. One of them had a long beard. There was a red flag with a *salad*-coloured *crown*. When asked what she meant by *crown*, she traced a cross with her finger. The confusion of names results from the fact that devotional crowns generally carry a cross hanging from the end. Angelina went on to relate that there was much water, which even came inside; and it thundered and lightened besides. The

man with the beard said, "*Bend the sails! cut the ropes!*" She said her legs trembled, that she could not stand, and then was sick.

We asked her if the *steamboat* was like those which go from Padua to Venice (*i.e.*, the trains) or like those on the Lagoon. She answered that it was like those on the Lagoon. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta asked her if the ropes she had talked about in the morning were stretched (horizontally) or upright. "Upright," replied the child. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told us that the child habitually woke early, but never at 4 a.m., which at this season is the middle of the night.

Setting aside the unseamanlike orders of the captain, which can be explained by Elvira's ignorance of things nautical, this dream is interesting from the fact that a new sensation is implicated in it,—a visceral sensation. The child said she felt *so ill*; she must even have felt really sea-sick, as she believed she had vomited; and this was all the more remarkable as she had never been to sea, and does not come of a seafaring family. She was therefore ignorant of the pathological results of the oscillation of the body, and therefore the mere *idea* of going to sea in bad weather was insufficient to set in action a pre-existing mechanism of associations based on memory only, and producing the sensation of sea-sickness.

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## PART II.

### STUDY OF VISUAL IMAGES.

I now proposed another method of control in order to test the hypothesis of verbal suggestion. This was to show Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria *while Elvira was present* a previously unseen drawing, representing nothing that she could describe in words, and then ask Elvira to make Angelina see it in a dream. Afterwards I would show Angelina the real drawing, mixed with others of the same type [which Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had not seen], to see if she would recognise it after having dreamt of it.

On December 25th I asked Elvira, "If I showed you the design of some architectural ornament chosen at hazard amongst many, could you show it to Angelina in a dream, so that after she awoke she would be able to recognise it amongst many others?" Elvira replied (by automatic writing), "Oh, yes, indeed, it will please me very much to do it." Q. "Even if I used drawings unknown to you and Angelina and Maria, such as machines, etc.?" A. "Yes, yes; whatever you please."

*December 26th.* Evening.—I took with me Fig. V. of the first number of Professor Romolo Trevisani's *Corso d'Ornato*, meaning to begin with something easy. I left the five other pictures which the

number contains at home. As the picture is not mounted for safely carrying in the pocket, I enclosed it between two very stiff pieces of paper, so that it should not crease or tear, and thus be distinguishable from the others, which are quite new.

However, this evening I could make no experiments, because Adriano manifested instead of Elvira, and said, in automatic writing, that he could not yet replace Elvira in such experiments.

*December 27th.* Evening.—The experiment with the drawing had to be put off for the same reason as yesterday.

*Experiment 31.—December 28th.* Evening.—Elvira manifested, and said she was ready for the experiment. She said, however, that she was much afraid she could not see the drawing without making use of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's eyes. Therefore, to prevent the latter from looking at the drawing either more or less than was necessary, I arranged with Elvira that she should make a sign with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's hand when she had seen enough, upon which I would cover the picture again.

I then drew from my pocket the picture, which neither Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria nor any one else in the house had seen, and put it before her. In about half a minute her hand moved, and I covered the picture and pocketed it quickly so that no one else should see it. Elvira wrote at once, "That is enough for me."

When I was leaving, I went to the room on the ground floor where Angelina had only just awoke from her usual nap on the sofa. She was very tiresome, as she usually is when sleepy. I thought she was not at all in a state to receive any information from Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria about the drawing the latter had seen.

As it would be interesting to know if our normal personalities are able to induce telepathic dreams in Angelina, as Elvira does, I had tried at my house on several nights to suggest some dream to her, but had had no results. Supposing that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was in better conditions for such action, I begged her, on leaving, to will strongly and frequently during the night, while Angelina was presumably asleep, that she should dream she had a hen in her arms. And to induce Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to do her best, I told her that what Elvira did she should be able to do, which aroused her emulation.

*December 29th.* 7.15 a.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, whom I saw first, told me that yesterday evening, with the usual precautions, she had locked the child into her room and hid the key, but that shortly before my arrival she had heard calls, and knowing that Angelina was not well, she had opened the door, and not having time to stop with her, had been obliged to carry her to her own bed, where her daughter still was. On going up I found Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria still in bed and awake, and Angelina

asleep again; however she soon awoke. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria assured me that during the short time Angelina had been there, she had not spoken to her about the drawing or anything.

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then took the child downstairs. I gave her the pictures, asking her to show them to Angelina and ask her if she had dreamt of anything she saw among them. Of the six pictures, three represented simple or composite leaves, and the other three are large roses. Angelina selected Fig. V., saying she was sure she had dreamt of that and not of the others.

I had, however, forgotten to hide the inscription, "Fig. V.," in the corner when I showed the picture to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria the evening before, and although Angelina does not know her alphabet or numbers, this might have offered a *point de repère* sufficiently describable by words or drawing.

After the child had found the picture, I went upstairs to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's room carrying the pamphlet, and—avoiding any indication—asked her to find the picture she had seen last evening. To my surprise she rejected Fig. V., and hesitated between the other two roses. I should add that directly after I had shown the rose to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria the evening before, she could not tell me how many leaves it had.

This fact, which was repeated constantly during the experiments, is probably of great importance in psychology, and particularly in telepathy. Indeed, as may be already seen from this first example, it was not that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had forgotten the figure; on the contrary, she recognised it, but sub-consciously, otherwise she could not have rejected it *at once*; and besides, she always justifies such an action (as will be seen later) by the most unlikely reasons, exactly as happens with a subject acting under a hypnotic suggestion intended to alter his judgment. Consequently the telepathic transference of a sensory image to another percipient is to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria practically the same thing as the suggestion *that she shall not be able to recognise the image*, and thus is the same thing as *the disappearance of the image from her supraliminal consciousness*. Naturally we must guard against concluding general psychological laws from the psychical idiosyncrasies of particular subjects; but in any case the fact remains that such illusions of memory present themselves in some subjects. And if it finally becomes recognised that in all telepathic agents there exists an inclination more or less strong to present such phenomena, this would make a new point of view from which to explain the frequent unconsciousness of the agent in spontaneous telepathy.

As to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's attempt consciously to suggest a dream, she told me she had tried to do what I told her, both overnight and in the morning when Angelina fell asleep in her bed. But the latter said she had had no other dream, and when a possible dream about a hen was

mentioned to her, she did not admit the suggestion, but positively denied having had such a dream.

After dinner, when Signor C. Vanzetti was present, Elvira began to write automatically, asking at once, "Are you pleased with me?" I expressed my satisfaction at the success, but asked her if much time and pains had been needed to induce the visual image in the little girl. She replied, "No, on the contrary, it was very easy, only I thought the child had not looked at it enough, and instead it was the grown-up one (Maria) who should have been ashamed; for I was here this morning, and I was much amused to see that she chose any but the right (*i.e.*, any picture but the right), and she was so sure and so obstinate!"

*Experiment 32.—December 31st. Evening.*—Elvira manifested through automatic writing, and I proposed a new experiment for that night. I had brought J. Carpentier's Illustrated Catalogue of Electrical Apparatus, Ed. July, 1887, Paris, and had decided to transfer to Angelina Fig. 11,—a Weber's galvanometer. To avoid possible verbal indications from the number of the figure, or its place, or the number of the page, I placed the book (unseen by Signa Maria) on the sideboard, open at the right page, covering up the page with four perfectly opaque quires of white paper, so as to show the figure in the smallest possible square. I then covered the figure with another piece of paper. When Elvira said she was ready to look, I brought Signa Maria close, and directed her glance to the covered figure. I uncovered it quickly, and looked at the time. After 52 seconds Signa Maria said that Elvira had moved her hand to show she had finished. I covered up the figure again at once, and Signa Maria returned to the table. The communication with Elvira was hardly finished, when I put the pamphlet in my pocket, so that Signa Maria did not see it again. I determined in future to follow the same method, also hiding the initials of the artist if they exist, and to avoid as much as possible pictures with letters around them, especially when the letters could easily be utilised for verbal indications. In the present case I chose Fig. 11, because it has several points in common with some others among the 34 in the catalogue, such as the lower part consisting of a disc on three feet, a vertical rod in the middle, etc., and because it would be very difficult (for anyone not familiar with such instruments) to distinguish it by means of a verbal description from Fig. 10, which is also a Weber's galvanometer.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> All the pamphlets containing diagrams used in this and the following experiments have been sent to us by Dr. Ermacora. From a study of these, it seems to us clear that it would be extremely difficult—if not impossible—for an unscientific person with no knowledge of drawing, *who had only seen one of the diagrams in each case*, either to describe it to another person in such a way as to enable him to pick it out of the set, or to reproduce it from memory with sufficient accuracy to enable him to recognise it.—ED.

Elvira, in automatic writing, approved of this evening's methods, and without making absolute promises of success, undertook to try.

I determined that if these experiments in the transference of pictures should succeed, I would try either the rotation of the picture in its own plane, or specular inversion, in order to render verbal transference more difficult. I therefore asked Elvira if she could show the child the picture, not as she herself saw it, but turned through some angle, or upside down in its own plane, or symmetrically inverted. Of course I explained these terms in detail. She replied, "I think it will be very easy ; we will try."

*January 1st, 1893.* 7 a.m.—I found Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Angelina already risen, as the former's sister-in-law was ill. I asked Angelina if she had dreamt of anything ; she said she had dreamt of playing with a paper with a picture on it. I showed her Carpentier's catalogue, but she could not find the picture she had dreamt of, nor could she describe the figure of her dream. She only said it was like a horizontal pole.

Elvira did not manifest this evening.

*January 2nd.* Evening.—I asked Elvira the reason of yesterday's non-success, and she replied, in automatic writing, "It was not the child's fault. Because I tried to make her see the picture from another side, as you told me, she did not see it well. It is my fault for doing it too soon." This explanation is in agreement with Angelina's impression, if we suppose that this "other side" of the picture meant a rotation through 90 deg. in one direction or the other, because in that position the glass tube which encloses the suspension thread becomes a *horizontal pole*. In that case Angelina, holding the picture straight, would not recognise it.

*Experiment 33.*—This evening I took the catalogue of J. Duboscq's spectroscopes (Ed. 1876), and chose figure 4 beforehand. (See Plate I., Fig. I.) It represents an Amici's spectroscope on a column with three feet, which looks like a table with a central pillar. But two other figures out of the eight in the catalogue have this three-footed column, and this would make verbal description of No. 4 insufficient.

Elvira was ready and pleased to experiment. The precautions described above were repeated, and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria looked at the picture for 30 seconds. I need not say that nobody in the house had ever seen the catalogue, and that I had shown it to no one beforehand. I must here remark that this was always the case, and that I used a fresh book each time.

This evening the conditions were more strict. The child was put to bed and the door locked. I sealed a piece of paper over the keyhole with four seals. Of course I left the key with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta in case of necessity.

*January 3rd.* 6.30 a.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta was up, and said she had been obliged to open the door, as Angelina wanted something, but that she was asleep again. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still in bed in the other room, and her mother assured me she had had no communication with the child. Angelina woke and called Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to dress her. I gave Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta the Duboscq's catalogue to show to Angelina, and remained in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's room. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then came to say that Angelina had dreamt of playing with a paper on which was a picture, and that on looking at the catalogue she recognised the picture, which she said was like a table. As there are two spectroscopes of Kirchoff and Bunsen in the book which are much more like tables, I told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to warn Angelina to be sure which she had seen, or she would not have her usual reward,—a sweetmeat. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta returned, and showed me Fig. 4, saying the child was sure that was it. Thus the success was complete. I gave the book to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to identify the figure she had seen yesterday, but she rejected Fig. 4 and chose Fig. 3, a spectroscope of Kirchoff and Bunsen, very unlike the other. When asked her reason, she said that she had not chosen Fig. 4 because the one she had seen had not that long piece (the body of the spectroscope in Fig. 4), and that there were no little separate pictures (sections of the prisms). Thus, Maria forgets precisely those characteristics which are the most striking in the figure seen the evening before.

Two days after, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me she had asked Angelina to relate her dream, and that the child had said she would not talk about it any more; that she had given the picture she had played with back to Uncle Giovanni (as she calls me), and that it was all done with. This shows how vivid Angelina's dreams must be, since she confounds them with objective events.

Elvira did not manifest in the evening. I charged Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to make Angelina dream of a vine loaded with ripe black grapes, and of eating them.

*January 4th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me she had tried hard and often during the night to suggest the proposed dream to Angelina, but that when she was asked about it, she replied that she had dreamt of playing with other children outside the door, and when asked if she had eaten any fruit in her dream, she said, no.

*Experiment 34.*—That evening I had taken with me No. 19 of the *Revue Générale des Sciences*, October 15th, 1892, and had chosen for experiment Fig. 16, p. 668. (See Plate I., Fig. II.) This was a rather daring choice, because out of the 18 figures in the book, 9 were of the same type and none were easily describable in words. The 9 pictures are reproductions of photographs by C. V. Boys, representing projectiles

in motion. All have a grey background, a more or less formless black spot (the projectile), curves representing the waves of displacement of the air, and irregular lines representing the electric conductors used to produce the illuminating spark. Two others, besides the selected figure, have a thick vertical line representing the surface of a plate of glass traversed by the projectile, and in the other five, as in the chosen picture, the outline of the projectile is partly hidden in a sort of fog. Fig. 16, which I selected, has no very special characteristics; it is however the smallest.

As it was probable that Angelina's room would be opened again the following night, I proposed that a neighbour should sleep with her to attend to her, if Elvira approved. The two would naturally be locked up together. When the picture had been placed as usual and communication with Elvira established, I asked her if she was disposed for a new experiment. She replied, "Yes; but no promises" (of success).

Dr. E. "Would it disturb you if Nannella slept with Angelina to avoid the opening of the door?"

Elv. "Is she big or little?"

Dr. E. "She is 14. She is downstairs. Perhaps you can go and look at her and see if her presence will suit you."

Elv. (after a pause) "Well, do it, but on one condition; that she does not disturb the child. We can try, but I cannot understand everything by just looking at her."

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria then looked at the picture for 18 seconds, with the usual precautions. The time seemed short, and I asked Elvira, "Did you see well?" She replied (by automatic writing), "Yes, very well."

I put the book in my pocket, and, allowing no communication between Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Angelina, proceeded to blockade the latter and Nannella. When they were in bed and quiet, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta locked the door, and I examined it and sealed paper over the lock as before. I had written a sentence on the paper, and of course carried away my seal.

January 5th. 6.45 a.m.—Found Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta up, all the others in bed. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said she had heard the child, but had not opened the door. I went up and carefully examined the form and position of the seals, which I recognised as those I had made. I told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to open, while I went to wait in her daughter's room, who was awake. I waited till the neighbour had gone, as I wished her to know nothing of the experiments. Then I bade Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta ask the child simply what she had dreamt. She said, "Of playing with pieces of paper." Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then took the *Revue* to her, and I waited. I heard that Angelina was cross and noisy, and had small hope. Soon after, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta came back with the book open at page 668, and showed

me a figure which Angelina said she had dreamt of. It was Fig. 16, and Angelina had said that was the one, because it had a little snake in it (the curved conductor).

The word *snake* has a close verbal association with this figure, but any one who discovers in this a sign of verbal suggestion should notice, first, that nine of the figures in the book have one or more curved lines, and secondly that Fig. 16 is not the one that most recalls a snake; Fig. 14 does so much more. The real point of difference between Fig. 16 and the others, *i.e.*, its smallness, would have served Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria much better for verbal suggestion. And besides, how could verbal suggestion have taken place? Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria would have been obliged to shout a description of the figure outside Angelina's closed door. Now no hypnotist will believe that a child of four years, in natural sleep, could be made to distinguish Fig. 16 from the others by such means. Or can any one believe that such an exact idea could be conveyed to a child awakened in the night, when she would naturally be sleepy and cross? And then, why should her companion and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta in the next room have heard nothing? It may be said that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria reproduced the drawing, unconsciously or not, and passed it beneath the door. But Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria cannot draw, automatically or otherwise. How could a child, ignorant that she was being experimented upon, have eluded her companion, got a light, and studied the drawing given her by such means? I believe all this not only impossible for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in somnambulism, but also if she had consciously and artfully used her senses. I will not raise the idle question of the good faith of the persons concerned, for which I can answer, but it seems to me that the conditions stated put fraud out of the question. Naturally, I do not base conclusions on one success; my experiments were carried further, as will be seen.

From Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's position she could not see what picture her mother had pointed out to me. I gave her the closed book, that she might find the picture she had seen last evening. After some hesitation, she thought she recognised Fig. 15, but was not sure, because they were all so much alike and she only remembered the dusky colour. As Fig. 15 was 103<sup>mm</sup> by 135<sup>mm</sup>, while Fig. 16 was only 58<sup>mm</sup> by 91<sup>mm</sup>, I asked her if last night's picture was not smaller. She said she thought it was, but that she might not have seen all of it; part might have been hidden.

#### ROTATION OF FIGURES.

*Experiment 35.*—*January 5th.* 3 p.m.—I took a number of the *Revue Générale des Sciences*, dated March 30th, 1892 (No. 6), to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria.

I placed Fig. 11, p. 206, in the usual way for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, but, without her knowledge, turned it upside down. It represented a section of a pump for spraying antiseptic liquids, and would be meaningless to any one unacquainted with machines (*see* Plate I, Fig. III). The number contains 26 figures, most of them very unlike Fig. 11. There are only three others representing sections of disinfecting apparatus, which, however, do not resemble Fig. 11.

When communication with Elvira was established (automatic writing), she said, "Tell me only what you want for to-night, because I cannot stop so long as I did yesterday."

I showed her the picture as usual for 17 seconds, and then the conversation continued.

Dr. E. "I should like you to show Angelina the picture turned half-way round in its own plane ; that is, upside down "

Elv. "I will not promise, but will try."

Dr. E. "Did Nannella's presence interfere with the success?"

Elv. "For my part, she does not disturb me at all."

*January 6th.* 7.30 a.m.—As the picture had been looked at in the afternoon, I had been unable to lock up Angelina at night. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and her mother had risen when I arrived. The child had left her own room a little before, and was in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's bed. I remained in the latter's room while Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta carried off the child to dress her. Before leaving the room she said she had dreamt of playing with papers. I asked her if there were pictures on them, and she said, *yes*. Angelina was carried to her own bed, and I sent her the book. Soon after, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta came back to say that Angelina was puzzled and had put the book into disorder (it had come unsewn). In a short time she returned, and giving me the book upside down, pointed to Fig. 11, and said that Angelina had recognised it decidedly and at once, exclaiming, "That's it." Yesterday I had shown the picture to Elvira reversed, but had asked her to show it to Angelina upside down in relation to the position in which Elvira had seen it—that is to say, right side up. Now, as Angelina had been obliged to put the book into confusion to find the picture, and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta had given it to me upside down, it seemed that a vision of the figure upside down had been produced. I kept Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria as usual in ignorance of the figure Angelina had indicated, and gave her the closed book that she might search for herself. After a short examination of the book right side up, she chose the right half of Fig. 5, which half is the very picture *least unlike the one she had seen the day before*. I told her she was wrong, and that she must turn the book upside down. But she persisted in choosing the same half of Fig. 5. I did not continue to tell her she was wrong, and decided not to do so in future, for fear of interfering with results.

About 4 p.m. I went back to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and put myself into communication with Elvira.

Elv. "Tell me if you are content."

Dr. E. "Yes, I am pleased, although last night the conditions were not strict enough. Have you any observation to make about the experiment?" (Alluding to the failure, as I supposed, in turning the picture.)

Elv. "I made her see it right side up, as you told me she ought to see it turned."

Dr. E. "Explain how you knew that the picture you saw yesterday evening was upside down."

Elv. "Who is talking of yesterday evening? I knew it this morning when I was present while the child was searching."

Dr. E. "But since you saw Angelina examining the book, you must have seen that it was upside down, so that the turning did not take place in the dream."

Elv. "But what are you driving at? The child looked for it this morning with the book right side up; I know that. When Angelina gave the book to her grandmother, it was by its proper side."

Now, from Elvira's coherent explanation, it will be seen that she maintains that the figure she saw yesterday was shown right side up in the dream, and that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, Angelina found it with the volume right side up. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta was absent, so I could not ask her on which side Angelina had recognised the figure; but I called the latter from the ground floor, where she could not have overheard the preceding dialogue, and asked her to find the picture she had seen in her dream again, putting the book right side up before her. Of course I took care that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria should not be able to influence her involuntarily. I turned over the pages, and before reaching the right one, she showed me with her finger that the picture was *at the top and to the left* [which is correct]. When she reached p. 206, she pointed out Fig. 11 at once without hesitation. Not content with this, I turned the book upside down, and asked her if by chance she had seen it in this position, but in spite of the suggestive question, she gave a decided *No*. As the figure is in a corner, it is inadmissible that Angelina should have been mistaken after her prompt and spontaneous declaration.

Next morning I took back the book and asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to show me again, if she remembered, the picture Angelina had chosen the previous morning. I held the book right side up, and turned the pages; at p. 206 she showed me Fig. 11. I also asked her if the child had not selected the picture with the book upside down, but she said, *No*. Thus it is plain that Elvira was right.

*Experiment 36.*—On *January 6th* I showed Elvira, for a fresh dream, Fig. 3, p. 269, of the *Revue Générale des Sciences* for April 30th, 1892 (No. 8). It has 14 pictures, but 4 only are of the same type as Fig. 3, which represents Carpentier's declinometer. The other 3 which are like it represent magnetic instruments, all with tripods, which would suggest tables to non-scientific persons, and Fig. 1 has also a vertical tube like Fig. 3.<sup>1</sup> The usual precautions were taken, and Elvira looked at the figure upside down for 35 seconds. Unfortunately, this figure was lettered, which may have shown Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria that it was upside down.

*January 7th.* 7.30 a.m.—Angelina told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta that she had no dream.

*Experiment 37.* Evening.—I asked Elvira if she had anything to say. She replied (automatic writing), “Yes; excuse me for having failed last night; it was not the difficulty, but because I could not come. If you like, we will have the same figure again; if not, change it.”

I agreed to Elvira's proposal, wishing to see if she would remember the picture after 24 hours. I asked her again to turn it upside down.

In order to prevent future confusion in counting successes and failures, I asked Elvira to tell me in automatic writing, when I came to verify results, if she had tried to act or not;—of course before any one questioned the child. For evidently if, before I broke the blockade, Elvira wrote, “To-night I could not act,” this might be counted, not as a failure, but as an experiment not carried out. Elvira accepted my proposal.

*January 8th.* 7.45 a.m.—Yesterday Angelina's sister and a servant had arrived from Venice, and Angelina's room had been given to them, so that she had slept with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and her mother. I found the two girls in bed, but awake. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that Angelina had already said she had dreamt, but that she would only tell her dream to her grandmother. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta carried her out of the room, and after an interval returned and told me that the child had dreamt of the *usual papers*. She took the closed number of the *Revue des Sciences* to the child, and I told her to make Angelina look at the pictures from all sides, and to bring back the book exactly in the position the child pointed out. After a few moments, she brought back the book open at p. 269, and showed me Fig. 3 right side up. Consequently Angelina must have dreamt of the figure seen by

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the most conspicuous feature in this diagram is that the tube is opened to show the internal mechanism, so that it might be described as a round cupboard with an open door. No other figures in the book have this feature.—ED.

Elvira the evening before last, and have dreamt of it right side up, which was intended.<sup>1</sup>

*Experiment 38.*—In the evening, I had chosen and prepared in the usual way Fig. 11, p. 40, of the *Lumière Electrique* for January 13th, 1883, representing a vertical section of a turbine, without letters or figures. The number contained twenty-six figures or groups of figures. Two of them represent landscapes, and must not be counted. The others are chiefly sections of scientific instruments, very unlike No. 11 *for any one who can compare them*, while Figs. 7, 13, and 17, which also represent vertical sections of turbines, are sufficiently like No. 11 to prevent Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria from describing the latter to Angelina in terms which would enable the child to distinguish it from them. And her powers of drawing, either in a conscious or an automatic state, are too low to allow of her making a sketch of it from memory. Elvira looked at the picture for 28 seconds, and was requested to turn it. She replied, “I understand, and I hope there will be no difficulty.”

*January 9th.* 7.45 a.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria slept with Angelina and the servant this night. They were in bed when I arrived. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and the servant assured me that they had not talked about dreams since waking. Angelina was carried off as usual, and Elvira wrote, “I have not tried, because the child was too excited. I will try to-night without fail.”

Angelina’s father had arrived the evening before and wished to take her back with him, which had greatly vexed her, on account of her love for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and though he had yielded to me and agreed to leave her, she was still alarmed.

I went downstairs, and Angelina told me at once that she had had no dream; she had previously told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta the same thing.

In the evening Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was not well, and we had no communication with Elvira.

*January 10th.* 7.45 a.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and Angelina were still in bed, where they had slept together. Angelina told me she had a dream to relate, but would only tell it to her grandmother. She was carried off, and Elvira wrote, “I have not been able to do anything.”

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta came back to say that Angelina had dreamt of playing with her sister Enrichetta. This dream was natural after the sister’s visit, but the case shows that Elvira’s predictions of success or non-success were dependable.

<sup>1</sup> It may be noted that Angelina found the figure the first time she looked for it; but see note on p. 277.—ED.

*Experiment 39.*—In the evening, I showed Elvira the same picture again. This time it was turned 90 deg. in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock, consequently on its side, instead of in the position of the day before yesterday. This transforms it into quite another figure for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. The observation lasted 17 seconds, and I then charged Elvira to turn it 90 deg. more in the opposite direction to the clock hands. This rotation of the sensorial image, added to the rotation already really made, should have made Angelina dream of it upside down.

*January 11th.* 6.45 a.m.—I found only Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta risen. Her daughter and the child were awake, but in their respective rooms. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said she had not yet spoken to Angelina. Later on in the evening, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me she had locked Angelina alone into her room immediately after I had gone, and that she had only opened the door a quarter of an hour before my coming. In the meantime Angelina had not left her bed, nor spoken of dreams. While Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still in bed, we communicated with Elvira, who wrote automatically, “I have tried, and hope I have succeeded.”

I gave the book to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, warning her that Angelina might not find the picture with the book right side up, but might be obliged to turn it. I gave no indication as to the direction or degree of the rotation. She soon returned and showed me the figure in the position in which the child had recognised it. It was Fig. 11, p. 40, but upside down, not as had been pre-arranged, but from Elvira's point of view of yesterday. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta assured me that the child had recognised it thus, and again in the evening she added that Angelina had turned the book spontaneously, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta having said nothing about my instructions. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was unable from her place to see the picture pointed out by her mother or the position of the book, and I gave it to her closed, warning her to look at the pictures from all sides. She said at once that she recognised Fig. 7, p. 309, as the picture she had seen. She was holding it turned 90 deg. in the contrary direction to the hands of the clock. This was the position of yesterday, and Fig. 7 is the most like Fig. 11 in this position; therefore this first judgment follows the law I have pointed out of the *substitution of another idea with the least possible error.*

I asked Angelina if she had recognised the picture by any particular sign, or by its whole. As far as I could judge, she had recognised the whole.

On the following evening (January 12th) I asked Elvira, “How do you know if you have made Angelina dream or not?” She replied, “I know from the child's more or less quiet sleep. If she moves a little afterwards, the result is doubtful; if she is quiet, I am sure.”

For various reasons, no more experiments of this kind were made until March 1st. I tried meanwhile to utilise the time in new experiments in transferring telepathic dreams by Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's voluntary efforts. But after repeated trials I was forced to acquiesce in failure.

The total number of such experiments, including those of December 28th and 29th, 1892, and of January 3rd and 4th, 1893, is 14. Of these, 10 were suggested while the agent and supposed percipient were in the same bed. On one other occasion the agent went close to the percipient's bed; it is not stated in my notes if she did so on the three remaining occasions. All the dreams which she tried to suggest were of ideas familiar to the child. As there was only one very doubtful and partial success (a vision of Signor Vanzetti) among 14 attempts, it appears that,—admitting the possibility that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's normal personality might produce telepathic dreams in Angelina,—we may yet regard this personality as absolutely unfit for such an office (at least during this period) in comparison with Elvira. Moreover, the fact that on one occasion (February 11th-12th) Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria enforced her mental suggestion by humming the music to the child,—without succeeding any more than in the other cases,—shows that the latter does not possess the great sensorial suggestibility which would have been necessary if Elvira had produced the dream by such means. This is, therefore, another argument in favour of the telepathic explanation.

It may be objected that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's conviction that only Elvira could succeed may have been the cause of her failures. But the contrary was the case, as I had explained to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria that the thing could be done, and that she ought not to show herself inferior to Elvira. I do not know how these assertions were received by Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's subliminal consciousness, and it is idle to discuss the point, but the personality of Maria accepted them as reasonable, and acted with zeal and the hope of success. Otherwise she would not have risen—as she once did—half-dressed in the cold to enforce her suggestions.

*Experiment 40.—March 1st.* 4 p.m.—I chose Fig. 3 of the *Electricien* (October 29th, 1892) for this night's dream. It is without letters, and represents a complicated machine used in the manufacture of submarine cables. There are six figures in the number, without reckoning advertisements on coloured paper. Two of these are absolutely unlike Fig. 3; three others represent machines of the same kind as it. The distinguishing characteristics of Fig. 3 for an ignorant person would be its numerous toothed and untoothed wheels, also some discs with pegs perpendicular to their planes; [but these features are also found in all the other three similar figures.] My choice of the two positions of the figure, at the time of observation

and in the dream, was made by lot. I distinguish four positions corresponding to the four sides of the volume. No. 1 is the proper position for reading, No. 2 with the book on its right side, No. 3 upside-down, and No. 4 with its left side to the observer. I threw the dice, and position No. 2 turned up. The picture was arranged in the usual way. During the communication with Elvira, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria looked at the figure for 25 seconds. Position 1 was chosen by lot for the dream. This would bring the book right side up, but not the figure, which was placed lengthwise down the page.

*March 2nd.* 9 a.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said she had not yet asked the child about the dream. Before questioning her we communicated with Elvira, who wrote, “I have tried, and hope I have succeeded; but if not, do not be too tired to try again.”

Angelina, interrogated in another room by Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, said she had dreamt of holding a book with a picture. I sent the number of the *Electricien* to her, telling her to look at the pictures from all sides. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta returned with the book open at p. 290, Fig. 3, and said that the child had recognised the *little pot*. When Angelina was made to seek again in my presence, she again chose Fig. 3, in Position 1, and said she had really seen it so. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta also assured me the child had found it thus, and only thus do the parts she called a *little pot* resemble one. Therefore my programme had been carried out.

This time Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was placed so that it was just possible she might have seen the picture her mother pointed out. However, she believed she recognised Fig. 2 in Position 1 [the one most like Fig. 3].

As Angelina had said she knew the picture again from the *little pot* (an insignificant detail) I showed the *pot* to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, asking her if she had seen it in yesterday's picture. She said she did not remember it at all. This case leads me to suspect that I may be right in supposing that the points most impressed upon the percipient are exactly those which most easily disappear from the consciousness of the agent, or perhaps never enter it.

No control or blockade had been possible in this last experiment. Angelina had slept in her own room, but at 4 a.m. had waked and called, so that Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had taken her into their bed.<sup>1</sup>

*Experiment 41.*—4 p.m. (about).—This time I had chosen the picture of a microscopic preparation, looking like a mere scrawl (Fig. 10, p. 634, of the *Revue Générale des Sciences*, for September 30th, 1892). There are twelve pictures in the number; all of microscopic preparations,

<sup>1</sup>The figure used in this experiment is so extremely complicated that it is especially difficult to believe that any verbal description of it could have sufficed for recognition.—ED.

and all more or less like irregular blotches. Fig. 2 is much like 10, both having marble-like markings on a spotted ground.

I chose Position 2 by lot. The picture was placed as usual, and the engraver's name (appearing on the margin of Figs. 2 and 8 also) was carefully hidden. Elvira looked at it for 30 seconds. I then, by means of the dice, selected position 1 for the dream.

*March 3rd.* 8.30 a.m.—Everybody was up. I had not been able to lock up Angelina, and she had left her bed in the night to go to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's. The latter had not yet asked the child about her dream. Elvira wrote, "I have tried, and hope I have succeeded." Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then questioned the child, who said she had dreamt of a book with a picture, but not like the last. The book was taken to her on the ground-floor, and when Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta called me I found her with it before her in position 2. She pointed out Fig. 10. I asked her if she had seen it in this position. She said first "No," and then "Yes." It is natural to think, however, that she had seen the figure in the position in which she held it, and that therefore the rotation of 90 deg. had been effected. I asked her how she recognised the figure, but she was already confused by my previous question, and pointed to its extreme left, where there was nothing particular.

I carried the book to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who had remained upstairs. After examination she rejected the most unlike figures. Then holding the book in Position 2, as it had been during the observation, she hesitated between Figs. 2 and 10; but finally chose Fig. 2.

*March 4th.*—I went to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's house, but forgot to take a book. As I know that the child has a tolerably good ear for music, I suggested to Elvira to make Angelina dream of a musical phrase. She replied, "We must first have done with the figure dreams, or the child will be confused and I shall have more difficulty in returning to them."

This advice, not to mix impressions of diverse kinds, should be noted by students of experimental telepathy.

*Experiment 42.*—*March 5th.* Evening.—I selected Fig. 19, p. 411, of the *Lumière Electrique* for June 14th, 1884, for this night's dream. It has minute letters and numbers, but so have many of the others in the book. Fig. 19 is a diagram of an electric light station, and includes besides the dynamo a number of accessory pieces of apparatus. It is on a small scale, which makes it still more complicated and confused. Of the 37 pictures in the book, 19 are of the same type,—diagrams drawn in black lines on a white ground, without shading, and having minute details marked by letters and figures.

I put the picture into position 4, taking care to hide its upper portion, which represents a circuit, with lamps depending from it, and looks like a ladder, so that it could be easily described.

The observation lasted 65 seconds. I asked Elvira to make Angelina see it in Position 1.

Before leaving, and without Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's having been able to communicate with the child (she went downstairs for an instant to fetch something, but Angelina was asleep), I locked her into the little room, sealing a piece of paper by one end to the door near the handle, and by the other to the doorpost. The piece of paper was half of a larger piece, on which I had written. It was cut across the words. This was to prevent the paper being changed, and I took the other half home. I had left my seal at home, and used one belonging to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, which, of course, I took away with me. I took notes of the position, form, and colour of the drops of sealing-wax. Naturally, if there had been any suspicion of fraud, these precautions would have been illusory, because Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria could have described the figure through door or window, or have passed a picture out through chinks or window. But as in this case there could be no fear of fraud, but only of possible somnambulic action, this locking up was of great importance, since it made such action impracticable. In fact, if Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had tried to describe the figure under the conditions mentioned, the only effect would have been to alarm her mother, and to make her inform me that her daughter had gone mad.

When I left that evening, Angelina was still asleep on the sofa. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and another person present told me that she had been asleep when Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had come down for a moment, and that the latter had said nothing about dreams.

*March 6th.* 8 a.m.—From the street I saw Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria waiting to be liberated, and Angelina was at the door. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said that they had not exchanged a word. I found the seals<sup>1</sup> in every minutest detail identical with those made the evening before; the paper was a little stretched. But I remembered having dried the writing at a petroleum lamp. This must have shrunk the paper, and the dampness of the night had restored its original length. The two halves corresponded.

After letting Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria out, I asked Elvira if she had acted, and if she hoped for success. She wrote, "I have tried, and hope I have succeeded." Then Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta went as usual to question Angelina on the ground floor, and returned saying the child had had the usual dream about a piece of paper with a picture on it. I sent her the book to search, and she soon sent word she had found the picture. I found her with the book in Position 1, and she showed me Fig. 19,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Every evening after fixing the seals, I write a very minute description of them, to assist my recollection.

<sup>2</sup> The figure is an extremely complicated one.—ED.

so that she had seen the right figure turned as proposed. Then I took the book to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. She hesitated between Fig. 20 and Fig. 23. As usual, the figures mistakenly recognised are those which most nearly resemble the right one.

*Experiment 43.*—I took the number of *La Lumière Electrique* for April 4th, 1885, with me when I went back in the evening. The figure I had chosen was No. 13, p. 16. The book contains 45 figures, of which 12 are of the same type and about the same size as No. 13; they are diagrams of electrical apparatus in black lines on a white ground. Eight of them, including Fig. 13, are very much alike. They are diagrams of an Edison dynamo with circuits and accessory apparatus. Figs. 12, 13, and 14 only differ from one another by very small details. Fig. 13 is lettered, but so are 12 and 14, in analogous parts.

With the dice I chose Position 4 for the figure. When Elvira had communicated, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria looked at it for 40 seconds with one eye only. Position 2 was selected by means of the dice for the dream, so I asked Elvira to turn the picture upside down. I told her to make Angelina see it well, as it was to be distinguished from others much like it.

Before going to bed, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria went downstairs twice to fetch something, but I accompanied her on both occasions to see that she had no communication with the others. The child was asleep, and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria uttered no word and made no gesture relative to the experiments. I then sealed her up in her room as I had done on the previous evening.

*March 7th.* 7.40 a.m.—Angelina was up and at the front door. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said she had waked half an hour ago, that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had not yet risen, and that no communication between them had been possible. I went up and examined the seals, which were intact; the pieces of paper corresponded exactly. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still asleep. I woke her, and she said her head had ached during the night, and did so still.

I gave her the writing-book and pencil, and Elvira wrote directly, "I have tried and have good hope, but excuse me if there is no success."

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta now came to say that the child had dreamt of playing with *many papers*. The book was taken to her by Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta as usual, and I stayed upstairs. Soon after, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta called me and showed me Fig. 13 (see Plate II. Fig. IV.), which Angelina had chosen. But the rotation had not been effected; the picture was in Position 1 instead of 2, and the child said she had seen it so.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria then looked at the book in Position 4., as Elvira had seen it the previous evening, and standing behind her I saw that when

she came to p. 16, she looked fixedly at Figs. 13 and 14; she passed them over in the hope of perhaps finding something better, but went back and chose Fig. 14 (see Plate II., Fig. V.) When asked why she preferred 14 to 13, she said she recognised Fig. 14 by two small rods (the two limbs of the field magnets of the dynamo). Besides, Fig. 13 was excluded on account of the lines being diagonal, and because the upper arc (in Position 4) had swellings (the spirals representing the resistance diagrammatically), which she had not seen yesterday. Again, the figure seemed taller (regarding it in Position 4). However, she confessed that during yesterday's observation, she had not remarked the arcs at the top of Fig. 14 (Position 4). She did not remember having seen letters or numbers.

#### SPECULAR INVERSION OF FIGURES.

*Experiment 44.—March 8th. 6 p.m.*—It seemed to me that success with simple rotation of the figures was sufficiently established, and that I might now try specular inversion. I thought of using some figure symmetrical on either side of its axis, making Signa Maria look at one half only, while the other half should be shown in the dream and recognised by the child. I therefore took with me Vol. II. of Professor Romolo Trevisani's *Corso d'Ornato*, which contains five ornamental designs very nearly symmetrical. These I had cut into symmetrical halves, making ten pieces, and the left half of Fig. IX was chosen for observation. I showed the figure to Signa Maria with the inscription *Fig. IX.* directly before her in the left-hand upper corner of the paper. I did this expressly to see if the inscription would be used as a *point de repère*. Signa Maria looked at the picture for 40 seconds, and I asked Elvira to execute a specular inversion of it.

*March 9th. 8.30 a.m.*—I first asked Elvira if she had acted. She replied (automatic writing), "Yes, I have tried, and hope I have succeeded." [Angelina, however, could not find the right picture, though the one she chose resembled it more than any of the others, and had Fig. XI. engraved in the corner instead of Fig. IX.]

It is to be noted that if the specular image of the observed picture was seen in the dream, the *Fig. IX.* must also have been inverted; and if it attracted the child's attention, she must necessarily have rejected the other half of Fig. IX. because this sign was missing from it, and have preferred the half bearing the inscription Fig. XI. because it was the most like the dream picture [of all those that bore numbers].

*Experiment 45. March 10th.*—I had chosen Fig. 2, p. 387, of the *Lumière Electrique*, for September 6th, 1884, for this day's experiment,

[representing an elaborate apparatus for electric lighting.] Its two halves were almost symmetrical on each side of a central vertical axis, and I intended to show one half to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, covering the other with the usual folds of paper, to see if, after Elvira had inverted the figure, the child would recognise the other half as her dream picture. [The result of this experiment was doubtful : the figure selected was not the right one, but was more like it than any other figure in the book.]

*Experiment 46. March 11th.*—About 4 p.m., I went back to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria with the picture for the next experiment. I had planned to make Elvira see the picture inverted in a mirror, and that she should invert it again in the dream, so that the child might see it in its original position. A screen was to be used, to prevent Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria first seeing the picture directly, and she was to look at it with one eye through a hole in the screen. She was already accustomed to use one eye only in these experiments (see *ante*, p. 284), and the change had caused no new difficulty.

The picture I had selected was a group formed of Figs. 30 and 31, p. 221, of the *Lumière Electrique*, for August 9th, 1884 (see Plate II., Fig. VI.) The number contains 39 figures, or groups of figures forming a whole. The figure chosen was a section of a gas-burner for soldering electric lamps ; there were a few small letters on it, and the words *air* and *gaz*, which I only perceived later. The figure would be unintelligible to unscientific persons, and had nothing striking about it but the detached part (Fig. 31), which was like the claw of a cray-fish. But this shape, detached or otherwise, was to be found in 5 other figures.

Position 2 was selected by means of dice, and the edges of the diagram were covered with sheets of paper as usual. I then arranged the vertical screen with its opening, and the inclined mirror intended to reflect and invert the horizontal figure.

When Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had put her eye to the hole, I uncovered the picture, and then covered it again at the usual signal. The observation lasted 25 seconds. The figure was so disposed that nothing could be seen through the hole in the screen but its inverted reflection. Elvira now wrote, "Have you anything to say? I am quite satisfied." I asked her to invert the figure, and she answered, "Very well, I will try."

*March 12th.* 8 a.m.—As usual Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had said nothing about the dream, nor had Angelina. We asked Elvira if she had tried and succeeded. She said, "Yes, I have tried as usual, and hope I have succeeded ; but if I have not quite done so, excuse me." Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then questioned the child, who said she had dreamt of a picture with

a round thing and a long thing. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta took her the book, and returned in a few minutes with it open at p. 221, Figs. 30 and 31, the right ones, but in Position 1—that is, right side up. I went down to question Angelina, and she said she had seen it so.

It will be seen that, besides the specular inversion, the figure had been turned 90 degrees on its own axis.

I caused Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, when searching for her yesterday's picture, to look at the book as reflected in the mirror, and in Position 2. She chose Fig. 29,<sup>1</sup> excluding the small Fig. 28 close to it. When asked why Figs. 30 and 31 (the right ones) would not do, she replied that they were not like, because of the *long thing*, and the separate part (Fig. 31).

Thus it is evident that the two points which enabled the percipient to recognise the pictures were exactly those which faded first from the empirical consciousness of the person who transmitted them.

*Experiment 47.*—[Evening.]—As I had seen that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria did not see the picture easily when the mirror was used, I abandoned the plan for the time, and used pairs of symmetrical figures made on the spot. This was easily done by dropping ink on a piece of paper, doubling the paper, and rubbing it over, so as to obtain complicated and outlined marks. I used an ink made of an aniline colour dissolved in a mixture of water and glycerine. When the paper was cut in two along the crease, one half was a specular image of the other. One half was then used for the observation, and afterwards, mixed with the others, was to be recognised,—or rather not recognised,—by Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, while the second half, also mixed up with the others, was to be recognised by the child. Such figures would naturally be difficult to describe in words, or to copy, unless the copyist could draw. I took five pieces of paper, twice as long as they were broad, making, when folded and torn in two, ten square pieces; I then shuffled them carefully, and taking them as they came, numbered them from 1 to 10, so that no one could divine from the numbers which figure was the half of which other. I kept them in their case, and chose Fig. 9 by means of the dice. I got Position 4 (always regarding the side where the ordinal numbers were written as the top) and put it before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who looked at it for 50 seconds. It was then quickly replaced in my pocket with the others. I asked Elvira to execute its specular inversion, and myself remained ignorant of the number and position of the figure which would correspond to it after the operation.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria went down to say good-night to her mother while Angelina was sleeping. I then sealed her into her room as before,

<sup>1</sup> Fig. 29 closely resembles part of Fig. 30.—ED.

taking the additional precaution of noting on paper the exact size of the seals, and even of the drops of sealing-wax, as well as of the inevitable creases in the paper.

*March 13th.* 7.30 a.m.—I found Angelina and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta already up, but the former had only been awake since 7, and had but just risen. I went upstairs, and, unseen by any one, examined the seals, which I found intact. I tore the paper and entered, finding Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria still asleep. Meanwhile Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta questioned the child, who had dreamt of a picture on a paper. I then sent the ten pictures to the child, the pairs being thoroughly mixed, telling her she must look at them from all sides.

Elvira wrote, “I have tried, but am afraid I did not quite succeed in inverting the figure.”

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta soon called me down, and Angelina showed me Fig. 6 in Position 3. Now, the inversion of the figure as I had directed would really have given Fig. 6, but in Position 1 instead of 3.

When Angelina was asked how she recognised the figure, and if she had seen it *all* in her dream, she replied that she had seen it all, but that she had particularly noticed the *pigeon*, which was a small detached spot, like a flying bird. Now the *pigeon* is very much more apparent in Angelina's Fig. 6 than in its corresponding half which Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had looked at the day before, because the ink had not stuck so well on the latter, and this left it doubtful whether the child might not have picked out 6 instead of 9, not because the inversion had really taken place, but because the pigeon on Fig. 6 chiefly attracted her attention.<sup>1</sup>

After fresh shuffling, the pictures were taken to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who chose Fig. 7, Position 4, which was the one most like the Fig. 9, which she had really seen. She rejected Figs. 6 and 9 because of the separate spots, *which were just* the pigeons on which Angelina founded her recognition.

*Experiment 48.—March 15th.* Evening.—During the present sitting, the child was asleep in the room with me and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. I had prepared another set of 10 figures for to-night's experiment in symmetrical pairs in the way already described, and chose No. 4 by lot.

[This experiment was a failure; Angelina chose the wrong picture next day. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria hesitated between Figs. 4 and 10, and finally chose 10.]

<sup>1</sup> It must also be observed that the number 9, written on the diagram, closely resembles a 6 upside down, which might have made recognition through verbal description possible in this case.—ED.

*Experiment 49.*—*March 18th.* 4.30 p.m.—For this night's experiment I had prepared 10 more figures in symmetrical pairs like the others. They were numbered at random, and this time the number was lightly traced in pencil on their backs. I found this change necessary, because when I had gone downstairs the morning before to discover Angelina's choice, I had found that she, impelled by a very inopportune desire for symmetry, had arranged the pictures in order before her, so as to bring the number in each into its right hand upper corner, and this would not only embarrass the search for the true position in case of success, but also interfere with the recognition; indeed this may well have been the cause of the last failure.

Fig. 10, Position 2 (with regard to the number on the back) was chosen by hazard. The observation lasted 45 seconds. I asked Elvira to invert the figure, making the top the bottom. To which she replied, "All right, I understand perfectly. I have seen better this time, and hope to succeed."

*March 19th.* 7.36 a.m.—Angelina had only just got up. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still in bed; she said she had not talked of the dream to any one. Elvira communicated, said she had tried, and hoped, as usual. Angelina told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta that she had dreamt of a paper with a blot upon it. I took the ten figures downstairs to her and left her with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta. Five minutes after (I have since kept account of the time the child spends in searching), Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta called me. I found that Angelina had chosen Fig. 10, Position 4 (*see* Plate III., Fig. VII.); the one observed [by Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria], but turned 180 deg. instead of being specularly inverted as had been arranged. The figure representing this inversion was Fig. 5 in Position 1, and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that Angelina had looked at and rejected it. The latter said she recognised the figure by its whole appearance; she seemed disgusted and weary.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria chose Fig. 2, Position 3 (*see* Plate III., Fig. VIII.), which is the most like 10, except 5, its corresponding pair.

*Experiment 50.*—*March 19th.* Evening.—Elvira advised me not to give the figure which had been observed to Angelina among the others, but merely its corresponding half, till the child had had some exercise. This method renders the success of the inversion rather illusory, but it appeared worth while to adopt it provisionally.

After the observation of the picture, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was shut into her room with the same precautions as before.

*March 20th.* 7.55 a.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, whom I saw first, told me her daughter had been indisposed in the night, and that therefore the door had been opened. Angelina had also been restless and coughing. Before the child was questioned, Elvira communicated as follows:—

"It is not my fault at all. I came three times in the night, and could never succeed. The first time the child was furious, and I tried to quiet her. When I came again she was awake with a cough, and Maria was obliged to give her some medicine. The third time Maria was ill, and I tried to help her, and so I let the dream go; but it was not my fault."

*Experiment 51.—March 21st.* 4 p.m.—Elvira wrote that she had no engagements for the coming night, and asked to be shown the new picture. I had divided the pictures into two groups, in order to be able to follow the advice Elvira had given me the day before yesterday. The five original figures, so to speak, from which the one to be observed was to be selected, were in one group, and the corresponding five inverted ones in the other. The latter were to be given to Angelina to select from after the dream, and were not to be seen by Maria; the original five were to be shown to Maria for recognition, or rather for non-recognition.

In view of the fact, so carefully studied by Binet,<sup>1</sup> that distraction of the attention of the normal personality increases the perceptive powers of the sub-conscious personality [and considering that], even if the diversion of the medium's attention during observation should not improve the results, it would be a new obstacle for the partisans of the fraud theory to overcome, I determined to adopt the plan.

I chose one of the original figures and its position (2) by lot. (The numbers in this case and for the future are on the back of the drawing). I talked to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria during the 40 seconds' observation. Directly after, she said she did not know what she had been looking at. I forgot to tell Elvira to invert the picture.

*March 22nd.* 4 p.m.—I was not able to go in the morning, and had little hope that the child would remember the picture, even if she had dreamt of it.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that the child had been vexed at my non-appearance in the morning, because she had dreamt of the picture so plainly, and now would not be rewarded as usual by a sweetmeat. She was fetched from school, and Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta gave her the five inverted pictures, while I gave the five originals to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria.

Angelina was alone; Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and I together in the next room. The latter said it was no use looking, for she remembered nothing. However, she selected a figure, which was not only the wrong one, but also bore the least resemblance to the right.

<sup>1</sup> Binet. *Les altérations de la personnalité*, International Scientific Library, Paris, 1892.

After a short time, Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta called me, and Angelina showed me Fig. 2, Position 3, which is the inverted impression of the picture that had been observed, but turned through 90 degrees.

*Experiment 52.*—I went back in the evening with a new series of pictures. Till now I had separated the symmetrical pairs of pictures with a paper-knife. This time, after doubling them together, I cut off a narrow strip, including the crease, with a ruler and pocket-knife, thus making it impossible to discover on which side the crease—*i.e.*, the axis of symmetry—had been. I took care to allow for the loss of the narrow strip, and to leave the halves exactly square. I did this on the three following occasions also.

This time Angelina was in bed and asleep in the room where Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria and I communicated with Elvira and the observation took place ; but from her position she could not have seen the figure even if she had been awake.

No. 5 of the primary figures was chosen by lot. The observation lasted 35 seconds, and I diverted Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's attention by talking and by singing a favourite air of hers. When it was over I again noticed that the picture was No. 5, Position 1.

I asked Elvira if she had seen enough, and if she would turn the figure upside-down. I also asked her to explain why the last picture had been rotated 90 deg. She replied, "I have seen quite well ; and you told me nothing about last night's picture, so I turned it in that way."

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria went to her room without having uttered a word with regard to the experiments, and I sealed her in with all the previously described precautions.

*March 23rd.* 8 a.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still in her room, and Angelina had only just risen, having waked at 7.30. I went up to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's room, and found all intact. Elvira wrote as usual, "I have tried," etc.

While I was upstairs I heard Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta questioning Angelina about her dreams, and the latter replied that she had dreamt of blotted paper. I then carried down the five inverted pictures to the child, and returning gave the five original ones to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria first said she remembered none of them, but on further examination chose Fig. 2, Position 2 (see Plate III. Fig. X), which was not the one observed, but perhaps the most like it. I must remark that this time I had taken pains to make the figures much alike in type and size. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's reason for rejecting Fig. 5 was that it had a dark round spot on a clearer background, low down towards the left (with regard to its position when observed), and that as a whole it was too much rounded.

In 10 minutes Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta called me down. Angelina showed me Fig. 1, Position 1 (see Plate III., Fig. IX), which corresponded exactly to the observed figure and was inverted as pre-arranged.

*Experiment 53.*—About 4 p.m., I returned to the house. Elvira having consented to another trial, Fig. 2, Position 4, were chosen by lot from a new batch of five original figures. The revolution was to be from right to left this time, and Elvira did not promise success, as it was the first time she had turned a picture in this direction.

[On account of the time of day, no blockade was possible, but Angelina was watched by Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta. This experiment failed, though Elvira wrote that she “had tried.”]

*Experiment 54.*—March 25th, 4 p.m.—Angelina had for several days had a slight ailment in her eyes, enough to cause painful inflammation. I asked Elvira if we should defer the experiment, as deep sleep was necessary, but she replied that, in her opinion, we should try all the same. So the observation was made while I conversed with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria.

*March 26th.* 7.43 a.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that Angelina had been crying in the night from the pain in her eyes. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was still in bed. On communicating with Elvira, she wrote, “I fear a complete failure, not through my fault, but on account of the child. Ask her, however, but I promise nothing good.” She added, “It would be well to rest two or three days, till she is better.”

When the child was questioned, she said she had not dreamt of anything.

As circumstances continued unfavourable, I was unable to go on with this series of dream pictures. From the little I have been able to do, it results that dreams of figures without alteration, and also rotated in their own plane, may be said to have succeeded; while specular inversion has given inconclusive results.

#### RESUMPTION OF SCENIC DREAMS.

On April 1st, when Angelina was better, Elvira announced (by automatic writing) that in three or four days we should be able to recommence the dreams.

*Experiment 55.* *April 5th.*—I asked her if she believed we could again try the transference of images from Angelina to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in the waking state, which had been interrupted. She replied that on the contrary we had better return to the dreams, adding that it would be necessary to begin over again, *i.e.*, with the dreams of

animated scenes. I therefore proposed a scene for the next night which Elvira accepted with pleasure, because, said she, "It amuses the child." But when I went next day, at 2.30 p.m., to see Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, she told me she had forgotten to question the child who was now at school. Elvira said she had tried in vain in the night, because a stranger had slept with Angelina,—a circumstance unknown to me, and which Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had not meant to tell me. A neighbour had been prevented from sleeping in her own house.

*Experiment 56. April 6th.*—I proposed that Elvira should make Angelina dream that she and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria were on the Campanile of S. Marco at Venice, and that she should notice that the pigeons usually flying round were green. (This at least is what is written in my journal.)

Elvira answered, "Very well, but there must be no strangers; then I promise to succeed."

From *Experiment 56* [to the end of the present series], Angelina slept with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria slept alone in another room. Angelina related the dreams to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta directly after waking, and before communicating with Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta has since told me that, unless some one was ill, she always locked herself in with Angelina.

*April 7th. Evening.*—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said that Angelina had dreamt of being on a high Campanile with her; she did not mention that of S. Marco. She saw beautiful large birds (she did not say pigeons), with feathers of lovely blue.

On my remarking that the blue colour was a mistake, because I had arranged that the birds should be green, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said I was wrong, and that she remembered I had said blue. Elvira wrote that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was right. As I could not remember very clearly, and as I know that Elvira's memory is far better than mine, I yielded.

In the present dream there are two points which tend to show that it was not produced by verbal suggestion. The first is the non-recognition of the Campanile of S. Marco, a thing compatible with the real vision of the scene, on the part of a child who had seen it only from below; all the more that in her dream she was not looking at the panorama below (in which case she might easily have recognised Venice), but at the coloured pigeons. The second point is that she did not grasp the idea of pigeons, but perceived rather a strangely transformed image of them, which she did not recognise as pigeons.

*Experiment 57.*—I proposed the following dream for the next night:—Angelina goes to a cellar with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who draws some

wine, and going away forgets to turn the tap. Angelina remains in the cellar while the wine runs out, and amuses herself with paddling in it.

Elvira added, "If you like, I will prolong the dream, and add something." To which I consented.

*April 8th.* 2.15 p.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that Angelina had dreamt of going with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta down some steps into a dark place (she did not say *cellar*), where she saw the keg that stood in the yard. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta drew some wine, and did not close the tap properly. A quantity of wine ran out over the ground, and Angelina said she had bathed her hands and feet in it, but saw she had spotted her blue frock, and became frightened lest Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria should scold her. In fact, she dreamt that the latter not only scolded, but whipped her. This dream, which Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta also recounted without the least difference, was, therefore, carried out with precision, with the little tragi-comic introduction of the whipping, which was the addition Elvira had promised. But it must not be said that Elvira had departed from her rule of never producing impressions injurious to the child, because, if one reflects, this was a little educative lesson. Bérillon could not have given a better, considering the age of the subject.

This dream bears no trace of verbal suggestion, but it does bear traces of a direct sensorial perception of the scene. There being no underground cellars in Venice, and none in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's house at Padua, nor in any other house known to Angelina, the latter has no idea of them, though she may have of cellars above ground. Now I had simply said *cellar*, and Angelina would naturally have pictured what she knew. Instead, we find in the dream an image of new surroundings, for which she had not even a name. Angelina's assertion that the keg was the one in the yard is evidently the result of an association of ideas.

Elvira asked me if I objected to additions to the dreams. I said, no, provided she omitted nothing.

*Experiment 58.*—I wished to examine the effect on Angelina of dreams involving the use of powers she did not yet possess, so I proposed that Elvira should make her dream she could read, and that she actually read in a book a little story which I invented on the spot.

I asked Elvira if this were possible; she replied that she could promise nothing, but would try.

*April 9th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria told me that Angelina (who continued to sleep with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta) had on waking told the latter that she could read, and that she had read something in a book, but could not remember what. She was so convinced that she could read,

that directly she had risen she took a paper, and imitating a person reading, repeated disconnected phrases. And later on, seeing me at a distance in a public place, she insisted on being brought to me to give me the important news.

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta confirmed the dream (she had not been present at the scene out of doors), and told me that at first she had believed it was a little trick of Angelina's to get a book bought for her to play with; but that she had not asked for one.

Elvira wrote, "You must excuse me if it was not all done; it was the first time. I hope to succeed in the future."

Perhaps the strength of Angelina's new impression interfered with her perception of the imaginary contents of the book.

*Experiment 59.*—I asked Elvira if she would repeat this experiment. She said, "Yes, I shall be pleased to exercise myself, and then if I cannot satisfy you with the writing, I can with the dreams. Tell me the dream, that I may go."

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta gave me some book, and turning over the leaves at hazard, I found the odd word *Guglielmeide* written in large characters. I showed it to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and asked Elvira to make the child read it in a dream so that she should remember and recognise it in the book.

The child was all this time in bed and asleep, and I carried the book away with me.

*April 10th.* 3 p.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that Angelina had again dreamt of being able to read, and of reading a word in large letters in a book. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria knew nothing about it, as she had not questioned the child.

I sent to fetch Angelina from school, and showed her the book open at the page where the word *Guglielmeide* was written, and told her to look for the word she had seen in her dream. As I saw she was too timid to pay attention, I sent her away with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta and the book. They soon returned, and Angelina showed me the word *Guglielmeide*, but could not pronounce it. Consequently she had not received an auditory impression of the word, and the dream belongs to the purely visual category. There is no other word in large letters on the page I showed to the child, and consequently there is no proof that she did not recognise it by its size rather than by its separate letters.

From these experiments, which unfortunately were not followed up, I drew a hope, which will certainly be realised later on by others, of the possibility of teaching reading by means of telepathy.

*Experiment 60.*—*April 11th.* 3 p.m.—Wishing to try again to cause a dream of something unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, but known to

me, I proposed to Elvira, while she was manifesting herself by means of a sensory hallucination to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria in her trance state, to show the child in a dream the gasworks at Rovigo, which, as they were being re-arranged, offered special details entirely unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, but well known to me, as I was taking part in the work.

*April 12th.* 3.30 p.m.—Angelina had gone to school before seeing Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who had risen later, and therefore did not know the result of the dream.

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that the child had dreamt of being in the country, in a house without a roof, where there was much smoke, and dirty black men hurrying about. Angelina attributed the burning in her eyes to this (she was still suffering from pustules in them). She was sent for, but I could obtain no more details, even by leaving her alone with Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta.

This result, although satisfactory from the point of view of the telepathic perception in dreams of ideas drawn from the mind of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, does not demonstrate the perception of ideas extraneous to it, because, though the dream was of gasworks, they had no characteristic belonging to those at Rovigo, unknown to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria.

*Experiment 61.—April 13th.* 2.30 p.m.—Elvira wrote that she would make Angelina dream during the next night. While I was searching for a subject, Elvira sent Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to sleep, and during the trance I proposed the following dream: Angelina is on the roof playing with a cat; several white mice appear, and the cat pursues them. Elvira replied that the mice would do, but not the cat, as she had a great objection to these animals. I then proposed to substitute a dog.

*April 14th,* about 6 p.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said that Angelina had told a dream to Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, but that she did not believe it had any connection with our experiments, because I had not proposed a dream the day before. In fact, as Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was in a trance while I proposed the dream, she could know nothing about it in the waking state. She could only tell me a little of what Angelina had related. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then related the dream; it was absolutely identical with the programme.

*Experiment 62.—*When I returned later, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was already in bed in the little room. Angelina also was in bed and asleep in the next room. Elvira manifested herself by a sensory hallucination in the trance. I proposed the following dream: Angelina was to see three women with sewing-machines enter the house about mid-day, each carrying a sewing-machine, which they were to offer to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria for sale. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, finding them rusty and out of

order, refuses them, and the three women go away angry to the iron bridge (visible from the house) and throw the machines into the water, grumbling.

As I could not seal up Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's door, I begged Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to watch that no communication took place between her and Angelina. She replied that she was always on the watch, and that usually Angelina related her dream directly she opened her eyes.

*April 15th.* 4 p.m. (about).—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria did not know that Angelina had dreamt at all, and having been in a trance when the dream was proposed, was also unaware that any dream had been proposed at all.

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that the child had related a dream about three women coming to sell sewing-machines; she had dreamt that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria refused to buy, not for the reasons above stated, but because she said she had no money. The rest of the dream followed the programme exactly. Angelina had afterwards insisted that when the water was low, the three machines must be fished up; a new example of the way she objectifies these dreams. The alteration in the reason given for not buying the machines is a natural one to occur to the child, who is used to having her own childish demands put off with this excuse. Elvira agreed that this was the reason of the alteration. This is the only time in the course of the experiments in which it is clearly indicated that the alteration was produced by the percipient.

*Experiment 63.*—When Elvira manifested in the trance, I proposed the following dream for the next night.—Angelina was to be a man, and to ply the trade of a boatman at Venice. Four English people, two gentlemen and two ladies, were to come up, with red guide-books. They would explain by gesture that they wanted to go to the Lido, and Angelina would accompany them. Elvira added, laughing (we are speaking, of course, of the hallucinatory Elvira, seen only by Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria), that the people would wear veils, as they usually do.

*April 16th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was ill in bed with a headache. Her mother, to whom I spoke first, told me that Angelina had dreamt of being a boatman. She said she had rowed to the Lido with three gentlemen in gloves and veils, who were carrying red books. When they got to the Lido, one of them fell into the water. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta then asked, "Did these gentlemen come from England (Inghilterra)?" Angelina, not understanding the question, replied, "No; they were not on land (in terra), they were on the water." Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said that the child accompanied her story by mimicking the gestures made in rowing, showing how vivid had been the motor image.

*Experiment 64.*—I wished to place Angelina in a dream state still more unlike her real one, so I proposed to Elvira to make her dream that she was grown up and was being married. I left Elvira to develop this theme.

*April 17th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said that that morning Angelina had told her that she had dreamt she was as tall as Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and that she was at home in the parlour at Venice. Many people were present, and she had a white veil over her head, and was leaning on the arm of a gentleman, who put a ring on her finger. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who, as usual, knew nothing of the proposed dream, said, “Then you were dreaming of your own wedding.” To which Angelina ingenuously replied, “If it was my own wedding, when shall I find my sweetheart?”

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, who had also been ignorant of the proposed dream and had not been present when the child related it, could not on this account either confirm or correct her mother’s statement.

It cannot be said that this dream was a resuscitation of habitual waking ideas, for Angelina in her short life had never seen a wedding.

*Experiment 65.*—When Elvira manifested during Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria’s trance, I proposed that she should try to show Angelina some place known to herself (Elvira), but unknown to us all; so that if Angelina could afterwards describe it, we could identify it when Elvira told us where it was. She accepted, and expressed some hope of success.

*April 18th.* 4.15 p.m.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that the child had been restless and probably feverish during the night. She had questioned her, and the child had said irritably that she had nothing to tell.

*Experiment 66.*—I proposed yesterday’s programme over again.

*April 19th.* Evening.—Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, while her daughter was absent, told me that Angelina had dreamed of being in a Piazza, that is, in a Campo (at Venice the Piazzes are called Campi), which was crossed by a pathway, on each side of which the ground was paved. In a corner of the Campo there was a church with rough walls and close to this the theatre.

Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, whom I afterwards questioned, said she had not heard about the dream.

Elvira (in automatic writing) asked me if I was satisfied with the dream. As I did not in the least recognise the spot Angelina had dreamt of, I asked Elvira where it was, and she replied:

“I am ready to tell you as much as I can. The place is Adria; the Piazza, the Piazza Garibaldi; the theatre is the Orpheus.”

*Dr. E.* "That is good, but the important thing for me would be to know if Maria may not have known the place by description or otherwise."

*Elv.* "Well, I am very sure that it is not the sort of place they would make a picture of, so I am quite certain Maria has not seen it. Please tell me to-night's dream, for I have no time to stop."

As I have only been to Adria once as an infant, I could not recognise the description, but I found a friend who knows the little town well, and he told me that the description corresponded exactly with the reality.

I cannot share the opinion of Elvira that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria could not have known the place, because prints and photographs of it may exist, or she may, perhaps subconsciously, have heard it described. Yet this is not probable, for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria reads very little, and lives an extremely retired life. She herself is naturally certain that she knew nothing of Adria; but that proves nothing, because the knowledge may have existed outside the field of consciousness.

*Experiment 67.*—I asked Elvira to repeat the experiment of making Angelina dream of a place of which neither she nor Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria knew anything, and, if possible, of one which the latter could not even indirectly have heard of. [This subject was proposed immediately before Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria went to bed.]

*April 20th.* 3 p.m.—Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was ill, and her mother told me that Angelina was also indisposed and restless during the night, and that she did not relate any dream in the morning.

*Experiment 68.*—Elvira manifested in the trance, and said that the child's state had prevented her acting. The proposed dream was put off till the coming night.

*April 21st.* Evening.—Angelina had told Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta in the morning that she had dreamt of being in the same place as before, but on the other side, where there was a beautiful palace with steps adorned with flowers. Inside there were gentlemen dressed in black, who gave her sweetmeats. As before, I was completely unable to identify the place.

Elvira wrote :—"I transported her to Adria. What I showed her was the hotel of the Stella d'Oro. But I warn you that I showed her the inside, not the outside, of the place, and if you enquire, ask what the staircase of the hotel is like, and the name of the manager. I will tell it you if you like. His name is Panciera, but the people at Adria call him Panciotti."

*Dr. E.* "You have chosen ill; Maria may easily have heard a public place like that described without knowing or remembering that she had,"

Next day I enquired, and found that the hotel of the Stella d'Oro really existed, and had been managed by a man named Panciera, nicknamed Panciatti (not Panciotti), but that it had been closed for some time. Besides, the hotel was not really in the Piazza, but in a street which strikes off it on the side mentioned in the dream, *i.e.*, opposite the church and the theatre.

I have not yet succeeded in learning anything about the staircase with flowers; but Angelina may have dreamt of the potted shrubs so often seen on the staircases of hotels.

*Experiment 69. — April 22nd.* 4.15 p.m. — Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta told me that Angelina had been restless in the night, and in the morning had said she had dreamt of a place like the Prato delle Valle (a piazza in Padua), without being able to give more details.

After Elvira had, in automatic writing, exhorted me to patience as a means of success, she added, "I came to make the dream last night as usual, although you gave me no directions yesterday."

*Experiment 70. — April 23rd.* Evening. — Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, in the presence of her daughter, told me that last night Angelina had dreamt of being in a large room with many people. There was no furniture but chairs and benches. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta asked her if it was like a theatre, and she said that the seats were like. Angelina insisted that she knew where the place was, and Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said that when they were out that day Angelina persisted in wishing to take her to the place she had dreamed of, and that when they were passing through the Piazza dei Signori she pointed to the entrance of the Via Maggiore, saying that that was the way to the place.

We communicated with Elvira and told her all this; and I asked her what place she had shown the child. She replied, "Yes, the child is right; I showed her all that. But I will tell you nothing to-night, nor make a new dream, but will deepen the impression so that Angelina may explain herself better, and to-morrow, at two o'clock, you will know something more. But another time after such a dream, you must take her at once where she wants to go, even a long way, or into the country."

From what Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria had said, I had concluded that the hall or theatre belonged to the Circolo Filarmonico, which is in the Via Maggiore. I said nothing, and I was proved to be wrong.

*Experiment 71. — April 24th.* 4 p.m. — Angelina had had the same dream, and said in my presence that she could find her way to the place. I asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to go out with her and accompany her wherever she pleased.

After they had gone, I put myself in *rapport* with Elvira, and asked her to explain the difficulty about the exact place of the hotel of the Stella d'Oro, and whether the child had meant that the staircase was painted with flowers, or adorned with pots of flowers.

Elvira replied, "No, the poor child was right, but could not explain herself. The hotel is not in the Piazza, but in a street opposite the theatre. The staircases are not painted nor adorned with flowers, but the steps are of open work; that was what she could not explain."

*Dr. E.* "Then they are of iron, because marble is not treated so."

*Elv.* "But it is the front of the steps which is of open work, not the part where you put your foot."

*Dr. E.* "Are they iron?"

*Elv.* "Certainly not, and not marble either. I think it is a kind of composition, unless they may be iron after all, but coloured very light."<sup>1</sup>

When Elvira's communication was ended, I asked Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta to come up and tell me about her walk. She said that Angelina had at once begun to hurry, and to look for something. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, on account of a pain in one leg, could not keep up with her, so that Angelina was always in front, and as excited as a dog searching for his home. She often looked up at the walls of the houses. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta, who is not a native of Padua, could not tell me the names of certain small streets through which they passed, but she made me understand the way they had taken perfectly. At the end of the Via S. Agnese, Angelina remarked certain windows adorned with flowers, and said that that was the house whose inside she had seen. Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta took the number of the house, 1,458, and not perceiving the inscription over the bell, went into a neighbouring shop to ask. She was told that it was the office of the *Società Filarmonica*. (This, as will be seen, is a little mistake of Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta's). When Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta asked the child how she had found the house, she said she had gone the way she went in her dream, but that then it was night, for the lamps were lighted. She said also that they were playing in the house, but not singing. I went at once over all the ground and found No. 1,458, which had an inscription over the bell *Philodramatic Club of Padua*. It is not a Philharmonic Society, as Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta had mistakenly said. This recognition of a house, the internal arrangements of which are evidently those seen by Angelina,

<sup>1</sup> I found out about this later. The steps have no peculiarity, but the balustrade is of marble or cement, with ornaments. On the other hand, Elvira gave me much information later about the outer and inner appearance of the hotel, its proprietor, etc., and I found it for the greater part correct.

and where they play, but do not sing,<sup>1</sup> is interesting from a double point of view. Firstly, because none of us were consciously aware of the existence of a Philodramatic Society in that place; and, secondly, because, as may be seen by looking at a plan of Padua, the road taken was very tortuous, and this shows that the child was not guided by the idea of the definite position of the place to be found, but that she was directed by successive recognitions along the road.

This is also proved by two other facts. The first is that, as Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta said, Angelina went on looking here and there, as if to recognise a path already gone over. The second is, that when Angelina found herself the day before in the Piazza dei Signori she appeared to have known the comparatively direct way to the Philodramatic Club (which, as I have said, made me believe that the dream house was the Philharmonic Club), and to-day, on the contrary, she did not know the easy way, but took a very long and tortuous road, partly through small streets, through which she has probably never passed.

In the evening I went back to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to try for more accurate information as to any possible knowledge existing in the family about the Philodramatic Club; or in Angelina about the streets she had passed through. Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria said she was completely ignorant of the existence of the Club, adding that if she had ever passed through the Via S. Agnese, she must have done so very seldom. Her mother was certain of never having been through it, and both of them were sure they had never taken Angelina to a place which was to them so far out of the way. Angelina was never allowed to leave their house with other persons. I must add that Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria lives a very retired life, that she hardly ever leaves the house except for domestic affairs.

Sig<sup>a</sup> Annetta's topographical memory is exceptionally weak. After seven years in Padua she only knows the principal streets.

[Various circumstances prevented my trying further experiments for some time. But at last] it appeared that the dreams were to begin again on October 2nd. Instead of which, another personality manifested on that day, whom I will call B., and who up to the present time had only helped with a series of experiments on the estimation of intervals of time. She told me that she was now in a position to undertake experiments of more importance, and asked my permission to make an experiment the following night in place of the dream promised by Elvira. Not wishing to refuse, but rather desirous to know if she could do better than Elvira, I agreed; and the following day brought a result so interesting that I thought it wise to put off the telepathic dreams for the present and to continue the study of the

<sup>1</sup> I found that there was a hall, which had been used just at the time for some private representations.

strange and varied manifestations produced by B., and often by Adriano, in Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's house at night. But this study, which aims at discovering whether these manifestations occur in a supernormal way, or are explicable by a simple alteration in the personality of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, must be related in another place.

#### CONCLUSION.

Taking all the facts here recorded into consideration, I think it best for the present to lay no claim to the discovery of a new phenomenon, but to ascribe the results attained to an agency now known and undisputed—viz., telepathy—and I shall proceed to consider them from this point of view.

*Duplication of the Agent.*—In the course of the experiments here described, the interesting fact is revealed that two personalities take part in the action ;—first, the *telepathic* agent, who produces the telepathic transference of the picture, and, secondly, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, so far as *sensorial*, whose senses supply to the telepathic agent the picture to be transferred. In the dreams of figures, the sensorial agent receives the sensorial image,—which has to be transferred to the telepathic agent,—shortly before transferring it. In the case of the scenic dreams, the telepathic agent chooses from amongst the images already existing in the recent or remote memory of the sensorial agent the one which is best fitted for the operation he has to perform. As we have seen, none of the present experiments demonstrate that the telepathic agent has transferred images which he himself has directly perceived without the intervention of the sensorial agent's normal senses. The experiments also showed the incapacity of the normal personality of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria for fulfilling the office of telepathic agent;—*i.e.*, she is unable by her own will to transfer images to the percipient telepathically.

I do not pretend to have discovered anything new, when I make a distinction between the two personalities which unite for telepathic action ; it is well known, on the contrary, that this fact is considered fundamental not only by modern spiritualists, but by occultists in all times and places, who, however, press its interpretation further. But I think it useful to insist on this point for the sake of those who study only the telepathic branch of psychical science ; because the recognition of the existence of a special personality, producing the telepathic action, affords some explanation of much that seems capricious in the results of experimental telepathy, and warns the experimenter not to neglect any means of putting himself into rapport with the telepathic agent. If I had not been previously in rapport with the personality called Elvira, and had not asked her aid, it is probable that I should never have had an opportunity of observing a single telepathic dream.

Or if I had undertaken a series of experiments, putting her out of the question, the proportion of successes might have been very small.

I maintain, then, that the existence of a telepathic agent,—whose personality is not only distinct from the normal one of the sensorial agent, but also differs from it in psychological faculty,—must be regarded as the key to everything in this branch of experimental telepathy, if the results are capable of any interpretation at all.

In order not to be misunderstood, I may point out that recognition of the existence of the telepathic agent as a separate personality, does not involve any hypothesis as to its nature; it may be a psychological product of the sensorial agent, or it may possess an independent existence. Taking the word *personality* in the sense which modern psychologists give to it—that is, a succession of states of consciousness, discontinuous, perhaps, but held together by memory and the consciousness of the Ego—then Elvira is certainly a personality.

*Influence of the States of the Sensorial Agent, of the Percipient, and of the Telepathic Agent, upon the Results.*

[For the success of the experiments, it appeared] that a profound and tranquil sleep [on the part of the percipient] was, if not a necessary, at least a most favourable condition, and that disturbance of body or mind had a contrary effect. I find that out of 17 cases in which the percipient was ill or agitated, only 5 were successes, *i.e.*, 29 per cent.; while there are 49 among the other 53 (No. 55 excluded, for reasons already stated), *i.e.*, 92 per cent.

As for the sensorial agent, she was as a rule asleep at the time of action, and consequently in the most favourable condition for telepathic action. It would be interesting to know if, and how often, the influence was exercised when Signa Maria was by chance awake, and with what results. But on this point I have no data.

In 6 cases (Experiments 4, 23, 43, 50, 53, 67) Signa Maria's rest was disturbed by physical causes, and in 1 case (Experiment 22) by moral causes; and among these cases there was only one success (No. 43). But in 5 of them (Nos. 4, 22, 50, 53, 67) the percipient was also disturbed in the night, so that these failures may be attributed to her. There remain 2 cases (Nos. 23 and 43) in which the sensorial agent was disturbed and the percipient was in her normal state, and of these two cases, No. 43, though registered as an incomplete success, is remarkable as having been a dream of a very difficult figure, executed when the blockade was complete; the only mistake concerned the rotation. But as the data are few and inexact, we cannot draw any conclusions worthy of note as to the influence of the state of the sensorial agent upon the results.

It will not be out of place to consider the state of the sensorial agent while the programme was being communicated to the telepathic agent. Of the 16 experiments in which the programme was proposed to Elvira while Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was in the trance, only one was a failure, and even this may be accounted for by the severe indisposition of the percipient during the night. Besides, of the 4 experiments with dreams of figures, when Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's attention was distracted during the observation, there were 2 failures in 2 cases when Angelina was indisposed, while the other 2 were successes, one of which was remarkable for the vividness of the dream, which was remembered many hours after waking, although the object dreamt of was a formless spot.

We may infer from this that telepathic action takes place more easily when the image to be transferred remains outside the consciousness of the agent ; or it may be that the telepathic agent can execute the transference of the image all the better for its slight adherence to the personality of the sensorial agent. This is not only possible, but is rendered probable by the remarkable fact that the transferred image has a tendency to escape from the normal memory of the sensorial agent later on.

*Amnesia of the Sensorial Agent for Images Telepathically Transferred.*

The first experiences of this amnesia showed that it was not a simple amnesia ; because if it had been complete, Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria would have been incapable of recognising even any approximation to the figure,—she would have chosen one at hazard, happening to choose the right one as often as chance permitted ; and if the amnesia were incomplete, then her choice would have been restricted to a few figures resembling the one observed, and therefore she would have failed in her search less frequently, according to the law of chance ; whereas what really happened was that she always chose one of the similar figures, *but never the right one.*

We have to do, then, with two memories belonging to two strata of consciousness—the normal memory, which recalls the observed figure only approximately and directs the sensorial agent's attention to those which resemble it, and a second memory, belonging to a deeper stratum of consciousness, which preserves some clear mark of recognition, but, with a view to non-recognition, exercises an inhibitory action on the first. The inhibition does not relate to the sensorial image, but to a judgment with respect to the time of perception of the image, making it appear to be then seen for the first time.

In many cases of scenic dreams, the recollection of the programme endured sufficiently well for Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria to observe differences between

the dream and the programme afterwards. But I cannot tell whether in these cases the normal memory may not have suffered some restriction. In another series of experiments lately commenced, I have noticed a want of attention on the part of Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria's normal personality, for, though she was awake, she was apparently under the influence of a suggestion to pay no attention while I repeated the programme. Taking the facts together, it seems that a state of inattention, as well as the somnambulic state, is favourable to telepathic action, and we can discover a connection between them and the amnesia already described.

We are able to suggest reasons why the amnesia is constant and complete in the dreams of figures, while in the case of the scenic dreams it only occurred in a partial way.

The pictures being quite new to Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and being expressly chosen as not lending themselves to an association of ideas, their sensorial images did not find in the normal consciousness any co-ordination, nor consequently any point of connection with pre-existing images; therefore when transferred to another stratum of consciousness they naturally left no trace in the normal one. On the other hand, the old images utilized in the scenic dreams, being connected by innumerable strong links to the whole complex of the normal consciousness, were necessarily more easy to reproduce in another stratum than if they had been transferred as they stood; and if thus transferred, they must necessarily have revived immediately in the normal consciousness through the connecting links of association.

What the nature of the telepathic agent may be it is as yet impossible to divine, but we shall have made a step forward to this discovery when we can reckon up, not only the results of my few experiments, but of the innumerable ones of the spiritists, for the telepathic agents are the same as the personalities which the spiritists call *spirits*, and which I have called mediumistic personalities. But if we cannot say what they are, we can at least say what they are not.

Those who have no knowledge of mediumistic phenomena have long been satisfied—and continue to satisfy themselves—with a confusion of ideas which will probably become famous in the history of scientific errors. They have declared that the mediumistic personality is the same as that provoked by suggestion in somnambulism. My own view is that the hypnotic personalities have no real existence, and are neither new nor interesting. In the hypnotic state, the subject, being better able to concentrate his attention, becomes a better actor,—that is all; but a few glasses of wine would produce the same effect. If he believes himself to be the person he represents, that is no more than it is said many actors can do. Consequently there is in this no true change of personality, but only what Richet calls an *objectivica-*

*tion of types.* It is a state of spontaneous dream of such intensity as to become motor as well as sensory.

The spontaneous changes of personality, accompanied by alterations of the mental faculties, of sensibility, and often of the pathological condition, of which we have abundant examples, are more worthy of the name, and must not be confounded with that just mentioned; because here the cause is deeper and the consequences more stable. But even in these cases the new personalities have the general characteristics of the normal personality, without any fresh element, and thus may be more justly regarded as mere alterations of the normal, or as resulting from its disintegration, as Pierre Janet says.

I am aware that many modern spiritualists, unfamiliar with psychology, confound these intelligences with those of another kind, which they regard as belonging to discarnated spirits. But the mediumistic personalities of which I now speak possess—besides a personality of the normal human type—a series of faculties which the latter does not possess, and are able to produce such manifestations as are not only impossible to the normal human personality, but are so inconceivable to the latter as to be regarded *a priori* as impossible.

Consequently, to confound the two is a palpable error. The mediumistic personalities cannot be a product of disintegration, because they contain a mass of new elements, and it would be nearer the truth to consider them products of integration, as Mr. Myers says; or as manifestations in the sensory field of an entire order of psychical activities usually excluded from it. Professor Boirac<sup>1</sup> proposes the name of *parapsychical* phenomena for these supernormal psychical facts, but the term *hyperpsychical* is, perhaps, more appropriate.

When we reflect on the identity of the telepathic agents and the mediumistic personalities, and the absolute difference between their faculties and modes of action and those of the normal personality, a partial conciliation between the opposing theories of spiritism and telepathy seems possible. The spiritists believe that telepathy is produced by discarnated spirits, or by living spirits which can temporarily separate themselves from their bodies. The non-spiritists who recognise telepathy, believe in some action between brain and brain, and that certain arguments on which the spiritists base their belief are false interpretations of phenomena produced merely by telepathy between the living.

The idea of secondary or mediumistic personalities acting as telepathic agents has the advantage of offering common ground to the two opposing theories. Not only spiritists, but also telepathists,

<sup>1</sup> *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, 1893, p. 341.

should recognise that the true telepathic agent, in cases of this kind, is not to be found in what is commonly called the human intelligence, but that it forms part of an absolutely different kind of intelligence. If this point is well considered, a great part of the divergence between the two theories is eliminated.

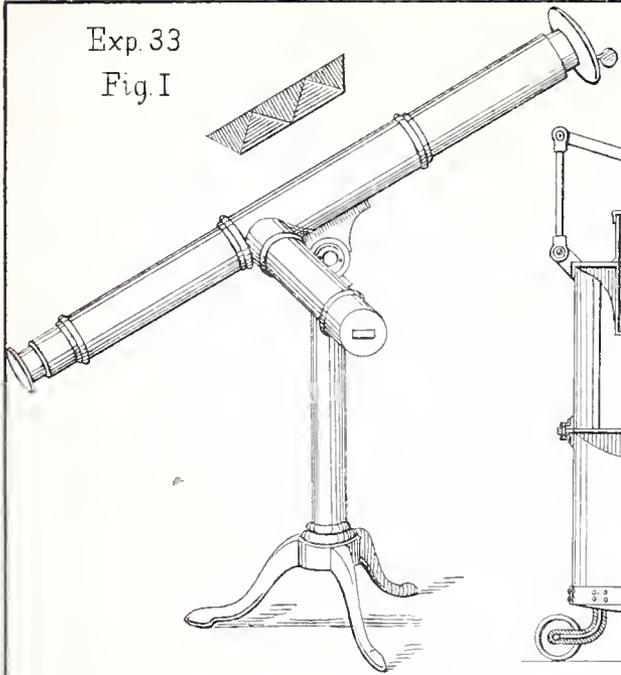
The fact that on most occasions in spontaneous telepathy the figure of the person supposed to send the message is seen, does not at all indicate that such person is the agent. This view is borne out by the experiments described above. In fact, the representation of either the sensorial or the telepathic agent in the dreams was seen to be a circumstance entirely extraneous to the production of the dreams; or, in other words, as the presence of the image of the sensorial agent in no way indicated that it was the real agent, so also the absence of that of the telepathic agent would not in the least signify that it was not the real agent.

Summing up all the previous considerations, it seems to me that a beginning of an explanation of telepathy, based solely on experience, may be given by admitting the existence of telepathic agents, of a nature unknown to us, but certainly different from the personalities treated of in ordinary psychology. These agents, in consequence of a voluntary or involuntary excitation coming from the sensorial agent, transmit to a distance, by processes known to themselves, the ideas they were charged to convey, or which of their own initiative they judge it opportune to convey.

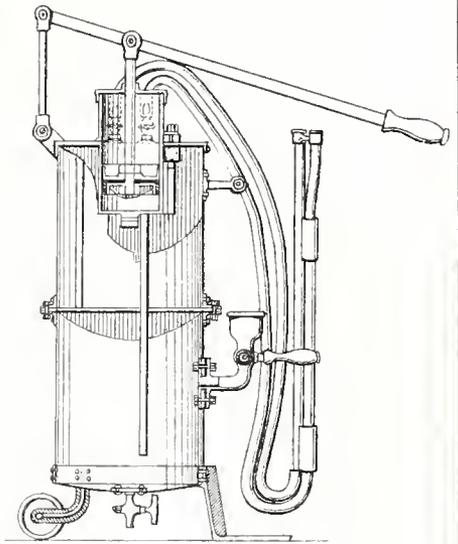
But experience teaches us something more, and that is that the telepathic agent can induce the transference of ideas as well by the will of the sensorial agent, when the percipient is unwarned,—for instance, in the Verity case,—as by the will of the percipient, when the personality of the sensorial agent remains entirely unconcerned with the phenomenon,—as in the Stead case. Elvira shows that she can not only act in the first way, as in the cases here described, but also in the second. She did this in a series of experiments in telepathy where Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was percipient by means of automatic writing, while Angelina acted as sensorial agent, being awake, but unconscious of what was happening. This series, though much less interesting, may perhaps be described elsewhere.

[The above paper is translated and somewhat abridged from the original Italian. For the more complete account, including further theoretical discussions, readers are referred to Dr. Ermacora's Italian article, which will shortly be published in the *Rivista di Studi Psichici*.—Ed.]

Exp. 33  
Fig. I



Exp. 35  
Fig. III



Exp. 34  
Fig. II

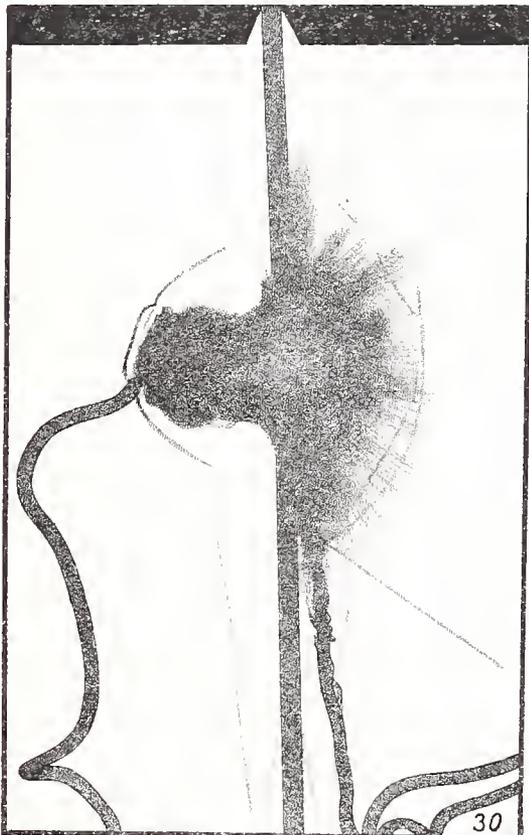
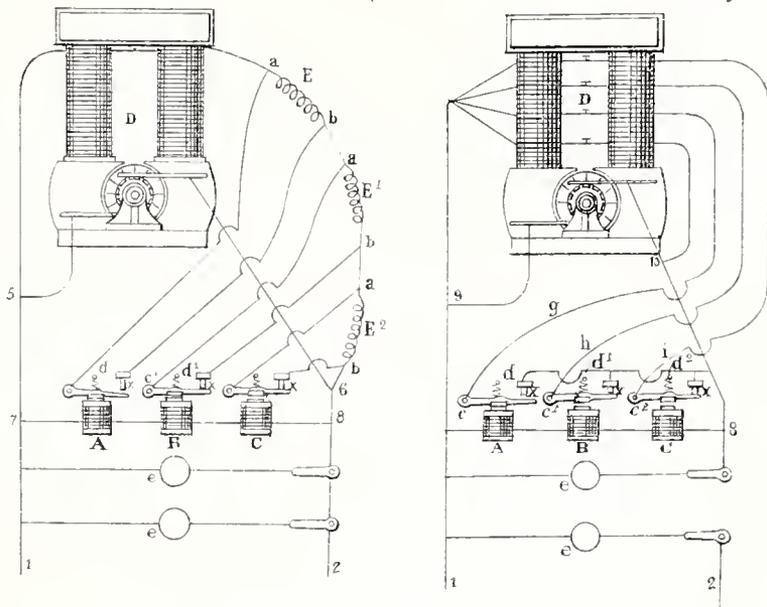




Fig. IV

Exp. 43

Fig V



Exp. 46

Fig. VI

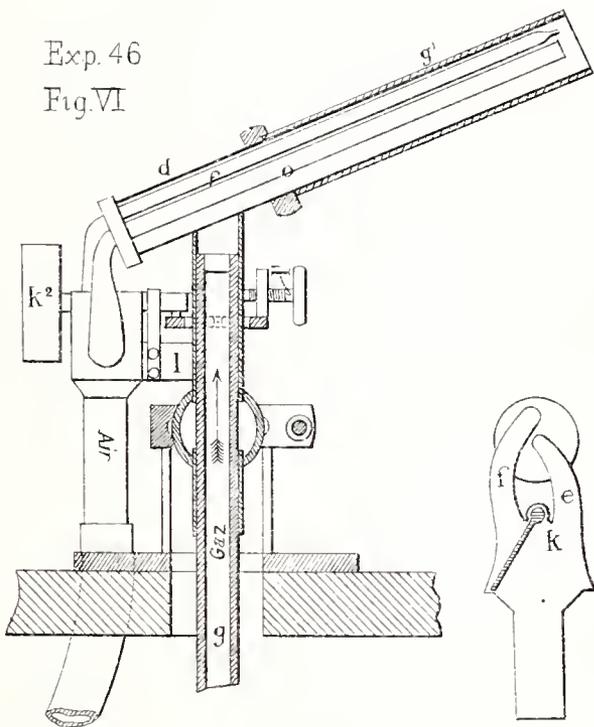




Plate III

Fig VII

Exp 49

Fig VIII



Exp. 52

Fig IX



Fig X



V.

SOME PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA BEARING UPON THE  
QUESTION OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

BY CHARLES HILL TOUT,

*Principal of Buckland College, Vancouver, B.C.*

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A wave of interest in psychical matters passing over our locality about three years ago, due in part to the transit across our horizon of a psychic star of some magnitude from the neighbouring Western States, enabled me to bring about the formation of a small body of inquirers for the purpose of first-hand investigation into spiritistic phenomena. A half-dozen of us arranged to meet twice a week. It would be tedious to give in detail the results of our "sittings"; it will be sufficient to say that our experience was of a very mild type. Sitting in the dark as a rule, subjective lights in the form of luminous vapour were occasionally seen by myself and one other member. I was at first inclined to attribute these to our imagination, but as they seem to be a matter of common experience in spiritistic circles, I suppose they may be regarded as having some sort of reality of their own, and may perhaps be taken as evidencing incipient powers of clairvoyance in the seers.

The lady members of our circle, particularly a mother and her daughter, were taken almost from the first sitting with spasmodic twitchings and movements in the fingers and arms. Sometimes these movements were very violent, causing them to slap and thump the table with such force as to seriously bruise their fingers and hands. Often we were obliged to withdraw their hands by main force from the table,—the ladies being unable of themselves to do so,—or to place something between their hands and the table to soften the effects of the blows.

With the exception of these two ladies, none of the other sitters were much affected on these occasions, though at times an almost irresistible impulse came upon myself to imitate their actions; but though I occasionally allowed the impulse, at the suggestion of the other sitters, to have full play, it never with me took the bit between its teeth and got beyond my control. I could always stop at once any movements in my limbs, or change the attitude of my mind, by an effort of will. Almost from the first an overpowering

drowsiness would come upon some of us, especially upon myself and Miss G., the young lady who beat the table so violently. My head would become as heavy as lead, and I sometimes had the greatest difficulty in sitting in my chair. At times this stupor would get the better of me, and my head would drop to the table, seemingly drawn down to it by some force in the table itself. After an interval of a moment or two, I could sit up again. My spiritistic friends assured me on these occasions that if I would give myself up to the influence upon me I should pass into the trance state, and I think it possible that I might have done so if I could have sufficiently subdued my very wakeful critical faculty. But this I at this period found a great difficulty in doing, and it was not till much later that I was able to watch the effect of this influence upon myself and learn something of its mode of action.

And now, in referring to my own experiences, if my remarks appear to be egotistic and centre rather much in myself, this, I beg to say, is due rather to the nature of my topic than to any desire on my part that it should be so. Being ever wishful to test the theory of spirit intervention and control, I dropped in one evening upon some friends, professed "spiritualists" of many years' standing, and after a little conversation we sat, myself, my friend and his wife, for manifestations. After about half an hour I felt a strange sensation stealing over me. I seemed to be undergoing a change of personality. I seemed to have, as it were, stepped aside, and some other intelligence was now controlling my organism. I was merely a passive spectator interested in what was being done. My second self seemed to be a mother overflowing with feelings of maternal love and solicitude for some one. The very features of my face seemed to be changing, and I was distinctly conscious of assuming the look of a fond and devoted mother looking down upon her child. I even inwardly smiled as I thought how ridiculous I must be looking, but I made no effort to resist the impulse. I now felt I wanted to caress and console somebody, and the impulse was strong upon me to take my friend in my arms and soothe and cheer him. I resisted the impulse for some time, but finally yielded to it. In doing so, I had a distinct feeling of relationship to my friend. After a little while I became myself again. My friend was confident that I had been influenced by the spirit of his dead mother, as he had had a distinct impression of her presence at the time, which very probably accounts for the feeling of relationship I experienced, as well as for my impersonation of the maternal character. I shall show presently how very susceptible I became, under like conditions, to all kinds of suggestion; and if this fact be taken into consideration here, I think it will adequately account for what took place without resorting to my friend's hypothesis.

However, I am bound to state as against this view that I afterwards learnt that he was in trouble and worry over his business, and was in need of cheering and encouragement; and that, moreover, a few months later, a terrible calamity overtook him in the loss of two of his children by drowning. The effect of this experience upon myself was very curious too. For the rest of that evening and most of the next day I experienced a most delightful sense of rest and contentment, and a feeling of relief from the strain and worry of life, as if somebody else had taken the burden off my shoulders on to his own.

The night following this, I accepted an invitation to be present at a sitting held at the home of another believer in spiritism. This gentleman's wife is mediumistic to a mild degree. She sat apart by herself, and the husband and I sat at a small table. Presently, after a little singing which closed with the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," she asked me if any relative of mine had died from lung trouble, as she was suddenly experiencing a great difficulty and pain in breathing. She was sure, she said, that this unusual impression was due to my presence among them. At first I could remember no one belonging to me who had died or suffered from lung trouble; though, as a matter of fact, my father had actually died from bronchitis and pleurisy some twenty years before. My memory had gone back rather to my mother who had died since, but from quite another cause. I mentioned the cause of my mother's death and asked her if she thought it referred to that. But no, it was not that; "it was somebody who had passed away with lung trouble." I now suddenly remembered my father's death and its cause, and acknowledged to her that my father had died from lung trouble. At this she, or rather (as she expressed it), the influence which she called my father, manifested satisfaction; from which she inferred that he was pleased to be recognised. I remembered too, now, and noted as a curious coincidence, which may or may not mean anything, that the hymn we had been singing when the impression came upon her, viz., "Nearer, my God, to Thee," had been a great favourite with him. I mention this fact because at every subsequent meeting, the singing of this hymn always produced in her when we were both present together the same sensations; and because of the suggestive influence it had later upon myself.

My friends, of course, claimed that this occurrence was irrefragable evidence of spirit manifestation; but though there was some appearance of ground for their claim, I was still unable to regard what had occurred as in any sense a satisfactory proof of spirit communion, or of the persistence of my father's personality, and still less can I do so today. I may add that I learnt through the medium that I was an object of special care to my father, who was always actively overlooking my

welfare and interests, and I received answers more or less satisfactory to a number of questions I put with regard to future movements on my part. But as the medium could only answer in the form of "yes" and "no," somewhat after the fashion of the table, I could not regard this as very important or conclusive.

A little time after this, at meetings where I met a greater number of sitters, I began to manifest a phase of mediumship myself, or so the sitters regarded it. I should also say that every medium I had so far met had always informed me that I possessed mediumistic powers. On one occasion a public medium of the Mrs. Piper type singled me out from a mixed audience as a person of peculiarly mediumistic temperament, stating that she saw me surrounded by a luminous haze, which she interpreted as marking in me a particular phase of mediumship. What this phase was I have now forgotten. I merely mention the fact for what it is worth, and as possibly explaining, in part, the events which happened later.

At one of these larger sittings, after the table had rapped out answers to a series of questions put to it, confirming in part, and contradicting in other instances, what we had been told on previous occasions, the movement in the table began to subside, and the influence began to centre in me. I may say here that this has been my unvarying experience throughout the whole course of my observations, that while the table is rapping out answers no one sitting at it is affected or influenced; although those of impressionable temperament are liable at any moment, when the interest in the questions and answers flags, to find the power centering in themselves. On this particular occasion I was affected to an unusual degree, experiencing violent twitchings in my limbs, and sensations of painful chilliness that made my teeth chatter again. I sat, as I always did now, passively waiting for what might transpire. All sorts of impulses seemed to be moving me, and I noticed how susceptible I was becoming to the slightest, even half-realised suggestion offered by the course of my own thoughts, or by the chance remarks made by the other sitters. I presently felt myself being drawn, as it seemed to me, towards the floor on the left side of my chair. I yielded to the influence and fell prostrate out of my chair on to the floor with considerable force; and though the others thought I must have hurt myself, I certainly felt no inconvenience from the fall. I lay groaning for a little while and then got up and sat in my chair again.

Some one now suggested that we should sing, and this being done, I immediately became affected by the music, which moved me in a very extraordinary manner. I fancied myself realising the whole scene clearly;—in a great cathedral I seemed to be the presiding priest

at the close of a great function pronouncing the benediction. I appeared to be looking down from a great height upon the congregation and, lifting my hands, I went through the form of blessing them. It will be observed in all these phases or states that I seemed to be two individuals,—one my ordinary, critical, observant self, closely watching what took place in and around me, the other the character that seemed to be personating itself through me. Presently, with a change in the music, the scene changed and I now became an operatic singer. I sing tenor a little, but am not, strictly speaking, a musical person. But now I seemed to have a perfect control and mastery over my voice, and I sang with impassioned tones several notes above my normal compass pleading and gesticulating to some invisible but felt female presence in the air above me. I have no recollection of the words I uttered, I was carried away and intoxicated with the passion I felt. I stretched my arms aloft, invoking the presence I felt, but could not realise, above me. There were moments during this phase when I lost consciousness of myself and surroundings.

The singing of the others ceasing, the scene again abruptly changed. I say abruptly, for this exactly expresses the suddenness of the change. In going over the events of this evening the next day I was struck with this, and being familiar with the abrupt changes sometime produced in the hypnotic by the varying suggestions of his operator, accounted for my own sudden change of character in the same way. And I do not doubt that, of the dozen or more personalities I characterised that night, every one was due to a suggestion of my own mind, or to something in my immediate environment.

But to proceed. After what I have described took place, some one suggested more music, as the influence seemed to work upon me better under music, and the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" was started. Before the first verse was finished, I began to experience strange sensations. I stood up and began to sway to and fro, and soon lost all sense of my surroundings. I seemed to be far away in space. The feelings of distance and remoteness from all other beings were very marked, and a sense of coldness and loneliness oppressed me terribly. I seemed to be moving, or rather to be drawn downward, and presently felt that I had reached this earth again; but all was strange and fearful and lonely, and I seemed to be disappointed that I could not attain the object of this long and lonely journey. I felt I was looking for some one, but did not seem to have a clear notion of whom it was, and as the hopelessness of my search and the fruitlessness of my long journey forced itself upon me, I cried out in my wretchedness and misery. I felt I could neither find what I wanted nor get back from whence I had come. My grief was very terrible, and I should have fallen to the

ground but that the other sitters had gathered round me, and some of them held my hands.

Just at this moment, the lady who had experienced the oppression on her lungs at the first singing of this hymn, made the remark, which I remember to have overheard, "It's his father controlling him," and I then seemed to realise who I was and whom I was seeking. I began to be distressed in my lungs and should again have fallen, if they had not held me by the hands and let me back gently upon the floor. As my head sunk back upon the carpet, I experienced dreadful distress in my lungs and could not breathe. I made signs to them to put something under my head. They immediately put the sofa cushions under me, but this was not sufficient,—I was not raised high enough yet to breath easily, and they then added a pillow. I have the most distinct recollection of the sigh of relief I now gave as I sank back like a sick, weak person upon the cool pillow.

I was in a measure still conscious of my actions, though not of my surroundings, and I have a clear memory of seeing myself in the character of my dying father lying in the bed and the room in which he died. It was a most curious sensation. I saw his shrunken hands and face, and lived again through his dying moments; only now I was both myself,—in some indistinct sort of way,—and my father, with his feelings and appearance.

Presently the sense of loneliness came over me again. I seemed to be all alone, and wanted and cried out for my son, that is for myself. I continued in great distress, though the others assured me that my son was there present. I suppose the suggestion took effect, as I presently seemed to be holding and fondling myself as the son I came to speak with. I seemed to be at the same time both my father and myself, his son. We communed together and comforted each other, and all the little misunderstandings of the old days were made clear; and I made him understand that as a man and a father myself, I was now better able to appreciate his attitude towards me in the past. As a boy, I had always regarded him as very harsh and had no warm feelings for him, and it seemed as if the knowledge on his part of this fact had made him restless and unhappy ever since his death, and had, through the singing of this favourite hymn of his, brought him back to this sphere again. After this I presently came to myself and got up again, and in a little while readily assumed or impersonated several other characters before the meeting broke up.

With regard to this strange impersonation of my father in his dying moments, I think the suggestion made through the remark I overheard, that it was my father controlling me,—coupled with the prior suggestion conveyed through the singing of the hymn which

had now become associated in my mind with my father's personality,—sufficiently and convincingly accounts for all that took place, without calling in the actual presence of my father's spirit self. The peculiar manner in which the details of the scene worked themselves out I can fully account for in my own mind. The peculiar feelings of loneliness, the chilly vastness, the tracklessness of the surrounding space, and the fact that I could not find the object of my search, together with the sense of the hopelessness, the uselessness of my efforts,—all sprang from a story I had heard read aloud many years ago, and which took a great hold upon my imagination. It was a ghost story from the ghost's point of view, and told of the return of a restless spirit to the earth and to the scenes of its former existence; the strangeness and intense disappointment it felt at not being able to make itself known to the loved ones of its past life, &c., &c.

The other details relating to the imaginary conversation are also what would be likely to take place if such a thing as my father's return in spirit were possible, and therefore what would most likely take place if I could be made to believe he were present with me. For often of late years, when I have felt that my children misunderstood the motives which prompted certain conduct on my part towards them, my thoughts have involuntarily gone back to my own youth and training, and I have frequently longed that my father might be alive, that I might make him feel that I understood and appreciated him better now and would gladly seek his advice and counsel in the training of my own children. And in the same way I might, if it were needful, adequately account for all the salient features of the other impersonations.

While seeking in no way—in thus accounting for these experiences of mine by the natural workings of my own subconscious self—to deny that we may under certain conditions and circumstances be influenced by intelligences outside ourselves, I cannot admit that my own experience, at any rate, is to be accounted for in this manner. I know myself—and my susceptibility, even under normal conditions, to suggestion in all sorts of forms, not necessarily verbal,—so well that no alternative remains to me but to believe that what I did was due simply to every-day suggestion in one form and another. Building and peopling *chateaux en Espagne* was a favourite occupation of mine in my earlier days, and this long-practised faculty is doubtless a potent factor in all my characterisations, and probably also in those of many another full-fledged “medium.” At any rate I hope I have made it clear that before we can admit that phenomena such as I have described are due to the influence or presence of disembodied spirits, that is, discarnate men—as is commonly done,—the personal equation that here manifests itself so strongly under the dramatising faculty

which we all possess in a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, and which is very active in strongly imaginative temperaments such as mine, must be eliminated. And when this is intelligently and rigorously done, I venture to think that a very large proportion of cases now attributed to spirit control will be adequately explained without resorting to any such occult agency.

In conclusion, let me say that I have not written this hurried and fragmentary account of my experiences to establish any theory of my own, or to run a tilt against over credulous spiritists. My purpose has been simply to point out how liable we are in these as in other matters to be the victims of self-deception; and how guardedly and critically we should receive all evidence of this kind. So strongly do I feel in this matter myself that I would personally refuse to accept phenomena of a vastly more startling nature than any that have come under my observation or that I have experienced as, in any sense, evidence of spirit control, unless the whole character and antecedents of the medium were thoroughly known and were such as to render an explanation of the kind I have given wholly inadmissible and out of place. And as it is of the very essence of mediumship *ex hypothesi* that it be impressionable and therefore readily open to suggestion, I do not see that we can ever hope to obtain evidence not open to these objections and, therefore, evidence that we can accept and rely upon.

## SUPPLEMENT.

### SUBLIMINAL SELF OR UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION?

#### I.

Having had occasion recently to examine some of the literature connected with the subject of "multiple consciousness," the writer discovered that, as the reading advanced, his opinions were undergoing a complete transformation. Starting with the prepossession that "double consciousness" was a well attested fact, and that a "secondary consciousness" was a necessary assumption for the satisfactory explanation of many curious facts of a morbid psychological nature, there came gradually the inclination to adopt a more physiological and, in the writer's opinion, a more consistent view. At a time when such books as those of Janet<sup>1</sup> and Binet,<sup>2</sup> and such articles as those of Myers<sup>3</sup> are giving widespread currency to the notions of "secondary" and "subliminal" consciousnesses, it may not be amiss to approach the subject from a somewhat antagonistic standpoint, and to offer a mild protest against the too hasty adoption of such momentous doctrines. There are many facts that seem to militate very strongly against all those theories that have for their fundamental claim the existence of a subliminal, split-off, parasitic, secondary consciousness. Three reasons for rejecting these theories may perhaps be worthy of consideration.

I. *The assumption of a secondary consciousness is unnecessary.* This hypothesis has arisen in great part from a study of the curious phenomena of hysteria, and is founded upon the belief that outside of the normal, primary consciousness there exist separate sensations, separate images, and separate memories, for which it is considered necessary to posit another consciousness. The belief in these sensations, images, and memories is grounded principally in the notion of pseudo-anæsthesias, and in the notion that complex movements cannot be produced without accompanying motor images. In hysteria anæsthesias and complex movements are found, which are not under the jurisdiction of the primary consciousness. Consequently the hysteric has a secondary bit of consciousness which contains these rejected sensations and motor images. Such in its simplest form is the argument of the French

<sup>1</sup> Pierre Janet.—*L'Automatisme Psychologique*. Also *Etat Mental des Hystériques*, Vols. I. and II., 1892-3.

<sup>2</sup> A. Binet.—*Les Altérations de la Personnalité*.

<sup>3</sup> F. W. H. Myers.—*Proceedings*, S.P.R., February, July, and December, 1892.

writers. Standing alone it may mean one of two things. It may mean that conscious motor images are *necessary* for the production of movements and that complex acts *require* a guiding consciousness,—that is, it may mean that consciousness stands in *causal* relation to motor processes; or it may simply mean that these odd phenomena of hysteria are such as would naturally be *accompanied* by consciousness, the latter being called *secondary* in these cases because it does not belong to the normal consciousness of the subject. In a word, the argument in favour of a secondary consciousness may rest upon a belief in the causal efficacy of consciousness, or it may rest upon mere analogy. Without discussing the particular point of view, however, that individual writers take, and without entering into any consideration of particular theories such as that of psycho-physical parallelism, believers in which are perhaps less apt to speak of consciousness as *necessarily* present in the initiating and guiding of movements,—leaving all this aside, one can at least say that all writers upon the subject of secondary consciousness seem utterly to forget the well known experiments upon frogs and pigeons that have been repeated time and time again in physiological laboratories. These animals, when deprived of their hemispheres, will swim or fly, as the case may be, will avoid obstacles, regain their normal position if placed upon their backs, cat if food be put into their mouths, in short will perform all or nearly all their normal acts if only the appropriate stimuli be applied. Here we have acts of considerable complexity with nothing but the lower nervous centres to control them. But there is one all-important condition for these acts of frogs and pigeons. *The appropriate stimuli must be applied*, for no act is spontaneous. The movements of the hysteric which are ascribed to the secondary consciousness are of this type exactly. All the movements of adaptation to a pair of scissors or to a dynamometer placed in the hand, and all the movements in automatic writing are simply responses to appropriate stimuli, responses that are no more complex for man than are swimming and flying for frogs and pigeons. So that even if a consciousness be really efficient in directing movements, it is superfluous to invoke it for such phenomena as hysteria presents.

II.—The second consideration for abandoning the theory is that, if consistently held, it must be pushed to a point of absurdity. In his “*Das Doppel-Ich*,”<sup>1</sup> Dessoir makes the following statement, “In the course of ordinary life certain actions occur which presuppose for their origination all the faculties of the human spirit, but which, nevertheless, work themselves out without the knowledge of the agent. These actions we term automatic. Among them are certain automatic movements, as the act of dressing oneself, or of retracing a well known path; and some other automatic performances, such as counting one’s steps, or adding up columns of figures. These latter acts plainly indicate the existence of a separate train of *memory* employed upon them. And, moreover, although they take place without the agent’s *knowledge*, they cannot take place without his *consciousness*; they cannot be truly *unconscious* acts. They must in some fashion belong to a *sub-consciousness* which, in relation to the far more potent *upper* consciousness, may best be understood if we consider it as a *secondary*

<sup>1</sup> Max Dessoir — *Das Doppel-Ich*. Leipzig, 1890.

consciousness. And if we regard consciousness and memory as the essential constituents of an Ego, we may boldly say that every man conceals within himself the germs of a second personality."<sup>1</sup>

All my automatic acts then, are, when the whole story is told, acts that belong to a subordinate consciousness. I am, then, constantly attended by a personality, No. 2, who watches over me and attends to many of my personal matters like a faithful valet. After a short season of preliminary instruction, he learns to oversee the operations sometimes wrongly called mechanical, such as walking, dressing, avoiding objects in my way, swallowing, coughing, etc. It is he who thrusts my hands into my pockets, and causes me to blush when I become embarrassed. His is the blame for any sudden fit of uncontrollable awkwardness, and to him may often be ascribed the responsibility for "the things that were better left unsaid." It is he that revels in my dreams, that raves in my fevers, and sometimes becomes inconveniently communicative and shamelessly reveals secrets that have been whispered to him by individual No. 1. All the acts of my body that are not consciously governed by my personal consciousness are under the supervision of No. 2. In short, if this theory of a secondary consciousness be made to do its full duty, the doctrine that habits are due to well-worn nervous paths must be abandoned, and all the phenomena now commonly ascribed to habit must be classed under the head of *relegations to a secondary consciousness*. Such a conclusion is not merely unnecessary, it is mythical and fantastic to a point of absurdity.

Once more, consider for a moment the implication of Myers' theory of a "subliminal" consciousness. Those who are familiar with his articles will remember his simile of the spectrum, the ultra-red portion representing the consciousness that attends the physiological functions, and the ultra-violet end representing that consciousness from which come the inspirations of genius.<sup>2</sup> Here we have the secondary consciousness divided into two parts. What is to hinder the sub-division of each of these parts? If we go the full length of the theory, must we not posit a consciousness for every physical process? Must not the digestive organs, the heart, the lungs, the mechanism of locomotion have each its own special overseer? And if once we begin this process of sub-division, where are we to stop? "Few," Dessoir says, "have entered the lists in defence of the multiplicity of the Ego." Were we to keep going down, positing more and more layers of consciousness, "we should arrive at a kind of onion-structure of the Soul!" To be sure we should, but *double* consciousness cannot stop with its own assumption. Consistency demands that the Subliminal Self be divided into numerous other tiny Selves, whose sum, together with the little primary Self, makes up the entire individual. I myself, then, am but a homunculus among homunculi, and why the particular homunculus that I call myself should be such as he is, and not one of the subliminal fellows, that remains a total and inscrutable mystery. Without saying it in so many words, Myers practically admits all this. But this is worse psychologizing than an unconditional return to the old doctrine of Faculties.

<sup>1</sup> See *Proceedings*, S.P.R., Vol. VI., p. 207.

<sup>2</sup> Myers—*Proceedings*, S.P.R., VII., XX., p. 328.

III.—A third reason for rejecting the theory under discussion is that we have not a particle of *direct* testimony for the existence of a split-off consciousness. You will retort that we have no direct evidence for the existence of any consciousness not our own, and I should at once assent, because all of our reasoning in regard to another's consciousness is by analogy solely. But there is one point that needs to be noted. Assent to the theory of secondary consciousness has been unquestionably facilitated by the notion that we are all in possession of a dream-consciousness that is separate from our waking consciousness. And we draw this conclusion not so much from the observation of the dreams and petty somnambulisms of others, as from the often observed fact that the imaged events of one dream will recur in another dream, though they be forgotten during waking moments. This thought seems to establish conclusively the proof of a distinct dream-consciousness. But a moment's careful thought will immediately disclose the incontestible fact, that the recurrence in dreams of identical pictures peculiar to the dreams could never have been established and would probably never have been conceived, had not the fact of recurrence been present in the primary consciousness of the individual. And of the fact of recurrence there could never have been the faintest inkling, had it not been that the events which recurred were known to consciousness No. 1. The dream-consciousness is only the normal consciousness working under peculiar conditions. Many dreams, I feel confident, are never attended by any consciousness whatsoever. They are then, strictly speaking, not dreams at all, although to an observer all the outward manifestations of a dream are present. But a consciousness cannot be inferred. It must be testified to by the individual himself. And so far as I know, no secondary consciousness has ever left in any automatically written record any claim to self-consciousness, or any indefeasible testimony in support of its own recognised existence. The whole conception is pure assumption. For no primary consciousness can ever bear witness to the existence of a secondary, dissociated fragment of consciousness. If it ever attempt to give such testimony, it thereby proves that the fragment is a portion of itself and therefore no fragment at all.

Nor have those statements any value that are made by persons who affirm that they are composed of two distinct selves, one of which does things that the other condemns. What such persons are talking about is simply the one primary self under two different and somewhat contradictory aspects. Any testimony from oneself that one is double is the very best possible proof that one is not double. In like manner those who claim that they are possessed or are under some foreign control, either refer to various contradictory phases of their one self, or show that some of their acts that are usually voluntary occur without the presence in consciousness of the appropriate accompanying motor images. There is no direct evidence for a secondary consciousness, and indirect evidence in such a case as this should, it seems to me, be looked upon with suspicion. We have no right to assert that a given set of muscular movements is accompanied by a consciousness, merely because it is of a kind that with us is so accompanied. Reasoning by analogy may sometimes overstep its bounds.

Accordingly, I am compelled to reject the theory of a secondary

consciousness for the three reasons given,—because the supposition is unnecessary to explain the facts ; because it must be pushed to a point of absurdity if consistently held ; and because there is not the slightest direct evidence for the existence of the kind of consciousness in question. All the facts usually taken in support of a double consciousness theory appear explicable in terms of brain alone. The brain-explanation may seem unsatisfactory to many, but at least it is the less mythical explanation, and surely it is fully as simple, in that it confines the difficulty wholly to the physical side. Let me state as well as I can the physical explanation for the various cases of ordinary alternating, or changing personality, as well as for those cases in which two or more separate consciousnesses are supposed to exist simultaneously. We will consider the latter first.

In all the abnormalities of hysteria, for which Janet and the rest see fit to assume a second consciousness, the state of the matter seems to me to be simply this,—certain cerebral cells and cortical paths have in some way become clogged, with the result that the nervous tensions, and the force and rapidity of discharge consequent upon these tensions, have been reduced to a point far below the normal. These cortical processes are unable to reach that degree of excitation that is requisite for consciousness. Every one admits that an excitation below a certain limit fails to be attended by consciousness, though the reason for such a fact is still lacking. The normal consciousness therefore becomes contracted, as Janet so often says. *The rest of the consciousness has simply evaporated.* If I may be permitted to use such a grotesque figure, consciousness may be compared to a mass of steam floating over a brain whose cortex is in a high state of nervous tension and activity. Let certain portions of the cortical area “cool down” and the steam disappears from over those areas. Now this is exactly what happens in hysteria. Certain brain-areas become so clogged that the requisite amount of “heat” cannot be maintained, and lo! the vapoury consciousness vanishes. Could these chilled areas once be “warmed up” again, consciousness would return. And we find plenty of evidence that this often happens. The hysterical anæsthesias vastly diminish in states of intoxication, whether from alcohol, chloroform, or morphine ;<sup>1</sup> they often disappear wholly during an attack, which surely is a nervous commotion sufficient to arouse any dormant brain-tract ; electricity diminishes them ; and if the attention of the patient be called to the anæsthetic part by directing her to look at a coloured wafer placed upon it, pinching of the part will be felt for some time afterwards,—and what is “calling the attention to the part” but a method for rendering more intense the nervous process in the tactile regions of the cortex. The aboulias, as well as the anæsthesias, disappear in ether or alcohol intoxication.<sup>2</sup> Patients find it much more easy to voluntarily perform old and habitual acts than those newly-acquired ; which is only another way of saying that well-worn cortical paths can be raised to the consciousness-point of excitation much more readily than paths that still offer resistance by reason of their newness. If the cortex could be kept constantly at a red heat, consciousness would be as extensive as in any normal

<sup>1</sup> Janet.—*Etat Mental, etc.*, Vol. I., p. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Janet.—*Loc. cit.*, Vol. I., p. 144.

individual. But disease has occasioned too much resistance for that. Several considerations will serve to illustrate the clogging and consequent imperiousness of paths. In the so-called stage of intellectual aboulia the patient has a feeling of unfamiliarity with everything; all things appear as if in a dream; the subject is not wholly sure whether a book is a book, is not absolutely certain that a brother is really recognised as a brother, etc.<sup>1</sup> That is, the nervous process is so weak that the usual paths of association are not opened, and the experience has none of that feeling of "warmth and intimacy" that in normal life constitutes the fact of recognition. Again, a subject who would normally require twenty minutes for the execution of such a simple act as taking a hat from a table and hanging it upon a peg, will perform the act immediately under the influence of a post-hypnotic suggestion. At a given rap upon the table she takes the hat and hangs it up. The hypnotic suggestion has opened the necessary paths, and the act can be performed quickly. But, further, if she be interrupted in the midst of the act and asked what she is doing, she replies—"I? I am doing nothing."—"But you have just taken the hat."—"No, it is not I." The subject thinks that it is not she who does the act, because the usual normal complex of associated paths that corresponds to what we term the *reasons* for an act is wanting. The very elements that compose the feeling of self-origination are lacking, for if one knows no reasons for an act, how can one think that the act is one's own? Paths are everywhere blocked. Only a few can be open simultaneously. The greater part of consciousness is consequently suppressed.

Once more, the hysterical amnesias are no more wonderful than the similar experiences that we ourselves have when we are about to fall into the unconsciousness of sleep. Not long ago, as I was on the point of falling asleep, a train of thought, apparently of some significance, ran through my mind and immediately vanished, leaving no trace beyond the faint recollection that something had been there. Had it not been for the psychological interest of the matter, the *fact* even of the vanished thoughts might never have been noticed. The whole life of the hysteric is made up of experiences of this kind. Impressions, of whatever sort they may be, leave such faint traces behind them that the paths of association lie unopened or dormant, until forced open by some unusually violent nervous commotion like the attack. Then the amnesias vanish, and for a moment the field of consciousness enlarges.

Thus the amount of consciousness that a hysteric possesses is constantly varying, fluctuating at the times of an attack from almost nothing to the normal amount. The fluctuations of the anæsthesias, amnesias, and powers of voluntary movement; the peculiar phenomena of the paralyses, the contractures and the attacks; in a word all the "bizarceries" that are the commonplaces of the hysteric's life can be understood and accounted for on no other hypothesis than the one that makes them cerebral and not mental phenomena. To the poor hysteric herself, to be sure, they must appear under the form of continual fluctuations in the field of consciousness, from a state of normal life to that state in which the residual consciousness is extremely minute. But to the observer and describer they must ever

<sup>1</sup> Janet.—*Loc. cit.*, Vol. I., p. 141.

appear as phenomena of brain and nervous system,—phenomena due to one of the most subtle of nervous diseases.

But, one objects, does not the anæsthetic hand of the hysteric have a memory of its own? Does it not repeat acts that it is first made to perform? Does it not show by its automatic writing that the events of weeks ago are remembered? And does not this memory, then, show the existence of a consciousness of which it is a part? I would reply that in the true sense of the word there is no *memory* here at all. There is nothing but the recurrence of former discharges, a second edition of previous acts. There is no more memory present than in the well-seasoned, time-mellowed violin, which responds to the bow by vibrating in the same old waves and nodes that hundreds of previous bowings have firmly established. If this can be called memory, then the pranks of the hysteric's anæsthetic hand may also be so called. And if counting and adding are to be made proofs of a consciousness, I can only say that machines will add with marvellous accuracy, and that work-horses have been known to start for home when a definite number of loads have been carried.

These changes in the consciousness and the personality of the hysterics can be best understood by keeping in mind the thesis so ably maintained by Ribot in his *Diseases of Personality*. According to him, what we mean by personality, psychologically speaking, is but a complex of memories and *bodily sensations*. If now these bodily sensations be changed or diminished, there is lost the very thing upon which the consciousness of personal identity rests. Now the hysteric has lost many of her bodily sensations. What happens over a good part of the body is often not reported to consciousness at all. But let all the bodily sensations be restored, as in the deep somnambulism, and the patient is her true self again. The trouble lies probably in the kinæsthetic regions of the cortex.<sup>1</sup> This conception of trouble in the kinæsthetic areas, of such a kind that the consciousness-point of excitation cannot usually be reached, helps also to clear up the phenomena which are classed under the head of co-operations of the two consciousnesses.<sup>2</sup> *E.g.*, the hand is pricked three times and the subject sees or thinks of the number three. That is, the paths of association to the visual or other sensory centres are open, and these centres, in consequence of their excitation, are accompanied by consciousness. All the facts of "co-operation" can be thus explained.

When the two consciousnesses *conflict*, as in the "parasitic cases,"<sup>3</sup> the state of the matter is, probably, that certain groups of cells have in some way become dissociated in part, so that they cannot properly discharge. Their constant struggle to discharge constitutes the annoyance, the harassing "irruptions of the secondary consciousness." Some violent emotion opens up paths, allows the discharge to take place, and sets everything right again. This seems to me a more simple explanation than to say, as the writers referred to in the foot-note do say, that two *consciousnesses* become recon-

<sup>1</sup> See H. C. Bastian's *Hysterical or Functional Paralysis*.

<sup>2</sup> Binet.—*Loc. cit.*, p. 173.

<sup>3</sup> See article by Breuer and Freud in *Neurologisches Centralblatt*, January, 1893. Also Janet, *Loc. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 65 and 242.

ciled. How weeping and cursing can reconcile two consciousnesses, I fail to see ; but that they could be effective in opening up clogged paths I can easily understand.

(What has been said in regard to hysteria may be said equally well in regard to dreams, automatic writing, mediumistic possession, &c., &c. Old and familiar paths are discharging in a subdued way, and the acts are reflex and unconscious. In fact all those phenomena that are commonly supposed to furnish evidence in favour of a secondary consciousness, really present the most convincing illustrations of the fact that acts of the most complex kind can go on without the aid of an accompanying consciousness. With respect to hysteria, it may indeed be true that it can be most conveniently *diagnosed* as a mental disorder, for the facts in consciousness are here more accessible than the regions of the cortex. But to *diagnose* hysteria as a mental disease, and to consider it a mental trouble which produces physical disorders, are two widely different things.

In some such way as this, the weakness of the theories that postulate two co-existing consciousnesses may be shown. What now can be said of those familiar cases of alternating personality for which Mary Reynolds<sup>1</sup> and Ansel Bourne<sup>2</sup> may be taken as types? It is true that we have here two separate personalities, but one is not secondary to the other except in point of time. When either one exists, it is for the time primary consciousness, the whole personality. Each has its own period of complete sway, and meanwhile the other has ceased to be. By some strange process there have arisen two sundered sets of associations, each of which represents a self. But it is not under the form of associations *in consciousness* that these two sets have become sundered. The separation is a brain-fact entirely,—a brain-fact that finds its counterpart in the fluctuating changes of consciousness. Exactly what this brain-fact is I am of course unable to state ; but the general explanation seems to lie in the notion of cortical cloggings, partial or entire, cloggings of such a kind that currents may still pass, though with enfeebled power, as electric currents pass with greater difficulty through a smaller wire ; or cloggings that may wholly bar the passage of all ordinary currents and may thus switch them off in new directions. Of one thing, however, there seems to be some evidence, namely, that although some new portions of the cerebral structure must be used for the new sets of associations, each of the alternating personalities does not correspond to absolutely distinct brain-areas. Mary Reynolds, after falling into her second state, was obliged to re-learn the arts of reading and writing, but “she made such rapid progress in both that *in a few weeks* she had readily relearned to read and write,” and, the account adds, “when we consider the length of time required to teach a child these arts, her almost intuitive readiness appears wonderful.” The simple and prosaic truth is that certain identical brain-paths were employed in the second as in the first state. In the beginning of the second state they were doubtless obstructed or disconnected, but the new efforts at learning cleared them out, or established the proper connections, and thereafter they functioned correctly. Ribot states that no cases are known

<sup>1</sup> Transactions of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, April 4, 1888, abstracted in Prof. James' *Psychology*, Vol. I., p. 381.

<sup>2</sup> Prof. James' *Psychology*, Vol. I., p. 391.

to him where the second personality has not inherited at least some small share of the effects of its predecessor ; and from what has just been said the reason is clear. Ansel Bourne's second self,—the Brown personality,—was, according to Professor James, “nothing but a rather shrunken, dejected and amnesic extract of Mr. Bourne himself.”

In the cases of progressive, or developing personalities, like those of Dr. Azam's Felida X. and Janet's Lucie and Léonie, the successive personalities, each larger than and including the others, seem to be due to the successive removal, through the influence of disease or hypnotism, of certain inhibitions. The complex network of interlacing brain-paths is divided off somehow into more or less perfect systems. One system of paths remains open constantly and represents the normal personality. At times a second system is opened up and put into connection with the first, and this combination of the two sets of paths corresponds to the second personality. Similarly with the third personality, when that exists. Thus Lucie I. was anæsthetic all over, nearly deaf and partially blind. In Lucie II. the anæsthesias were diminished, some inhibitions had been removed and some new paths opened; while Lucie III. had all the inhibitions removed and was without a trace of anæsthesia. To say that certain new sets of paths have been opened up seems vastly more simple and intelligible, vague as it may be, than to say that various strata of consciousness have been brought from a state of dissociation into one of harmonious union.

Let no one suppose from the above that the writer is endeavouring to reduce personality to cerebral explosions, or trying to debase consciousness by making use of brain-hypotheses. An attempt has been made merely to suggest an explanation of the facts that shall be consistent with itself ; and to this end the description of the phenomena has been couched in physical terms, with no pretence whatever to ultimate points of view where “deeper realities” must gain recognition. For all the phenomena usually classed under such heads as “double” and “secondary” consciousness, two terms may be proposed,—first *Alternating Personalities*, a term that is already for the most part correctly employed ; and second, *Fluctuating Consciousness*, a term that will cover all cases of developing personality, as well as all cases that are supposed to be manifestations of a subliminal consciousness. “Multiple consciousness,” “secondary consciousness,” and the like, are terms that should be abandoned. “Two souls within one breast” is, indeed, a beautiful rhetorical figure, indispensable for poetry and religion. And so were Kepler's angels a beautiful conception for the power that drives the planets. But in science the metaphor must be dropped.

ARTHUR H. PIERCE.

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## II.

It is no doubt useful sometimes to forsake the mountain tops whereon the Subliminal Self sits enthroned, and to rest for a space on the solid earth. For there are mists in those high regions, and the traveller who has looked for a wide prospect over the kingdoms of the mind has sometimes found his only reward in the strenuous joys of the ascent. Personally, I am grateful to Mr. Pierce for having recalled us for a time to the

purely physiological aspects of the problem—aspects which our ignorance, on the one hand, of the cerebral changes accompanying consciousness, and on the other, the allurements of the psychological questions involved, are constantly tempting us to ignore. Mr. Pierce has done good service by attempting to define the nature of the physical changes which correspond to the mental phenomena of fluctuating and alternate consciousness. His physiological explanation of the modifications in sensibility presented by hysterio-anæsthetic subjects like Pierre Janet's Louise and Rose, is, if not novel, luminous and forcible. Probably his account of the matter is about as near as we can at present come to a correct view of the physical side of the phenomena. The metaphor of consciousness as the steam floating over the workings of the brain engine, with stimuli such as alcohol or hypnotism to warm up the cooled-down area and thus increase the steaming surface, is picturesque and helpful. And in all the latter part of his paper, when he deals with the phenomena of "Alternating Personalities," to each of which he allows an independent consciousness, it is difficult to find cause for serious disagreement. To all this M. Pierre Janet and the other French observers referred to, if I have rightly understood them, and probably Mr. Myers also, would find themselves able to assent.

But why does Mr. Pierce quarrel with the attribution of consciousness to these abnormal states? Consciousness is not a brain fact. And yet Mr. Pierce throughout writes as if the physiological were an alternative to the psychological explanation. Take your choice, he says in effect, but you can't have both. Thus, he assures us that the singular manifestations observed in Janet's hysterio-anæsthetics, are "cerebral, not mental phenomena." He warns us that "if the theory of a secondary consciousness be made to do its full duty, the doctrine that habits are due to well-worn nerve paths must be abandoned, and all the phenomena now commonly ascribed to habit must be classed under the head of *relegations to a secondary consciousness*." And finally, he lays it down that all the facts usually taken in "support of a double consciousness theory appear explicable in terms of brain alone," and that this is "the less mythical explanation." Now to the plain man—the man who is not bound by his allegiance to some philosophical system to swear away any of the facts—statements like these appear to involve a radical misconception of the questions at issue.

To the plain man there is not one series of phenomena susceptible either of a physical or of a metaphysical explanation. There are two series of phenomena. The plain man calls these series respectively physical and mental. The mental phenomena are states of consciousness, the physical are brain changes—Mr. Pierce's "clogged cells," "well-worn nerve paths," "inhibited tracts," and so on. If we wish to go a little deeper, it may be pointed out that the existence of both series rests upon inference. We are dealing with brain-changes which we never saw, nor are ever likely to see; and with states of some other person's consciousness, when all that we really know is states of our own. But the inferences are made and accepted by everyone as postulates necessary for carrying on the business of life. Perhaps it may be that the two sets of phenomena are diverse aspects of the same essential fact. But for practical purposes we have to take them as we find them, as two separate and mutually exclusive series. For purposes

of scientific treatment we may, if we choose, discuss the problem from either the cerebral or the mental side, or from both simultaneously. We may talk indifferently of "enlargement of consciousness," or "revivification of dormant cerebral tracts," of "the intrusion of a secondary memory," or "the spasmodic functioning of a dissociated sub-cortical centre." Probably in our present ignorance of cerebral physiology the psychological method is likely to be the more fruitful, and it appears, with deference to Mr. Pierce, to be the simpler. But no doubt it is well to have both.

Thus much is conceded by logic and common sense. But what logic and common sense do not concede is that we should treat mental and cerebral phenomena as members of that same series. The cerebral fact has its cerebral antecedent and its cerebral consequent. Not merely the observed facts, but the conditions of our thinking compel us to assume that the physical chain, at any rate, is complete in itself, and unbroken by the intrusion of any fact of a different order: though we cannot always trace a like continuity in the mental series. When, therefore, Mr. Pierce talks of abandoning well-worn nerve channels in favour of secondary consciousness; when he asks us to accept the "brain explanation" as less mythical; when he writes of a mental disorder as a thinkable explanation of cerebral disease, he is ignoring the rules of the game. A mental disorder cannot cause a physical change: "well-worn nerve channels" are merely the hypothetical brain-equivalents (has Mr. Pierce ever seen a well-worn nerve channel, and would he recognise it if he did?) for the workings of what Mr. Myers calls the Subliminal Consciousness. The brain explanation is more "satisfactory" as an explanation of the physical facts, just as the Subliminal Consciousness is more satisfactory as a means of describing the mental phenomena. Both are alike "mythical" if by that is meant hypothetical. In fact, we are dealing throughout with hypotheses, conventional signs of we know not what underlying realities. The two sets of signs are parallel; but it is a fatal blunder to interpolate a term from one series into the other. The art of painting and the art of writing furnish us with two series of conventional signs by means of which a fact in nature—say a landscape—may be represented. Mr. Pierce is in the position of an artist who through the poverty of his technical resources should in depicting a landscape leave the sky unpainted, filling in the blank with a written description of the blue vault dappled with white clouds, and should then proceed to complain that the black ink would not harmonise with the colour-scheme of his picture.

What right has Mr. Pierce, on physical grounds, to object to consciousness as an explanation of the psychological phenomena observed? Once more, consciousness is not a brain fact. When—to take his arguments seriatim—Mr. Pierce asserts that the assumption of a secondary consciousness is unnecessary, the question arises, unnecessary for what? It is not necessary—it would be ridiculous—as an explanation of physical facts. But no one, as far as I am aware, has put it forward in that connection. Whether or not a secondary consciousness may be inferred from certain phenomena, physical and mental, is a question with which psychologists are primarily concerned, and which cannot be solved or greatly advanced towards solution by reference to reflex action and brainless frogs.

So again, in his second argument. To suppose that consciousness accompanies automatic action may or may not be absurd. It is a question, I apprehend, to be determined by observation. But Mr. Pierce has not shown that it has any bearing upon the ascription of habitual action to well-worn nerve paths.

His final argument, that there is no direct testimony to the existence of a split-off consciousness, not only betrays the same misconception, but appears to be based on a superficial and extremely restricted survey of the facts. In the latter part of his paper, in order to meet the cases of Ansel Bourne, Mary Reynolds, and Felida X., Mr. Pierce admits the existence of "alternating personalities," and "fluctuating consciousness," and thus practically concedes much of the matter in dispute. But in his first discussion of the subject he concentrates his attention almost exclusively on the small group of hystero-anæsthetics described by Pierre Janet and others. Practically the whole of his arguments and illustrations are drawn from these subjects. "The belief," he says, "in these sensations, images, and memories [outside the normal consciousness], is grounded principally in the notion of pseudo-anæsthesias, and in the notion that complex movements cannot be produced without accompanying motor images." Even to dreams and somnambulism he refers only to express his conviction that "many dreams are never attended by any consciousness whatever." Surely we need Mr. Pierce's definition of consciousness before we can discuss a statement of this kind.

But however narrowly Mr. Pierce would be disposed to limit the application of "consciousness," I cannot but think that if he had at the outset of his enquiries taken into consideration not merely such pathological cases as those of Felida X. and Ansel Bourne, but the more frequent and normal phenomena of the hypnotic trance, he would have modified this statement of his views. The hypnotised subject presents, or may present,—as many of us have seen for ourselves,—all the phenomena which we associate with consciousness, not merely in our own case, but in the case of the same person when in his normal state. He talks, acts, reasons; exhibits emotion, judgment, volition. As has been said, the hypnotic state frequently differs from the normal in no other respect than that it is different. If Madame B. is not conscious in the state in which she has christened herself Léontine, by what signs are we to infer consciousness in others at all? And the consciousness of the hypnotic is certainly not identical with the consciousness of the waking state. With rare exceptions it is more extensive; it includes the waking consciousness as a larger includes a smaller concentric circle, itself not included by it. Indeed, so much Mr. Pierce practically admits, by proposing the term "fluctuating consciousness" for conditions like those presented by Felida X. and Madame B.

Comparing the admissions at the end of the article with the argument at the beginning, I am led to the conclusion that what Mr. Pierce really aimed at refuting was, not the contention that consciousness accompanies certain abnormal states and certain "automatic" actions, but the doctrine that these states and actions indicate that there are two independent centres of activity functioning simultaneously in the same organism—in a word, the doctrine of dual or rival control. If I am right in my understanding of his argument, it might be paraphrased somewhat as follows:—Consciousness is

an accompaniment, under certain conditions, of the functioning of the brain as a whole. It is a unity which reflects the synthesis, or rather synergy, of the several cerebral centres. To recognise a secondary consciousness would be to admit the possibility of a second synthesis of brain centres. Such dual control in an organism would be opposed to all physiological analogy. Therefore there is no secondary consciousness.

As to whether that contention is sound physiologically, I am not competent to offer an opinion. But, arguing solely from the psychological data at present available, I am led, provisionally, to the same conclusion. I can find no evidence that would lead me to believe that there are two independent organised systems of consciousness operating simultaneously in any of the cases so far brought forward. The ordinary case of the hypnotic subject—with which in this connection we may group such morbid cases as those of Felida X. and Janet's hysterico-anæsthetic patients—certainly seem to call for no such explanation. These are all instances of what Mr. Pierce calls "Fluctuating Consciousness." In other words, the two consciousnesses may be represented by concentric circles, of which the normal is always the smaller. There is here no conflict or co-operation of independent centres of consciousness: the "secondary" consciousness differs from the primary merely in containing more elements. This difference, as formulated by Mr. Pierce in physiological terms, is no doubt due to the removal of certain inhibitions existing in the normal state, or to the stimulation to "consciousness-point of excitation" of certain cerebral tracts normally dormant. In psychological language, a secondary consciousness includes a wider range of motor or sensory images, of ideas and emotions. But it is essentially one consciousness, its centre the same, its periphery enlarged. And there is, I imagine, little evidence that the "Secondary" consciousness deserves even the name of an enlarged consciousness in its earlier stages—except in those rare cases where the field of waking consciousness has been abnormally restricted by disease. In the ordinary hypnotic subject it appears to take some time for the consciousness to become developed. In the process of such development, no doubt, it assumes into itself new elements, both subjective and objective—facts of internal sensation and lapsed memories, as well as novel experiences from without. By such means, as in Madame B.'s case, the trance-consciousness may be educated and developed, so as not merely to present a widely different content, but to assume a different character from the primary state of the same individual. But this is purely an artificial product. It is one consciousness which has worked up into organic relation with itself the fresh material presented to it. We only know "Léontine" in her mature state. But it is not likely that she came into the world full-grown.

The instances in which the secondary consciousness intrudes into the domain of ordinary life may seem irreconcilable with this view of the matter. When the hidden "Adrienne" answers intelligent questions whilst "Louise" is talking to the company at large; when the hypnotic subject, in the midst of a conversation in the normal state, gets up to poke the fire in obedience to a mandate given 10 minutes before in the hypnotic trance; or writes out the solution of an arithmetical problem whilst reading the newspaper aloud—do not these various acts indicate two

simultaneously functioning centres of consciousness? Mr. Pierce has recognised the difficulty, and attempts to meet it by suggesting that the acts performed by the secondary consciousness, as the planchette-writing, and poking of the fire, and whispered conversation, are automatic and performed without consciousness. But the facts are against this explanation, at least, in some cases. Mr. Gurney, for instance, has shewn (see his article on "Peculiarities of Certain Post-hypnotic States," *Proceedings, S.P.R.*, Vol. IV., pp. 268-323), that the actions attributed to the Secondary Self are frequently so difficult and complicated as necessarily to imply the exercise of the fullest intelligence of which the subject is capable. Moreover, the re-hypnotised subject remembers the performance of the enjoined act, and can explain any peculiarities in its performance, and correct mistakes made. It would surely be extravagant to refuse to admit that such acts are deliberately and consciously performed. But the facts appear sometimes to be not inconsistent with the converse supposition,—that it is the actions attributable to the primary self which are performed without conscious guidance, as the response of some lower cerebral centre, through well-worn nerve channels, to familiar stimuli. The attention of observers and experimenters has been directed almost exclusively to the acts attributed to the secondary consciousness, and the attempt to prove that such acts indicate intelligence and volition, and the workings of the primary consciousness have been comparatively neglected. We are given no detail in many cases of the waking occupations of Mr. Gurney's subjects. Perhaps the actions of their waking selves were the purely reflex response to the spoken or printed words. Indeed, in some curious experiments, directed to obtaining "evidence of an absolutely complete and mutually exclusive segregation of two simultaneous states or streams of consciousness in the same individual," (*Loc. cit.* pp. 318 *et seq.*) Mr. Gurney succeeded only in demonstrating that when the performance assigned to the primary self was of a nature to demand the full exercise of intelligence, the secondary consciousness was unable to discharge its allotted task. The subject, for instance, read, "Through the Looking Glass" aloud "with spirit and enjoyment," but failed simultaneously to multiply 697 by 8 through planchette; in other words, Mr. Gurney failed to obtain the evidence which he desired. And, indeed, it is obvious, as Mr. Gurney points out, that it would in any circumstance be extremely difficult to obtain clear proof of such a proposition as the simultaneous functioning of two independent centres of consciousness. We know from the fact of the subsequent memory, and from other tests, such as the susceptibility at the time to hallucination, that the subject in obeying a post-hypnotic command frequently relapses into the hypnotic or secondary state. Apparent instances, therefore, of the simultaneous performance of intelligent acts by two separate centres of consciousness, may be explained—since it is practically impossible to prove that the acts were really simultaneous—as examples of the rapid alternation or fluctuation of the field of consciousness.

But, in fact, all these difficulties disappear, or at least assume less formidable proportions, if we accept the conclusion to which analogy and the facts of observation alike point us, to wit, that we have been too hasty in defining the limits of consciousness. We are dealing, as has been said, with

two parallel series of phenomena, brain changes and states of consciousness. It has for some time been recognised that the physical chain is complete and continuous. Yet we seem willing to believe in the mental chain as fragmentary. We talk of the stream of consciousness: we suffer ourselves to resolve it into a series of detached pools. Unless we are prepared to admit that consciousness is simply a by-product of cerebral activity, it is difficult to account for its existence at all, except on the supposition that it is continuous. If consciousness really disappears periodically—in sleep, for instance, or coma—how can it ever arise again *de novo*, if we repudiate the explanation of it as a secretion of the brain-cells? But if we admit what facts of observation also seem to indicate, the absolute continuity of consciousness: if we abolish the old distinction between conscious and unconscious, and substitute, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Lang's, *conscious and not-so-conscious*, we shall find the phenomena intelligible. We have been, perhaps, at fault in our interrogation of consciousness. A more patient and searching scrutiny would have brought to light much that has hitherto escaped our notice. The strong light is focussed, it is true, only on the objects of immediate interest: but outside the brilliant circle which illumines our everyday life may be discerned dim images, growing ever fainter and fainter, but still recognisable. Amongst such dim shapes, seen momentarily and then forgotten, are the dreams which we faintly recall on our first waking, fragments of half-heard conversations, the actions which we class as habitual or automatic. We may recognise, as fully as Mr. Pierce does, that these actions are prepared, and these images recorded, automatically—that is, by lower members of the cerebral hierarchy, acting without direct reference to or express mandate from the central government; but nevertheless in strict subordination to their sovereign as responsible ministers of a constitutional monarchy. To admit thus much, and yet to recognise that these actions are accompanied by some degree of consciousness, is not to countenance anarchy or even to connive at dual control.

In brief, to vary the metaphor, since it is only by metaphors that we can reason at all in such matters, it would seem that the hypnotic trance and other forms of the secondary consciousness simply open the door and admit the light to our psychological lumber-room. The pressure upon the area of our working consciousness is great, and its capacity limited. As a result whole classes of ideas and sensations get crowded out. In the long ascent from the amœba we may suppose that group after group of simple sensations fell back into the unconscious or the "not so conscious," as their place was required by the more complex images called into existence by the changing environment. Even in the lifetime of the individual the thoughts and memories of childhood and youth are gradually thrust into that twilight by the urgent affairs of our maturer life. Year by year sensations once vivid grow fainter and finally pass unregarded. New forms of activity are practised with anxious care, and repeated until use has made them familiar, and ultimately cease to require an express mandate from the sovereign power for their performance. It is then of this psychological lumber-room that the crystal and the hypnotist's command throw open the door. It by no means follows from the fact that the furniture thus revealed has been gradually rejected by the growing consciousness, that it is of little value. The lumber-rooms of our

grandfathers and grandmothers would often have been found, one imagines, to contain Queen Anne sideboards, Sheraton tables, Chippendale chairs, and many other things of higher use and greater beauty than the veneered monstrosities with which their possessors had filled the places left vacant. So in the lumber-room of memory we may find much that we would gladly see furbished up and brought into the daylight again—forgotten scenes, neglected ideals, faith grown dusty from disuse. Sometimes we may find there a “Wild Duck Attic”—the hidden romance of a life-time. It is likely enough that the hap-hazard process of selection which the contents of our consciousness have undergone causes the loss of much that we would not willingly let pass away. When the nature of the process and the results which attend it are more clearly recognised, we may find it possible to recover something of this so-called lumber from oblivion, and thus enlarge and enrich our work-a-day selves. But as yet we seem to have found in the subliminal consciousness no certain indication of any knowledge or faculties which have not at some time played a part in the primary field. We come across memories of childhood and many old forgotten things; we come across traces of long lost but once serviceable faculties—telepathy, sense of time, of direction, of weight; we acquire partial control over bodily functions—digestion, circulation, and the like—which civilised man has learned to acquiesce in as beyond his guidance. But in all this we only resume possession of our own. And I submit that we have as yet no sufficient evidence of anything beyond that. The subliminal consciousness presents to us—if we can read it right—an epitome of our own past. It gives us hope and help for the future, not, on a sober interpretation of the facts, by holding out the promise of transcendental faculties, but by showing us what we have once had, and have not yet wholly lost.

FRANK PODMORE.

PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL MEETING.

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The 75th General Meeting of the Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, October 11th, at 8.30 p.m.; PROFESSOR SIDGWICK in the chair.

Statements were made by the Chairman, Dr. Hodgson, and Mr. Myers as to the results of a series of experiments made at Cambridge with an Italian "medium," Eusapia Paladino. The investigators were unanimously of opinion that systematic trickery had been used throughout the whole series of experiments at Cambridge, and that there was no adequate reason for supposing that any other cause was required to explain the phenomena that had there occurred.

DR. HODGSON read part of a paper on "Recent Phenomena of Trance observed through Mrs. Piper," which it is hoped to publish in full in the next number of the *Proceedings*.

## I.

## THE SUBLIMINAL SELF.

BY F. W. H. MYERS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE RELATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA TO TIME ;—  
RETROCOGNITION.

In a series of chapters dealing with the existence and faculties of a Subliminal Self,—a part of our mind or faculty which lies below the threshold of our ordinary consciousness,—I have called attention to many facts which indicate that we are in reality beings of wider scope and deeper powers than we habitually suppose. Reviewing almost every known group of supernormal phenomena in turn, I have tried to show that this submerged faculty has much to do with the perception or production of them all.

There remain, however, two considerable groups of phenomena which in this connexion I have hardly yet touched. One of these groups consists of *physical* phenomena, such as have been described in these *Proceedings* especially in connection with the late Mr. Stainton Moses. Their relation to man's subliminal faculty must be reserved for future discussion. There remains that varied group of incidents which raise the question of the relation to *Time* borne by these hidden powers which in other ways have shown themselves so far-reaching and flexible. I have indeed already touched the margin of this subject in a chapter on "Hypermnestic Dreams" (*Proceedings*, Vol. VIII). And a more direct attack on the problem has been made by Mrs. Sidgwick, who published about six years ago (*Proceedings*, Vol. V.) a paper "On the Evidence for Premonitions."

That paper contained a collection of the best cases of apparent premonition which we had received up to that time, during six years of enquiry; with a discussion of those sources of error, such as illusion of memory and accidental coincidence, which need to be fully considered before we can even provisionally believe that anything so apparently inexplicable as a real prefigurement of the future has in reality occurred. Mrs. Sidgwick's cases (some thirty in number) were in her judgment (with which I agreed) inadequate to establish so strange a conclusion. "We cannot, I think," she says, p. 353, "demand

that the possibility of supernormal prevision should be accepted even as a working hypothesis by the scientific world, as I myself consider that telepathy ought to be accepted. Still, there is enough evidence to make us think about it; and one advantage of having a society like ours is to bring home to people the importance of observing and recording at once facts bearing on such subjects, and to supply a centre where such records can be kept."

Mrs. Sidgwick's discussion has been effective in the direction desired; and at least double the amount of evidence of this type which our society had amassed during the six years which preceded that paper has been sent to us, or printed elsewhere, during the seven years which have followed it. On this ground alone the time has plainly come for another stock-taking;—which in consequence of other engagements of Mrs. Sidgwick's it devolves upon me to attempt.<sup>1</sup>

The evidence, I say, has grown in the way which was to be expected *if* precognition were—and hardly *unless* it were—a true fact in nature. And at the same time the whole question has gradually assumed a new aspect. In the earlier years of our research the evidence for precognition was entirely divorced from experiments; was derived from sources almost wholly separate from our sources of evidence to other supernormal phenomena; and even had it bulked large enough for acceptance on its own merits, would in its nature and scope have found no manifest link with other results of our enquiry.

In each of these three respects there has been an improvement in the situation. In the first place, there is now a beginning—it is not yet more—of actual experiment in this direction, from which experiment seemed wholly excluded. In place of the spontaneous, confused, imperfectly remembered *dreams* which still form the main bulk of our evidence for precognition, we are now sometimes able to substitute those voluntary, externalised, and easily recordable visions which constitute the "crystal pictures" to which attention has begun to be directed, and which include a small percentage of precognitive scenes.

As I have often urged, the first discovery of an actual method of *experiment*—however difficult and uncertain—in such an enquiry as this brings it at once out of a region where we can never count on advance into a region where, if sufficient diligence be used, progress must in time follow.

<sup>1</sup> I shall assume that the reader is familiar not only with the cases, but with the evidential criticisms in the article referred to. I am treating the subject in a somewhat different manner; but those criticisms of course continue to apply equally to the cases which I shall quote.

In the second place, the lapse of years has now allowed us to observe with some continuity the experiences of a good many informants; and in most cases we have found that where there is frequent telepathy or clairvoyance, there is pretty sure also to be some anomaly in the time-relations of the phenomena which no simple formula (such as a supposed *latency* of telepathic impressions) will serve to explain. Our living *sources*, that is to say, of telepathic and of precognitive evidence are now in many cases the same.

And thirdly, as we get some further glimpse into the laws which underlie our varied phenomena, we see more clearly that retrocognition and precognition—supernormal knowledge of Past and Future—cannot safely be set aside as isolated problems;—as fortresses which we may leave behind us unattacked as we advance over our newly conquered realm. On the contrary, our work tends to become more and more emphatically an *exploration of faculty*;—not merely a collection of evidence to particular occurrences, but a following out of every clue which may lead to knowledge of what is actually going on beneath the threshold while certain resulting phenomena are showing themselves above it. We must search for the *natural groups* into which our cases fall; contenting ourselves no longer with the first obvious lines of classification.

On no side, then, may we leave supernormal phenomena unattacked. We must not take for granted their relation to any great category of human thought. Their relation to time is as unknown to us *a priori* as is their relation to space or to physical causation. Their relation to space, indeed, was necessarily our first subject of enquiry. Our first task was to prove that space is bridged by some form of mental transmission which no known laws will explain. Into this enquiry time only entered in so far as it was needful to prove temporal coincidence, in order to prove causal connexion, between the event in one place and its spiritual repercussion in another.

And could our enquiry have been arrested here there would be a comparative simplicity even in our novel conclusions. In a universe where instantaneous gravitation operates unexplained,—where a world of ether coexists with a world of matter,—men's minds must needs have a certain openness to other mysterious transmissions; must be ready to conceive other invisible environments or co-existences, and in a sense to sit loose to the conception of Space, regarded as an obstacle to communication or cognition. A similar emancipation from the limitations of Time is more difficult. We can, of course, imagine increased powers of remembering the Past, of inferring the Future. But we can hardly conceive the Past revived, save in some mind which has directly observed it. And to imagine the Future as known, except by inference and contingently, to any mind whatever is to induce at

once that iron collision between Free Will, and "Fixed Fate, Foreknowledge absolute," from which no sparks of light have ever yet been struck. Still more unwelcome is the further view that the so-called Future actually already exists; and that apparent time-progression is a subjective human sensation, and not inherent in the universe as that exists in an Infinite Mind.

Nor shall we in fact find it necessary to insist upon any very revolutionary line of explanation. There is one analogy which will meet most of our evidence (although not all), and to which we shall repeatedly recur as our simplest guide. As is the memory and the foresight of a child to that of a man, even such, I shall suggest, is the memory and the foresight of the man's supraliminal self as compared to the retrocognition and the precognition exercised by an intelligence unrestrained by sensory limits;—whether that intelligence belong to the man's own subliminal self, or to some unembodied spirit. I maintain that in this thesis there is nothing incredible;—nay, that it is the necessary corollary of belief in the existence anywhere of any extension of the powers which we habitually exercise.

If there is a transcendental world at all there is a transcendental view of Past and Future fuller and farther-reaching than the empirical; and in that view we may ourselves to some extent participate, either directly, as being ourselves denizens all along of the transcendental world, or indirectly, as receiving intimations from spirits from whom the shadow in which our own spirits are "half lost" has melted away.

This I believe to be the central reflection to which the study of supernormal knowledge of Past and Future at present points us; and I shall be well satisfied if the evidence which I shall adduce should persuade the reader that in some undefined fashion we share at moments in this transcendental purview. As to the precise manner in which we share it, the difficulties are just those which meet us when, in any other group of our phenomena, we try to distinguish between the activity of the automatist's own spirit, and of other spirits, embodied or unembodied, and perhaps also of a World-Soul or of Intelligences above anthropomorphic personification. But this uncertainty will be a secondary matter; since our first business in this little-explored region will be simply to collect trustworthy experiments, well-evidenced narratives, and to cement them together with only just so much of theoretic mortar as may enable them to be surveyed without needless confusion.

Such will be my course in the two chapters which follow, in which I shall in the first place briefly describe the general character of our evidence for retrocognition and precognition; shall then cite the narratives; and shall finally give a diagrammatic and provisional

view of what I conceive to be their relations to each other, and to other supernormal facts.

The general characteristic, then, of these occurrences is to show us fragments of knowledge coming to us in obscure and often symbolical ways, and extending over a wider tract of time than any faculty known to us can be stretched to cover. On the one side there is *retrocognition*, or knowledge of the past, extending back beyond the reach of our ordinary memory ; on the other side there is *precognition*, or knowledge of the future, extending onwards beyond the scope of our ordinary inference.

In each direction, indeed, there are certain landmarks ; the regression and the progression alike seem to develop gradually, and to follow lines which we can learn to recognise. In the direction of the Past we begin with hypermnesia ; our first step lies in the conception that what has once been presented to our sensory field, although never gathered into what we deem our conscious perception, may nevertheless have been perceived and retained by the subliminal self. It is partly through dream and partly by automatic artifices that this fact is realised ; and those same dreams, those same artifices of script or vision, presently carry us a step further, and reveal a knowledge which must have come from the memories of other living persons, or (as I hold) of departed spirits. Then in another direction a less direct source of knowledge opens out ; living organisms, our own or others', disclose (in ways unknown to biology) the history implicate in their structure ; objects which have been in contact with organisms preserve their trace ; and it sometimes seems as though even inorganic nature could still be made, so to say, luminescent with the age-long story of its past. Or it may even be that some retrocognitive picture is presented which we may discover to be veracious, but with which we can discern no spiritual or material link ; as though a page of the cosmic record had been opened to us at random, and had closed again without sign or clue.

And next let us look forward into the Future ;—across that impalpable, almost imaginary line of the Present Moment, which for us is the greatest reality of all. Naturally enough, the first time-confusion which we find is a confusion affecting that present moment itself ; namely, that sensation of already remembering what is happening or is just about to happen to which some authors have applied the too wide term *paramnesia*, but for which *promnesia* seems a more exact and distinctive name. Next we have the wide range of *suggestive* phenomena, where the subliminal self possesses knowledge of the future unshared by the supraliminal ; since the subliminal self has in fact wound up the organism to strike a given note at a given hour. Self-suggestion in turn merges into *organic prevision* ; where the

subliminal self foresees what will happen—not in consequence of any determining effort of its own, but by virtue of its deeper knowledge of the organism and of the changes which that organism must by physiological laws undergo. This *organic prevision* may lead us far; but as it grows more distant and complex, involving more and more of a man's future *environment*, as well as of his future *organic history*, it merges into a form of precognition which cannot depend on insight into material bodies alone.

We now proceed, that is to say, along a line which is an extension of ordinary intellectual inference. First comes hyperæsthetic inference;—that enlarged span of anticipation which acuter sensory impressions permit; as a sensitive patient will be able to predict her doctor's visit when his step is merely heard in the street, although others cannot recognise that step until it is close to the bedroom door. Then comes an obscure point where this hyperæsthesia seems to pass into telæsthesia;—where sensory perception seems to cease, and supersensory, telepathic, or clairvoyant perception to begin.

Thus to take the common instance of auditory hyperæsthesia alluded to above, Lady Eardley, (a witness already cited), tells me,—and her husband, Commander de Lousada, confirms to me her recollection,—that for some weeks, when she was in very weak health, and also much distressed by a business matter, she distinguished from her London bedroom the special sound which a *heavy* letter made in falling into the letter box.<sup>1</sup> I have listened from the same room, and cannot myself hear any sound of letters falling in. But Lady Eardley also knew, she says, that these heavy letters, or certain among them, were *lawyers'* letters; and thinks that she did not discern this by hearing alone. No notes were taken at the time, (some years ago), and the account, therefore, is not evidential; but it illustrates the confused percipience which marks the line between hyperæsthesia and telæsthesia, when impressions are referred to a sensory channel through which they may possibly have not really arrived. Some of Mrs. Verrall's experiments (*Proceedings* Vol. XI., p. 184 &c.), illustrate the same form of confusion.

Well then, when we have definitely passed from the sensory to the transcendental mode of perception, it is probable that our power of inference as to the future will be greatly enlarged. We cannot, indeed, guess how far this enlargement will extend. There is nothing absolutely to forbid us to regard *all* precognitions as the result of this wider outlook of the subliminal self.

<sup>1</sup> Indications of a similar hyperæsthesia were observed by Dr. Hodgson with Miss Mollie Fancher;—a sensitive well-known in America.

Nor shall I attempt to draw the line at which this teleæsthetic inference ceases. If I do still look further for other sources of precognition, this is partly because in some cases I think that there is actual evidence that the precognition comes from a disembodied intelligence; and partly also on the wider ground that I distrust all explanations which give to man, embodied or disembodied, any monopoly of the transcendental world. The simplicity of our instinctive anthropomorphism is not the simplicity of truth;—it is no more so, when we are thus dealing with intelligences which may be far above our ken, than when the savage ascribes to a man-like demon the movements and influences of gross inanimate things.

But first, as I have said, I ascribe some precognitions to the reasoned foresight of disembodied spirits, just as I ascribe some retrocognitions to their surviving memory. I have tried in an earlier paper to show ground for believing that some spirits have a continued knowledge of some earthly affairs; and if they have such knowledge, and can show us that they have it, they may presumably reveal to us also their not infallible inferences from what they know.

Thus far I have been indicating roads along which I fancy that believers in any kind of transcendental faculty will some day be forced to travel. What follows is a speculation, or suspicion, which no records or experiments of ours can prove, but which seems to me to loom behind them all. I suspect, then, that it is not by wider purview, wiser inference alone, that finite minds, in the body or out of it, have attained to knowledge of what yet must be. I imagine that the Continuity of the Universe is complete; and that therefore the hierarchy of intelligences between our minds and the World-Soul is infinite; and that somewhere in that ascent a point is reached where our conception of time loses its accustomed meaning. To Plato's "Spectator of all Time and of all Existence" there may be no barrier between Then and Now. The idea, of course, is familiar enough to philosophical speculation. The novelty is that this, with many other ideas which have hitherto floated gaseously *inter apices philosophicæ*, like helium in the atmosphere of the sun, may now conceivably be tested in earthly laboratories and used as a working explanation for undeniable facts. For the moment I say no more; the reader will judge with the cases before him whether amid contingent prefigurements we find something of inevitable; or among individualised inferences some trace of a Cosmic Mind.

We shall have to set forth evidence illustrative of each of these main lines of speculation in turn. But before we embark definitely on either our backward or our forward survey, we are met by a familiar psychological puzzle, of no great evidential significance, but yet afford-

ing a useful introduction to further problems. I allude to the sensation, much discussed in France of late, of the *déjà vu*; the feeling which many men have experienced, "I have lived through all this before, and I know what will happen this next minute."<sup>1</sup>

Ordinary explanations of promnesia (as I shall call this sensation) follow two main types.

1. The reminiscence is a true one, depending (*a*) on a past waking experience, or (*b*) on a past dream which some similarity in circumstances recalls to memory.

2. The reminiscence is illusory, depending (*a*) on a kind of malady of perception or attention affecting the whole personality, or (*b*) on some sort of splitting of the personality, as, for instance, on asynchronism of cerebral hemispheres, etc.

1 (*a*). It is probable that most of my readers share the belief which was my own so long as I argued from my personal promnesic sensations in boyhood; namely, that a confused recollection of actual past events gave rise to the feeling that I knew what was going to happen. This view was supported by the triviality of the occasions when I had the feeling, as in the course of some familiar game or talk. Until one learns how small a fraction of human sensation or emotion one's own capacity comprehends, one is apt to think that the strongest records of what others feel are mere exaggerated descriptions of something one has felt oneself. And often, after all, this is true; and probably a large proportion of promnesic experiences have this simple source.

1 (*b*). It is obviously possible also that a suddenly evoked — reminiscence of a past *dream* may give rise to the feeling of "*déjà vu*,"—of having witnessed the actual scene at some indefinite time before. If such coincidence with a previous dream were a merely *casual* one, this heading would be a mere variety of 1 (*a*). The really important question—to which we must presently return—is whether the connexion may be other than casual, whether the dreamer may in some supernormal way have visited the scene, or anticipated the experience, which he was destined afterwards to behold or to undergo.

2 (*a*). The hypothesis of some kind of interruption or indecision in the acts of perception and attention, giving rise to a confused location

<sup>1</sup> It seems to me undesirable to give to this phenomenon the name *paramnesia*, as has been commonly done of late. The word *paramnesia* should mean simply "erroneous or morbid memory,"—as *paræsthesia* and *parageusia* (for instance) mean erroneous or morbid sensation or taste. It is inconvenient to try to narrow a word of this general type to connote one small group of phenomena; not to say that it is begging the question to assume that those phenomena are in any way morbid. The paradoxical term "promnesia,"—memory beforehand—seems to me to express unmissably the paradoxical sensation under review,—and to express nothing more.

in time of the object perceived, has been worked out in various ways, all of which seem purely hypothetical.<sup>1</sup> Such confusions may exist, but they can in any case explain only the slighter and momentary forms of promnesia, not those cases where the sensation of memory becomes definite enough to attract to it the percipient's full and deliberate attention.

2 (*b*). The old idea of a lack of precise concordance between the perceptions of the two cerebral hemispheres seems to be scouted on the Continent, but is still occasionally revived in England. (See *Brain*, Winter number, 1895.) I cannot myself see how a functional asynchronism of this sort can be proved except by indications of a definitely right-handed or left-handed character—such as mirror-writing—none of which have, so far as I know, been as yet noted in direct connection with promnesia. It would not, indeed, surprise me if they were so observed, since I have in an earlier paper, (*Proceedings*, Vol. III., p. 1), collected some indications that the subliminal self sometimes manifests itself preferentially through the right or less-used hemisphere; and since I am also disposed to think, (as I must now explain), that one among many causes of promnesia may lie in a double perception of the present moment by the subliminal and the supraliminal self.

This view, although it must inevitably remain a conjecture like the rest, rests at any rate upon a plausible deduction from what I regard as the facts of subliminal hyperæsthesia, hypermnnesia, telæsthesia. If the subliminal self notes and remembers more than the supraliminal, its process of perception must be in some way different and superior, even when concerned with objects within the ordinary sensory field. And this difference in mode of perception may sometimes involve a duplication or confusion of the sense of time.

To understand this let us endeavour to realise the apparently simple, but really complex notion of the actual present moment.

The true Present is an evanescent, an infinitesimal thing. It is the imaginary meeting-point between two eternities; and the more finely we divide Time the less is left which is not Past or Future. But for us men the "specious present," as it has been well called, is a solid "duration-block," consisting of a small fragment of Time Past *plus* a still smaller fragment of indistinguishably vivid antieicipation of Time Future;—the length and context of the duration-block being conditioned for each of us by our several organisms.

Let me consider in what ways this "specious present" of mine is obviously defective.

<sup>1</sup> See various papers in the *Revue Philosophique* for 1894, or summarised in the *Année Psychologique* for 1895.

In the first place I observe that my perception of the actual moment is always retarded, and is irregularly retarded; so that it is both in arrear as a whole and also blurred by the trails or prolongations of special perceptions which are still more in arrear than the rest.

In the second place I observe that the *span* of my present,—my *protensive* span, to adopt a word of Hamilton's,—is after all so *short*, in spite of its tardiness and its blurring trails, that the actual external or organic event of the instant is only dimly intelligible to me, and needs to be perpetually explained by memory and anticipation. Let us consider these complaints in order.

1. The *retardation* of our perception of the content of the actual moment by the necessary journey of our impressions from end-organ to sensorium is matter of common knowledge, and even of practical inconvenience, where, as in astronomy, exact measurements of time are needed and “personal equations” have to be allowed for.

2. Our perception is *irregularly* retarded, not only by the variable media of our environment, which split up one instantaneous event into past, present, and future (as when I recollect the lightning and anticipate the thunder), but also by the nature of our nervous system, which continues the heterogeneous changeable character of the environment, and makes perception slower at some moments than at others, and at some peripheral points than at others,—so that a tap on the leg appears later in time than a simultaneous flash in the eyes.

3. Our perception is blurred by the reverberation of our sense-organs, which, having been stirred into one special thrill, cannot instantly arrest it and start on another.

4. Our protensive span suffices us under familiar conditions, but is inadequate in sudden crises. The *presence of mind* which then becomes so important means, in fact, a resolute maintenance of the protensive span of the specious present, so that the immediate past may be firmly realised and the immediate future foreseen; in place of the mere bewildered instantaneous consciousness of shock to which the present is then apt to shrink.<sup>1</sup>

Let us consider in a simple example the effect of all these weaknesses together upon our perception of a given scene, as compared with what that perception might be, were it direct and unhindered by organic disabilities. A horse leaps a fence, and goes through attitudes ABCDE, with sounds corresponding to each moment of movement through the air. Now most of the details of this moving scene,—the separate hairs of the horse, the minor noises,—lie beyond my sensation altogether. What I do perceive is a general effect, irregularly retarded.

<sup>1</sup> On all this see Prof. James' *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I., chaps. XV., XVI.

When the horse is at E I hear him at A and see him mainly at C; but a trail of vision persisting from A and B gives me, in fact, a confused dissolving view of ABC, modified by a dim but irresistible foresight of D. Meantime (let us say) an instantaneous camera photographs the horse in each attitude, and thus decomposes my dissolving view into a series of definite successive pictures.

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that while my supraliminal self is looking through my eyes, my subliminal self is looking through the camera; and that when the horse is at E the self which views the first prospect becomes partially aware of the self which views the second; somewhat as happens in "competition of visual fields," when one looks through a stereoscope which offers a different scene to right and left eyes. What will the result be? When the horse is actually at E I shall, as before, see him at C; but I shall have also an impression that I have seen him at C already,—and that I know, moreover, that he will pass through D and E,—up to the point at which the subliminal self has already registered the pictures.

Now this exactly corresponds to the promnesic sensation, which, along with the impression that the present moment has been traversed already, contains the impression that the immediate future has been lived through also, and is already known. At any given moment, of course, the subliminal perception would be only a fraction of a second in advance of the supraliminal; but the coalescence of consciousnesses might last for some time, much as it does in the case of automatic writing or other automatisms. This explanation would not apply to cases where the subject believes himself to have a knowledge of facts not instantly impending; such a knowledge of a place, for instance, as enables him to guide others about it, or such a knowledge of words yet unuttered as enables him to forestall them by speech or act. Cases of that kind, though sometimes classed with promnesia, really present a different problem, and will be considered further on.

In the meantime I can perhaps best explain what has been said above by a few extracts from a paper by M. Lalande (*Revue Philosophique*, November, 1893), in which that psychologist, who seems to have been at more pains than any one else as yet to collect first-hand statements as to promnesia, comes to a conclusion essentially the same as that to which the facts which we in England have collected seem to me to point.

Dealing then with this phenomenon, M. Lalande, while of course recognising that the ordinary explanations will cover many cases, considers nevertheless that we often have here a supernormal fact, accompanied by subjective symptoms such as trifling errors of memory do not produce. The feeling is said to be sometimes accompanied by a distressing emotion which may become actual terror. Among the phrases

used are "a inquietude," "an oppression on the chest," "a kind of vertigo." Other subjects remark that the feeling is like that of nightmare, and gives the impression of a world other than that in which we live. The subjects of promnesia, however, do not seem to be specially morbid or nervous persons; the main fact noticeable about them being that they have often also experiences of veritable telepathy or precognition. I translate, with slight abridgement, M. Lalande's principal reflections. (*loc. cit.* p. 495.)

"It is possible in the first place that paramnesia may be produced by that singular and almost indefinite acceleration which thought occasionally assumes. The striking examples quoted by M. Taine place beyond doubt the capacity of the human spirit to represent to itself in a few seconds series of conscious states whose ordinary subjective duration would occupy several hours. On the other hand we must remember that we are never conscious of *all* the perceptions which we experience at a given moment. Compare these two facts. You are presented with a new landscape, and you receive thence a mass of images which your intelligence does not at once comprehend, but which enter therein none the less, like an instantaneous photograph. Suppose then a distraction of the tenth of a second, during which your thoughts fly elsewhere, and rapidly summarise a subjective period say of ten or fifteen minutes;—what will happen when you return from the distraction? You will behold and recognise the scene which your thought quitted for a moment, but you will not refer the first act of perception to its right place in time;—in the first place on account of the partially unconscious character of the original perception; but especially on account of the apparent length of the moment of distraction. The second perception might thus easily assume that form of spatial prevision which it wore with M. Sch. (who feels that certain things ought to be in certain places in a room really seen for the first time, and on looking attentively finds that these things *are* there.)

"But something more is needed to explain prevision in time, which appears to be real according to the evidence quoted above. It seems that between simple cases of paramnesia and sensations called telepathic, there exists a series of intermediate cases, which connect the two by insensible transitions. Numerous facts accumulated during several years by hypnotists, doctors, and psychologists, give some appearance of probability to the existence of a very powerful hyperæsthesia, which is almost always unconscious, and which permits objects to be seen at a distance, or under quite unusual conditions. This second sight may be simply an excitation of the senses already known, or it may arise, as has often been suggested, from a different sensorium, rudimentary as yet, which might assist sight by extending it, as sight assists the sense of touch. It is unnecessary for the present question to decide between these two hypotheses; either would do equally well. I shall then call this abnormal and unconscious perception "telepathy" without entering on the question of its cause.

"But if it is admitted that by accident a more or less intense excitement of the mind brings it into play, the result ought really to be, to make us see the same object twice, in a time which will often be very limited. Thus on seeing a blow coming one believes one feels it beforehand. Let us take an

example to make the idea clear : I am walking with a friend ; he is thinking a sentence which he is about to utter. A telepathic sensation is produced and I perceive clearly the inward speech in which he has thought his sentence. But this perception to which I am unaccustomed remains unnoticed if the sentence is not really pronounced. If on the contrary he pronounces it immediately, the auditive sensation will immediately awake in the hidden depths of my mind the same perception that I had a minute ago ; I shall think I recognise it, or rather I shall really recognise it. The only mistake will be in projecting my remembrance into a more or less far-off past in order to explain to myself its confused character, which belongs only to its origin.

“But it is very evident that this special sensation would be likely to become equally apparent under the influence of other causes, such as dream, passion, hypnotism, and perhaps many other physiological agents, which have not yet been remarked. The transitions between the two phenomena would thus be quite natural. Quite natural also would be the comparison made by observers between paramnesic prevision and a straying memory just “on the tip of one’s tongue.” There would be the same passage from unconsciousness to perfect consciousness. This fact also would be explained, that very often persons, who experience the most distinct cases of paramnesia, state that they frequently have veridical presentiments also. This is the case with M. M. L——, Bo——T, ——, amongst observers whom we have quoted. The frequency of paramnesia with children again renders the existence of this special sensation probable. With them as with savages the senses are more subtle and impressionable than with developed men. Life blunts our sensibility little by little, and above all, crystallises it in a set form. The organs of children on the contrary, more supple and more easily modifiable, respond to slight actions (movements) to which our intellectual hardening has rendered us insensible.”

The following case illustrates the kind of incident (familiar enough in these *Proceedings*) which M. Lalonde finds not uncommon in the experience of his promnesics.

“I was at one time (says his informant) the pupil of Father B., a Jesuit, with whom I continued to correspond. After a silence of eighteen months, I felt one day some remorse, and I wrote him a letter to the Jesuit College at Dôle, where he was Professor. Shortly afterwards I was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a hand placed on my arm ; and I heard the voice of Father B. saying to me, ‘My dear friend, I am no longer at Dôle ; I am professor of mathematics at the College of Saint Michel, at Saint-Etienne.’ I lit my candle and looked about me ; I saw no one, and nothing unusual ; I went to sleep again, supposing that it had been a dream. Next morning I received a letter from Father B., beginning with the very phrase which I had heard in the night. I was absolutely ignorant that he had changed his residence, or that there was a Jesuit college at Saint-Etienne. The letter gave me quite a shock.”

This is not strictly a premonition, as the letter was already written and passing through the post (*Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 289); and its occurrence to a man habitually subject to promnesia seems to point to

telepathy as the explanation of both phenomena. Thus, when this same M. J.—repeated to a friend (Lalande, p. 488) initial phrases yet unuttered of speeches in *Ferdinand le Noceur* which he had never heard or read, he may have derived these phrases telepathically from the minds of the actors awaiting their cues to strike in. Somewhat similarly, when a question is being passed down a class a boy previously ignorant of the answer sometimes *catches* it (it is said) from the eager (though silent) knowledge of the boy standing just below him. Such little incidents are hardly capable of proof, but yet are worth observation.

There are not, however, many of the more advanced promnesic cases which telepathy would explain. Generally there is no other mind apparently involved, and it simply seems as though the promnesic either enjoyed at the moment a wider than ordinary percipience, or had already visited in some supernormal way the scene which he feels that he remembers. Now these are actually two possibilities of which we have well-attested examples. A telæsthetic extension of knowledge at the moment lies at the base of what we are accustomed to call *monitions*; and dreams premonitory of future scenes or incidents form a great part of our evidence to precognition. And it can make no theoretical difference whether the *objects* of extended knowledge of either of these kinds are in themselves momentous or trivial. It may be of great value to me to receive a warning, through some supernormal faculty, that I am on the point of walking into a dock in the dark;—very valueless to apprehend similarly that I shall come upon a church with a copper spire after the next turn in the road; but both impressions alike must fall for the psychologist into the same category.

These small oscillations about the specious present, in short, whenever they mean more than mere mistake and confusion, are strictly analogous to the ampler oscillations with which we are in these chapters mainly concerned.

And passing on now to retrospects and prospects of wider scope, let us begin with the backward swing of the pendulum, and consider to what extent our knowledge of the Past will sometimes open itself beyond the familiar bounds. Brief discussion may serve, for many points of detail have been already dealt with elsewhere.

Let us, then, begin our study of supernormal retrocognition by first inquiring in what ways we ordinarily and normally acquire our knowledge of the Past. We acquire such knowledge partly from direct personal memory, and partly from retrospective inference based on what we see or hear. We might, indeed, define memory as an acquisition of fresh potential changes of consciousness concomitant with changes in our organism, which imply certain past events as

their cause. But this definition, which sounds natural enough when applied to diffused or organic memories, such as the cricketer's memory of the feel of the bat, would seem pedantic if applied to the minute cerebral changes which accompany the learning of a new fact. In such a case we ignore in common speech the real organic change which the learning of any fact implies in us, and we merely refer to the specialised sensory channel through which the information comes to us—as hearing, reading, and so forth. In a vague but quite intelligible way, we thus mark off organic memory from definite sensory or intellectual memories.

In our inquiry into retrocognition it will be well to keep roughly to some division of this sort, and to begin by inquiring into the extensions which seem to be given to *organic memory*.

We know, of course, that there is a great difference between our *evocable* memory—that which we can summon up and use at will—and that much ampler memory which we must suppose to exist, in some potential form at least, imprinted upon our organism. The faint and crude recollections of sensations and movements, which are all that we can call into ordinary consciousness, would be far from enabling us to recognise sensations, or to repeat movements, as we actually do recognise and repeat them. The study of hypnotic suggestion, moreover, has shown us how these potential or latent memories may be grasped and used. The increased *power* over the organism which the subject under suggestion shows necessarily implies an increased *memory* of the organism's past; the hyperboulia, as I have termed it, is hypermnasia as well. That wider will-power, indeed, is probably no more aware of the exact mechanism which it employs in its control of secretions, &c., than I am of the exact mechanism by which I raise my hand to my head. And, similarly, the hypnotic memory is probably itself very shallow as compared to what a complete summation of all the lapsed memories of the organism might be. But already we find it descending deeply to gland and blood-vessel, implicated as these are in stigmatisation and similar phenomena, and we can draw no clear line below which all organic consciousness must cease, and memory must become no more than a metaphor.

We cannot draw such a line, I say, either on the basis of smallness of magnitude or of remoteness in time. We cannot assert that organic memory may not inhere in a single cell or neuron, or even in a single living molecule. Neither can we assert that organic memory cannot be prolonged backwards before birth. Birth, indeed, is but an incident in each organism's history; that organism has an embryonic life before birth,—and a pre-embryonic life in countless lines of ancestry. Although we no longer say with the "traducianist" schoolmen that Adam's body included not only his own soul but the souls of all his

descendants, we still trace to ancestors more remote than Adam characteristics which even now influence our psychical life.

It is a moot point how far the life-experiences of each organism modify by what we regard as purely physiological transmission the characteristics of its descendants. The rude suggestion (so to term it) of the amputated limb, or other injury, is commonly not accepted by the offspring; the embryo develops unaffected by the shock which the parent has undergone previously to the act of union. But if that shock fall upon the mother during the embryo's life, and if it chance—(in post-natal suggestions also there seems much of what we must needs call *chance* in this)—if it chance to reach the mother's subliminal self in effective fashion, it may then transfer itself to the embryo, and imprint upon the child the organic memory of the mother's emotion of admiration, disgust, or fear. No one doubts this form of heredity when it is exhibited on a striking scale,—as with children born during the alarms of a siege, or of the Reign of Terror in France. And I believe that there is evidence enough (although I cannot quote it here) to show that isolated and momentary suggestions—as the sight of a crushed ankle or missing finger—may produce a definite localised effect on the embryo in much the same way as a hypnotic suggestion may produce a localised congestion or secretion.<sup>1</sup>

If, then, we thus find imprinted on the child's organism such a conspicuous, specialised memory of perhaps an almost instantaneous emotion of the mother's, we must surely suspect that his organism may contain also some inborn memories less conspicuous and more purely cerebral than such a gross phenomenon as a mark on the face or a deformed finger. And by this new route we shall come round again to something like the *innate ideas* of certain philosophical systems. Nor can we absolutely limit such influence to the actual parent organism alone. For aught we know, the "germ-plasm"—whatsoever may be the continuous link of all generations—may be capable of reacting to psychical suggestions as sensitively as the embryo. The shaping forces which have made our bodies and our minds what they are may always have been partly psychical forces,—from the first living slime-speck to the complex intelligences of to-day.

This view is not inconsistent with the suggestion which I have made elsewhere, that the human spirit's supernormal powers of telepathy and telæsthesia are survivals from the powers which that spirit once exercised in a transcendental world. It may well be that the spirit already modified by cosmic experiences dating back to infinity may inform the

<sup>1</sup> To what extent the nature of the connexion between the maternal and the embryonic organism may modify the mechanism of suggestion this is not the place to inquire.

body already modified by terrene experiences dating back to the first appearance of life on our planet. Both the old traducianist and the old transmigrationist view would thus possess a share of truth; and the actual man would be the resultant not only of intermingling heredities on father's and mother's side, but of intermingling heredities, one of planetary and one of cosmic scope.

I, at any rate, follow those who can see no fundamental dividing-line between the most purely intellectual act of memory,—say the recollection of a mathematical formula,—and the habit or predetermination which has made each new cell in a man's body take on the peculiarities of its predecessor,—back till the time when the segments of the fertilised ovum took on the peculiarities of their progenitors. The introduction of consciousness into this series is, I conceive, a quite gradual process; our own human consciousness being merely a casual intermediate point between such dim unnamed self-awareness as may pervade at least all sentient things, and that far intenser consciousness which mortal man forefeels only in some moment of ecstasy.

The physiological changes which follow upon self-suggestion depend, in my view, upon a revival of memories which have long lapsed from supraliminal consciousness; upon a recurrence to primitive powers, exercised in days when all that the organism had to attend to consisted in processes of absorption, secretion, and so forth. And somewhat similarly I hold that much which we now term hyperæsthesia may rather consist of some rudimentary sense of unfamiliar type derived from a primitive *pnaesthesia*, or diffused undifferentiated sensibility, from which our special senses, and the special senses of other animals, have developed under the pressure of special needs. As to telepathy and telæsthesia, the case is different. I do not say that these powers may not have existed in our lowly ancestors, or may not now exist among the inferior animals, but I cannot regard them as faculties dependent (as the senses are dependent) upon the vitalisation of matter. Rather I hold them as a part of our inheritance upon the other—the cosmic—side of our descent. They belong to the transcendental world and to our transmigrationist pedigree; and have been, I take it, not fostered but concealed by this planetary alliance between spirit and matter.

For the present, however, our inquiry concerns the traducianist aspect of heredity alone. We have to consider, that is to say, whether any of the phenomena of retrocognition which lie before us are explicable as extensions of organic memory;—as evocations into daylight consciousness of imprints made in this life, or in ancestral lives, upon our physical being. So much of intellectual predisposition is hereditary that it would be rash to fix *a priori* any point where a memory was too definite to be capable of transmission. It is a

question of evidence; but I may say at once that for an ancestral memory as definite as would here be needed there seems to me to be at present no adequate evidence, and that the hypothesis is worth mentioning mainly because any other explanation of some of these facts or pictures from a remote past, with which we shall presently have to deal, seems at first to be still more incredible.

While, therefore, I do not at present see evidence that memories either of words or of scenes can be inherited, I think we ought to be on the watch for cases like the following, where the writer, the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, believes that there was an innate cerebral picture, due to parental suggestion:—

P. 252.

HEREDITARY MEMORY.

*To the Editor of the "JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."*

SIR,—There is one obscure subject on which I should like to see an inquiry by the Society for Psychical Research. I mean hereditary memory. I know it is usually accepted, even by sceptical physiologists, that we inherit instincts and habits from our ancestors. The case of a hereditary passion for hunting in certain English families is adduced. Also certain acts, *e.g.*, in women a peculiar mode of threading a needle (as in one branch of my own family) is hereditary. The Stuarts and Bourbons both had a manifest and remarkable heredity of thought (which might result partly from instinct, partly from education). But may not this power of inheritance extend still further, even to the recollection of certain places by descendants, and may not this account for some cases at least of that well-known mental phenomenon of persons feeling suddenly that they perfectly recollect places and scenes where a moment's reflection shows that they have never been in their lives? I may explain what I mean by my own experience.

In early childhood I was much given to day dreams, as many only children of active imaginations are. Two scenes have haunted me many hundred times, I am sure, though as I attained manhood they faded and were only recollected as childhood's dreams. I will describe each of them. They were two of my dominant scenes to the inner visual organs in childhood.

1. A large village lying northward, with heaving plain and woodlands in the back. In front there is a little stream crossed by a small bridge. It is looked at from a hill. There is one church in that village, and a road going north, and a park to the east. I have thought of that village a hundred times and peopled it with imaginary people and quaint adventures, as children will.

Now when I was an undergraduate in Oxford, my mother suggested my going to visit Adderbury, which had been connected with our family since 1800, and where she had spent some of her childhood, staying with her uncle who dwelt there. She intended going herself there, but was prevented. Still she told me to go there and see the old place, full of her childhood's memories. I did so one winter's day. I came to a low hill, and

there before me was almost exactly the scene of my childhood's dreams—the large village, the little stream, the park, the woodlands, and the church. Now my mother had never described to me Adderbury. It is curious I should have thought of it, for, spending my childhood in Devon, I had conceived a typical Oxfordshire village, totally unlike any place I had seen in childhood.

2. Another scene was more curious and more persistent. It was a large village near the sea, facing eastwards. The hill is very steep—so steep that you must descend part of the way by steps. The houses are in terraces one over the other. Above there is a woodland. I always thought I dwelt there, and had a house on the north side. Hundreds of day dreams had I of that village and its steps and terraces, and blue sea, but my home was always on the north side and a little inland. Till last July, I never in all my journeys had seen any place like that scene of my day dreams. I was then asked to visit Clovelly in North Devon, where my maternal ancestors (my great grandmother was a Cary) had long lived. To my astonishment, there were the terraces, the steep hill, the steps down to the sea facing eastward, and to the north, Cary Court, where for ages our people had lived. I saw in the church seven of the Cary tombs. Clovelly is described in *Westward Ho*, which I only read some years ago for the first time, and the resemblance never struck me.

Are there not many other instances of this ancestral memory ?

W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

Newlyn St. Peter, Penzance, *February*, 1890.

Thought-transference in childhood from the percipient's mother or other relatives might probably suffice to explain a case of this kind. And we shall find cases where a scene similarly viewed in advance can never have been looked upon by any ancestor of the percipient's.

Leaving now the question of an ancestral memory, let us speak of the organic memory of impressions received by each man during his own past life. In my chapter on *Hypermnestic Dreams, Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 362, I set forth evidence tending to show the possibility that all definite sensory experiences of this present life may be preserved in a subliminal memory. I would now suggest in addition that there may be a conservation of the psychical aspect of the past organic sensation itself, as well as of the resultant condition from which that past sensation may be inferred. In the case of a *pain*, there will thus be the instant pain, then its brief resonance through the organism, then its permanent picture, so to call it, which can still be revived as painful, and lastly the symbolized memory, no longer actively painful, which we use when we wish to recall the fact of the pain. I speak first of a *pain*, since that is a comparatively definite thing, approaching near to the sensations due to specialised end-organs, of which also we shall soon see that similar records remain. But I would extend this suggestion to all states of organic sensibility, including, for instance,

the possible revival in adult life of the freshness of youth, or the possible renewal of the sensation of hungry emptiness after a copious meal.

The following cases illustrate what has been said, both as to the continuous perception exercised by the subliminal self,—none the less when the supraliminal self has been held in abeyance by chloroform,—and also as to the possibility of a revival—preferably in a half-dreaming state, as with *illusions hypnagogiques*.

The cases were contributed by a surgeon, Associate of the S.P.R.

P. 251.

THE SUBLIMINAL CONSCIOUSNESS AT WORK DURING THE INFLUENCE OF AN ANÆSTHETIC.

(1) On November 3rd, 1893, a middle-aged woman was operated on for a bony tumour of the upper jaw. She was of course under an anæsthetic. When she awoke, after completion of the operation, she said she had no recollection whatever of what had occurred. When I called on her, on November 7th, she said she had had severe neuralgia during the night in the situation of the operation. During the continuance of this pain, and while half awake and half asleep, she thought she could follow each step of the operation of November 3rd. She described the cutting and slipping of the steel chisel, the blows of the mallet, and scraping back of the gum—in fact, it seemed to her that she underwent the whole operation again.

(2) A lady to whom I told the above said she once took “gas” for a tooth extraction. This was quite successful, for she “felt nothing.” But on an occasion subsequent to this she had a return of toothache—some time in the night. She declared that she could then feel all the symptoms of becoming unconscious while inhaling the gas; then came the digging of the forceps to get a grip on the tooth, the wrench, and awful pain—every detail was “felt” now, although her waking consciousness had been quite unaware of any pain during the actual extraction.

(3) I have many times noted that people while anæsthetised, who do not feel pain in the ordinary sense, and who on coming to themselves declare that they did feel no pain during the operation, have struggled, groaned, spoken, or given some other evidence that some stratum of their consciousness was awake during the anæsthesia, and was being impressed by the pain of the operation.

The above appears to show that the subliminal consciousness does take note of what is going on, while the work-a-day self is oblivious to all external stimuli when under the influence of an anæsthetic; and that the memory of this subliminal self may be brought to the surface by some appropriate stimulus, such as the neuralgia, which, we may note, occurred between sleeping and waking—that is, at a time when the subliminal is more active than the supraliminal stratum of our conscious personality.

Analogous to the foregoing is the fact similar in hypnotism, where it is often possible to recall a memory in the subject after awakening of what has been done and said during his hypnosis.

*Note to Case I.*—The patient did not see the operator's instruments at all, nor was she told after the operation how it was done, but merely that the tumour had been cut away entirely and successfully. No one was present at the operation except the patient, operator, and myself. The operation was described by the patient as accurately as a non-medical person was likely to do. It may be thought that she was enabled to describe the operation by her vivid imagination; but under the circumstances I should regard this "vivid imagination" as only another name for her subliminal memory.

With regard to Case II., as I was not present during the extraction of the teeth, I know none of the details.

In each of these two cases I was of course careful *not* to suggest to the patient the details of the operation—such as "Did you feel this or that?" I merely asked them twice over to tell me what they felt. Both the patients were thoroughly under the influence of the anæsthetic—chloroform in the first case, and nitrous oxide gas in the second.

C. THEODORE GREEN,  
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.

Somewhat analogous to this revival in half-sleep of memories which anæsthetics had till then obscured, is the occasional revival during drowning—or, in Charles Darwin's case, during a fall from a wall—of a series of life-memories both swifter and fuller than conscious effort could have supplied. Such cases can hardly be recorded in detail by the percipient himself, but they are numerous enough to make it pretty certain that the phenomenon is more than a mere subjective illusion. In a case which I have heard from a friend, nearly drowned in boyhood, the marked feature was the *delightfulness* of the panorama,—a review of childish games, &c.—rising in the effortless fashion of that subliminal uprush which we term a flash of genius. I suspect that similar resurgences of lapsed memory occur both in health and in disease more frequently than has yet been observed. Almost any mental tempest may bring remote impressions to light,—as storms will wash up cannon-balls on a long-since bombarded shore. "I knew one man," says Dr. Clouston (*Mental Diseases*, p. 147), "who, as he was passing into mania, could repeat a whole play of Shakespeare or a book of Milton, which when well he could not do."<sup>1</sup>

Somewhat akin to this is the following case of revival during health,—and during the deep sleep in which changes of personality are generally effected,—of a special vividness of youthful memories. The

<sup>1</sup> With quite healthy persons sudden and insistent memories sometimes occur, with details fuller than could have been voluntarily called up. Thus a young officer recounts the following experience, undergone while he was reading in bed, awake and with calm mind:—"Everything that had happened since I first went to sea flashed before me like a dissolving view; places, events, faces, names, everything. This lasted for over an hour, and then the picture faded away, and nothing but a blurred impression remained. The effect it had on me made me feel uncomfortable for a couple of days afterwards."

accompanying telepathic phenomenon,—the discharge, if we may so term it, of telergic energy,—perhaps testifies to the profound character of the shock; as when similar phenomena occur at a moment of external crisis, or at the change of death.

L. 984. A<sup>e</sup> P<sup>n</sup> Auditory.

From Mrs. Manning, who writes to Professor James as follows:—

105, Winter Street, Portland, Maine, *October 28th* [1894].

DEAR SIR,—At the request of Colonel Woodhull, I send you the following statement, which I hope may be of use to you.

When I was a child at my home in Rochester, N.Y., my elder sister had almost entire care of me. At night, after putting me in bed, she would sit beside me for a few moments until I fell asleep. Frequently I would wake up, and finding myself alone and in the dark, of which I was much afraid, I would call out to her; she would come and soothe me to sleep again. In 1875, I was living at Fort Hartsuff, Nebraska, a military post, the station of my husband. Our nearest railway station was Grand Island, on the Union Pacific Railroad, 75 miles away. My sister then lived at Omaha, about 300 miles east of Grand Island. Our mail reached us by buckboard from Grand Island every Wednesday and Saturday. One night in November, I awoke from a dreamless sleep, wide awake, and yet to my own consciousness the little child of years ago, in my own room in the old home; the sister had gone, and I was alone in the darkness. I sat up in bed, and called with all my voice, “Jessie! Jessie!”—my sister’s name. This aroused my husband, who spoke to me. I seemed to come gradually to realisation of my surroundings, and with difficulty adjusted myself to the present. In that moment I seemed to live again in the childhood days and home. I cannot express too strongly the feeling of actuality I had. For days after this the strange impression was with me, and I could recall many little incidents and scenes of child-life that I had entirely forgotten.

I wrote to my sister the next day, and told her of the strange experience of the night before. In a few days I received a letter from her, the date the same as mine, and having passed mine on the way, in which she said that such a strange thing had happened the night before—that she had been awakened by my voice calling her name twice; that the impression was so strong that her husband went to the door to see if it could possibly be I. No one else had called her; she had not been dreaming of me. She distinctly recognised my voice.

MARY M. CLARKSON MANNING.

Captain Manning writes:—

Portland, Me., *October 29th*, 1894.

I distinctly recall the circumstances as related above by my wife.

W. C. MANNING

(Captain 23rd Infantry, U.S. Army).

Mrs. Manning’s sister and brother-in-law give their testimony as follows:—

Detroit, Mich., *November 1st*, 1894.

The statement made by my sister is as I remember the experience.

That it made a deep impression upon us both is evidenced by each writing of it to the other on the day following its occurrence. The impression made was so forcible, it has never been forgotten.

JESSIE CLARKSON THRALL.

Detroit, Mich., November 1st, 1894.

The within statement of a curious coincidence might have been forgotten by me during the past twenty years, had the facts not been recalled to my memory from time to time as they have by the principal actors in it. I have always regarded it as a strange coincidence, but nothing more.

I heard no call, but went to the door to satisfy my wife that her sister was not in the hall.

GEORGE THRALL.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's enquiries, Mrs. Manning informed him that the original letters referred to had been destroyed long ago, and that neither she herself nor her sister had ever had any similar experience.

Still more noticeable is another group of cases where the recent impressions are in various ways suppressed in favour of the old. We are familiar, in the first place, with what is termed amnesia,—the gap sometimes left in memory after a blow on the head, or even after a sudden emotional shock,—which gap may or may not include a period of time before the shock as well as after it, and may or may not be ultimately filled up by a slow or hidden influx of recollection. The superposition of memories, so to term it, may in such cases be very curious. Suppose that I have an amnesic gap from Monday to Thursday; I shall tack on the events of Thursday to the events of Monday, and shall regard them as continuous;—taking up the brain-cells, so to say, at the point where Monday left them. But all the time a true memory of Tuesday and Wednesday will have formed itself and will be waiting to appear; so that perhaps on Saturday I shall discover that my brain on Thursday was by no means, as I had imagined, still in its Monday condition. Yet I have been working on Thursday and Friday upon the basis of the old Monday brain-condition which, in an ordinary view, would be held to have been irrevocably altered by Tuesday's events, and thus to have passed away for ever.

The various forms and stages of double personality, so often mentioned in these *Proceedings*, exhibit a similar phenomenon. Louis Vivé, for example (*Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 29, &c.), could, by certain empirical processes, be made a boy again at will, reverting to the memory and character belonging to the age at which any given distribution of his defective nervous energy had last prevailed in his organism. Or, again, in a case observed by Dr. Pitres, of Bordeaux, (*Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, January, 1891, p. 201), the recovery of youthful sensation and nervous integrity was the affair of a moment. "When the patient is carried back by her delirium [or by suggestion] to

the time when she was six or seven-years old, not only does she express herself and amuse herself like a child, but her hemianæsthesia has disappeared, and her hysterogenous zones, very active in her ordinary life, have lost their excitability."

I will add another example which may tend to show that these renewals of former states of organic sensation affect the whole system in a way that no voluntary effort of mind can rival. Hardly anything affects our normal cœncæsthesia or general organic sensations more deeply than the alternation of hunger and repletion. Yet the elder Despine, a most careful observer, reports as follows as regards the changes effected by light hypnotic trance in his well-known patient "Estelle." "The aliments," he says (*Médecine Pratique*, p. 47) "taken in abundance during the trance [when she was able to eat freely] did not seem to have satisfied her in the smallest degree on her return to the waking state, and *vice versa*. In fact, whenever Estelle passed from one of these conditions to the other, she never failed to experience in her new form of existence the physical appetites and needs appropriate to the new state. How did her digestive organs arrange themselves to effect this singular phenomenon? Where did all the food go which had assuaged the devouring hunger of the state of trance?—and how could all those cold drinks of beer, coffee, snow and ice, milk of almonds, raspberry vinegar, and so forth, leave room a few moments afterwards for the thin broths of herbs, &c., and the vegetables which in her normal state had long formed her only nourishment; and all this when the food taken in the trance could not possibly have been so far digested as to allow any appetite to be felt?"

Allied, I think, to this power of subliminally arresting and recalling organic sensations which for the waking self are lost beyond discovery, is a phenomenon for which there is some evidence in the records of early mesmerism. I mean the power possessed by some entranced patients of a self-diagnosis profounder (as some physicians then said) than medical skill could have attained. Such self-diagnosis of the patient is still sought and obtained with success by Janet and others in the special case of hysteria; where the hysteric, under skilful hypnotic treatment, can recall and reveal the long-forgotten incident which started her malady. I believe that a similar subliminal history of their disease might be educed with advantage from some hypnotised patients of other types.<sup>1</sup>

There is a further degree, yet more important, to which this organic retrocognition may, I believe, be carried. Readers of Professor Richet's article in *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 18 foll., will remember that a long

<sup>1</sup>A curious case of subliminal medical guidance will be found in *Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 206.

inquiry,—more careful, probably, than any inquiry on this subject had ever previously been,—convinced that physiologist of the occasional reality of a claim which no doubt has been often fraudulently made ;—the claim, namely, of a clairvoyant insight into the organic condition of an absent person. Here, of course, we come to a definitely super-normal power ; and it is a power which claims to involve both backward and forward knowledge such as actual medical examination of the patient could not attain. On this point I add one further case of Professor Richet's.

M. Cl. 670.

Paris, le 8 Mars, 1889.

J'ai un très beau cas de lucidité, que je vais vous raconter avec détail.

Vous ne savez peut-être pas que mon beau-père, Mr. F. A., a été malade assez gravement à partir du mois d'août, 1887. (C'est lui dont j'ai eu l'occasion de parler dans les *Proceedings* S.P.R., 1888, p. 126, Exp. XL.) Il a été de plus en plus malade jusqu'au mois de janvier, 1888. A ce moment (janvier et février, 1888) j'interroge à plusieurs reprises Alice [a person whom Mr. Richet hypnotised] sur la santé de Mr. F. A. J'avoue que je croyais Mr. F. A. absolument perdu, et un jour entre autres en février, 1888, j'ai interrogé Alice ; elle m'a dit, "Ne vous inquiétez pas." Pour ma part je croyais que Mr. A. ne vivrait plus que huit jours.

De fait, contrairement à ce que je pensais et ce que pensaient tous les médecins, il a à peu près guéri. [Certain symptoms, however, described by Mr. Richet, remained, which necessitated the constant attention of a surgical nurse.] Quoiqu'il soit âgé (76 ans), qu'il s'amaigrisse beaucoup, et que ses forces ne s'améliorent pas, à partir du mois de février, 1888 (vers le 9 février environ) il a été sans empirer. . . .

A diverses reprises (peut-être trois ou quatre fois) j'ai demandé à Alice de me parler de lui. Elle m'a dit, "Ne vous inquiétez pas ; je vous en parlerai."

Il y a deux jours, le Jeudi, 7 mars, à une heure de l'après-midi, dès que j'ai endormi Alice, elle me dit (ce sont ses paroles textuelles que je copie d'après la sténographie que j'ai prise) : "J'avais hâte de vous voir ; je voulais vous voir hier pour vous parler de M. A. Ou il est plus souffrant ou il va avoir une crise ; de la fièvre, de l'altération, de la fatigue. Quel mauvais moment ! Le mal s'aggrave ; il est très abattu. Il ne faut rien attendre pour cette crise-là." (Cela signifie que la crise ne se terminera pas par la mort.) "Il ne pourra pas bouger ni faire un mouvement. La douleur est surtout dans les reins, à gauche, et très forte. Ce ne sera pas la dernière crise. Il la supportera encore. Elle aura lieu avant peu, dans deux ou trois jours. Elle sera plus forte que toutes celles qu'il a eu depuis un an. Le moment approche. Il souffrira moins à la fin. Il mourra au moment où vous ne vous y attendrez pas ; ce n'est pas dans une crise qu'il mourra. Il ne pourra pas prendre d'aliments, on lui mouille les lèvres. . . . Il avait peur de mourir ; maintenant c'est bien changé, et il est plus indifférent."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ces détails sur les aliments, la sécheresse des lèvres, et l'indifférence progressive à la mort, sont absolument vrais.

Voilà ce que m'a dit Alice à une heure le Jeudi. Ce même Jeudi soir, en rentrant chez moi, je trouve ma femme fort inquiète, et elle me raconte que dans la nuit du mercredi au jeudi, vers une heure du matin—[here Mr. Richet relates in detail how for the first time for 13 months the attendant had been unable to assist Mr. A., who had been in great agony for three hours, until at length a surgeon was sent for, with whose aid the sufferings of the patient were instantly relieved.] Il est évident, et même absolument sûr, qu' Alice n'a pu savoir cela ; moi-même je l'ignorais absolument à une heure.

Il y a donc là un fait de lucidité très remarquable, que je vous signale d'une manière tout-à-fait spéciale. Remarquez combien cela coïncide avec (1) l'observation relative à la maladie de mon beau-père que je vous ai racontée ; (2) l'Observation XIV., p. 164, que j'ai publiée dans les *Proceedings* S.P.R., 1888.

Il faut noter comme essentiel que depuis un an et un mois jamais Mr. A. n'a eu une crise aussi forte et avec autant d'angoisse que dans la nuit de mercredi à jeudi.

(Signed) CH. RICHEL.

Let us now turn from these diffused organic sensations and memories to those more definite sensations and memories which are received by the end-organs and stamped upon the brain. For simplicity's sake I shall generally take the sense of sight as representative of all the senses.

And here at once I may distinguish three different stages of visual memory, often apprehended with some confusion.<sup>1</sup> First comes that peripheral or entoptic memory which consists in the short-lived persistence of a retinal impression as a true after-image, which passes through certain physiological stages and then disappears, so far as we know, altogether. This may be compared with the actual primary pain itself, which presently dies away. Next to this comes another form of "brute" or unintelligent memory, which is often confounded with the first, but which is in fact quite distinct from the ordinary retinal after-image, and far more permanent. This is, if I may so term it, a *cerebral after-image* ; a persisting possibility of the resurgence of a complex scene just as it presented itself in the visual field, and perhaps with details now discernible which were not wittingly noted at the time. This kind of photographic or phonographic after-image need not involve any intellectual selective action. It forms a treasure-house from which *illusions hypnagogiques*, crystal-visions, and other sensory automatisms seem often to be drawn<sup>2</sup> ; nor do we know any necessary limit to this revival. The following cases from Professor Hyslop may serve as examples of these cerebral after-images.

<sup>1</sup> On this subject see *Proceedings*, Vol. X., pp. 134-148 (viz., the chapter on the *Physiology of Hallucinations*.)

<sup>2</sup> See *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., pp. 449-455.

P. 171.

Columbia College, New York,

May 19th, 1893.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I enclose an interesting experience of one of my students, who asks that his name shall not be used. I should say regarding it that he told me the incident a day or two after it occurred, and remarked, what he has not included in his present account; namely, that the colours stood out clear in the after-images, if the impressions or apparitions may be called that. The case thus bears a close relation to *positive* after images, though experienced at an unusual interval after the original impression.

J. H. HYSLOP.

May 18th, 1893.

DR. HYSLOP,—DEAR SIR,—You asked me to write out my “experience” on St. Patrick’s day some time ago, and it was my forgetfulness and procrastination which prevented me from doing so. Here it is. On last St. Patrick’s day, March 17th, 1893, I left college early in the afternoon, cutting my laboratory work in chemistry. I went through to Fifth Avenue, as I had an errand to do over on Sixth. When I struck Fifth I saw part of the parade of the loyal sons of St. Patrick, with their green sashes, banners with harps surmounted by fools’ caps, and all the other paraphernalia. I think I then walked up a couple of blocks and walked through to Sixth to do my errand. I am certain of doing the errand, but do not quite recollect what streets I went through. When I had finished my errand, I walked directly to my house, 17, East 55th Street, and when I crossed the Avenue, Fifth, (on my way home), the parade had passed, so between the time when I last saw them and the time when I entered my house, I should say that a full quarter of an hour elapsed. Meanwhile, the parade had quite passed out of my consciousness. But as I was going up my front stairs, which are quite dark, I got a distinct picture of the paraders, green sashes, banners and all,—seemingly projected on the dark wall paper with which the hall is covered. The picture was so vivid for an instant that it seemed as if I could see the features of the paraders’ faces.

This is as detailed an account as I can give of the circumstance, and there is one particular in which my memory plays me false in a singular way. I could not state which way the paraders were going, although I think it was uptown.

Columbia College, New York, May 19th, 1893.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I may add to this a frequent experience of my own when a boy. I was in the habit of attending the country fairs with my parents. There were exhibitions of stock, farm produce and machinery, etc. I suppose I was about 10 or 12 years of age. The music given on such occasions was by an ordinary brass or cornet band, which always had a strong attraction for me, and I listened to it in preference to doing anything else, though I have no doubt now that it was of a bad quality and poor in selection. But nevertheless it had a fascination for me. I always observed that for hours after I could hear the bands playing their music. My home was seven miles distant, and on the way thither in returning, and after my return, I could hear the sounds of the music. It was not an ordinary case of imagination and

memory, but more like real sound, though I distinctly remember being under no illusion as to its purely subjective nature. I recognised that it was not a real sound, and so the experience had not that feature of a hallucination which causes it to be mistaken for a reality. I knew that it was not real, and that it was merely internal. It was not so distinct as an objective sound, but was like the continuance of a sensation after the stimulus is gone, less vivid than before. But it was a sound of a kind that I could not get rid of, and was no doubt an extraordinary case of after-image in hearing.

J. H. HYSLOP.

But meantime a process has begun as to which physiology can tell us nothing, and of which psychology describes, under the name of Attention, a small part alone. A selection is made among the countless details with which the brain has been stored; a synthetized and abbreviated memory reduces the unmanageable complexity to orderly usefulness. Unconsciously we chew the cud of recollection; and when any picture is again summoned up to the surface it is found to have assumed a more or less symbolic form, appropriate to the furniture of each man's mind. It is this symbolized or organised memory on which we practically live; and every day a fresh portion of these digested memories becomes, so to say, absorbed into our system; influencing our character, or habit of reaction to psychical stimuli, but no longer distinguishable from our central consciousness any more than food when digested into chyle is any longer distinguishable from the eater. At which stages in this mnemonic process, then, do we find evidence of supernormal action, as of hypermnesia, or of telepathic perception of the content of other minds?

With the mere *retinal* memory, in the first place, we are here little concerned. Some ingenious experiments on its prolongation have been quoted elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> But, however prolonged, it will still be characteristic; a mere retinal after-image is not likely to be mistaken for a supernormal image.

With *cerebral* after-images the case is quite different. It is plain that if these persist for some days or months in latency and then suddenly reappear, say in a crystal-vision, the "sayer" may well have forgotten that he ever witnessed the scene, and may take the mere brute memory for a revelation of facts unknown.

It must be remembered, moreover, that these resurgent pictures are not always exact reproductions of the primary impression. On the contrary, they have often undergone some subliminal modification,—*intelligent* but not *reasonable*,—a dream-like change, for which no mind except our own need be held responsible. Just as, for instance, the faces which some people see in the dark generally present some slightly

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 450.

novel combination of features in themselves familiar, so also do crystal-visions often contain some merely fantastic element. The seer must therefore be on his guard against supposing that if, for instance, he sees a familiar scene with new details, those details must needs represent any fact whatever.

These, then, are forms of retrocognition which it is needful here to distinguish and specify, but which may henceforth be left aside from our inquiry. What we wish to study is the retrocognition which depends on the exercise of supernormal powers,—on telepathy or on telæsthesia;—on the perception by us of knowledge contained in other minds, embodied or disembodied, and possibly on the absorption by us of knowledge afloat, so to say, in the Universe;—which may be grasped by our spirit's outreaching, or which may fall on us like dew.

I will begin with a group of cases which seem to illustrate both telæsthetic and telepathic faculty, and which may serve as a watershed from which we may descend on either side in turn. They are cases, moreover, which approach somewhat closely from the *intellectual* side those cases of *organic* retrocognition which we have already discussed. For the idea that it may be possible to review or retrocognise a man's grosser corporeal conditions by merely contemplating the man or some object pertaining to him naturally suggests the question whether, if the past state of his lungs or stomach be thus discernible, the past state of his consciousness may not be so too. Thoughts and emotions have left traces on his nervous system; nay, on his spirit; in some sense they still exist; are these decipherable by any seer's inward eye? This question opens the way to a crowd of answers which fall short of actual evidence. Sudden unreasoning sympathies and antipathies may be striking enough to those who feel them; but it is impossible with such vague phenomena to be sure of marking the misses as well as the hits.

Here is a case which suggests some slight retrocognitive power under hypnotism.

P. 243.

From Dr. Van Eeden, of Amsterdam, Corresponding Member of the S.P.R.

The following, says Dr. Van Eeden, is a very strange case of telepathic influence, to the exact truth of which I can however testify:—

On January 11th, 1892, I treated Miss M. for hysteric aponia. I sent her to sleep in my own study. As she showed signs of simulation, and seemed to need an energetic treatment, I threatened to throw a glass of cold water in her face, if she did not speak immediately in a clear voice. I was obliged to fulfil the threat with the expected result. She awoke and spoke in a clear loud voice. This was the first time in five years' practice that I took this measure, and I told nobody of it.

On January 13th, I treated Miss F. in the same chair in my study. I had treated this lady several times before in the same place, and she always went into a quiet sleep. But this time she told me after the treatment that her sleep had been very much disturbed. For she had heard me saying in a threatening voice: "I shall awake you by throwing a glass of cold water in your face." And as she is very afraid of cold water, she was in constant fear and uneasiness. Now I had said nothing of the sort, had not left her, and had not spoken to anybody of the occurrence with Miss M. two days before.

Miss F. often hears voices in her sleep, but seldom so clearly as this time.

F. v. E.

The above statement is the literal translation, (made in 1892 for the S.P.R.) of the note I took down immediately after the occurrence of the incident related.

I add the version of Miss F., written now (1895) while she is staying in my house, I having asked for her corroboration. I seem to have been mistaken in the notion that she had heard me threatening *her*. This mistake is the result of my impression of her fright, which struck me principally. According to her version, I was [in her hallucination] speaking to somebody else, and on this point she is positive. As for me, I am absolutely sure I did not say anything of the kind, during her sleep, nor did I mention the fact to anyone.

August 13th, 1895.

F. v. E.

The corroboration of Miss F. runs as follows:—

Often, during my sleep, I hear at a distance different voices speaking, — though not to myself.

On the above-mentioned date I heard distinctly the voice of Dr. van Eeden saying: "And so I threw a cup of water into her face." As I have a particular dislike to being frightened, I thought at that moment how very angry I should be if he should behave so badly towards me!

Bussum, August 13th, 1895.

A. F.

[Miss F. gave me orally (at Utrecht, September 19, 1895) an interesting account of her somewhat unusual experience under hypnotism. There is no trance, and no break in memory, but a unique rush of *illusions hypnagogiques*, among which the impression above related was specially distinct.—F. W. H. M.]

There are, however, a few cases of a much stronger kind, where a definite fact in a man's life has manifested itself phantasmally to a sensitive's gaze. Thus Miss X. recounts (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 125) the vision of a striking picture of long-past disgrace, in the close vicinity of an acquaintance whom she had no reason to connect with any such scene. Similarly Dr. D. J. Parsons, of Sweet Springs, Missouri, published in the *Medical Brief* for May, 1891, a long account of retrocognitive perceptions of a similar kind. As has been the case with many of our informants, it was not until lately that Dr. Parsons recognised that such experiences could have a scientific

interest; and most of his cases are remote and now incapable of corroboration. I select for quotation a case which is well confirmed, and where the oddness of the emergent symbol seems to preclude mere chance coincidence.

P. 172.

D. J. Parsons, M.D., Sweet Springs, Mo., writes as follows in *The Medical Brief*, April, 1891:—

Twenty years after my first experience I learned that I could see things mentally, I will call it, just as others had seen them many years before and hundreds of miles distant. To illustrate: While in company with Dr. Trotter, of Lexington, Mo., I could see before and near to him a delicate hand on which was a dark red kid glove. The hand was all the time in motion. I called his attention to it and he was much surprised. I told him the hand had a history, and if he had no objections I would be pleased to know it. He said, "I was travelling in Canada, on the cars, and one day we ran up to a train that had been wrecked a little while before. I went to the wreck and about the first thing I saw was a young lady lying upon the ground dead; one hand was naked and the other was covered with a dark red kid glove." Instantly upon his uttering the words, the dark red kid glove and the hand vanished.

Dr. D. J. Parsons writes to Dr. Hodgson from Sweet Springs, Mo.,

June 25th, 1891.

RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In regard to Dr. Trotter's case I would state, in addition to what I have written, that the Doctor came into the drug store where he found me alone on one Sunday morning, and we talked for about an hour, the gloved hand all the time present and in motion. The dinner bell was rung, he going to dinner and I going home. I returned about half-past one and immediately he called in. Saw the hand all the time soon as he entered, as before. I then called his attention to it as stated. My experience has taught me to believe that the hand would have returned with the Doctor perhaps hundreds of times, or until he explained to me the cause of its presence. Soon as he uttered the words *dark glove*, it vanished; would never appear again under any circumstances.

Dr. Trotter writes from Lexington, Mo. :—

July 12th, 1891.

R. HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—The circumstance to which you refer, connected with Dr. D. J. Parsons, of Sweet Springs, Mo., is indeed very remarkable—the gloved hand. The following is about the way it occurred. About the year 1852, I was travelling on the (then) Great Western R.R., Canada, when one of the worst R.R. accidents occurred in the annals of R. R. Roding, known as the Baptist's Creek accident. Over 70 were killed outright, and about 100 wounded. I saw them all and there were many horrible and striking sights, all of which passed out of my mind, excepting one: it was the corpse of what had been a very handsome young lady, who had had a beautiful hand; her right hand was lying across her chest with a fine neat glove, her left was bare. The gloved hand made a strong impression on me which has remained to this day, about 40 years. I have no

recollection of ever mentioning it to any one till some 10 or 12 years ago to Dr. Parsons. We had been intimate friends for years, and had talked a great deal on various subjects, Spiritualism among the rest. One day he said to me, "Doctor, there is something connected with a glove which has made a strong impression upon your mind." These are about his exact words. It astounded me, and I hadn't to think a second to tell him there was, and I told him the circumstances, and that the sight of the gloved hand clung to me, and I will say does so yet. It has been a great wonder to me how Dr. Parsons referred to it. He certainly never got the idea from any physical source.—Very respectfully,

R. TROTTER.

P.S.—You are at liberty to use this as you think proper.—R.T.

These two cases, of the boy "running the gauntlet," and of the red glove, illustrate better than any others in my possession the suggested adherence of phantasmal scenes to a living person,—or, say their inherence in that person,—with no suggestion of spirit agency.<sup>1</sup> It is plain, on the other hand, that where instead of a glove, or a picture of A himself in the past, it is the phantom of a deceased person which is thus seen in the neighbourhood of a living one, we can no longer feel confident that it is the living man's memory only which is at work. But there is no need, I say, to suppose that the red glove implied the presence of the spirit of its quondam owner. We may regard it as a psychical image accompanying the man in whose memory it was lodged, although as imperceptible to ordinary observers as the special scent by which a bloodhound would have tracked his footsteps along a crowded street. Nor need we, on such an analogy, suppose that such trace can be left only by the presence of the living man himself. His cap or glove will give trace enough for the hound to follow his movements,—to reconstruct his life from the hound's point of view; and similarly there may be signs in the man's body or environment which may afford a transcendental trace, from which his history may be reconstructed by a gaze which is not of the eye alone.<sup>2</sup>

This influence of material objects in facilitating retrocognitive telæsthesia has been already more than once discussed in connection

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion by Miss X. of alternative explanations of such pictures, see *Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 114 foll. And compare a case quoted by Mr. Podmore, *Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 286.

<sup>2</sup> It is worth noting that this is precisely what Æschylus suggests when he makes the phantom of Clytemnestra appeal to the sleeping Eumenides to recognise, by the internal visions of their profound sleep, the long-past source of the wounds which she shows in her breast. (*Eum.* 98).

Ὅρατε πλῆγὰς τάσδε καρδίας ὄθεν  
 Εὔδουσα γὰρ φρήν ὄμμασιν λαμπρύνεται  
 Ἐν ἡμέρᾳ δὲ μοῖρ' ἀπρόσκοπος βροσῶν.

with Mrs. Piper's trances, and will call for further discussion when those trance-phenomena shall be again dealt with. For the present I will merely refer to two cases, both of them from informants with whose names the readers of these *Proceedings* are already familiar. The first, the tracing of the history of a ring, will be found in a paper signed J. M. Soames, in the *Contemporary Review* (1891), whose author—his real name is Major Schreiber—is known to me. The case is remote and now hardly capable of corroboration, but it seems to have been carefully observed and described. (See *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 526.)

The next case is from Mr. Dobbie, a correspondent known to many of us, and of whose conscientious care we feel assured. It is quoted by Mrs. Sidgwick in *Proceedings*, Vol. VII., p. 65.

In these and similar cases the inanimate object is regarded as leading to a knowledge of part of the history of persons connected with it. But it is sometimes asserted that the inanimate object reveals its *own* history,—suggesting scenes in which, perhaps, no human being has taken part. This further claim, I think, is simply a matter of evidence, and it is as yet quite insufficiently supported. One might regard it as consistent with a view of the universe as a completely conservative system, that record should somehow persist, even of scenes which have never been reflected in human minds. Human minds probably constitute but an infinitesimal fraction of the mind in the Universe. But as to whether a record formed apart from human minds can be *reached* by human minds or no;—that, I repeat, may be discussed with more profit when better evidence than now exists for so extreme an assumption shall have been produced.<sup>1</sup>

But now, continuing our survey of modes of retrocognition which do not directly depend upon telepathy, we come to two groups of phenomena which, as far back as the publication of *Phantasms of the Living*, seemed hardly to fall under the heading of *Transmission from Mind to Mind*, which that book was primarily intended to prove. Edmund Gurney has there said much as to “telepathic clairvoyance,” and something also (Vol. II., p. 365, sqq.) as to “a curious little group of cases in which it is difficult or impossible to assign the impression to the ‘agency’ of any particular person, and which recall the Greek notion of Φήμη—the rumour which spreads from some unknown source, and far outstrips all known means of transport.” In crude language, there are cases where a living man's spirit seems to wander about and pick up knowledge for itself, and cases where it seems to sit at home while knowledge flows in upon it from no trace-

<sup>1</sup> The works on this subject by Buchanan and Denton lack precision and corroboration from the evidential point of view.

able source. The dividing lines of hypothetical classes of this sort are of course obscure; but I may say that the cases given in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper on *Clairvoyance* (*Proceedings*, Vol. VII., p. 30), belong mainly to the former of these two groups,—sometimes called Travelling Clairvoyance;—of which, again, we shall in this paper hear more when we come to discuss precognition. For the moment I turn to the second class;—the passive reception of impressions which no assignable mind, incarnate or discarnate, can plausibly be supposed to have transmitted. Convenience demands a name for this class; and new words of fresh derivation and definite meaning do assuredly save more trouble in the end than they give at the beginning. The early Christians used the term *κοσμοπαθής* for a man readily affected by impressions from the surrounding world. I therefore propose to term these experiences *cosmopathic*;—impressions which come to men from the transcendental environment; borne like seed on the wind, rather than wittingly directed towards him by the voluntary or involuntary sympathy of any assignable intelligence. In this class I should place the several instances quoted by Mr. Gurney (*loc. cit.*) where a sudden and true impression of the death of some distinguished personage comes to a percipient with no special interest in the event.<sup>1</sup> Various crystal visions already published seem to fall under this category, and several narratives quoted in this paper may be so interpreted. But often a link of some kind can be found; and we may well suppose that such links may be differently perceived, and may link human spirits in unguessed ways, in the subliminal world.

L. 976. Ad Ps

Received through the American Branch.

The following case was received by Professor James from Mr. R. T. Van Deusen, of 600, Addison Avenue, Albany.

Mr. Van Deusen writes:—

January 30th, 1893.

I am a collector, and of late a dealer, in old china. My home and business are in Albany, N.Y., where I issue a small sheet, called the *China*

<sup>1</sup> One of the most curious of these cases to my thinking is that given in the note to *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 367, where Mr. C. Mayne Young, a man of some note in his day, was troubled for some hours of the night with the inward insistance—almost amounting to an auditory hallucination—of four apparently meaningless syllables, “Dowd,” “Swell,” “Pull,” “Court,” and only afterwards discovered that Mr. Dowdeswell, of Pull Court, a stranger to him, was at that time on his death-bed. I happen to know the ladies—daughters of Mr. Horace Smith, the once well-known author of “Rejected Addresses,”—to whom Mr. Young communicated this dream before the coincidence was known. They fully remember the circumstances, and their evidence is made the more valuable by the fact that not only did they *then* regard Mr. Young's narrative of his experience as pointless;—but even now that the coincidence is known—and by them inexplicable—they take no interest in the matter. See, also, a case in the *S.P.R. Journal* for October, 1892;—“Earl Howe of Gopsal.”

*Collector.* Some 14 months since, I found an article in *Scribner's Magazine* bearing on the subject, and written by Mrs. A., of Brooklyn, an entire stranger to me. I wrote Mrs. A. at the time, and may have received three to five letters from her, all of which are brief and pertaining strictly to our common interest. Once, when in New York city, I called upon Mrs. A. at her Brooklyn home, meeting only her, and of course learning nothing of her family. At this call Mrs. A. expressed a desire to possess a certain specimen, which I found later on; and, having a trip to town in view, decided to again call and tell her of it. Arrived at the house, I was told by a maid that Mrs. A.'s son was very ill, and that she saw no one. In response to an inquiry, I was told that they then regarded him as improving. I thus left the house with the impression that he was on the road to recovery. During the next two or three weeks I frequently considered the advisability of writing, but hesitated for some time, fearing to intrude so trifling a matter at a time of anxiety and care. I, however, received a complimentary copy of her book *China Collecting in America*, at this time, and acknowledged the same in a note, expressing hope of recovery, &c. Very shortly after this, I awoke one morning at an earlier hour than usual (why I knew not), and fell into a doze, from which I was awakened at about seven by the announcement, in a low voice, close to my right ear, "*Willie A. died this morning at two o'clock.*" I never for a moment doubted that my wife, who sleeps in an adjoining room, had been in and told me. It is her custom to wake me very gently, and I believed I heard *her* voice. I "gathered" myself rather slowly, wondering how Mrs. Van Deusen could have received the information. The acquaintance between Mrs. A. and myself was of the sort described, and there was no reason why any notification of this death should be sent us. I went out into the hall, met my wife, and asked the question, only to receive from her the startled reply, "Who is dead?" when mutual explanations and astonishment ensued. I was so impressed with the precise and emphatic character of the announcement that I mentioned it to two or three friends, and sought to find out if it was true. I was only able to learn that the lad died that night. On my next meeting with Mrs. A. this fall, I asked if the name of her son was *Willie*, and on hearing that it was *not*, I then explained my reason for asking, when Mrs. A. told me that her son did die *at two o'clock that morning*. Mrs. A. then volunteered the information that she had heard a similar case in connection with the death of her son.

I fancy that I was too heavy with sleep to catch the first word of the sentence—note its order. This is the only instance of the sort that ever happened to me.

It happened that friends came to us the day that I received the notification of Mrs. A.'s son's death, and I mentioned the fact to them. I was sick most of that day—a peculiar nervous dyspepsia and accompanying disturbance. I knew this was not due to the knowledge of this boy's death. There was no reason why I should feel his death. I think I was not much impressed with the occurrence until it became the subject of talk.

Do you suppose that the disturbance of my nervous centres was in any way connected with the incident, and if so, how? I am 33 years old, and am fairly strong.

ROBERT THOMPSON VAN DEUSEN.

In a later communication, Mr. Van Deusen said that he was unable to give the exact date of his experience, having made no note of it. After ascertaining that it was on the same morning that the boy died, he ceased to feel any active interest in it.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's request for corroboration, Mrs. Van Deusen wrote :—

The Addison, Middlebury, Vt., *March 31st*, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to Mr. Van Deusen requesting a statement from me was duly received.

I have a distinct recollection of my husband's asking me that morning whether I had told him of the death of Mrs. A.'s son, and his surprise at my reply that I had not been in the room, and knew nothing of it. Indeed, I did not even know she had a son, so slight was the acquaintance. I only know of Mrs. A. as one of Mr. Van Deusen's customers. My husband seemed much impressed with the occurrence, and we talked more or less of it at the time. It gradually passed out of our minds until two or three months later, when during a call on Mrs. A. he mentioned the circumstances and learned the correctness of the intelligence. So much time has since passed, that it is impossible to recall names of those to whom it was told. Mrs. William O. Stillman remembers the occurrence, and I presume our maid, who was much in the dining-room in attendance on the table, might remember it, but she has left me, and I have not her address.

Mr. Van Deusen wrote to Mrs. A. for permission to give her address, as you requested, but has received no reply.

ALYS B. DEUSEN.

Dr. Hodgson wrote to Mrs. Stillman, asking for her recollections of the occurrence, and received the following reply :—

287, State Street, Albany, *February 27th*, 1893.

DEAR MR. HODGSON,—This morning I received your note about Mr. Van Deusen's experience, and regret I made no note at the time. He told me the day after he received the impression that a voice said to him the night before : "Little Willie A. died at — o'clock." He told me the hour, but I have forgotten it. Shortly afterwards he said to me that he heard from Mrs. A. that the hour at which her little boy died was the hour he had heard, and I was quite struck by the coincidence.—Very truly yours,

FRANCES STILLMAN.

It must be noted here, I repeat, that there had in fact been some slight link between the dying boy's mother and the percipient ; and that, for aught we know, this connexion may have been more operative below than above the conscious threshold.

And similarly in cases where a man has a vision of some incident at a distance ;—say of some accident in which he is not directly concerned ;—one can still say that the event was one which it would have interested him to see, which might have attracted his *telesthetic attention*, so to term it, in sleep.

Both this and the following case resemble the dream (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 368) in which a gentleman at Leicester

discerned an accident then occurring in the Thames Tunnel. Mr. Wack's narrative recalls also Mrs. Storie's experience, (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 370), except that the person whose fate was represented in the dream was in this case entirely unknown to the dreamer. Mr. W. H. Wack is an attorney.

P. 224.

Court House, St. Paul, Minn.

*February 10th, 1892.*

I believe I have had a remarkable experience. About midnight on the 29th day of December, headsore and fatigued, I left my study where I had been poring over uninspiring law text, and, climbing to my chamber door, fell into bed for the night.

Nothing unusual had transpired in my affairs that day, and yet, when I gave myself to rest, my brain buzzed on with a myriad fancies. I lay an hour, awake, and blinking like an over-fed owl. The weird intonation of an old kitchen clock fell upon my ears but faintly, as it dinged the hour of two. The sound of the clock chime had hardly died when I became conscious of my position in a passenger coach on the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad. I was journeying to Duluth, Minnesota, from St. Paul, in which latter place I had gone to sleep. I was aware that I had been on the train about four hours and that I was somewhere near the town of Shell Lake, Wis., distant from St. Paul about eighty miles. I had often been over the road, and as I peered through the coach window, I recognised, in the moonlit scene, features of country and habitation I had seen before. We were plunging on, almost heedlessly as it seemed, when I fancied I heard and was startled from my reverie by a piercing shriek, which was protracted into a piteous moaning and gasping, as if some human creature were suffering some hideous torture.

Then I felt the train grind heavily to an awkward stop. There was a sudden commotion fore and aft. Train men with lanterns hurried through my car and joined employés near the engine. I could see the lights flash here and there, beside and beneath the cars; brakemen moved along the wheels in groups, the pipe voice of the conductor and the awe-stricken cry of the black porter infused a livening sense to a scene which I did not readily understand. Instinctively I concluded that an accident had happened, or perhaps that a break to the train had occasioned this sudden uprising of train men. A minute later I was out upon the road bed. The brusque and busy search and the disturbed manner of the attendants did not invite elaborate inquiry from a curious passenger, so I was content to be told, in very ugly snappish English, that if I had eyes I might see for myself that "some one got killed, I reckon." Everybody moved and acted in a spirit of stealth, and each, it appeared, expected a horrible "find." The trucks were being examined from the rear of the train forward. Blood splotches were discovered on nearly all the bearings under the entire train. When the gang reached one of the forward cars, all lights were cast upon a truck which was literally scrambled with what appeared to be brains—human brains, evidently, for among the clots were small tufts of human hair. This truck, particularly, must have ground over the bulk of a human body. Every

fixture between the wheels was smeared with the crimson ooze of some crushed victim. But where was the body, or at least its members? The trucks were covered only with a pulp of mangled remnants. The search for what appeared of the killed was extended 500 yards back of the train and all about the right-of-way with no more satisfactory result than to occasionally find a blood-stained tie.

All hands boarded the train; many declaring that it was an unusual mishap on a railroad which left such uncertain trace of its victim. Again I felt the train thundering on through the burnt pine wastes of northern Minnesota. As I reclined there in my berth, I reflected upon the experience of the night, and often befuddled my sleepy head in an effort to understand how a train, pushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, could so grind and triturate a vital bulk, staining only trucks behind the engine, unless the killed at the fatal time were upon the truck or huddled closely by it. I concluded, therefore, that the being destroyed under the train had been concealed near the bespattered fixtures of the car. I had read of death to tramps stealing rides by hiding themselves under or between cars, and finally I dismissed meditation—assured that another unfortunate itinerant had been crushed out of existence. Horrible! I shuddered and awoke—relieved to comprehend it all a *dream*.

Now the fact that the foregoing is an accurate statement of a dream experienced by me is not a matter for marvel. Taken alone, there is nothing remarkable in the time at which this vision blackened my sleep. The spell was upon me between two and three o'clock in the morning—of that I am certain. I am positive of the time, because, when I awoke, I heard the clock distinctly, as it struck three.

On the morrow, I,—who usually forget an ordinary dream long before breakfast—recounted to the family the details of the night's distraction. From my hearers there followed only the ordinary comments of how ghastly and how shocking the story was as told and how strange the nature of the accident—that *no parts of the body had been found*. The latter circumstance was, to me also, quite an unusual feature of railroad casualty.

The evening following the night of the dream (December 30th), at 5 o'clock, I returned to my home, stepped into my study, and, as I am in the habit of doing, I glanced at a page of the *St. Paul Dispatch*, a daily evening newspaper. It had been casually folded by a previous reader, so that in picking it up flatly, the article which first fixed my attention read:

“FATE OF A TRAMP. HORRIBLE DEATH EXPERIENCED BY AN UNKNOWN  
MAN ON THE OMAHA ROAD.

“Duluth, December 30.—Every truck on the incoming Omaha train from St. Paul this morning was splashed with blood. Trainmen did not know there had been an accident till they arrived here, but think some unfortunate man must have been stealing a ride between St. Paul and this city. Trainmen on a later train state that a man's leg was found by them at Spooner, and that for two miles this side the tracks were scattered with pieces of flesh and bone. There is no possible means of identification.”

Here was an evident verification of all that transpired in my mind between two and three o'clock on the previous night. I reflected, and the more I

pondered the faster I became convinced that I had been in some mysterious form, spirit or element, witness of the tragedy reported in the columns of the press—that my vision was perfect as to general details, and the impression complete and exact to time, place, and circumstance. The next morning I scanned the pages of the *Pioneer Press* of December 31st, and read the following paragraph:—

“Unknown man killed, Shell Lake, Wis. Special telegram, December 30th.—Fragments of the body of an unknown man were picked up on the railroad track to-day. Portions of the same body were also found on over 100 miles of the railroad. He is supposed to have been killed by the night train, but just where is not known.”

With this came the conviction to me that, living and asleep, 100 miles from the place of the killing, I had been subjected to the phantom-sight of an actual occurrence on the Omaha railroad, as vivid and in truth as I have stated it above.

I have not written this account because Mark Twain and other authors have published in current magazines their experiences in what is termed Mental Telepathy or Mental Telegraphy. On the contrary, having read a number of those articles, I have hesitated to utter, as authentic, what I now believe to be a material and striking evidence of the extent, the caprice, and the possibilities of this occult phenomenon.

HARRY W. WACK.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's enquiries, Mr. Wack wrote:—

St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—Replying to your valued favour of the 15th inst., I will say that you *are right* in understanding that my account of the dream submitted to your Society is a true narrative.

I reaffirm every word of it, and give you my solemn assurance that, as I have stated, I informed my family and friends of the dream and its details, before I had the first suspicion that the public press ever had contained or ever would contain a report of such an actual occurrence.

If desirable I will make affidavit as to the truth of the substance of the narrative in your hands.

I enclose a few corroborative letters, the signatures to which I procured yesterday, February 19th. If these serve you, well and good.

HARRY W. WACK.

The following were the corroborative letters enclosed:—

(1) St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Referring to an account of a dream submitted to you by Mr. Harry Wack of this city which I have read, I beg leave to add the following facts corroborative of the narrative.

After careful consideration of the article, I find that the story of the dream on December 29th-30th is in substance identical with that which was related by Mr. Wack at breakfast on the morning of December 30th, 1891. On that occasion Mr. Wack stated that he had been agitated the previous night by a dream of unusual features, and then, at the request of those present, he recited what now appears in his article, which I have just perused for the first time. On the evening of December 30th, 1891, when Mr. Wack

discovered the newspaper item, he again mentioned the dream and called my attention to the newspaper item, and several of the family discussed the matter. On the morning of December 31st, another newspaper clipping bearing on the same matter was debated by the family.

Aside from the unusual features and hideousness of the dream, there was nothing to startle us, until the newspaper accounts developed the affair in a mysterious sense. The first version of the dream was given in the morning of December 30th. The first newspaper dispatch appeared and was discovered in the evening of the same day. This I know of my own knowledge, being present on each occasion.

MRS. MARGARET B. MACDONALD.

(2)

St. Paul, Minn., *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—I have read the letter of Mrs. Macdonald, with whom I visited on December 29th, 30th, 31st, and days following, and with your permission I will say that I also was present at breakfast when Mr. Wack mentioned the dream, and at dinner (6 p.m.) when Mr. Wack called our attention to the newspaper item, which he then declared was a positive verification of the dream he experienced the night before. I have read the account of the dream, and I believe it to be precisely as I understood it from Mr. Wack's account given on the morning of December 30th, 1891.

ROSE B. HAMILTON.

(3)

St. Paul, *February 20th*, 1892.

GENTLEMEN,—Having read the foregoing letters of Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Rose B. Hamilton, and being familiar with the facts and incidents therein set forth, I would add my endorsement to them as being in strict accord with the truth.

Mr. Wack stated his dream as he has written of it in the article which I understand he has submitted to you, on the morning of December 30th, 1891. He came upon and drew our attention to the newspaper articles in the evening of December 30th, and on the morning of December 31st, 1891. It was these newspaper dispatches which made the dream interesting, and thereafter it was freely discussed.

C. E. McDONALD.

Mr. H. W. Smith, an Associate Member of the American Branch, writes to Dr. Hodgson in connection with the case :—

Office of Smith and Austrian, Commission Merchants,  
290, E., 6th Street, Produce Exchange,  
St. Paul, Minn., *April 14th*, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has been impossible for me to accept Mr. Wack's invitation to meet at his house the witnesses he cited in his communication to you. I have already written you of my preliminary interview with Mr. Wack, and it confirms in my own mind the high opinion which I previously held of him through our acquaintanceship, extending over a series of years. There is no reasonable doubt in my mind that the statement he makes is substantially correct, at least as respects any and all allegations of fact. Of course the application of these facts to an unknown force is a matter upon which I cannot speak.

HERBERT W. SMITH.

The fact that Mr. Wack had often travelled over this road may possibly have turned in this direction the telesthetic perception of his sleeping hours.

The following case bears an absurd resemblance to the tragedy just recounted.

M.Cl. 12.

Mr. Podmore writes :—

Mr. Watts, who told me the incident immediately before writing it down at my request, is quite unable to find any explanation of the matter. He is quite clear that he had no opportunity to tell anyone beforehand, that the image of the broken statue had actually come into his mind at the moment when he was brushing his hair, and the violent shock which he seems to have felt when he saw his dream realised is strong evidence that he is not mistaken on this point.

From Mr. J. Hunter Watts, of 39, Seething Lane, E.C.,

July 16th, 1889.

I will endeavour to commit to paper the little episode which I related to you verbally. About six years ago I was with my brother George in Paris, where he bought for some eight or ten francs a Plaster of Paris "Venus de Milo"—a ghastly copy of the original. I protested against the purchase as I had to share the bother of bringing the thing home, and as it was some four or five feet high our fellow travellers imagined we had with us a corpse rolled up in paper. Arrived home I would not consent to the house being disfigured with the thing, so as a compromise my brother planted it on the summit of a fern rockery in the corner of the garden, where it stood for many months, and I had forgotten its existence save when it was directly in sight. Out of sight it was out of mind. One autumn morning, just after I had risen from bed, I was combing my ambrosial locks before the looking-glass, and I caught myself reflecting that after all it was a pity the thing had blown down and broken, for it did not look so bad at a distance surrounded by the ferns. "Strange too," I thought to myself, "that the head should be so neatly decapitated, though the fall made no other fracture." Then I pulled myself up mentally, for all at once it came to my mind that I had been dreaming, and I smiled to myself that such a trumpery thing should be the subject of my dreams. The whole matter would have been forgotten, would have gone to the limbo of things unremembered, but on going downstairs to breakfast and finding the table not yet furnished, I went for a stroll into the garden. It was wet underfoot and a strong wind was blowing. When I came to the fernery I gave a start and for a moment I stood *tout ébahi*, for there was the poor Venus de Milo, the body unbroken, lying across the ferns, and the head, neatly decapitated, in the middle of the walk, exactly as I had seen it in my dream. For the moment I was convinced that I had been walking in my sleep and had visited the garden, but that I found could not be the case, as it had rained all night and my garments would have been wet through, and my feet, if unshod, muddy, or their covering, if they had any, defiled, which was not the case. Neither am I given to walking in my sleep. I have never done so. I walked back to the

house feeling, to use a vulgar phrase, "knocked all silly." Can it be, I asked myself, and I have asked myself the same question a score of times since, that while my body material slumbered in bed, some immaterial part of my being wandered in the garden? If so, that immaterial part of me had a remarkable disregard for wind and rain.

The episode is a trifling one, but it has often given me pause and it remains to me inexplicable. As you know I am a Bank Holiday sort of young man, not given to day-dreams.

J. HUNTER WATTS.

In answer to the inquiry whether the statue could have been seen from his bedroom window, or from any other window in the house, Mr. Hunter Watts says:—"No, impossible; only by stretching the head out of window another side of house—from rooms occupied by ladies."

A lady to whom Mr. Watts related the dream corroborates as follows:—  
45, Hungerford Road, Camden Road, N., August 9th.

All I can at all remember about the Venus is that Mr. Watts told us one morning that a strange thing had happened, he having dreamt that the statue had been decapitated, and on going into the garden he found it was so, and that the head of the Venus had been cut clean off, and had rolled on to the path from the figure, which had been placed in the rockery among the ferns. He was very much astonished, as the dream was vivid, and he saw the headless statue as he had seen it in his dream. We could never explain how it happened, the head being, as it were, cut off.

M. ADAMS.

Again this quasi-instinctive knowledge, realised on awaking from sleep, of the mutilation of a secluded statue may be compared with cases where a seer becomes aware of the position of a dead body,—sometimes of no special interest to himself.

P. 226.

The following case was borrowed originally from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* and quoted in *Light*, February 7th, 1891.

A prominent Chicago journalist states that his wife asked him one morning while still engaged in dressing, and before either of them had left their sleeping room, if he knew any one named Edsale or Esdale. A negative reply was given, and then a "Why do you ask?" She replied: "During the night I dreamed that I was on the lake shore, and found a coffin there with the name of Edsale or Esdale on it, and I am confident that some one of that name has recently been drowned there." On opening the morning paper, the first item that attracted his attention was the report of the mysterious disappearance from his home in Hyde Park of a young man named Esdale. A few days afterwards the body of a young man was found on the lake shore.

This case, with further matter, was sent to Dr. Hodgson by an informant, to whom Dr. Hodgson replied as follows:—

Boston, Mass., October 22nd, 1888.

The first two substantial paragraphs appear to be a statement quoted from the *Chicago Times*. You do not say whether you have any personal

knowledge of the gentleman in question ; whether he personally confirms the account ; whether you have the statement of his wife, over her signature, confirming the details so far as she was concerned ; what the date of the experience was, and what the date of the first written account of it was ; whether any memorandum of the circumstance was made on the day itself ; whether you have the independent confirmation of the finding of the body of Esdaile ; whether it was possible that some account of the young man's disappearance may have appeared in an evening paper of the day before, rendering it possible for [your informant's] wife to have read the account, or seen some heading referring to it, and afterwards forgotten it ; and I venture to suggest that if you have not worked up the case in this way, it should be so worked up.

I am desirous, of course, that whoever is engaged in collecting such cases should present as much corroboration as possible for each.

RICHARD HODGSON.

On this the then Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the late Colonel Bundy, remarks :—

I have known the gentleman and his wife mentioned in case No. 10, by reputation, for some fifteen years, and personally for six years. I obtained from each of them a report of the case when first published, October 14th, 1885, and each said that the statement was true as published in the *Chicago Times* of that date. I saw both of them September 23rd, [1888], just prior to publishing the report, and read it to them ; each declared it to be a true report of the occurrence. After receipt of Mr. Hodgson's letter I called to see what further information they could furnish in regard to the other points mentioned therein. After reading the letter, the gentleman, who is Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, the well-known editorial writer, and "Poliuto" of the *Chicago Times*, at once volunteered the following statement :—

Chicago, October 26th, 1888.

In October, 1885, I was one of the editorial writers on the *Chicago Times*, and wrote the item referred to. I am the individual mentioned therein. The date of the occurrence was about a week prior to the date of the report in the *Times*. I did not make any written memorandum on the day it occurred ; as the coincidence was so strong and distinctly marked, it made such an indelible impression on my mind, I did not forget any of the details during the time prior to writing the item. The name was one unknown to me previous to seeing it in the *Chicago Daily News* the morning referred to. I had not seen any reference to the disappearance before that morning. My wife said at the time, and still says, that she had never seen the name, or heard in any way of the disappearance. I was, of course, on the look-out for any report of the return of the young man, or of the finding of his body, and saw the account of the finding of the body in the *Chicago papers* a few days after the appearance of the first item in regard to his disappearance ; and then wrote the item for the *Times* of October 14th. I had at the time carefully examined the case in all its bearings, and although I may not agree with the various explanations or theories that might be offered in regard to it, I gave it as a curious coincidence and one that I knew to be true.

FRANC B. WILKIE.

To which Mrs. Wilkie adds the following :—

Having read the foregoing statement, I wish to certify to its truth. The dream was the cause of considerable comment for the few days following, as to the various features of the case, and whether the dream would be verified. My previous presentiments had been with reference to intimate friends, which made this one appear the more marked, and caused Mr. Wilkie to examine the matter more carefully in all its details.

The residence of the young man was eight miles from our home. I am not aware that we have ever known any of the young man's friends, or anyone who knew him ; and am certain that had the fact of his disappearance been mentioned in my hearing prior to the morning after the dream, I should have remembered the name, for I distinctly remembered that it seemed peculiar to me, when I saw it in apparently large silver letters on the coffin.

MRS. FRANC B. WILKIE.

The *Chicago Daily News* of the morning of Wednesday, October 7th, 1885, was an eight column paper, and at the top of the seventh column appeared the following :—

W. E. Esdaile, in the employ of Robert Warren and Co., commission merchants in the Royal Insurance-building, and residing at 4,523, Woodlawn-avenue, Kenwood, has been missing since last Friday morning. Mr. Esdaile is a Canadian, unmarried, and twenty-seven years of age. His family resides at Montreal. He has been resting from business during the last week, and has spent much of his time strolling along the lake shore. As his accounts are all right, and there is no assignable reason for his disappearance, his friends fear that he has committed suicide. Overwork, it is thought, and an injury to his skull, received some years ago, may possibly have brought on insanity. The police are searching for him.

The records in the Coroner's office for Cook County, Ill., show that inquest No. 941 was held on October 10th, 1885, on the body of Wm. E. Esdaile, drowned October 2nd, in Lake Michigan, whether by accident or otherwise the jury were unable to determine.

Mr. Robert Warren, of the above-named firm of Robert Warren and Co., says that he landed in New York on his return from a trip to England, on Monday, October 5th, 1885, and reached Chicago, Wednesday, p.m., October 7th ; that he did not hear of the disappearance of Mr. Esdaile until he reached home, and knows of no public announcement of the disappearance prior to that in the *News* of October 7th ; that, had there been any, he would very likely have heard of it between New York and Chicago, as he was on the look-out for news from Chicago.

Mr. Ward, who had charge of Mr. Warren's business during his absence, says that he was informed of Mr. Esdaile's disappearance on Friday evening, October 2nd. On Saturday, a.m., he examined the papers, etc., found in the young man's room ; found no evidence of suicidal intent, but indications that he was not in his right mind, and concluding that he might have wandered off, a detective was employed to search for him. The matter was kept very quiet, so as to prevent publication of sensational reports that would alarm his friends, and also render it unpleasant for the young man should he be found. Mr. Ward is not aware that any announcement of the

matter was made in any papers, before the item in the *News* of October 7th. They were following on the track of a young man, whose description corresponded somewhat with that of Mr. Esdaile, who had been seen at the waterworks of Hyde Park (and Kenwood), and then had travelled around the end of Lake Michigan into Indiana, and were expecting to find him very soon, when on Saturday morning, October 10th, notice was received that the body of Esdaile had been found on the lake shore near his home.

In referring to the matter, the *Chicago Tribune* of Saturday, October 10th, 1885, says : "It will be seen that the detectives are on a warm trail and will probably overtake the young man, who is believed to be insanelly wandering about without aim or purpose." [There was thus no general belief that he had been *drowned*.]

A Chicago reporter, who resides at Kenwood, and was acquainted with Esdaile, says that he first heard of the disappearance through the school children, who said that the teacher had told them that Mr. Esdaile was missing, and requested them to tell their parents, and ask if any one had seen him. The reporter, knowing Mr. Ward, called on him to obtain the particulars for publication, but Mr. Ward objected, saying that Mr. Warren had been away for some time ; that Mr. Esdaile had been practically in charge of the affairs of the firm ; that Mr. Warren had just landed in New York, and a public announcement of the matter in the papers would cause him unnecessary alarm. The reporter says that the item in the papers, Wednesday, October 7th, was the first public announcement of the matter.

The next case is somewhat similar ; but the precise time-relation between incident and vision is not clear. It is evidentially a weak point that the vision was not mentioned before the incident was known.

#### M.Cl. 90.

The following account was written in the early part of 1892. The writer is a retired professional man.

Wednesday, November 18th [1891], I was lying on a sofa about 2 p.m. in half doze, when my thoughts reverted to Southsea, where I had spent about a fortnight in June last. A mental picture, realistic enough almost for a dream, of the animation and stir of the pier and steamboats interested me, when all at once my mind became absorbed with the conception of a barge-like vessel with diving apparatus engaged in some submarine work. The impression of something being wrong, with a hurried agitated effort to raise a diver from the water, impressed me. There seemed to be a difficulty in working the winding-up machine, and in my dream, or semi-dream, I was excited with the fear that they would fail to get the diver up alive through the apparent hitch. At last in my reverie, they succeeded in raising him, and then, as if I were in the barge, I seemed to see the helmet removed, and the diver was dead. I thought no more of the matter except as a rather peculiar instance of a half-awake dream. But the next day when reading the *Daily News*, I was startled on coming across a paragraph stating in effect that "yesterday morning" (the day of my mental impression, dream, or call it what you will), whilst a diving party were engaged in doing something to

some chain moorings in Portsmouth Harbour, the diver got probably in some way entangled, and signalled to be taken up. The effort was at once made to do so, but considerable delay was occasioned by the supposed obstacle, and when at last he was brought to the surface he was quite dead, black in the face, and blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils. Struck with the at least remarkable coincidence, I read the paragraph to my wife and a lady who was present, as answering so precisely in every particular to my mental impression of the previous day, which could not have been more than three or four hours at the earliest from the time the accident actually occurred.

The lady through whom the case was received writes :—

May 16th, 1892.

I called upon Mr. —, and he said that he had not mentioned his dream (or vision) to any one until some hours afterwards, when the newspaper came in. A Miss —, an elderly lady who was present when I called, said that she was also there when the newspaper came in, and remembered his exclamation of surprise and his saying, “Why, this is the very thing I dreamed of yesterday,” or some words of that sort.

The following is the account of the incident given in the *Daily News* of Thursday, Nov. 19th, 1891 :—

DEATH OF A DIVER ON DUTY.—Yesterday morning a party of men were engaged in repairing the moorings of the Corporation Buoy in Portsmouth Harbour, which had been damaged during the recent gale. A diver named Luke went down, but he had been below only four or five minutes, when he gave the customary signal for being hauled up, having apparently become entangled. Some difficulty was experienced in getting him above water, but this having been accomplished and the helmet removed, he was found to be black in the face and bleeding from the nose. As soon as possible he was conveyed to the Harbour Railway Station, where he was found to be dead.

It is sometimes claimed that a specially gifted seer is able to discover missing corpses by some effort of clairvoyance,<sup>1</sup> or perhaps, as claimed in the first of the following cases, by intimation from some spirit interested in the deceased.

P. 257.

Through Rev. M. J. Savage.

DEAR MR. SAVAGE,—My mother has written out for you, at my request, the particulars of the drowning of the Mason boys. She has told the story in her own way. She has suggested copying it, but at her age, seventy-five, I think it is too much of a task for her. All the parties she refers to, excepting Mrs. Brigham, who was the one she wished to take her place in going to Boston, are now living, and on my return from Washington I will go to N. and get the evidence of the mother, brother, and Mr. Clark.

I do not remember the particulars as does my mother. A sister of the boys was a schoolmate of mine. I knew at the time that the boys were missing. I knew from the sister the particulars of the case as it went on.

<sup>1</sup> See a case communicated by Dr. Wiltse, Vol. VII., p. 77.

I went to the lake on the Monday morning my mother speaks about, to see the cannon fired. It was—the firing of a cannon—an unusual event to us children. The town was so small we knew everything that was occurring. I was at the lake when the grappling irons were used in the afternoon, and remember to have heard the men say it was no use to drag the lake further, as the boys certainly were not in it, notwithstanding the mother felt so decided that they were there. I was in the crowd that met my mother at the station, and heard what she said, and went with the rest to the lake, and stood and listened to the laughs and jokes of those about me at what was going on.

It is just as she said. A silence that was terrible fell over us all, as, in less than five minutes, both boys were lying dead on the shore before us all.—Very truly yours,

ELEANOR F. CROSBY.

March 23rd, 1891.

In March, 1864, I was living in N., about 17 miles from Boston. I had a neighbour who had, among other children, two sons, the eldest about 15, the younger brother 11. Their names were Willie and Joshua Mason. The older brother, Willie, was employed in the store of Weeks and Potter, druggists, on Washington-street, Boston. This Willie Mason had come to N. on Friday at two o'clock, to spend Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Joseph Critcherson. (The boys' father was dead, and the mother had married again.) The mother had gone to Boston the same day Willie Mason had come out to make the visit. It had been her intention to come out on the same train with her son, but he had come out earlier than he had expected. He reached N. about two o'clock, and went immediately to his home. He said to his younger brother, not finding his mother at home and not meeting her at the station, "Let us go to meet mother."

These are the last words he is known by anyone living to have spoken, and this was his intention as he left the house in company with his brother to the depôt. Mrs. Critcherson did not come on this train from Boston, but on the one following; her boys did not meet her, neither did she find them at home when she reached there. This was late Friday afternoon. They did not return that night, but all day Saturday, as nothing was heard from them, she became almost frantic with grief. She said her boys would never keep away from her and give all this trouble if they were where they could come to her. Her husband, the stepfather to the boys, was in the army, and was then in Washington. On Saturday, friends of the family sent to Boston to see if they had gone there. They interviewed the train conductors to learn if any such boys had been seen going in any direction. All the mother knew of the boys was what the sister of the boys had told her on her return, that Willie had left the house saying he was going to meet his mother.

Mrs. Critcherson, so far as I know, was not acquainted in any way with Spiritualism, and she afterwards became a member of the orthodox church in N. She had all the time, while gentlemen were visiting camps and telegraphing in different directions, a very strong impression that her boys were in the lake, and did not come to her because they *could not*. No one in town believed this to be possible. In the first place, they were not

seen by any one on the lake. Then, in March, there was nothing to attract boys to the lake. But, to quiet the anxiety of the mother, some of the gentlemen of the town had agreed to take cannons to the lake, and fire them from a point near the boat-house on Monday morning, as it was known that bodies having been long in the water could be raised by this procedure. For, granting that the mother's impressions were correct, which no one else believed, the boys had been from Friday afternoon till Monday morn in the water. A Mr. Andrew Clark, who had a livery stable in N., agreed to go to Boston Monday morning to get grappling irons to drag the lake more thoroughly. I had not been to see Mrs. Critcherson till I went about nine o'clock on Monday morning. I knew she had many in and out continually, and, believing the boys would come back before long, I was not uneasy about them. I suppose why I believed they would return was because I could not think of them as going to the lake at this season of the year ; and then I had not seen her, to be influenced by her feelings, and shared the general feeling of the town that, while the boys were known to every one to be unusually fine boys, still this must be a frolic which would have an ending soon.

As I said before, I went to Mrs. Critcherson's about nine o'clock on Monday morning to offer her my services, because I had by this time begun to feel uneasy myself, while I still believed they were alive somewhere. I found Mrs. Critcherson very much unnerved, and saying, "Only one thing remained to be done, and that was for some one to go to Boston and consult a clairvoyant," and turning to me, she said, "Mrs. D., you are the one I want to go." I had never visited a clairvoyant or consulted one, and did not know where to go or how to turn. I said to her, "I am not the person to go," and turning to another friend I said, "Now she is just the person to go." I had offered my services, but I did not wish to go on such an errand and an undertaking I was not familiar with. She turned to me again, and said, "I wish you to go for me." I said that I would go home and get ready at once, to go on the 11 o'clock train. I must say here, I had no faith that anything would come from this visit to Boston. By the time I reached the station, at 11 o'clock, it was pretty generally known in N. that I was going to Boston to consult, as a last resource, with a clairvoyant, as they had already fired the cannons with no result, and were sure now that the boys were by no possibility in the lake. On the same train going in, was this Andrew Clark going after the grappling irons. He said to some of the townspeople at the station that he would return as soon as possible. He did arrive in N. on the two o'clock train, and went with a large number of persons to the lake, but after using the irons for some time, they all gave up and went to the town again, saying, "It is of no use ; the boys we cannot find." The mother still felt sure they were in the lake, until they were found Monday eve.

I arrived in Boston at 12 o'clock. I went, as I had been told to do, to the *Banner of Light* office, and asked there, as a stranger, if they could direct me to some reliable clairvoyant. They directed me to some one on or near Court-street. I found the woman engaged. The gentleman who answered the bell-pull directed me to a clairvoyant on Dix-place. When I arrived at Dix-place I found this woman also engaged, but she directed me

to a Mrs. York, on Washington-street, near Common-street. It was about three o'clock. A sitter was leaving as I rang the bell. Mrs. York opened the door herself. When I told her my errand, she told me she could not see me till the next day, but on my saying the next day would be too late, she told me to walk into her parlour, and she would go out and take a walk and on her return would see me. These were the only words she addressed to me, and I am sure she knew nothing of me whatever, where I came from, or what my errand was about. I spoke no words with her further than those I have already stated, neither had I ever heard of Mrs. York before, and she knew no one in N. She was gone about 15 minutes, when she came into the room, and going to the fireplace at once, and with her back to me, and without my speaking one word, she said, "They went East before they went West." (The railroad station is east from the house in which their mother lived, and the lake west.) She then said, "They saw the fire, and so went to the water." (It was afterwards found out that on this day, Friday afternoon, some men were burning brush near the lake; that was what attracted them up there.) She then went on to describe the boat-house, with a hole in the side of the boat-house. She then said, "They went in through this hole in the side." She described the boat, which she said was a "narrow boat, *painted black*," and said, "Oh dear, it was never intended that but *one* person should get into it at a time." She told of their pulling out a little way, the younger brother falling into the water first, and the older brother trying to save him, and also said, "The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface." "Why," said she, "it is not the main lake they are in, but the shallow point which connects the main lake, and they are so near the shore, and if it was not this time of the year (March) you could almost walk in and pick them up." She told of the citizens' interest in trying to find them, and said, "They will not find them; they go too far from the shore; they are on the left of the boat-house, a few feet from the land." Then I said, "If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home." She said, "No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where they are, and then they will be found within *five minutes after you reach the lake*." She made me promise to go with them to the lake. She said, "They are very near together; after finding one you will quickly find the other." It was not more than ten minutes before the boys were found and on the way to their mother's house, after I told them. I reached Natick at five o'clock. There was a crowd at the station. When I got out on to the platform, some gentleman said to me, "Mrs. D., what did the clairvoyant tell you?" I answered, "Haven't you found them yet?" They said no, and then I told them what Mrs. York had said, and went with them to the lake. In looking into the boat-house it was found that the *long narrow boat* owned by Mr. Benning Hall, and painted, as she had said, *all in black*, was missing; this boat, as she had said, "was to hold only one man, and was unsafe occupied by two persons." (I did not know at the time of my sitting with Mrs. York that Mr. Benning Hall was the owner of such a boat, or that the boat-house was used to shelter a boat of this description. I had never seen such a boat owned by any one; so this part she did not reach from my mind.) And this boat was found in a cove some distance from the boat-house, a few

days after. Neither did I know of the "hole" in the boat-house until I reached the lake on this afternoon. Finding that what she said of the boat and the hole in the boat-house was true, I began to think the rest might be true also; but no one in the crowd, so far as I know, did place any confidence in her statement. I stood on the shore and two boats put off with men holding grappling irons. I was able to tell them how to direct their course. Three or four strokes of the oars and the elder brother of the boys who were missing, and who was holding one of the grappling irons, exclaimed, "I have hold of something." The men stopped rowing, and he raised the body of the largest boy above the water. In taking the body into the boat, the boat moved a few lengths. They were told to go to the same place where the eldest had been found, and almost immediately brought up the other body. It was not ten minutes after reaching the lake that the boys were found, and were being taken to their home. As Mrs. York had said, they were in a muddy place; their clothing testified to the fact.

The disappearance of the boys in the manner I have described is known by fifty persons now living in Natick. I cannot say how much larger the number is.

She had while in this trance, by using books on the table, showed me the boat-house and the shore so well, that any one from the description could have gone directly to the water and found them.

I asked her how she came by this information. She answered, "The boys' father told me." How did she know the boys' father had been dead several years?

ELIZABETH EVERETT DAVIS.

Boston, *May 14th*, 1891, 2.38 p.m.

I met Mrs. Davis within the last hour, on the street. Her daughter, Mrs. Crosby, was driving her to the station. She is going to see her sister in Natick.

She told me that the medium, Mrs. York, told her that it was Mr. Mason's spirit—the father of the two boys—who told her where the bodies of the boys could be found in the lake.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Natick, *May 5th*, 1891.

I am the sister of Mrs. Elizabeth E. Davis, and lived in Natick at the time of the disappearance of the Mason boys. I remember the fact that my sister went to Boston to consult a clairvoyant by request. The name of the clairvoyant was Mrs. York. Mrs. York was a perfect stranger to my sister, she never having heard of her before she left Natick for Boston. I heard her relate all the particulars at the time, which are found in her statement. I have heard her relate it many times since without any variations. I remember that when my sister went to consult the clairvoyant she had no confidence that she would receive any information that would be of use in finding the boys, or that after Mrs. York's directions they would prove true. She even hesitated to relate what Mrs. York had told, but, being met by a large delegation at the station, she felt that she must, it being demanded what she had been told, Mrs. York having made her promise that she would do so, and charged her to be sure and be explicit. I know my sister did not

believe they were in the pond. She thought, like most others, that they had gone out of town, perhaps visiting encampments. The medium used books to indicate and illustrate by existing objects unknown to Mrs. Davis, the terminus of the two directions, and said, "Where these lines cross, there you will find the boys." Everything had been done that could be to find them when the train arrived at Natick at five o'clock. Mrs. York charged her to return as soon as possible, as the boys would not be found until she (Mrs. Davis) had given the directions. At the Natick railroad station she told her story, but the men insisted that she should go with them to the lake, which she did directly. They followed Mrs. Davis's directions and in a few moments she said, "There is the place." One of the boys was immediately pulled to the surface, and in a few moments the other. Mrs. York stated to Mrs. Davis how the drowning happened, to the effect that the younger fell out of the boat first and that the older boy in trying to help him was also drowned. There were many there who witnessed the recovery of the bodies, and 'twas a very impressive moment, and is considered one of the most, and perhaps the *most* remarkable occurrence ever happening in Natick.

This is a bare statement of facts which can be attested by many persons.

CATHERINE S. RICE.

Witnesses to signature :—

ISAAC EVERETT.

MARIETTA RICE.

I am the mother of William E. and Joshua P. Mason, who were drowned in Lake Cochituate, Natick, Massachusetts, on Friday afternoon, March 25th, 1864, aged sixteen and thirteen.

March 25th I was out of town till evening. During my absence my son William arrived from Portland, Maine, where he had been temporarily employed by H. H. Hay, wholesale druggist, during the rebuilding of the store of his former employers, which had been destroyed by fire. This firm's name was Weeks and Potter, Washington-street, Boston, and he had just been recalled to them and was to begin work with them again in their new store the following Monday.

On reaching his home, he found me absent and left home with the intention of meeting me at the depôt at five o'clock, accompanied by his brother Joshua.

I came two hours later and I was met by a little friend of theirs who told me that Willie had got home. On my reaching home I enquired where he was, and was told that he and Joshua had gone out to meet me on the five o'clock train, since which time they had not seen either of them. From the *moment* when they said they had not seen them, I wondered where they were, but consoled myself with the thought that they might be calling on some of their associates who were perhaps pleasantly entertaining them, which caused their delay. When bed-time came and they did not return, I became very anxious, and had a sleepless night.

At this time my husband, their step-father, was in the army and consequently could not help me. The next morning an elder son began with me to make enquiries. We rode to every point where we hoped information concerning them might be given. To our sorrow no information relating to their whereabouts could be obtained.

Saturday, at about five o'clock, we returned and reported to our neighbours, who had become very much interested on account of their disappearance, that we could learn nothing from them. They offered their services, and at my suggestion immediately instituted a search, going to different towns, each individual acting on his own ideas as to where they might be found, as I could give no suggestions. Every one returned failing to have obtained any information.

They then came to me to ask what further I would wish them to do. My reply was that were my husband at home, I could say just what I would have done, and I said that would be to have the lake searched for them, for I felt they were where they could not reach me, and must be in the pond, or they certainly would be at home. No one believed they could by any means be in the pond, but this was my own strong impression. To gratify me they commenced their search in the pond immediately on Sunday evening. During this evening a boat was discovered floating on the opposite shore. My brother came to me at about midnight on Sunday and said, "I am afraid your apprehensions are correct, for we have found a boat afloat." They suspended further operations till morning because of the darkness. On Monday morning early the engine bells and church bells were rung to call the citizens together to organise so as to systematically search the pond. Nearly all business was suspended. They fired a cannon and used grappling irons and spent all the morning in the effort to find my boys. They came, some friends, every half-hour, to report to me the result of their search, and to relieve my anxiety all they could.

Mrs. Davis called at about ten o'clock and wished to know if she could aid me in any way. I proposed that she should go to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant, for I felt this was my last resort, though at the time I knew nothing of clairvoyance and had no belief in it, but I wanted to try everything. I knew personally of no clairvoyant and left it all with Mrs. Davis, the result of which visit she has already given, and I corroborate it. I do not think that Mrs. Davis had any faith that anything would come from her going to Boston, but she went only to gratify me. I did not say to her anything about a boat having been seen afloat the night before.

All search for my boys was given up at about three o'clock. Every one felt sure by this time that they could not be in the water, and despaired of finding them and waited to see what directions Mrs. Davis would bring from Boston, if any.

She reached Natick at five o'clock. Mrs. York, the clairvoyant, said that my boys were in the pond, and she gave Mrs. Davis directions how to find them and told when and where they would be found. They went immediately to the pond. It was supposed by the townspeople that they had dragged all the ground she described.

Mrs. Davis arrived in Natick at five o'clock, and at twenty minutes of six my boys were brought into my house.

MARY A. CRITCHERSON.

Witness :—

CAROLINE BRIGHAM.

NOTE.—Caroline Brigham was post-mistress of Natick for several years, and was appointed to the position by Henry Wilson, or through his influence.

I have had read to me my mother's statement concerning the drowning of my brothers, William and Joshua Mason, and I corroborate it with this exception. I think my mother is mistaken concerning the finding of the boat. To the best of my memory the boat she speaks of was seen for the first time on Monday forenoon after the citizens had organized, and not on Sunday night.

Sunday I was not at home. I drove to Readville and visited the camps there. I also visited the Charlestown navy yard. From Saturday morning till Sunday night I was driving all the time in different directions, and other parties were going in further directions. My mother had all this time, after they failed to reach home late Friday night, a very strong impression that the boys were in the lake, and no one was able to change that feeling. We did not make any attempt to search the lake till everything else had failed; it was a difficult thing to do any efficient work there without the assistance of the townspeople, and no one could be made to feel they were by any possibility in the water. It was in war times and the townspeople thought they had gone away to enlist as captains' boys or drummer boys, but my mother scouted the idea and would not listen to it for one minute.

On Monday morning the bells were rung, and the people congregated at the engine house and there they organized. My mother located where she felt sure the boys were, to the meadow part of the lake. We went in detachments, surrounding the shore of that part of the lake. It was at this time in the middle of the forenoon that this boat already named was found, *upside down*, on the opposite side of the lake to where the boat-house was. It couldn't by any possibility have been seen at the boat-house. I had before this been up to the lake and walked, not all round the lake, but enough to satisfy me that there was no boat to be seen. They fired a cannon several times and moved the cannon to different points. We then went in boats with grappling irons such as we could procure. We worked till about three o'clock. We went several times to within a few feet of where they were afterwards found. It was known that Mrs. Davis had gone to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant. I had looked to find some hat or something else to show that my brothers were drowned.

I began on Sunday to feel with my mother that they were in the pond, as I could get no trace of them anywhere, though up to their being found I could get no clue to lead me to suppose so. My mother had no reason to think they were in the pond, further than the fact that she knew her boys so well, especially William, who was the oldest, and knew they were such boys they would never have kept away from her if they could have come to her. I knew they could not have gone into the water to swim at that season of the year, and another reason why I was led to think my brothers had not gone to the water was because I knew they were afraid of the water.

I went to the station to meet Mrs. Davis because we had become discouraged. There was also a very large crowd there to meet her. She told me what Mrs. York had said, and gave me directions how to proceed, the course to pursue with the boat. She went to the lake. I got into the boat. I remember that a Mr. Langdon Spooner was with me in this boat. Mrs. York said we must go a little north of west and not go so far from the shore. The water was so shallow where they were drowned, that I made the

remark immediately after that if he, my brother William, had stood up straight he would not have been drowned, his head would have been above water. We followed Mrs. York's course nearer to the shore. I held the grappling-iron and in this direct course Mrs. York had indicated I grappled into the coat collar of my eldest brother a very short distance from shore. We brought the body to the land, and I did not go out again, but remained by the side of the body already found. Mr. Langdon Spooner, with a grappling iron at the end of a long pole, found the body of my brother Joshua almost immediately after, as Mrs. York said it would be found.

I think it is well to state in this connexion, so that no confusion may arise in the mind of any one reading this, that my mother has been married three times. Her first husband, who was my father, was Albe C. Hanscome. I have two sisters, both of whom are living. Her second husband, the father of the two boys who were drowned (and they were the only children by this marriage), was Wm. P. Mason. Her third and present husband is Joseph Critcherson.

CHARLES P. HANSCOME.

Witnesses to signature :—

Natick, *May 5th*, 1891.

EVA C. CLEMENT.

ELEANOR F. CROSBY.

Natick, Mass., *May 27th*, 1891.

I am the stepfather of William and Joshua Mason. In confirmation of the clairvoyance of Mrs. York I would say, about one year and a half after the finding of my sons in a manner she described, Mrs. York came to my house unexpectedly. This was her first visit to the town of Natick, Mass. She said she had come to Natick wishing to visit the lake where the boys were drowned. I accompanied her. When we had arrived within a short distance of the lake, she requested me to fall back, saying she would show me the place where the bodies were found. I fell back. She went to the shore of the lake, going into what seemed to be a trance ; she picked up a stone and, with her back to the water, threw her arm over her head and the stone landed where they told me the bodies were found, her eyes being closed at the time.

This is to me a mystery.

JOSEPH CRITCHERSON.

Witnesses :—

MARY A. CRITCHERSON.

ARTHUR WATERS.

In March, 1864, I had a livery stable in Natick in company with Mr. Tyler Brooks. Mr. Critcherson and his family were acquaintances of mine. Mr. Charles Sherman, Mr. Brooks and myself, after the boys were found to be missing on Friday night, were more active than any one else in town, outside the family, in trying to discover the boys' whereabouts. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Brooks are now both dead. Although it happened so many years ago, I had so much to do with it I remember the particulars of our proceedings perfectly.

When we began our work, none of us had the slightest idea as to where the boys were. I took one of my teams on both Saturday and Sunday and drove everywhere, where any one said it was possible they might be found. In these two days I drove miles. My partner, Mr. Brooks, and also Mr. Sherman did the same, but we none of us could get a clue to them.

On Monday morning I drove to Saxonville and got the cannon which was used for firing at the lake. After using this cannon I went to Boston on the eleven o'clock train for irons to drag with ; before this we had used some on the lake Monday morning that we had manufactured ourselves. I remember that Mrs. Davis was on this same train, and that she was going to Boston to consult with a clairvoyant. We both talked the matter over. Neither Mrs. Davis nor myself had any faith she would get any news of the boys in this way. I came out on the two o'clock train and went at once to the lake and we used the irons, but with no result. We all got tired out and gave up and went to the depôt to hear what Mrs. Davis would say. I remember what she told as being said by the clairvoyant. Mrs. Davis went to the lake, and the boys were found just where she said they would be found, as well as in the manner she had described, and as reported to us by Mrs. Davis.

One of my teams was at the lake, a wagon like an express wagon, and their bodies were taken to their home in it. I don't explain how this was done, the finding the boys. I only state the facts. We were about twenty minutes at the lake.

ANDREW I. CLARK.

Witnesses :—

MRS. CHARLOTTE A. CLARK.

MARIETTA RICE.

We have lived in Natick for forty-eight years.

We have never had any special acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Critcherson and family, though we have always known of them. We have known Mrs. Davis and her sister, Mrs. Catherine Everett Rice, and their families for thirty-five years or more.

We were living in Natick at the time of the disappearance of the boys and remember all that occurred at the time. No one knew where the boys were, and every effort to trace them had failed till after Mrs. Davis's return from Boston on Monday afternoon, when the boys were found where and as she said they would be found, through the mediumship of a Mrs. York of Boston.

I, G. A. Colbath, was at the lake on Monday morning when the cannon was fired. No one would have ever gone to the lake to look for the boys again, had not Mrs. Davis returned from Boston, and told what the clairvoyant said. Some thought they might have gone to the lake, and others (this was the general belief) thought they had run away to enlist.

I, G. A. Colbath, was on my way to the post-office at night when an acquaintance met me and said, "The boys are found, and a medium has told where they were." The reason why it was not believed that they could be in the lake was because, on the shore, nothing belonging to them could be found. It is sure that the clairvoyant not only told where they were, but located the exact spot.

It is our belief that the boys were found through the mediumship of Mrs. York. We neither of us believe in Spiritualism. We are Universalists.

G. ALBERT COLBATH.  
HANNAH M. COLBATH.

Witnesses to these signatures :—

CHAS. H. TAYLOR.  
DORA HAIR.

NOTE.—Mr. G. Albert Colbath is a brother of Vice-President Henry Wilson, who died in Washington, November 22nd, 1875. Hon. Henry Wilson changed his name from Jeremiah Jones Colbath to that of Henry Wilson by an Act of the New Hampshire Legislature, in 1833. Mrs. Colbath was cousin to Mrs. Wilson.

E. F. CROSBY.

We were living in N. at the time of the disappearance of the Mason boys. We knew all the particulars of the case, although we had no part in it, and were not at the lake when the boys were found. We remember that there was great excitement in town Saturday morning, when it became widely known that the boys were missing, they having disappeared on Friday, the day before. We remember that every effort was made to find them, and that, as a last resort, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis went to Boston to consult a clairvoyant. We also remember that the boys were found almost immediately after Mrs. Davis's return from Boston on Monday afternoon, the men working as she directed, she having received her directions from the medium, Mrs. York.

Mrs. Davis is a personal friend of ours, we having known her for more than thirty years, and we have no hesitancy in saying that we believe that the medium, Mrs. York, whom she consulted, was the instrument through which the boys were found.

(Signed) SETH W. TIBBETTS.  
MATILDA B. TIBBETTS.

Witnesses :—

RICHARD FOLEY.  
NELLIE D. FOLEY.

Natick, Mass., *May 11th*, 1891.

I add a somewhat similar case; where, however, the percipient had a strong interest in the deceased; so that we may suppose it possible that influence was exerted by the mind of the dead child.

P. 178.

This case, which originally appeared in the newspapers in connection with the report of an inquest at Birmingham, was investigated by Mr. Martyn Smith, of Abberton Hall, Pershore, a Member of the S.P.R. He writes :—

*April 26th*, 1895.

I was in court and heard all the evidence, which was on oath, and to my mind seems to point directly to a case of thought-transference.

[The following is the newspaper account of the inquest, sent by Mr. Martyn Smith.]

Another inquest had reference to the death of Rose Foster (13), 32 Court, 14 house, Camden-street, whose body was found in the canal at Spring Hill, the 19th inst. [*i.e.* April 19th, 1895.] The mother stated that her daughter was very nervous and frightened, especially at thunder and lightning. A little while ago she was told that she was suffering from an affection of the kidneys, which would put her life in danger unless she was very careful. She had been living with her aunt, but on Good Friday she came home of her own free will. On Wednesday she left the house suddenly, and was not seen alive by witness again. Several witnesses were called, who spoke to seeing deceased sheltering from the thunderstorm under the bridge, and Thomas Tarpler said he was in a boat on the canal near the bridge when the storm was at its height, and he heard a scream and a splash, but he did not see any one. Elizabeth Turton stated that on Wednesday she was going with the deceased over Spring Hill Bridge, when witness remarked to her, "Oh, that water!" Witness said this because about twelve months ago she fell into the water there. Deceased said, "I feel as if I could jump over there," (meaning the bridge). Witness upon this said to deceased, "Oh, you soon want to part with your life. I have not seen enough enjoyment yet." Foster answered, "You don't know what trouble I have had to go through." Mrs. Jeffrey, of the George Inn, Grove-lane, Smethwick, aunt of the deceased, said the girl had lived with her for some weeks. She was sulky, and witness told her she would have to go back home if she did not behave herself. Thereupon the girl left of her own accord. On Thursday the girl's brother came to tell her she was missing. That night witness dreamt that she was walking along the towing-path of the canal to her sister's house, and that while stirring the water with her umbrella she saw the face of her niece. Next morning she went to the scene, and found the police dragging underneath the bridge. She asked them to drag at the spot where in her dream she saw the face. They did so, and at once found the body. It was some distance from the bridge.

Mr. Martyn Smith also sends us the following notes of his interviews with Mrs. Jefferies, and with the Police Inspector who superintended the dragging of the canal:—

*May 14th, 1895.*

Mrs. Jefferies, of the George Inn, Grove Lane, Smethwick, says it was the Wednesday after Good Friday that her niece (Foster) was missing. On the following day her (Mrs. Jefferies') nephew, brother of the niece, called on his aunt, saying that he did not think she was alive, as some girls had told him his sister had said she would not speak to them again—meaning she would not see them—and he suspected she was drowned. The aunt said, "Oh, I should not take any notice of that, she'll turn up," or something to that effect. Mrs. J., however, continued to think about it (as her niece used to live with her), and the same night, Thursday, had a dream. She thought she was walking along the side of the canal at Spring Hill with an umbrella, which she let touch to ripple the water; when at a certain spot she saw the face of her niece appear above the surface twice, and the second time she caught it by the hair, lifted her out and clasped her to her breast and kissed

her. She woke up after the dream much terrified. She told it to her servant and may have told it to others.

The next morning (Friday) she heard that the police were dragging the canal and went—she had not been near the spot for 5 or 6 years before—and spoke to the sergeant, told him of her dream, and asked if he would try the drag at the place she had seen the face in her dream. They did so. The face of the girl appeared above the water just as she had seen it (in sleep); it sank again, and the second time the face appeared in the same position, and the brother leaped into the water and clasped the body to his breast and kissed the face as the aunt had dreamt she herself had done.

Mrs. Jefferies says that previous to anything unusual happening to her or her connexions she has some “warning” by dreams. She is sister to the mother of the drowned girl. She did not know before her dream that the canal would be dragged, nor had she received any intimation about it.

Birmingham, *May 7th*, 1895.

Acting-Inspector Whittingham was told off in charge of two minor officers to drag the canal near to the spot where the girl had been last seen. While there he was accosted by the aunt, who stood by the canal side and appeared to take great interest in what was going on, and she asked him whether she might tell him a dream that she had had the previous night. Thereupon she explained that in her dream she had a clear view of the dying girl, but some distance from the spot where they were then dragging—about 55 to 60 yards. The inspector suggested that the men should go to the other spot, and recommenced the dragging, and they came across the body at the point indicated, the fourth or fifth time of putting in the drag.

MARTYN SMITH.

These experiences, however,—call them what you will, travelling clairvoyance or cosmopathic impressibility,—are not evoked by deaths alone. The case of the Venus of Milo has already suggested that there may be something like short excursions in which some fact near in place or in interest is learnt. Sometimes these impressions take the form of dreams, in which case there is generally some admixture of fantastic detail. Sometimes a new belief or mental picture seems to survive from sleep; sometimes the fact is given through automatic writing, or through crystal-vision.

In all cases the possibility of *hyperæsthesia* has to be considered; but, postponing for the moment that discussion, I will here compare six cases, (one of them previously published) which will give an idea of this apparent diffusion of knowledge without any very obvious telepathic channel. In all of these, however, a somewhat indirect telepathy may be plausibly conjectured.

The cases concern a stolen lynch-pin and a stolen horse, and a lost dog, book, watch, and ship. In the case of the *stolen lynch-pin* the dreamer seems to have received an obscure notion of a mischievous trick which had been played on a neighbour, before or during the dream.

P. 131.

From Commander F. M. Norman, R. N., J.P. of Berwick.

Cheviot House, Berwick-on-Tweed, *February 19th, 1890.*

On February 17th, 1890, I dreamed that I was driving, or being driven, along the road near my house in an open cart with one horse. A man whom I saw passing called out loudly, "Look out, look out, take care!" On looking over the side of the cart, I saw the wheel had come off, apparently owing to the loss of the linch-pin, and was rolling away by itself towards the bank. The cart did not overturn, and I then awoke and got up.

After breakfast I opened my gate for the purpose of going to town. The first person whom I saw was a farmer, well known to me, by name Anderson. He immediately complained to me that as soon as he went out of his house that morning he observed one of the linch-pins of his cart lying on the ground, the cart itself having been driven off by his son, who was evidently ignorant of his danger. Anderson had run after the cart, and had succeeded in restoring the linch-pin to its place without any accident having happened, though the cart had travelled more than a mile.

I may add that he said that it had been done, he felt sure, on purpose, by a man who owed him a grudge.

F. M. NORMAN.

In a subsequent letter our informant adds:—

*March 6th, 1890.*

After I dreamed, I woke. I woke just as I saw the wheel rolling away. Then I went to sleep again, and woke at the usual time for getting up. I am not able to fix the hour of the dream.

I cannot give or suggest any connecting link at all. I had not spoken to the farmer for many days before, and nothing beyond "Good morning" for weeks, and certainly I had not been reading or talking about anything that would lead up to the dream.

It is notable that the cart of my dream in which I was standing up was a one-horse farm cart. In such a cart I had never set foot since I came to this place 13 years ago.

I spoke to *no one* about my dream till I met the farmer, who was the first person whom I met, just outside my gate, and he at once accosted me with, "Captain, did you ever lose your helm at sea?" Not seeing exactly his drift, I asked him why, or what he meant, and then he told me where he had been, and what for.

The farmer was not a man who would be likely to come to me for help or advice. His *son* was in my Bible-class for years, and I used to call now and then to see the parents, but that is all. *Not* the son in the cart. At the same time, also, the farmer would, no doubt, often *think* of me, and so would his family, as I take a prominent part in public affairs here.

My dreams are few and far between, and are *nearly always* about the sea and early recollections.

If I eat anything that causes "nightmare" it takes the form of "dodging" shells in the trenches before Sevastopol, where I served.

I don't dream of Berwick, its people, or surroundings, more than once in three years.

Captain Norman writes again on March 10th, 1890:—

Herewith I have pleasure in sending you "statements" by the Anderson family. You will observe that Margaret's dream arrests attention in two particulars. (1) That she dreamed about me on the night before the cart was taken out. (2) That she dreamed about the child of the man whom her father suspected. I may say that when I met her father outside my gate, he mentioned Z. as the suspected person; but in my account to you, I believe I purposely suppressed the name.

Anderson declares that *I* have not been mentioned inside his house for a long time before the occurrence.

F. M. NORMAN.

[Margaret Anderson's dream omitted as not clearly coincidental.]

Statement by Mr. Anderson, Farmer, High Greens, Berwick-on-Tweed:—

Between nine and ten on the morning of Tuesday, February 18th, 1890, I went out into my yard, and I at once observed a linch-pin lying in a corner close to the place where my cart usually stands. It immediately struck me that some one who owed me a grudge had taken the pin out of the axle before my cart had been driven off to my meadow by my son. I lost no time in pursuing the cart, which I caught up just beyond Captain Norman's gate. Fortunately, no accident had happened, and my son was not aware that anything was wrong. I gave him the pin and he replaced it. Directly afterwards Captain Norman came out of his gate, and on my telling him the nature of my errand he said that he had dreamed during the past night that he was driving in a cart along the road, and one wheel rolled off for want of a linch-pin.

MICHAEL ANDERSON.

Statement by Peter, son of the above:—

About 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, February 18th, 1890, I harnessed my father's horse to the farm cart, and drove past Captain Norman's house in the direction of our meadows. Just after I had passed Captain Norman's gate I heard some one shouting after me. On looking round I saw my father, who ran up and produced our linch-pin, which he said some one had taken out before I started, but I had noticed nothing wrong, and the wheel was in its place. I replaced the pin and proceeded.

PETER ANDERSON.

Witness to the above two signatures:— MARGARET ANDERSON.

Since Commander Norman was a Justice of the Peace, and well known in the neighbourhood, it is perhaps just possible that the thoughts of the offender may have "flown to" the magistrate who would be likely to punish his malice, if detected.

The case of the *stolen horse* (L. 841, printed in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 399) resembles the linch-pin case, but the dream is much more vivid and urgent. The emotion and perspiration during sleep suggest that the dreamer seemed to himself to be actually witnessing the theft with a sense of ineffectual rage and distress.

The case of the lost dog involves the apparent discernment of a fairly continuous scene. Telepathy from the maid-servant alone could

scarcely account for the whole vision ; but we may, perhaps, conjecture that the mind of the finder of the dog was also in some way involved.

L. 969.

The following account was received, in 1893, from Miss C. H. Grange, 34, Old Broad-street, E.C.

“I was staying with friends in one of the Eastern Counties. Shortly after I had come, my friend, Mrs. B., wrote to her sister in the North, asking her to send off by train the colley dog which was only waiting at the old home until his mistress was ready to receive him. We were all anxious to welcome ‘Barrie,’ who was an old friend, and accordingly were exceedingly pleased when a letter arrived, saying that he had been duly despatched by express train. This letter arrived on a Monday morning, and the writer added, ‘The station-master here tells me that “Barrie” should reach ——— on Monday morning, or possibly even on Sunday, if not delayed in London.’

“One o’clock came, and with it the sad intelligence that as yet nothing had been heard of our colley. At intervals during that afternoon and evening one or other of us might have been seen on the platform, interviewing porters as to the probable cause of the delay experienced by ‘Barrie’ on his journey.

“Tuesday’s letter bag contained a letter saying, ‘To-day I have had a telegram from the station-master at York, saying that on Saturday afternoon “Barrie” slipped his collar and disappeared.’

“The days passed by, and we never failed to include the station in our daily walk, always with the same question on our lips ‘Any news of Mrs. B’s dog?’ but a favourable reply never came.

“[On Friday of the same week] we arranged to visit Cambridge, and to spend several hours in that most interesting town. On the return journey, being very tired, most complete was the silence which fell upon us. As far as I can remember, no one had mentioned ‘Barrie’s’ name since the usual inquiry had been made in the morning, and indeed, as a week had now elapsed since his loss, we were beginning [to give up the hope of recovering him].

“Like all the rest, I was in a semi-sleeping condition. I do not say asleep, for then what follows would be a dream, and certainly it was scarcely that—no, merely in a tired condition of mind and body, I felt that peculiar sensation which I am sure has been felt by many, that is, that though sufficiently awake to know what is going on around, still your real mind seems to be far away and almost separate from your surroundings. It seemed to me that I was walking down a road, and before me I could see quite plainly the colley dog of which we had spoken and thought so much, being led by a man who held him with a rope. I followed him with interest until he was taken up to a door which I saw opened, and the flood of light from within showed me the well-known figure of Mrs. B.’s maid-servant. It all appeared to me so vivid that I suddenly started up and said to Mrs. B., ‘Edith, “Barrie” is found!’ Every one was taken aback by the suddenness of this statement, and Mrs. B. laughingly said, ‘Nonsense! how can you possibly know, and why raise false hopes in my mind?’ I then, quite awake and

looking most intently at her, replied, 'Yes, he is found, and when we arrive at — Station the first thing to happen will be that a porter will come up and say, "Mrs. B., your dog is found."' Then I went on describing the scene of which I had just imagined myself to be a witness, saying, 'Ah, there I see him going down the road. Now the maid is opening the door.' Here there was a universal laugh, and at last I joined in it, whereat all visions vanished. Still I maintained my opinion that the colley was safe in —, and when Dr. B. remarked that if all happened as I had said, I should have a pair of gloves, I agreed, and promised him a pair if 'Barrie' should prove still to be missing.

"In about forty minutes after this the train drew up at —, and Dr. B. opened the door and stepped out. Just as he was giving his hand to Edith, a porter came up to her and said, 'Mrs. B., your dog is found.' She exclaimed, 'Where is he?' The man replied by whistling to a fellow porter, who brought the dog from the other end of the platform, and 'Barrie' was soon overwhelming his mistress with rather boisterous caresses. On our way home, Dr. B. remarked that I was only entitled to *one* glove, as the scene I had so graphically described of the dog being led down the road, was a myth. But on our arrival at the house, our first greeting from the maid was, 'Oh, it really is your dog, Mrs. B. ? I would not take him in when the porter brought him about three-quarters of an hour ago.'

"I was paid the bet.

"C. H. GRANGE."

Miss Grange tells us that the incident occurred in April, 1884, and that the above account was written some weeks later, on her return home from visiting Mrs. B.

Dr. and Mrs. B. added to the account a corroborative note, signed by both of them, to the following effect :—

"Without accepting any psychical theory whatever as bearing upon the subject, we can state that the above-mentioned facts have been to the best of our recollection quite correctly recorded."

This note was written in May, 1893.

A letter from Mrs. B. to Miss Grange, enclosing it, says :—"I remember about it, and what I forget Dr. B. says he remembers, and *vice versa*, so we can with a clear conscience sign it for you."

The case of the *lost book* continues and corroborates a previous series of similar experiences on the part of the same informant (see *Proceedings*, Vol. IX., chapter on Motor Automatism).

P. 201. Statement by Lady Vane :—

Hutton in the Forest, *April 8th*, 1894.

About a month ago I lost a book, a manuscript one, relating to this house. I thought I had left it in my writing-table in my sitting-room, and intended to add a note about some alterations just completed—but next day the book had vanished. I looked through every drawer and cupboard in my room and then asked Sir Henry to do the same, which he did twice. I also made the head housemaid turn everything out of them and helped her to do so—so that four thorough searches were made ; but in vain. We also looked

in the gallery and library (the only other rooms to which the book had been taken) and could not find it. On March 28th I asked Lady Mabel Howard to write about it. She wrote, "It is in the locked cupboard in the bookcase—hidden behind the books."

I said, "Then it *must* be in the library, because the bookcases are locked," and Lady Mabel wrote, "Not in the library." I said, "Then it must be in the ante-room in the cupboard," and asked if I should find it. Lady Mabel wrote, "No, send Sir Henry." I asked, "Will he find it?" and she wrote, "Of course."

Still thinking it could only be the ante-room or the library—on account of the locked cupboard and bookcase, I asked, "Which end of the room?"

Lady Mabel wrote, "The tapestry end." I asked, "Is it on the window side of the room or on the other?" and she wrote, "The other." A friend staying in the house looked in the bookcases in the library at the tapestry end, and in the cupboard in the ante-room (I had met with an accident and could not go myself) and could not find the book, so we gave it up.

On April 5th Sir Henry was in my sitting-room and suddenly said, "I have an idea! Lady Mabel meant *this* room. There is the bookcase and the locked cupboard in it—and the wall outside the door is covered with tapestry." I said, "You *have* looked in that cupboard twice, and so have I and the housemaid, and the book is not there—but look again if you like." Sir Henry unlocked the door of the cupboard and took out all the books (there were not more than half-a-dozen) and put them on the floor. The last he put back into the cupboard was a scrap-book for newspaper cuttings, and as it was rather dark at 6.30 p.m. he could not see the name on the back and therefore opened it to see what it was, and the lost manuscript book fell out.

Having searched this very small cupboard four times previously, either of us would have been ready to swear that this book was not in it.

(Signed) MARGARET VANE.  
HENRY VANE.

Writing to Mr. Myers about this case on April 10th, from Greystoke Castle, Penrith, Lady Mabel Howard says:—

The day I got your letter I got a special letter sent over from Hutton to say my pencil had found a valuable book that Lady Vane had lost. We therefore walked over there on Sunday and I asked her to write it out. It is so very curious, quite the best thing I think the pencil ever has done—as it said, "in the cupboard *in* the bookcase," and they couldn't think where it meant—a cupboard *in* a bookcase—and this little cupboard is a cupboard in the middle let into glass bookcases on either side. I had no idea of the cupboards or tapestries there, and the pencil wrote all this in the sandwich paper at luncheon on the Point-to-Point race course."

So curious, too, the pencil said, "Send Sir Henry," twice. It was the merest chance finding it, as it fell out of this scrapbook, and was hidden behind the other books.

In another letter, dated April 14th, Lady Mabel Howard writes:—

I saw Lady Vane on February 24th when the book had not been lost. I did not see her again till Easter Monday. The moment I got upstairs she exclaimed, "I want you to find a book for me that is lost." No pencil nor

paper was forthcoming, so she said, "Never mind, write when you get home," but I forgot, and it was two days after at the Point-to-Point race that she asked me again, and we wrote it in the paper the sandwiches had been in.

I was abroad all this March and it was then that there were repairs being done in the house, and Lady Vane took the book down from where she kept it (I don't know where) and having entered the repairs into it, put it down, and from that moment it was never seen again. I must have been at Florence when the book was lost.

MABEL HOWARD.

Are we to describe this as a knowledge of past, of present, or of future? Or may we say that a telæsthetic perception of this kind is not strictly conditioned by time, but includes some retrogressive knowledge as to how things reached their present condition, and also some pregressive inference as to their coming development? The element of forecast in the present case,—the indication that it would be Sir Henry Vane who would find the book,—is in itself very slight; but it cannot be ignored when we compare other messages of Lady Mabel Howard's. See, for instance, the messages to Mr. Huth, Vol. IX., p. 46, where the element of precognition was strongly marked. In this present case, the whereabouts of the book can hardly have been supraliminally known to any human being; since the workman or servant whose hands may have slipped it into the larger book was probably unaware of what it was, or even of his own unthinking action itself. If, however, it were Sir Henry or Lady Vane who unthinkingly placed the small book in the larger one—and this does not seem quite impossible—Lady Mabel's knowledge might have been drawn telepathically from their subliminal memory.

In the case of the *lost watch*, to be next quoted, it might similarly be suggested that the loser's subliminal self had seen the watch fall, and afterwards communicated that knowledge telepathically to his sleeping friend. The analogy of other cases, however, would seem rather to point to an excursion or extension of the dreamer's perception, so as to include the field where the watch was found.

P. 176.

J. L. SQUIRES.

PROF. JAMES,—DEAR SIR,—I am informed that you are at the head of the Boston Branch of the English Society of Psychical Research, and beg to call your attention to a singular incident which took place near here some time ago, and which has never been chronicled. It is, in brief, as follows:—

A young man of this place, J. L. Squires by name, was at work on the farm of T. L. Johnson, with another young man, Wesley Davis, who was one day far from the buildings mending fence around a large pasture. Squires was not with him, nor had he ever been far into the pasture. At some time during the day Davis lost his watch and chain from the vest pocket, and although

he searched diligently, could not find it, as he had no idea as to the probable locality of the watch. Although only a silver watch, Davis worked for a living and could hardly afford its loss.

In his sympathy for his friend, Squires could not keep his mind off the watch, and after two or three days thinking of it, went to bed one night still thinking of it. During the night he had a dream, or vision, as we may call it, and saw the watch lying on the ground with the chain coiled in a peculiar position: rocks, trees and all the surroundings were perfectly plain to him. Telling his story at the breakfast table, he was, of course, well laughed at, but being so convinced that he could go straight to the watch, he saddled a horse and found it exactly as he expected to.

All the parties concerned are wholly honest and reliable. I will have a detailed statement sworn to if you would like it.

JOHN E. GALE, Guilford, Vermont.

In the month of March, 1887, I, Jesse L. Squires, of Guilford, in the county of Windham, and State of Vermont, being then in the twenty-third year of my age, began working for T. L. Johnson, a farmer living in the town aforesaid.

In the month of September following—the exact day of the month I do not remember—I was about one mile from the farm buildings with a young man named Wesley Davis, with whom I had for several years been acquainted, and who had been working with me at said Johnson's for several months, looking after some cattle that had strayed from a pasture. The cattle, eighteen or twenty head, were found in a large mow lot, and seeing us, started to run away in a direction opposite to that in which we wished to drive them. In order to head off the cattle and turn them back, Davis ran one way and I the other, and while running Davis lost his watch and chain from his vest pocket, but did not discover his loss until eight or nine o'clock that night, when it was, of course, too late to search for it. Believing that he must have lost the watch while engaged in getting the cattle back into the pasture, Davis and myself returned to the place the next morning and looked for the watch all the forenoon. Not having any idea of the probable locality in which the watch was lost, and not being at all certain that it was lost while after the cattle, we did not succeed in finding it, although we searched for it until twelve o'clock. The watch was one that Davis had had for some time, and he was much attached to it, and felt very badly about his loss. He worked hard for his living, and could not afford to lose the watch, for which he had paid twenty-five dollars. I felt sorry for him, and thought about the watch continually all the afternoon after we returned from looking for it, and was still thinking of it when I went to sleep that night.

During my sleep, at what hour I could not tell, I saw the watch as it lay upon the ground in the mow lot, over a mile away. It was in the tall grass, at least ten inches high. The face of the watch was turned up, and the small steel chain which was attached to it, lay in a curve like a half circle. About three feet from the watch was a large spot where the grass had been crushed and matted by a creature lying down; about ten rods to the north was a brush fence; about ten or twelve feet to the eastward of the watch was a granite cobble stone one or two feet in diameter, which lay about half

out of the ground. When I awoke the next morning, which was Sunday, I felt as certain that I could go straight to the watch as if I had really seen it, and told Davis so, and tried to have him go out and get it. He had no faith in my "vision," "dream," or whatever it may be called, and would not go. In spite of the jests and laughter of the entire family, I saddled a horse and went directly to the watch, which I found with all its surroundings exactly as I had seen it. I was not nearer than forty rods to Davis when the watch was lost, as I ascertained after it was found.

The watch had run down and stopped, the hands pointing to 9.40 o'clock, which I also noted in my dream.

J. L. SQUIRES.

Guilford, Vermont, *March 4th*, 1892.

I hereby certify that I have known the above J. L. Squires for over twenty years, and that I know him to be strictly temperate, honest, and truthful. He has always been in the best of health. He tells me that he has recently had an experience similar to the above, which I will send you, if you wish.

If the above is ever put in type, please tell me where I can get a copy.

JOHN E. GALE, Justice of the Peace.

The narrative, which next follows, of the lost ship,—the finding of the Carnatic,—originally published in *Harper's Magazine*, without Capt. Sargent's corroboration, has been greatly increased in evidential value by that added testimony. Here, again, there seems a confusion or coalescence of *times*, and a telepathy verging upon telæsthesia. If the central psychical fact was the appeal of Morton for help, yet the series of scenes cognised seems to have involved the ship's striking upon a rock some hours before, and a representation of the landscape of the disaster.

P. 175.

Lowell, Mass.;

*October 18th*, 1890.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ., Boston.

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your favour of the 17th, I send you a copy of *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1880, with the article marked in "Editor's Drawer." The episode there related is probably the basis of the erroneous report which has drifted so strangely to you. The matter as written in *Harper* is not embellished nor exaggerated in the least. I can vouch for the absolute truth of the narrative.

GEORGE A. HANSCOM.

From *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1880.

The following statement of singular facts, recalled by a recent article in this magazine, is contributed by Mr. George A. Hanscom, of Lowell, Massachusetts.

The reading of the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians" in the June number of your monthly, recalls to the writer the most remarkable occurrence of like

nature which a nautical experience of twenty years afforded. This is another of those experiences which go to prove the occasional thinness of the curtain which limits the natural vision of mortals.

In 1869 I was in Suez, in command of the British steamship *Neæra*, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steamship Company—a company owning a line of steamers born of the necessities of the manufacturing world, when the supply of American cotton was so largely cut off by the War of the Rebellion. The line was under the management of William F. Stearns, now deceased, son of the late Professor Stearns, of Amherst College, a man who, going to India penniless, developed qualities which enabled him to rise on the flood tide of prosperity to a colossal fortune and high social position, but, as it proved, only to see his riches float out on the receding tide, and leave his family but poorly provided for at his untimely death.

The *Neæra* was lying in Suez-roads, the canal being not yet open, awaiting passengers, etc., before sailing on her return voyage to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Carnatic* was also about ready to sail for the same port, and only waiting mails and passengers. It happened that the passengers for the two steamers came across the Isthmus together, and that two old friends and school-mates met, the one to join the *Neæra*, the other the *Carnatic*. A day was spent by the friends, who unexpectedly met on the Egyptian desert, in recounting their experience since they last parted, and naturally enough there was a good deal of badinage between them as to the comparative merits of the two steamers, and as to which should first land on the "coral strand," upon which these "griffins" were to be initiated into their duties in the "Civil Service," to which they had been newly appointed.

The *Carnatic* was the first to be ready, and sailed from Suez in the morning; the *Neæra* left early in the evening, some ten or twelve hours after the mail steamer. The night was fine, and at breakfast time we had passed Shaduan Island, were out of the Gulf of Suez, and into the Red Sea proper. Breakfast was served on deck, under double awnings of heavy canvas. The young gentleman who had left his friend the day before seemed somewhat depressed in spirits, and during breakfast said rather anxiously, "Captain, at what time did we stop last night?"

"Stop! we have not stopped since leaving," was the reply.

"Not even to take soundings?"

"No, the engines have not been eased since leaving port."

The young man seemed much surprised, and finally said that he had a most vivid and remarkable dream during the night, and this he proceeded to relate in substance as follows:—

"In my dream it appeared to me that the steamer was stopped during the night, and that I went on deck to ascertain the cause. I saw a boat pulling off from an island to intercept us, and a lantern was waved to arrest our attention. As the boat came nearer I saw my friend Morton standing in the stern. As he came up the gangway ladder I said, 'For God's sake, Morton, what brings you here?' I never saw him plainer, nor heard his voice more distinctly than when he said, 'The *Carnatic* has struck a rock and gone down; the passengers and crew are on an island close by, all safe, and we

want your ship to take them on board.' I dreamed that our ship stopped until other boats came off with the remainder of the people, and we then proceeded."

The narration of the dream made a profound impression upon the passengers, but the captain, as in duty bound, laughed it off. The young man proved a jolly sort of fellow, but was called "the dreamer" during the rest of the voyage.

On arrival at Aden five days later, before our anchor was down, we were hailed by a boat which had been despatched from the Peninsular and Oriental office, and asked if we had any news of the Carnatic, that ship being a day overdue. We had no news to give; but our "dreamer" quietly remarked to me, "You may find that there is more to my dream than you suppose."

A few hours completed our coaling, and we were off again for Bombay. On arrival at that port we heard the news of the loss of the Carnatic, and the circumstances were just as narrated to us two weeks before. The ship struck on a rock near Shaduan Island some twelve hours after leaving Suez. The passengers and crew were landed on the island; the steamer subsequently slid off the rock and went down in deep water. During the night a steamer's light were seen by the shipwrecked crew, and a boat was sent out to intercept her. Our "dreamer's" friend, Morton, went in the first boat; the remainder of the people were subsequently taken on board, and the rescuing steamer, not the *Neera*, rescued the party. The "dreamer" told the story as well as it could be told to-day.

It seems probable that our "dreamer's" vision was shown him at the very moment the ship-wrecked people were embarking upon the steamer which came to their aid, and that the *Neera* was not ten miles from the scene at the time.

It may be stated in conclusion, to show the perfection to which the postal system of the world has arrived, that the only letter addressed to the writer which ever failed to reach him in all his twenty years' wanderings, went down in the Carnatic.

Lowell, Mass., *May 2nd*, 1893.

R. HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—Replying to your favour of the 28th ult., I *think* I wrote you long ago that I cannot now tell the whereabouts of Morton. It was more than twenty years—nearly twenty-five years ago, and I have long ago largely lost touch with both England and British India. If, however, the matter should be published, with an intimation that you would like to hear from him, he will come to the front—certainly so if published in the English and Indian branches of the Society,—if he is still alive. "The power of the press" is far-reaching. I can, however, give you one important witness in the person of Captain R. W. Sargent, 708, Pine-street, Philadelphia. Sargent was chief officer of the "*Neera*" and knew all the circumstances at first hand. He, Sargent, now occupies an important position in the Cramp Steamshipbuilding Company, having recently left the sea after many years in the American Steamship Line, by whom he was deputed last year for a trip on the Russian Relief Service. I cannot think of any other whose present address I can give. Possibly he can.

The matter published in *Harper* was, however, written without embellishment when the case was fresh in mind, and may be relied upon.

GEO. A. HANSCOM.

1358, Hanover-street, Philadelphia, Pa.,

November 10th, 1893.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—Captain George Hanscom wrote me about the matter, and a year ago, February last, I talked the "Carnatic" incident over with him at his home in Lowell, Mass. He read the article from *Harper's* for August, 1880, to me, and asked me if in my memory he had stated the case as it was. As well as I can remember, the statement is absolutely true, but he has not gone into the details as much as he might have done, had he taken a more active interest in psychology.

I was second officer with him at the time, and thrown more in contact with the young man. As I got older I became very much interested in these subjects and probably have told the story hundreds of times to saloon passengers in steamships I have commanded, as it is to me one of the clearest cases on record of something leaving a man and coming back to him.

I cannot agree with Captain Hanscom as to the young man saying it was a "dream." He insisted he *saw* it all, he resented it being considered a "dream."

I do not remember the names of either of the young men, and have not heard of either of them since.

The young men were going out to enter the telegraph service, and the party divided, as a part of them wished a day longer in Egypt. The young man on the *Neera*, as well as we could find out, never saw the *Carnatic*. Yet he described her to us quite as well as if he had been on board.

He had never been down the Gulf of Suez; probably Captain Hanscom forgot this. In my presence he asked him to describe the place where the ship struck and where the passengers were, with the general look of the land, which he did. When we were alone, Captain Hanscom, who was very much impressed with the story, said to me, "Mr. Sargent, where did the ship strike, what place did the people land, and what was the high land he saw in the distance?" I replied, "The ship struck near Usshreifi Reef, the boat landed on the Island of Jubal, and the land on the right hand was Shaduan, and on the left Ros Mohamed." He answered, "That is what I make it."

After twenty-four years this case, in its main points, is fresh in my memory. I wish I could help you to trace the young men, but I cannot.

To me this one case has proved that some men have a dual personality. I, of course, have heard of others, but I was shipmates with this one, and it has settled the fact for me that there is something in man superior to matter.

R. W. SARGENT.

I will close this group of retrocognitive cases with a possible, but obscure, telepathic basis by a curious incident where the retrocognised fact, although in one sense extremely accurate, was

so presented as to be wholly misleading; and in a way in which no assignable intelligence (unless it were a forgetful dream of the deceased debtor's or of the satisfied creditor's) would have been likely to have presented it.

P. 170.

Law Offices of H. and P.,

New Orleans, *January 8th*, 1894.

MY DEAR SIR,—In May, 1889, I had purchased the residence property where I now live, and of course had looked into the title, as to conveyances and liens. This work was concluded, when one night I dreamed this dream.

I was walking through the business part of the city, and met our sheriff, who said, "I am going to sell that house and lot, corner of 2nd and Chestnut-streets, for the claim of R. M— v. J. C—, for 446.50dols." I was annoyed, of course, thinking that there might have been some mistake in the search for judgment liens—and then I woke up.

J. C— had been a former owner. On my way down to my office next morning I stopped to see his son, W. C—,—his successor in business,—and as a kind of joke, told him my dream. As I told him his face lengthened visibly, and without saying anything, he went to his ledger and after looking at it said, "You made a slight mistake in figures—it was 444.50dols."—and then, with a sort of awe, continued, "But with the interest, figured here in pencil, it was just 446.50dols." I should add that J. C— had been embarrassed before his death, but had settled up his debts, so I had no trouble. Now, had the claim been sued on, the sheriff and lien part of my dream had no truth, but the debt and amount were precise. I knew R. M— very well, but never associated him in any way with J. C—, nor had the slightest reason, that I can recall, to suspect that C— had ever had any dealings with M—, C— being "in cotton" and M— "in sugar."

W. W. HOWE.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES,  
Cambridge, Mass.

No. 54, Union-street, New Orleans,  
*March 14th*, 1894.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES,—DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 10th inst. is at hand, and in reply :—The occurrence referred to was certainly quite startling and it was about as follows :—

The heirs of my father, deceased, had sold a property here to Judge W. W. H—, and some time after the sale had been passed and completed and purchase price paid, Judge H— called at our office one morning and said that he had had a dream (probably the night before) which had annoyed him a little, although he was not disposed to attach any importance to it, but simply to satisfy a not-understood desire to do so, he had come around to mention it to me, and it was this :—

That his dream was, that, notwithstanding his careful research of the title of the property and that all encumbrances found had been removed, there had been presented to him for payment a judgment obtained by Mr.

R. M—— for an amount which he specified in dollars and cents. I remarked to him that it was very remarkable indeed that that amount would vary very little from what a liability would have been to Mr. M—— had it not been paid, and had drawn interest to that date. I referred to data and computed the interest and was, as said before, quite startled to find that there was no difference between the figures mentioned by him and what I found the liability to Mr. M—— would have been, had it not been paid off. I regret very much that I did not make memorandum of this amount and the date, so that it might have been given you explicitly and definitely, but did not, and without knowing the date, I cannot give even approximately the amount mentioned.

I told the Judge, however, that there was an inaccuracy in the dream, and that was that Mr. M——'s claim had never gone to judgment, nor had there been any legal contention or contest about it; but that it was a liability that had been settled in the regular course of business at the proper time.

WM. H. CHAFFE.

I must here leave for the present the study of knowledge of things past or present received by telesthesia or by obscure telepathy, —supernormal knowledge whose origin is not clearly traceable to any definite external intelligence;—and must pass on to the much commoner type of messages, where knowledge of past or present (we are not yet dealing with things future) is claimed to proceed from some more or less definite disembodied intelligence. The cases which we have already studied form an extension of the scope of a man's own personal memory or observation; those on which we now enter form an extension of the scope of the things which he hears and reads,—and from which he combines by selection and inference his main knowledge of the Past.

My reader already knows how confused and contradictory these *soi-disant* spirit messages generally are. For the most part, as I have often urged, they may well be no more than externalised dreams, whose source is wholly within the automatist's own intelligence.

This view I must now supplement by an endeavour to show that even if we suppose these messages to come from outside ourselves (as I hold that some of them certainly do), we need still feel no surprise at their generally unsatisfactory character. Even on that hypothesis they are, I think, very much what the analogies of earthly life would lead us to expect.

Suppose that the whole mass of statements, or signs of assent or denial, which are presented to any man during a day of common life were simply written out continuously, with no indication of their source beyond what their content supplies, we should then have a jumble much like that which automatic messages present. Let us try to compare the two scenes; somewhat widening our ordinary categories

so as to allow for the unknown conditions of the world from whence these messages are alleged to come.

In the course of a day, then, I hear various direct statements from living persons, who speak as they believe at the moment, and whom I can question on what they say. I also read many written statements, whose writers I cannot question; these statements representing what their writers believed at a given moment in the past. The first of these classes I may call *direct* statements; the second, *exuvial*. They are exuvial inasmuch as they represent a past state of the generating intelligence, as a snake's skin or a lobster's shell represents a past conformation of the animal's organism. The need of this general term to comprehend all statements *detached* from their authors,—no longer supported by a life behind them which can hear and answer questions,—will presently appear. And, thirdly, I both hear and read many statements which neither now represent, nor ever represented, any independent belief or truth. Such statements I may call *parasitic*, since they are merely based upon some other mind's belief, or upon my own belief which they reflect to me, perhaps with no wish to deceive. Thus a child assents to any story which I tell him,—his object being not to controvert but to understand;—a dog shows sympathy with any emotion which I choose to express;—its impulse being merely to attain companionship with a mind above its own. Nay, my own dreams also are parasitic upon my waking day. They represent the best which some fragment of my mind can effect;—a petty whirlwind that lifts the chaff from the floor of my mental granary.

Now my point is that whereas when we believe ourselves to be dealing with an unseen world we desire, and instinctively expect, that all messages which come to us shall be *direct*, the probability nevertheless is that they will mainly be *exuvial* or *parasitic*.

If even the material world is so full as we find it of the exuviæ of past thoughts and emotions,—although such thoughts must be written on paper, or spoken into phonographs, if the vibrations of brain or larynx are not to wander irrecoverably away; much more may a supersensory, a telepathic world accumulate the mental exuviæ which may form, so to say, the environment in which its new life proceeds. What is likely to be there imaged and treasured, if not the Past of Souls? Some such images may be fleeting as shadows, some persistent as the imagined vortices of ether, or some may last a little longer than others, as in a room filled with smokers some smoke-rings float for a few moments still discernible in the heavy air.

What if the haunting ghost be such a smoke-ring among the disintegrated images of other occupants of the house? What if some isolated passionate statement, like that professing to come from the Leicester murderess, (*Proceedings*, Vol. IX., p. 99), should represent

the impress of some intense memory,—a record which still in some sense coheres independently, and meets the sensitive's receptive power, much as a particle of organic débris floats within the tentacles of a sea-anemone?

This, then, may come, and nothing beyond it; one message may be given with ease and force; after which there will be only silence, or a confused parasitic rehandling of the facts already given.

And this brings me to my second category of subordinate and untrustworthy communications,—those which in the actual world I have called *parasitic*.

The causes which lead to such communications on earth seem likely to be even more prevalent in a transcendental world. On this earth the mere differences of bodily organisation which deprive the lower animals of the power of speech prevent our direct contact with minds much below our own. In a world, on the other hand, where thought is directly communicated, it may well be that minds somewhat on the level of the dog or the monkey may come into a closer relation than here with the mind of man. And since the actual language in which automatic messages are conveyed is almost always derived from our own brains, there seems no security against our confusing messages inspired by these lower intelligences with messages veritably coming from our departed friends. Such messages may show the wish to please of the friendly dog, or the wish to tease of the mischievous monkey. Possibly they may be mere attempts to understand, to get into communication with our human minds. Whatever the temper which inspires them, they will be mere reflections or distortions of what we already know. Or again, just as I have elsewhere urged with regard to apparitions, so may these written messages also represent the *dreams* of the dead. They may, that is to say, be as partial and parasitic a product of a discarnate mind as our dreams are of minds still incarnate. We have no right to assume that we are meeting the full ray of the unseen intelligence,—an intelligence which may be even more liable to dispersion than is our own, and in traversing some obscure medium to reach us may leave much of its light behind. There is yet one more supposition which some of the feebler manifestations suggest. There may be an intelligence which is impermanent and almost impersonal, which is in some way generated from the mere conflux of several incarnate minds bent in the same direction, or possibly is even parasitic upon a single human intelligence, like the dream which falls as a transient entity upon the sleeping mind of a Homeric hero.

I have dwelt at length on all the possible sources of error in retrocognitive messages, because it seems to me important both to recognise their existence to the full, and also to perceive that they do

not explain *all* the messages alleged to come from the dead. I regard the memories of departed spirits—the facts which they impart to us from their own store—as constituting a real and most important source of retrocognition. In the often-quoted case, for instance, of Mr. Stainton Moses and Abraham Florentine, I hold that the surviving spirit of Abraham Florentine did really communicate with Mr. Moses, and that in this direction lie chances of knowledge which we can hardly exaggerate. Many of the recent messages given through Mrs. Piper, I may add, have seemed to belong to this type.

But on all these messages from departed spirits I have written so much already that there is no need for recapitulation here. I will add one suggestion alone, to which much that has been recorded in this paper seems obscurely to point. Even when we are dealing with true retrocognitions involving scenes or histories in which men long departed have played their part, we must not assume that such knowledge must needs have come to us through the agency of some definite and assignable discarnate mind. We cannot indeed prove that they have *not* so come. We cannot demonstrate that any given scene may not have been presented by some spirit to whom that scene was once familiar. But for aught we know, the scene may come to us without any such intervention. Its permanence in the Universe cannot depend upon its relation to any finite mind. If one image persists, then all images; for the Omnipresent Mind includes them all. Ζῶσι τῶ θεῷ. Nothing for that Intelligence is “drowned in the deeps of an infinite Past.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE RELATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA TO TIME.—PRECOGNITION.

Σω. Ἐδόκει τίς μοι γυνή προσελθούσα καλὴ καὶ εὐειδής, λευκὰ ἱμάτια ἔχουσα, καλέσαι με καὶ εἰπεῖν, ὦ Σώκρατες, Ἥματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἐρίβωλον ἴκοιο.—Πλάτωνος Κρίτων.

It is now time to make our long-delayed transition,—I will not say from things past to things future,—but from things whose interest for us lies within our backward gaze to things whose interest for us lies within our forward gaze and as yet unrealised expectation. This transition is both gradual and complicated ; and, just as many retro-cognitions already quoted have had some element of the future in them, so also among the precognitions with which we must now deal, there will be many where what looks like knowledge of the future can be analysed into an enlarged knowledge of what actually exists.

There are, indeed, certain phenomena—"monitions" as we term them in these *Proceedings*—which in common parlance are often spoken of as *premonitions*, and used as a type of knowledge of the future, where it is nevertheless plain that all that is needed is a somewhat extended perception of near facts. Mrs. Sidgwick has for this reason excluded "Monitions" from her paper on "Premonitions"; but they must needs find their place in the present more generalised discussion of the Relation to Time of Supernormal Phenomena.

These monitions,—of which we have already printed a good many instances,—range from incidents so trivial and momentary that it would seem absurd to ascribe them to anything more dignified than a barely subliminal stratum of the percipient's own consciousness, up to important warnings which claim the authority of some departed but still watchful friend.

At the lower end of this series come the obscure intimations which restrain us from action on grounds which perhaps are only just forgotten and still by effort recoverable. The chess player, returning after various trains of calculation to the temptation of a specious move, will dimly feel a sense of restraint ;—"I must not do *that*, though I cannot recollect *why*." Mrs. Verrall (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 190) has noted instances where this subliminal warning presents itself as a *physical* hesitation ;—the hand refusing to execute an order which is really unreasonable ;—and which is felt to be such so soon as some trivial recent fact is remembered.

One step further, and we have an actual externalised hallucination of touch checking the inconsiderate action. A lady throwing a handful

of envelopes into the fire feels, in one of our cases, a hand laid upon her arm,—pauses in surprise,—and discovers that she is throwing away with the envelopes a roll of banknotes which in a moment of distraction she has placed among them. We cannot surely assume an external agent *here*, without assuming also that it was some guardian angel which checked Mrs. Verrall, in her closely similar experience, from taking five envelopes from her stationery case when only four were required.

Let us take one step further, and we come to monitions based upon a fact apparently not forgotten merely, but never known; a fact lying demonstrably beyond the normal sensory cognisance of the percipient.

A fact beyond his normal sensory cognisance, I say; but obviously before we assume that he has perceived that fact in a transcendental or teleæsthetic fashion, we must make the fullest allowance for hyperæsthesia,—for an extension of the bodily senses which may include this strange knowledge within its range. Nay more; our search for possible hyperæsthesia is bound to be much wider than any search which the physiologist is likely thus far to have found worth his pains. His interest has lain in definite measurable extensions of the higher senses, rather than in obscure and novel sensations which led to no clear end. It is for these last, on the other hand, that it is our special duty to search. We have obscure and novel facts to explain, and before we confidently assign them to psychical and transcendental causes, we must try and think of everything which the human body might conceivably discern or discover.

I say “the body” rather than “the senses”; for we must go back in our inquiry (though of course without expectation of immediate success) to an ancestral condition far anterior to any senses which we now know. We must go back to the first germ of life, and in place of merely crediting it with “irritability,” which is all the power of reaction which it can actually show us, we must credit it with all the potentialities which the history of its descendants teaches us to infer as already latent in it. We know into how wide a gamut of feeling the germ’s vague internal sensation, its vague external sensation, have diffused and specialised themselves in man. We dimly conjecture into what other rays the spectrum of that dim primal gleam of consciousness has been fanned out in animals other than man. And we may feel assured also,—though it be hard to realise the fact,—that all the known or guessed sensations of men and animals are but a small selection from the range of sensations potentially educible from the vague *panæsthesia*,—so to term it,—of the primal germ. Average experience within average limits;—that is all that our known senses cover. If the stimulus be too weak, we are liable to mistake the sense through which it comes to us; if it be too strong, we are liable to feel

a mere distress or bewilderment, not referred to any definite sense. It is surely conceivable, then, that all our known sensibilities may form merely a kind of bull's-eye;—the place where outer and inner influences oftenest touch our central sensorium;—while round this bull's-eye all kinds of unclassified obscure sensations probably scatter.

It follows that when we have to explain very strange perceptions we must be on the look out, not only for the hyperæsthesia of known senses, but also for that more generalised form of hyperæsthesia which may involve senses (peripheral or central) as yet incipient and unrecognised, although still depending on the material world,—a wider selection from the potential panæsthesia of the primal germ. There may—there must—be evolution still going on in us in relation to our material as well as to our transcendental environment, and we must not claim phenomena for the latter without taking account of the former as well.

Once more; we must remember that the assumed new sensitivities, physical and transcendental, may be linked together in ways quite unknown to us. The synæsthesiæ which are only now beginning to be noted between the ordinary senses;—of which “coloured audition,” or sound-seeing, is the accepted type;—may be carried yet further, and may connect in unlooked-for ways man's responses to his physical and to his transcendental environments. There will be nothing to surprise us if the same percipient should receive a number of subliminal intimations, of which some are to be referred to hyperæsthesia and some to telæsthesia, or to telepathy from the living or from the dead.<sup>1</sup>

I have said that hyperæsthesia may be peripheral or central;—that is to say, that it may consist in the heightened perception of sensations coming from outside our organism, or from within the brain. I will begin with some cases of apparent telæsthesia, or of apparent prevision, which may possibly, though by no means certainly, be referable to an extension of the external senses.

My first case shall be taken from the experience of the late Rev. P. H. Newnham, known to readers of these *Proceedings* as a most careful informant, and as agent in a long series of experiments which, in my view, conclusively proved telepathy with his wife, Mrs. Newnham, who still survives. He had throughout life many monitions, premonitory dreams, &c.;—but most of these unfortunately passed unrecorded at the time; and I mention them only to indicate that it would be difficult to explain by hyperæsthesia *all* his experiences. In the case which

<sup>1</sup> One is so often asked how mediums are to be distinguished,—or, rather, one is so often told that so-and-so “looks like a medium,”—that it is just worth saying that I at least can trace as yet no other quality whatever which seems to be habitually found along with transcendental sensitivity;—unless it be (and even this is hardly more than a guess) a special tendency to be influenced by the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

follows it is *possible* that although he had never seen *Chaonia* he might have had a general notion of its aspect when flying, and might subconsciously have seen it settle on the oak.

P. 109.

From the Rev. P. H. Newnham.

I have on many occasions, throughout the last 35 years at least, experienced the sensation of a soundless voice speaking words distinctly into my ear from outside of me. Whenever this has been the case, the information or advice given has invariably proved correct.

I distinguish this phenomenon clearly from the ordinary forms of "presentiment." This voice is distinctly something *ab extra*. In presentiments, if certain words seem to come, they come from within, and are (so to speak) spoken voicelessly by myself, just as in verbal reading to yourself.

I never pay any attention to these so-called "presentiments." I have had plenty of them, and find them more often false than true.

But, when *this* voice comes, it never fails.

In July 1858 (I believe, but it may have been June, 1857), I was visiting friends at Tunbridge Wells, and went out one evening, entomologising. As I crossed a stile into a field, on my way to a neighbouring wood, the voice distinctly said in my right ear, "You'll find 'Chaonia' on that oak." (This was a very scarce moth, which I had never seen before, and which most assuredly I had never consciously thought of seeing.) There were several oaks in the field, but I intuitively walked up to one, straight to the off side of it, and there was the moth indicated.

With this last case two others should be compared, where the hypothesis of a subconscious hyperæsthetic discernment of the bifid fern or the four-leaved clover by ordinary eyesight is possibly applicable.

P. 241.

From the "*Annales des Sciences Psychiques*," Mai-Juin, 1895.

By M. ADRIEN GUEBHARD, Professeur Agrégé à la Faculté de Médecine.

On the 30th May, 1893, I was on a geological excursion in the environs of Nice. After a very uneasy night, passed in the village of Contes, I set out in a rather bad humour in the direction of Escarène by an old road, where my disgust was heightened by seeing on my right a long mound of absolutely no interest, either palæontological or stratigraphical. In vain I tried to console myself by seeking in the crevices of the moist, dripping stone, or under the tufts of green maidenhair, some rare snail-shell for a collection belonging to my friends. I had already resigned myself to the uninteresting walk of the ordinary tourist, when suddenly a flash of recollection arrested my wandering attention—a memory dating from my old passion of long ago for botany, revived for a short time in 1889 by the publication of a work on the abnormal partitions of ferns, but certainly long since abandoned. Promptly, and with all the intensity of an old longing never satisfied, I conceived a great ambition for an object which, having been

vainly sought, had almost passed into a myth, namely, the *Asplenium Trichomanes*, or Common Maiden-hair Spleenwort abnormally bifurcated, which I had often seen mentioned in a book, but which I had never once, during thirty years, been able to discover, in spite of the great abundance of the normal species.

Hardly was this mental picture evoked, before my eyes, as if drawn by the real image, were arrested by one amongst all the green tufts which surrounded me, and amongst all the fronds which composed it, by one alone, which, two yards off, had the exact appearance of a bifurcation.

Purely appearance, I said to myself, drawing near. Simply the juxtaposition of two neighbouring fronds, which I have so often mistaken for it.

Sceptical even while gathering it, I could not believe my eyes. But the evidence was undeniable, and when, much astonished but highly delighted, I had plucked the fern, I said to myself half-aloud, as though uttering a challenge, "Well, I only want now to find the *Cet*—" I had not finished my sentence when my gaze, leaving the high wall on the right where it was still mechanically searching, fell below the footpath on the left, at the foot of the buttress, on a poor sickly plant of *Ceterach Officinatum* (Common Scale-Fern or Scaly Spleenwort) crowded into the midst of the *Asplenium* (Spleenworts) as if dejected at finding itself in this damp shady corner instead of a crevice in a dry and sunny wall, which is the usual abode of this species.

And this plant, which ordinarily I should never have dreamed of seeking in such a spot, this fern of quite simple venation, edges very slightly divided, and under surfaces all scaly, in fact with an appearance so opposed to the idea of partition that (never having come across a specimen either in my youthful researches, in the splendid collections of the Museum, or in any herbal or rare book) I had concluded it to be non-existent—an impossible anomaly—it was, I say, a frond of this fern that appeared before me to-day at my bidding, as in Perrault's stories, as clearly bipartite as the *Asplenium* close by had been.

Being at once led on, and covetously pushing my reasoning straight to the principal conclusion of my old observations on the somewhat epidemic and at the same time local character of these freaks of nature, I argued: "If I have found one, and even two bifurcated fronds, certainly the third is not far to seek." And in less time than it had taken to announce this decision, without any hesitation, amongst all the attractive groups of fern, I distinguished immediately one frond of maiden-hair shewing two clearly-marked points.

I should never have made up my mind to put this incident in writing, at the risk of occasioning the reader's sceptical smile, if the recurrence of the same adventure twice in the course of this same year had not confirmed the reality and demonstrated the importance of the psychological problem.

On the 8th August, 1893, at Lausanne (Switzerland) I had just accompanied some friends returning to the country, whose gay conversation was anything rather than botanical, and the last good-byes were hardly said, when all at once, as I walked along the path we had taken a minute or two earlier, there shot into my head, without rhyme or reason, the idea of a divided maiden-hair, and immediately I put my hand on a frond, then further on on a second, and again on another, always making my choice at once

without groping in the long green mantle of the great wall. Afterwards I in vain retraced my steps to explore conscientiously, with attention, and at length, the fifty yards of pathway; there was nothing more, or I could see no more.

Ten days later I was visiting near Chambéry with a gay and numerous party the celebrated country-house Charmettes, still alive with memories of Jean Jacques Rousseau. As I crossed the threshold, the thanks of the care-taker still in my ears, and before my eyes the pictures of the *Confessions*, I instinctively felt my gaze drawn towards the little wall of the terrace, where, at the first glance amongst several stunted tufts, which were afterwards to furnish me with several similar specimens, I discovered an extremely curious plant of maidenhair, such as I did not yet possess, with fronds not merely bifurcated, but really ramified.

Was it this time a reminiscence of "Lettres sur la botanique" which had given the suggestion? Was it not, as well as the time before, simply an echo at a relatively shorter distance of the exciting experience in the month of May? I do not think so, for with regard to the latter nothing of the sort could be argued, and it seems, on the contrary, that it was precisely the absence of all appreciable cause, the apparently complete spontaneity of the first vision, to which was due the intensity of the second—a real *second sight* which leads infallibly straight to the mark. That mark is evidently pre-existent, of a real kind, and perhaps—one might defend this view!—is itself by its simple presence, and by a sort of self-discharge at a distance, the unsuspected and unperceived cause of the sudden internal revival of a similar image, stored-up long ago;—the spontaneous exteriorisation of which, and the placing of it in coincidence with the corresponding object, would constitute precisely the fact of the discovery—that is to say simply the proof of the existence—of that object. Whatever may be the cause, it seems certain that only the abruptness, the suddenness of the cerebral awakening is capable of giving momentarily to the sensorial faculties that acuteness in some sort prophetic, which automatically attracts the material object of the mental evocation, not out of nothing, as a superstitious mind might believe, but simply out of the relative obscurity in which it would have remained under other circumstances.

No normal tension of the mind, no effort of will, no abilities exercised at their best could attain to the results of these rapid moments of temporary hyper-stimulation. Never, except on the three occasions I have recorded, have I been able to find the abnormal *Asplenium*, still less the abnormal *Ceterach*, although every year, sooner or later, thousands of specimens have passed before my eyes, amongst which I have often tried on solitary walks in the most varied localities, with all the concentration of attention of which I am capable, and the fullest use of a faculty of discovery developed by old naturalistic habit, to discover the rare object, the eternal ambition of the collector. I often found other things, but never that.

Is it not the same, to make a comparison, as that which happens in a dream, when in preference to the subjects of long voluntary meditations trivial daily incidents always crop up, which, hardly noticed at the moment, and apparently no sooner occurring than forgotten, have none the less by the unexpectedness, the lightning-like effect of their track across the daily

monotony, made a more vivid if not a deeper impression on the brain than all the subjects of ordinary preoccupation or voluntary reflection.

The cerebral problem is certainly curious, and deserves, based as it here is on a group of precise facts, to be clearly stated at this time, when the science of psychology, no longer admitting the supernatural, fears not to encroach at times on the domain of the marvellous, in order that it may restrict more and more that of the incomprehensible.

ADRIEN GUEBHARD.

With regard to my above communication, in which you have been kindly interested, you put the following questions to me :—

(1) Is it not possible that this discovery of abnormal ferns may have been an effect of *unconscious sight*?

(2) As to the fact of finding three of them in a small space, is it possible that this monstrosity may be determined by certain local causes in such a manner that in a very limited area many may occur, whilst for several hundreds of yards not one may be met with?

As to the second point, I can reply at once "Yes," for such was exactly the conclusion I came to on my first study of this subject, confirmed by my last find at *Coutes-les-Pins*.

These abnormal growths are almost always in little groups, forming well-defined islands as it were in the midst of normal plants, proving the external, local and non-individual character of the original causal lesion, which might be due, as I think, to some micro-organism, either vegetable or animal, a parasite fungoid or gnawing insect.

But it is not at all the repetition of the discovery (which was logical and foreseen), which affected me so strongly as to make me forget for a minute the palpable and material object; but rather the incredibly rapid succession, I might almost say the instantaneous co-incidence, of the apparition of each mental image and its objective realisation.

When one gives oneself up to any search whatever, even with the great amount of practice and the good sight which I have, there is always a time of visual groping like the tactile fumbling of the hand which seeks a needle in a bottle of hay.

The time lost in hunting about is longer in proportion, as the object sought is less common and less distinct from the mass of its surroundings. And what more like a frond of double fern than two fronds, one lying across the other?

In vain ordinarily I might have exercised my keen sight on the first part of the wall, as I did on the after part, as I have done hundreds of times for years; it is very probable I should have found nothing—since it is also very probable that there was nothing.

How did it happen that it was just where there *was* something that my attention was aroused? How, too, did my eye go so quickly and directly to the point, passing from right to left, from high to low at once, with such certainty?

Is it by a sort of attraction, which the real object has for the mental image, previously itself evoked from its latent state by the near neighbourhood of the reality which it expresses?

Here is a question which I had already put in the course of my first study of the subject, and which you repeat more definitely, in your first question concerning *unconscious sight*.

A. G.

Compare with this the following recent incident which occurred to Dr. Hodgson shortly after he had been reading the above account.

P. 256.

Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

September 14th, 1895.

Yesterday morning (September 13th, 1895), just after breakfast, I was strolling alone along one of the garden paths of Leckhampton House, repeating aloud to myself the verses of a poem. I became temporarily oblivious to my garden surroundings, and regained my consciousness of them suddenly to find myself brought to a stand, in a stooping position, gazing intently at a five-leaved clover. On careful examination I found about a dozen specimens of five-leaved clover as well as several specimens of four-leaved clover, all of which probably came from the same root. Several years ago I was interested in getting extra-leaved clovers, but I have not for years made any active search for them, though occasionally my conscious attention, as I walked along, has been given to appearances of four-leaved clover which proved on examination to be deceptive. The peculiarity of yesterday's "find" was that I discovered myself, with a sort of shock, standing still and stooping down, and afterwards realised that a five-leaved clover was directly under my eyes. I plucked some of the specimens, and showed them at once to Mr. and Mrs. Myers, and explained how I had happened to find them. Clover plants were thickly clustered in the neighbourhood, but I failed on looking to find any other specimens. The incident naturally suggests the arresting of my subliminal attention.

R. HODGSON.

Turning to the sense of *hearing*, we have several cases where an intimation which the percipient regarded as supernormal may have depended on subconscious interpretation of a slight sound. For instance;—two friends walking together along a street in a storm just evade by sudden movements a falling mass of masonry. Each thinks that he has received some *monition* of the fall;—each asserting that he heard no noise whatever to warn him. Here is an instance where subliminal perception may have been slightly quicker and more delicate than supraliminal;—and may have warned them just in time.

In the next case<sup>1</sup> there may have been some subliminal hyperæsthesia of hearing which dimly warned Mr. Wyman of the approach of the extra train.

<sup>1</sup> For a somewhat similar case, possibly due to hyperæsthesia of hearing, see *American Journal of Psychology*, Vol. III., p. 435 (September, 1890).

P. 166.

Mr. Wm. H. Wyman writes to the Editor of the *Arena* from  
Dunkirk, N. Y., *June 26th*, 1891.

Some years ago my brother was employed and had charge as conductor and engineer of a working train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, running between Buffalo and Erie, which passes through this city (Dunkirk, N. Y.). I often went with him to the Grave Bank, where he had his headquarters, and returned on his train with him. On one occasion I was with him, and after the train of cars was loaded, we went together to the telegraph office to see if there were any orders and to find out if the trains were on time, as he had to keep out of the way of all regular trains. After looking over the train reports and finding them all on time, we started for Buffalo. As we approached near Westfield Station, running about 12 miles per hour, and when within about one mile of a long curve in the line, my brother all of a sudden shut off the steam, and quickly stepping over to the fireman's side of the engine, he looked out of the cab window, and then to the rear of his train to see if there was anything the matter with either. Not discovering anything wrong, he stopped and put on steam, but almost immediately again shut it off and gave the signal for breaks and stopped. After inspecting the engine and train and finding nothing wrong, he seemed very much excited, and for a short time he acted as if he did not know where he was or what to do. I asked what was the matter. He replied that he did not know, when, after looking at his watch and orders, he said that he felt that there was some trouble on the line of the road. I suggested that he had better run his train to the station and find out. He then ordered his flagman with his flag to go ahead around the curve, which was just ahead of us, and he would follow with the train. The flagman started and had just time to flag an extra express train, with the General Superintendent and others on board, coming full 40 [forty] miles per hour. The Superintendent enquired what he was doing there, and if he did not receive orders to keep out of the way of the extra. My brother told him that he had not received orders and did not know of any extra train coming; that we had both examined the train reports before leaving the station. The train then backed to the station where it was found that no orders had been given. The train dispatcher was at once discharged from the road, and from that time to this both my brother and myself are unable to account for his stopping the train as he did. I consider it quite a mystery, and cannot give or find any intelligent reason for it. Can you suggest any?

The above is true and correct in every particular.

In subsequent letters to Dr. Hodgson Mr. Wyman writes:—

My brother died some three years ago.

The incident occurred about the year 1873.

I was not connected with the road or train at the time; I was employed on the New York, Lake Erie, and Western R. R., at Dunkirk. The flagman is now, or was a short time ago, living in Denver, Colorado; his statement can be obtained if desirable.

The Superintendent died in Germany about two years ago.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Wyman adds :—I traced Mr. James Conway, [the flagman], to Colorado, and learned from his son that he died March 16th, 1888. [Letter sent herewith.]

Mrs. D. Wyman, widow of the percipient, writes :—

Jersey City, *September 16th*, 1893.

MR. HODGSON,—SIR,—I received your letter asking me for statements in regard to Mr. Wyman's experience. I don't think I could tell any of the circumstances, I only recollect hearing him say he was singularly and deeply impressed that something was wrong, and he obeyed the impulse and stopped the train just in season of time to prevent an accident, and it left a deep impression on his mind ever after, as he often spoke of it and wondered why and what it was.—Yours respectfully,

L. A. WYMAN.

Taking next the sense of *smell*, we have elsewhere printed several cases where monitions taking various forms have summoned the percipients to an incipient conflagration of which they felt sure that no ordinary sensation could have warned them. There may often, however, as in the next case, be some doubt whether some slight odour may not have given a subliminal hint.

P. 162.

Oro Blanco, Arizona,

*March 7th*, 1894.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I give you herewith account of an occurrence about two years ago. . . . At the time I was at a mine called Rosales, about twenty miles east of Carlo, Sonora, Mexico. I had with me my assistant, and two other Americans. A Mexican family occupied the building where we made our headquarters. The corral, or enclosure for the horses of the party, was about 50 yards from the house, and was fenced with posts and brushwood, with one entrance. There were no other houses within 200 yards.

We had been quite busy examining ore samples in the house, and finally, late in the afternoon, to get a breath of fresh air and rest a little, I went to the outside door and leaned up against the door frame lazily, thinking of nothing in particular. The rest of our party were inside, busy with assay samples. None of the Mexicans were in sight.

A voice, more to my inner hearing than outward, but to me perfectly audible, said, "Go to the corral!" Now, if there is anything I am not likely to do on a trip, it is to have anything to do with the care of the horses or corral.

I looked toward the corral, saw nothing out of the way, and answered the voice, perhaps not audibly, "What should I go to the corral for?" and kept my position. In a few seconds it came again, "Go to the corral!" quite peremptorily. I went. I stepped quickly inside the corral (first time I had been there). The ground was covered with several inches of dry grass and hay, old fodder, etc., which, near one side, was on fire. I gave the alarm, and by quick work we saved the corral and horses.

Before I got inside the corral, I had neither seen nor smelt smoke, and had not the slightest idea of anything wrong. None of our party or of the Mexicans knew anything of what was going on till I gave the alarm.

C. W. KEMPTON. [Associate S.P.R.]

(In answer to an enquiry dated March 16th, 1894, Mr. Kempton wrote :)

The date was p.m. of May 5th, 1892. I was using my professional notebook that day, and made no record of this occurrence in it.

C. W. KEMPTON.

I was Mr. Kempton's assistant on the trip to Rosales Mine in May, 1892, and remember his finding the fire in the corral. I do not remember if he said anything to me about a voice warning him, at the time. I have a faint idea that he did so.

EDWARD E. NOON.

Oro Blanco, *April 2nd*, 1894.

With this case, however, it is only fair to compare the following, where the sense of smell can scarcely be supposed to have played a part, although subliminal *hearing* may have operated in the first of the two cases.

#### P. 134. Monition.

From a lady known to F. W. H. M., received June 3rd, 1890.

In the summer of 1888, I was living in the little mining camp of R—, in the Rocky Mountains. Our house, a frame building, was some little distance from any other, at the top of a steep hill; the only disadvantage of this being the additional difficulty of getting water, which was an expensive commodity in R— as the adjacent mines had drained most of the wells, and we had either to carry it a long way, or buy it in barrels at 50 cents. each.

The house contained six rooms, all opening one out of another, my own room, with a dressing closet beyond, where my child slept, being at one extremity, and the front porch, which overlooked the valley, at the other.

One evening, after my little girl was asleep, I lit a tiny night-lamp, always left burning on a bracket in her room; and, leaving all doors and windows open, on account of the intense heat, went to sit in the front porch. I may have sat there half an hour, when my attention was caught by a great blazing light in the direction of the furthest houses. It appeared evident that one at least had taken fire, and the difficulty of getting water, and the hope that no children were in danger, flashed through my mind. While watching the rapidly growing glare, I heard a faint crackling sound in my own house. It would not have disturbed me at any other time, as I only supposed that some smouldering piece of cedar in the kitchen stove had blazed up. But, with the present thought of fire in my mind I went into the kitchen to look, and, glancing through the open doors as I passed saw a volume of flame and smoke pouring from the child's room into mine. Thank God, it was still possible to rush through and save her, and I carried her

back in a blanket to prevent the scorch, for the room was only burning at one end ; the side where the bed stood, though fearfully hot and suffocating, was not yet on fire, and, thanks to the timely warning, the water left in the barrels proved just enough to extinguish the flames before very much was destroyed, though they were making headway terribly fast on the dry lumber. After all was quiet I went back to the porch to look at that other burning house, feeling so thankful that my child was safe, and wondering anxiously if others were also. But all was dark, and when I came to make inquiry next day, nothing was known in R— of any such fire. And had it not been for my strange vision of it, which must have lasted fully 10 minutes, I feel sure that my little girl would have been burned to death.

On the night of May 21st, 1890, I was staying at F—, in England. I always burned a nightlight in the bedroom I shared with my little girl. It stood in a saucer of water upon a wooden corner bracket, and I had never had any accident with it. At about a quarter to two I was waked suddenly, and very much startled by hearing myself called——not only the *impression* but the actual sound of the voice ringing in my ears as I jumped up in bed. The name called was an abbreviation of my own, not used by anyone in England. When I found that all was quiet in the house, I lay down thinking how strange it was that this particular form of my name, which I had not heard for many months, should have been used. Half a minute later, not only the paper case, but the grease, of which at that hour my nightlight was full, caught fire, making a blaze which threatened the bracket, and might have set fire to the wall also, but that, thanks to having been waked, I was able to jump out of bed, and extinguish it directly.

Here, again, is an averted railway accident, where smell may possibly have played some part.

#### P. 213.

The following letter was received by Dr. Hodgson in confirmation of an account in a newspaper, concordant with Mr. Stewart's account given later.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company,

*August 14th, 1893, Garrett, Ind.*

Yours of August 10th received. Must say, the story as printed in many of the newspapers of our country, regarding the train being saved by a premonition, or warning, given me, was true as printed. The fireman I then had, since became an engineer, and was killed in an accident on a railroad in Iowa two years since. The conductor who was with me at the time you refer to is running passenger train on the Mackinaw road. I do not know his address, but his father, a minister of the gospel, and his brother, Dr. Charles Stewart, are residents of this city. A letter addressed to Mr. Joseph Stewart, care of Dr. Charles Stewart, Garrett, Ind., would reach my conductor.

Yes, sir, I have had an experience of similar nature since the occurrence you refer to. Had a warning from the same source, and by obeying it I saved what otherwise, without obeying the warning, must have been a most dreadful accident, and must have resulted in the entire destruction of my train, with the lives of many, if not all the persons on board. I am not a

Spiritualist, do not believe in so-called Spiritualism, but do believe that the living are often visited, often warned of danger, and often comforted in times of affliction by the spirits of departed loved ones. I do not know how far away the spirit world is from this, but I know that the spirits of departed loved ones are often very near to me.

It may be in the near future I may relate to you the later experiences I have had in similar things, living witnesses to which still live in this city. In regard to the privacy of my name, I care not, as I am not ashamed of it being seen any place that I put it.

C. W. MOSES.

Battle Creek, Mich., *August 28th, 1893.*

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—Your request received, and will, as far as memory serves, give a correct statement as to the incident referred to.

Train No. 2 of the B. and O. RR., due in Chicago at 6.20 a. m., Sunday, in the month of August, 1883 (have forgotten exact date), was on time, running at about 35 miles an hour. On approaching Salt Creek Trestle Work, about 40 miles east of Chicago, the engineer, Mr. C. W. Moses, felt that something that he could not define compelled him to stop before attempting to cross over. He applied the air and came to a full stop at the approach. I occupied front seat in smoker, it being the second car from engine. The time was about 4.30 a. m.

I immediately went forward and joined the engineer, where we found 30 feet of the woodwork burned, the rails being held to place by charred stringers. We went across, by climbing down and up the bank on the other side, and woke up the watchman who was employed to look after the bridge, who, on seeing us and the condition of things in general, took to his heels and is running still, as far as I know.

I would say that in more than a score of years engaged in railroad work, that was the most narrow escape I ever experienced; for undoubtedly, with a fall of thirty feet and the length of over a hundred, we would not only have been disabled, but burned.

Now, you especially ask as to what impelled Mr. Moses in his action. He only stated to me at the time that something especially pressing on him told him he should stop, and he acted on the impulse. There had been fires all along the side of track at other points, but he paid no attention to them.

In conclusion, I see some newspaper man got hold of the incident as late as last June, and attempted to make Mr. Moses say that the spirit of a sainted mother took hold of him. Well, Mr. Moses is an upright and truthful, old, reliable engineer, and owing to his great advance in years at this late date may have intimated as much, but nothing was said about the old lady at the time; that I vouch for.

Believing this a sufficient reply, will close. Should you wish anything more specific, I am at your service.—Respectfully,

I. J. STEWART, Conductor C. J. and M. R. R.

[Formerly of the B. and O. R. R.]

In the following case again some subliminal sense of smell may be conjectured.

P. 219.

Fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since I had the following clairvoyant experience, but at the time I was much struck by it, and described it minutely to several of my friends, so that I feel sure I can remember the facts accurately. The circumstances were most prosaic, and I, a matter-of-fact individual, with little interest and less faith in psychical phenomena. I was about eighteen years of age, at home for my winter holiday, but taking no interest in household matters, and I question whether on that particular evening I knew that it had been the washing-day.

I had gone upstairs to look for a missing knitting needle, and was returning to the parlour wondering whether I had dropped it there, when suddenly I was arrested by a strange feeling, and saw before me a vision of flames, and felt irresistibly impelled to go through a door at the end of the passage and down some steps into the kitchen. There all was quiet, and I came partially out of the trance-like state, and found myself thinking "Why am I here? I'll go upstairs." But again I saw the fire, and felt I must go into the adjoining laundry. On opening the door, I was in no way surprised to see just such a scene as had during the preceding moments been distinctly before my mental vision. A jointed gas bracket had just fallen on to a heap of dry sheets and towels, which were blazing almost to the ceiling. With a little difficulty I extinguished the flames, and went to tell the rest of the household what had occurred. I remember I had a strange feeling in my head, as if I had just awaked out of an unnatural state.

No other person was near at the time, the washerwoman having gone home, and the servants being upstairs. Nor could I even unconsciously have smelled burning, as two doors were closed between, and the gas-pipe had evidently fallen only a few moments before I entered, or the flames would have spread further. The laundry was situated just under a wooden staircase in the middle of a very dry house, so if the fire had been undiscovered for even a few minutes, the consequences must have been disastrous to the house.

Several members of the family remember the occurrence, and I have still an old servant of the family who distinctly remembers it. I have never had any recurrence of such a phenomenon, and was at the time much surprised that I should have been the subject of an experience so strange and so real.

M. H. GRAY.

March 31st, 1893. 23, St. Andrew's Drive, Pollockshields, Glasgow.

The gentleman who sends this case writes that he has received orally the confirmatory testimony of Jessie, the old servant, and encloses the corroboratory statement of Mrs. Elizabeth White, stepmother of the percipient.

Mrs. Elizabeth White does not remember that she was told at the time, of the *five* part of the vision. She writes :—

My daughter, at home from school, not naturally domesticated, seldom went near the kitchen—which was shut off from the hall by a swing-door. On the night above mentioned, she came into the parlour looking so pale

and agitated—being naturally nervous—that I at once asked what was the matter, and when she could speak, she said, “Mamma, it is a wonder the house was not on fire,” and then told of having the strong impression that she must go down to the laundry, that there was fire. She had to go through two closed doors to get there, and was not aware that no one was in the laundry at the time. Her promptitude in stamping out the fire of the burning sheets no doubt saved the house, and accounted for her pallid look on returning to the parlour. This occurred about fifteen years ago.

ELIZABETH WHITE.  
Norwood, Thirm.

In the next case some warning may have been received from the closer smell of slimy water ;—or perhaps from a vague difference in the look of the darkness, or even in the resistance of the air.

P. 177.

5,144, Madison Avenue, Hyde Park,  
Chicago, *October 30th*, 1892.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I send you an account of an incident in which, I think, my life was saved by my obedience to an impulse arising from nothing within my conscious knowledge or perception.

Some years ago, I landed in Stillwater, Minn., from a steamboat on which I had come down the St. Croix river. The boat was a small, local affair, and no conveyances came to meet it. I was, I believe, the only passenger on board when we reached Stillwater, and there I was left to make my way alone to the hotel. We landed at about 9 P.M. of a starless night, and in the shadow of a warehouse which cut off the lights of the town ; the hour, the clouded sky, and the shadow of the warehouse, uniting to make the dock extremely dark.

I had been in Stillwater once before, and had a general idea of the topography of the town, although some years had passed since my previous visit, and I am quite certain that I had never passed over this particular locality.

As I left the boat I saw the lights of the bridge at some distance on my left, and knowing the bridge to be at the foot of the principal street, on which stood the hotel where I intended to put up, I naturally commenced to walk along the dock in that direction. I had gone but a very short distance, when I suddenly felt so strong an impulse to turn and go the other way that I instantly obeyed. I saw nothing, heard nothing ; I did not even have an impression of danger, though I did have a feeling that it must be in some way better to turn.

I distinctly remember that my reason protested, and berated me for a fool in taking a roundabout way to my destination when the straight way lay before me, with the added prospect of losing myself in the railway yards, with perhaps a ten-foot fence to climb. I laughed aloud, and articulated, or at least, mentally formed the words, “You fool ! What are you doing this for ?” However, my impulse proved stronger than my reason. I persisted in “going round Robin Hood’s barn,” reached my hotel, and there the matter passed from my mind.

The next day I casually came to the same place, and discovered that I had turned within a few feet of a spot where the dock was cut away into an incline for hauling freight up into the warehouse. This incline was so steep that a person could have kept his footing on it only by great care. If I had unexpectedly stepped down on to it in the darkness, I should certainly have lost my footing, and should have slipped into the river ; and as I am but a feeble swimmer under the most favourable circumstances, and was encumbered with a fall overcoat and a rather heavy satchel, I should just as certainly have been drowned.

The value of the incident lies in the fact for which you must take my word, that I am not an impulsive and changeable person, but rather logical and persistent. My action was entirely contrary to my nature, and the unavailing protest of my reason against what appeared to me an inconsequent and absurd proceeding convinces me either that I was influenced by some intelligence entirely without, or that my "Subliminal Self" perceived and acted upon what my "Supraliminal Self" could not see.

I have never had any other supernatural experiences.

MARSHALL WAIT.

*Tactile sensibility*, again, must be carefully allowed for. The sense of varying resistance in the air, to which I just now alluded, may reach in some seeing persons, as well as in the blind, a high degree of acuteness. It is perhaps possible that even the interposition of a chair in a narrow passage might thus make itself felt. But Mr. W. (a good witness and well known to Dr. Hodgson) has had other experiences where supernatural influences seemed plainly indicated. (Vol. VIII., p. 242.)

P. 159.

State of New York, *December 28th*, 1893.

DR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request to write out an account of my chair experience, which I described to you when here, I submit the following :—

My office consists of three rooms, and the library in the back one is reached by passing through the full length of the other two. The middle room is rather narrow, and well filled on both sides with furniture, leaving a rather narrow passage through the room lengthwise, particularly at a point about the middle of the room, where the passage is only three feet wide. This passage was very naturally kept free from obstructions, but on the occasion of which I am about to speak, some one, probably the janitor when he came in to see to the fires soon after the office was closed for the day, had placed a chair in this narrow passage, so that any one who should attempt to pass through the room would be certain to fall over it, if dark. I think it was about the last days of December, 1892. I recollect the days were very short. I had left the office for the day with the passage free. I visit the office occasionally evenings, but not often. On this occasion during the evening, when it was very dark, I visited the office alone. I unlocked the outside door, walked through the first room, stopping at the door that leads to the second or middle room, to get a match from the safe hanging on the door

casing with which to light a lamp in the library, where I wished to get something. I was in a very great hurry, and walked very rapidly; after taking the match from the safe, I started at a very rapid pace to go through this narrow passage and into the library. It was very dark, none of the objects in the room were visible, but as I was very familiar with the place, I did not hesitate. I had proceeded six or eight feet in this rapid manner, when suddenly I saw a bright, yellow light lighting up very plainly the back of the chair which was in the passage. The light was confined to the chair, and at the same time I stopped short. The stopping was quite involuntary on my part. The light lasted for but a second, but it had shown me the chair distinctly, especially the carving on the back of the chair.

Immediately it occurred to me to discover the origin of the light, if possible, so, before proceeding to get a light or to leave the room, I approached the chair again in a similar manner, but no light appeared, and I experienced no check. I also looked very carefully for the origin of the light, but could discover none. There was no light anywhere near, and even had there been, I am at a loss to see how it could have shone into the centre of this room, and the difficulty is still further increased by the fact that it shone only in one place, and even there the light was of a somewhat different colour and appearance from ordinary artificial light.

After satisfying myself that there was no light anywhere that could have produced it, I went into the library and got a lamp and made an examination. The chair was in the passage in the most dangerous part; otherwise the room was in its usual condition. I should also state that at one end of this room there was a coal stove, with a fire in it of hard coal. It was burning very low, and was ashed over. I examined it before I got a lamp, and I am confident that no light of any kind proceeded from it.

As to my sudden stop. The stop and the light were simultaneous. I hardly think the light unaided caused me to stop; it undoubtedly prevented me from starting after I had stopped. I fully believe I should have sustained a heavy fall, but for the light and the stop.

W.

P.S.—When I mention that the colour of the light appeared different, I mean that it did not look as a light reflected from or shining from a distance on to a spot would—it was more like looking directly at a light.

Here is a monition for which it is not easy to suggest any hyperæsthetic origin.

P. 258 (A B 10.)

Boston Transcript, August 17th, 1894.

To the Editor of the *Transcript*:—The following incident may interest some of the readers of the *Transcript*. A few weeks ago I had occasion to require the services of a dentist, and when I went to his office at the time appointed I found him in a very excited state of mind, caused, he told me, by a very strange occurrence. The office is a pleasant room facing the Common on Tremont-street, and in one corner, the farthest from the windows, the dentist had a small work-bench, partitioned off from the rest of the room, and there he had his copper vessel which he used when vulcanising the rubber

for the setting of false teeth. He had been working at a set of teeth, and was bending over the bench on which was the copper containing the rubber, when he heard a voice calling in a quick and imperative manner these words: "Run to the window, quick!" "Run to the window, quick!" twice repeated. Without thinking from whom the voice could have come, he at once ran to the window and looked out to the street below, when suddenly he heard a tremendous report in his workroom, and looking round he saw the copper vessel had exploded, and had been blown up through the plastering of the room. He went into the workshop and found things in a most confused condition, the bench of two inches thickness was broken downwards by the concussion, and everything in the room showed marks of the violence of the explosion. The neighbouring tenants came rushing into the room to ascertain the cause of the loud report, and they were surprised at the dentist's account of the transaction. As he was alone in the room at the time of the accident, he is mystified at the warning that he received so opportunely.

The copper vessel had a safety valve which was supposed to open automatically at a certain degree of pressure, but it appeared on investigation after the explosion that it had become useless by reason of foulness, therefore it did not work. These are the simple facts in the case, as told me by the young man, but I cannot verify them except by stating that the appearance of the room and the workshop substantiated his account. The copper vulcaniser weighed about ten pounds and was imbedded in the ceiling, for there was a pressure of about eighty pounds to the square inch at the time of the explosion. There is little doubt that the dentist was saved from being wounded, or perhaps killed, by the friendly warning, and it is certainly a very interesting incident.

C. HAZEN BROWN.

Box 1813, Boston, *August 16th, 1894.*

Boston, Mass., *November 15th, 1894.*

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—MR. C. Hazen Brown informs me that he received a letter from you, relative to the warning that was given before the explosion at my office, requesting the name of the dentist—or card. Please find card, and

I remain, yours respectfully,

O. F. SMITH, D.M.D.

150, Tremont-street, Room 6.

Boston, Mass., *December 1st, 1894*

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—YOUR communication of November 15th was received. I have been so engaged that I have not had opportunity to attend to that matter.

I should be pleased to have you call at my office on the 5th of the present month, at 9.30 o'clock a.m., and will explain to you the use of the vulcaniser and talk with you in regard to the explosion.—Yours respectfully,

O. F. SMITH, D.M.D.

I called on December 5th and saw Dr. Smith, a coloured gentleman. Intelligent witness. His only experience. Did not recognise the voice. The marks of the explosion were still in the room. He confirmed the account of Mr. Brown (known to me).—R.H.

From these cases of possible hyperæsthesia of the external senses we may make our transition to a phenomenon of what may be termed central hyperæsthesia, a heightening of inner sensations to a point where the future history of the organism can be guessed or divined with unusual distinctness. This is virtually but another aspect of the knowledge of intimate processes which self-suggestion has so often shown. If the subliminal self can induce or arrest changes in the organism, it may well be able also to foresee such changes when they are approaching through natural causes. In whatever direction we have seen suggestion operate, in that direction may we expect to see organic prediction operate also. Thus, for instance, suggestion has produced fainting, and also bleeding at the nose. We need not, then, be surprised if we find, as already printed, *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 339, a warning of a fainting-fit conveyed to Lady Eardley, or, as in the following case (unfortunately of remote date), a warning of dangerous nose-bleeding.

P. 133. Monition. Auditory.

Communicated by Mr. D. Fraser Harris, B.Sc., Lond., who is acquainted with the percipient, Mrs. Edwards. Mr. Fraser Harris says :—

Mrs. Edwards is a widow lady, and an American, but of English extraction; she describes herself as being not imaginative, not credulous, not eccentric, not hysterical, and is not of a neurotic constitution.

This occurred in the year 1845. Mrs. E. was in good health, and had, at this time, had none of the before-mentioned fevers, which came on between the ages of 30 and 50.

Mrs. E. had slept well, and was in the act of getting up, when, apparently, the quiet was broken in upon by an announcement being made as though some one had come in at the bedroom door and said, in a loud voice, these words: "To-day, at six o'clock, you will die." There was nothing more, but these words seemed to resound throughout the room.

Mrs. E. resolved to tell no one of the announcement, and also not to brood over it, if possible, at all. To accomplish this she went, in the course of the afternoon, to the house of a married sister of hers, where there would be sure to be something more or less stirring going on.

This had the effect of distracting her attention from the certainly very distressing prophecy, and Mrs. E. had the benefit of her sister's society till six o'clock began to be struck by the clock. As it commenced sounding Mrs. E. said to herself, "There now, it's six o'clock already, and nothing has happened:" but the statement was premature, for before the chime ceased blood was gushing out of both nostrils in a copious stream. The alarm was raised, and the whole household flocked round and applied the usual remedies of cold keys, &c., but quite without success. This profuse and alarming hæmorrhage did not cease till bucketfuls of cold water were poured on the head and down the spine. When the doctor arrived he said a very large quantity of blood had been lost, and life only just saved and no more.

As might be well expected, Mrs. E. was very weak for days after this occurrence. Though this was the first in point of time of the more important hallucinations of Mrs. E.'s life, it is, in certain respects, quite the most extraordinary by reason of the striking sequel to and almost complete fulfilment of the prophecy.

D. F. H.

Mrs. Edwards adds :—

I certify that this report is correct.

ISABELLA S. EDWARDS.

Mrs. Edwards' sister, Mrs. Coleman, at whose house the hæmorrhage occurred, writes corroborating her sister's account. It is important to note that the premonition, though not mentioned to any one, was in a sense *acted upon* by the percipient.

It may be objected that in these cases there was more than a mere foreknowledge,—there was a communication of the warning as though by an external voice. But these externalised voices have been observed in cases of self-suggestion also,—as in the often-quoted case of “Léonie.” The following narrative, from the article by Dr. Parsons already quoted, adds an interesting variety, where the influence of opium seems not only to have developed a monitory hallucination, but to have added force to the self-suggestion involved.

P. 250. From *The Medical Brief*. May, 1891.

Sixteen years ago, I was a little sick ; took half a grain of opium, and lay down upon the bed. Soon as I began to feel the tranquilising effect of the opium, I saw three men approaching me ; the one in front said : “You smoke too much tobacco.” I replied : “I know I do.” He then said : “Why don't you quit it ?” I answered by saying : “I have been thinking about it, but I am afraid I can't.” He extended his right arm, and, placing his forefinger very near my face, gave it a few very significant shakes, said, in a very impressive and emphatic manner : “You will never want to use tobacco any more as long as you live.” He continued, by saying : “You swear sometimes.” I answered : “Yes.” He said : “Will you promise to quit ?” I intended to say yes, but just as I was about to utter the word yes, instantly a change came over me, and I felt like I had been held under some unknown influence, which was suddenly withdrawn or exhausted. I had been a constant smoker for more than twenty years.

Since the occurrence of the above incident, I have not touched tobacco ; have felt ever since like it would poison me, and I now feel like one draw at the pipe would kill me instantly. My desire for tobacco was suddenly and effectually torn out by the roots, but perhaps I shall never know just how was done.

D. J. PARSONS, M. D.

Sweet Springs, Mo.

Even when the crisis predicted is death itself, we may still in some cases suppose that the subliminal self has but drawn an inference from its perception of a disease likely to be soon fatal. Thus in the

following case heart-disease may have been far advanced, unknown to Mr. Pratt's waking self.

P. 156.

The following paragraph was sent to Dr. Hodgson from some unknown newspaper :—

SEES HIMSELF DEAD IN A DREAM.

*Thomas Pratt Dies at Valparaiso After Having a Remarkable Vision.*

Valparaiso, Ind., *January 13th*, [1894].

*Special Telegram.*

Thomas Pratt, an old resident of this city, was found dead in his bed this morning. He was born in 1823 at Cleveland, Ohio, and was a veteran of the civil war.

Pratt's store on College Hill has long been the meeting place of a half-dozen friends and old-time comrades of the proprietor. Last night when his friends came in, Mr. Pratt told a dream he had had the night previous. He had dreamed that he was dead, yet he possessed the peculiar power of one in a trance—to see all that went on about him though he was unable to move or speak. He had noted the preparations for his burial, and he even named the half-dozen friends who served as pallbearers. He also told of the funeral services being held in the Memorial Hall, and of his ride to the cemetery, and the lowering of his coffin into the grave. And when the first dirt was thrown upon the box he awoke from the trance and called to his comrades, and they drew him from the grave. The pallbearers of the dream will be the pallbearers at his burial, Monday, which will be from the new Memorial Hall.

*January 15th*, [1894].

Dr. Hodgson applied to the postmaster at Valparaiso and received the following reply :—

Valparaiso, Ind., *January 26th*, 1894.

Mr. Pratt told his dream the day after it occurred and the day before he died, to John C. Flint, George Herrington, W. S. Flint, and Albert Amos and others. They would give you truthful statements in regard to it.

MARK L. DICKOVER, Assistant Postmaster.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Dickover says that a doctor, arriving shortly after Mr. Pratt's death, ascribed it to heart-disease.

Further inquiries elicited the two letters which follow :—

Valparaiso, Ind., *February 4th*, 1894.

RICHARD HODGSON,—MY DEAR SIR,—Your communication of the 29th ult., asking information of the dream which Thomas Pratt had concerning his death, has been received.

On the night previous to the night on which he died, he said he dreamed that he died at twelve o'clock.

During the dream he selected the pallbearers, and seemed to be conscious of all proceedings of his funeral, until dirt was thrown on the coffin, which suddenly aroused him.

WILLIAM S. FLINT.

Valparaiso, Ind., *February 2nd*, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 29th received. As regards Mr. Thomas Pratt's dream of January 11th : Mr. Pratt was a merchant here. I went in the store in the morning of the 12th January. He related to me the circumstance of his dream. He said that he died last night. I said, "Well, you are alive yet." Then he told me about his dream. He said that he dreamt that he died and chose his pallbearers, and was taken to the grave, and then lowered down. When they began to put the dirt on the coffin he woke up. When I went down the next morning he was dead. He died 3 a.m., on the 13th of January. The same pallbearers officiated him to the grave.

I was the first one that he related his dream to. He laughed at it the same day that he died, and said that he was good for forty years longer. When he died he was 71 years old.

GEORGE HERRINGTON.

Compare the case of Christopher Brooks, quoted by Mrs. Sidgwick, *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 291. The doctor there could find nothing amiss ; yet must we not suppose that some heart-disease already existed when the premonition came? At any rate the death of a healthy and contented young man, at a predetermined day and hour, merely on account of an impression received in a dream,—this would be a result going far beyond any efficacy with which mere unsupported suggestion has hitherto been credited.

Compare the following case, where a child, while apparently quite well, feels the impression of approaching death, and ascribes it to his dead brother's call.

P. 222. (A.B. 12.)

The following case was printed in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 5th, 1894. Mr. B. B. Kingsbury, who contributed the case, states that the informant is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and her husband has confirmed her as to the statements of voices heard by the little boy calling him. Mr. Kingsbury adds that both are worthy of the highest credit. The father is somewhat of a "sensitive" and the mother has had two or three clairvoyant experiences herself.

The statement just as it was given by the mother runs as follows :—

"Is there a life beyond the grave? Had I ever doubted that there is a life beyond (which I never for a moment did), my doubt would have been removed by what I call a vision. In 1883 I was the mother of two strong healthy boys. The eldest was a bright boy of two years and seven months. The other, a darling baby boy of eight months. August 6th, 1883, my baby died. Ray, my little son, was then in perfect health. Every day after baby's death (and I may safely say every hour in the day) he would say to me, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray.' He would often leave his play and come running to me saying, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray all the time.' Every night he would waken me out of my sleep and say, 'Mamma, baby calls Ray all

the time. He wants Ray to come where he is ; you must not cry when Ray goes, Mamma, you must not cry, for baby wants Ray.' One day I was sweeping the sitting-room floor, and he came running as fast as he could run, through the dining-room where stood the table with baby's high chair (which Ray now used) at the side. I never saw him so excited, and he grabbed my dress and pulled me to the dining-room door, jerked it open saying, 'Oh, Mamma, Mamma, come quick ; baby is sitting in his high chair.' As soon as he opened the door and looked at the chair he said, 'Oh, Mamma, why didn't you hurry ; now he's gone ; he laughed at Ray when he passed the chair ; Oh, he laughed at Ray so nice. Ray is going with baby, but you must not cry, Mamma.' Ray soon became very sick. Nursing and medicine were of no avail. He died October 13th, 1883, two months and seven days after baby's death. He was a child of high intelligence and matured far beyond his years. Whether it is possible for the dead to return, and whether my baby came back and was seen by his little brother or not, we leave for others to judge."

Defiance, Ohio, *December 13th, 1894.*

MR. R. HODGSON, 5, Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

KIND SIR,—Your letter of November 27th received and noted. In reply will say that Mr. Kingsbury's account in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for May 5th last of my little boy's clairvoyance shortly before his death, is correct in every detail. When the child ran to me telling me the baby was sitting in his chair at the table, there was no one in the house but the servant girl, little Ray and myself. I told the girl nothing about it and she did not hear the child ; but as soon as my husband came to dinner I told him. After that we talked freely of the matter to several of our friends. Little Ray knew nothing of death, we had never spoken of it to him in any way ; the last time I took him to the baby's grave shortly before he was taken sick we were sitting by the grave and I thought, "Oh ! if I could only take baby up and look at it for just one minute, I would feel so glad." *Instantly* Ray said to me, "Mamma, let us take baby up and look at it just one minute ; then we will feel better." Just as we were leaving the grave he smoothed it with his little hand and said, "Ray is going to lie down and sleep right here beside little brother, but you must not cry, mamma." He is now lying just where he said he would.

P.S.—I wish to say that I have never known much of what is called modern Spiritualism, but was born and reared a Presbyterian and still belong to that church of which I am an active member.

F. H.

*February 27th, 1895.*

MR. R. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—In regard to B. B. Kingsbury's statement in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 5th, 1894, I can truly say that my wife related it to me the day it occurred when I came to dinner. I frequently heard our little boy tell his mamma that the baby called him all the time.—Yours respectfully,

W. H. H.

Defiance, Ohio, *February 27th, 1895.*

R. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I can truly say that Mrs. and Mr. H. often

spoke to me of Ray seeing the baby in the chair before he took sick. They told me the next day after it happened.

MRS. J. H. SHULTERS,  
116, Summit Street, Defiance, Ohio.

The hallucinations and spontaneous impressions of children, though generally of poor quality as evidence, would well repay careful collection. Just as with "number-forms," "sound-hearing," and the like, children probably experience more vividly and frequently the various forms of sensory automatism which concern our present researches.

Beside these cases we may place a few others where the date of death has been foretold, or self-suggested, without any such strong or depressing emotion as seemed obviously likely to affect the event.

P. 146. Prediction of death fulfilled.

The following is a case of a prediction of death, of which information was sent to us before it was known that the death had occurred, and which was fulfilled within a day of the time foretold.

The Rev. Aug. Glardon, M.A., writes to Professor Sidgwick :—

Tour-de-Pilz,

*September 14th, 1893.*

One of my aunts, Miss J. V., living at Vallorbe, in the Jura, and very ill since April, predicted six weeks ago that she would leave her friends to-morrow, Friday, 15th September. If the event confirms her prediction I shall let you know. I only thought to-day of advising you.—Yours truly,

AUG. GLARDON.

The postmarks are—Tour-de-Pilz, 14/ix/93; Cambridge, Sep. 16, 93. Professor Sidgwick received two days later another post-card, with postmarks—Tour-de-Pilz, 15/ix/93; Cambridge, Sep. 18, 93, as follows :—

Tour-de-Pilz, Vaud.

*September 14th, 1893. 8 p.m.*

DEAR SIR,—I receive this moment, five hours after sending you my first post-card, a letter from Vallorbe to inform me that my aunt, Miss Julie V., died this morning at five o'clock—"just at the end of the six weeks," says my informant. From what I had been told, I thought the "six weeks" Miss V. had spoken of were to end to-morrow. Whether I am right or wrong, it remains a proved fact that my aunt announced the time of her death six weeks beforehand, to a day.

AUG. GLARDON.

In answer to inquiries as to the cause of Miss V.'s death, Mr. Glardon writes :—

Tour-de-Pilz.

*September 29th, 1893.*

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your note of Saturday last, I shall state that my aunt, Miss Julie V., was aged 78. She died of a disease of the liver, on the 14th of the present month, after an illness of five months.

Six weeks before her death she was taken from her house to the house of her brother. It was on the 4th of August, and it was a few days after that, being already half delirious, she said to her brother; "I have come to you for six weeks."

During the last month of her life she was almost constantly half unconscious, and never referred to what she had said.

When I went to see her, two days before her death, she did not recognise me fully. It was then that her brother and sister-in-law told me that they expected her to pass away on the 15th, explaining why. In fact, she died the day before that. She was a woman of calm nerves and lymphatic temperament.—Yours truly,

AUG. GLARDON.

I may place here an odd case where the knowledge of impending death can hardly come from the decedent.

P. 137.

The following appeared in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for November 1st, 1890 :—

STATEMENT OF DR. SUDDICK.

For some time past we have been holding spiritual séances, or cireles, regularly every Tuesday and Friday evening at our home in Cuba, Mo., and have gotten and are getting many messages, truthful and otherwise, although the untruthful ones are few comparatively and are generally so from known causes, such as misunderstanding of question asked, inharmony in circle, &c., &c. Most remarkable was a "Prophecy and its Fulfilment," a hurried statement of which appeared in the *Better Way* of October 18th. Two friends had called in, namely, Charles H. Cottnam, bookkeeper for the firm of Newman and Jones, general merchants, and James E. Hollow, jun., of the firm of Hollow and Son, dealers in stoves, hardware, and furniture, both doing business at this place. Then, my wife and I sat around a small walnut centre table, placing our hands on its top surface in the usual manner, and in about ten or fifteen minutes the table began to move, indicating the presence of our spirit friends, or some intelligence with the power to move it, and answer questions intelligently, as we found by asking. The lamp was sitting on a piano in the corner of the room, turned down so as to make a subdued or mellow light, but not so low but that we could see what time it was by our watches as we sat at the table, or jot down the communications as they were spelled out.

Mr. Cottnam had a friend, Mr. Chris. Varis, a prominent hotel keeper of St. James, Phelps County, Mo., and a former resident of this place. His disease was a chronic affection of the throat. Mr. C. had called on him a few days previous and found him very weak and sinking fast. He could take no solid food, and all the nourishment he got was by painful swallowing a little egg-nog or milk. His attendant physician, Dr. Headlee, of St. James, told Mr. Cottnam that he thought Mr. Varis could live but a few days at most, and from his appearance Mr. Cottnam was of the same opinion. After many other questions were asked and answered, the table answering by tipping two of its feet two or three inches off the floor, and then striking it again, once

for no, twice for don't know, and three times for yes. Mr. C. asked, "Do you know my friend Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo.?" "Yes." "Is he any better than when I was with him last?" "No." "Is he worse?" "Yes." "Will I have time to get to him before he passes out if I take the next train?" "Yes." "Will he live over to-morrow?" "Yes." "Do you know when he will pass out?" "Yes." Then the table rocked back and forth slowly, the feet striking the floor forty times, making forty distinct raps, much to the surprise of all present, as we were expecting him to pass out much sooner. We counted, and found that the time indicated would be October 8th; so to make sure we were right we asked, "Will he pass out on October 8th?" "Yes." "In the forenoon?" "Yes." "Will a telegram be sent to me on the morning of the 8th to that effect?" "Yes."

A night or two after the above described séance Mr. Cottnam sat at another house with different sitters, and received the following confirmation of the above. He says: "We had been sitting only a few minutes when the table began to move. I asked, 'Is the spirit demonstrating a friend of mine?' 'Yes.' (Indicated by three distinct tips of the table.) 'Will you spell your name?' 'Yes.' The alphabet was called in the usual way, and the letters signalled by tips spelled Ben Walker. 'Are you my friend, Ben Walker, of St. Louis?' 'Yes.' 'I was not aware of your demise; when did you pass out?' Three distinct tips. 'Does that mean that it has been three days since you passed out?' 'Yes.' 'Is your body buried?' 'No.' 'Will it be buried to-morrow?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know my friend Chris. Varis?' 'Yes.' 'Will he pass out on October 8th?' 'Yes.' 'Are you sure of this?' 'Yes.'"

Mr. Cottnam was not aware of the death of Mr. Walker, and rather doubted the truth of the message about him. The *Globe Democrat* of the next day, however, confirmed the truth of his death and stated that the interment was deferred until his son arrived from a distant city.

The prediction about Mr. Varis became an open secret, and was talked of freely through the town from the morning of August 30th until October 8th, when a telegram came over the wires informing Mr. C. that Mr. Varis died that morning at six o'clock.

I append a letter from Dr. Headlee, the physician who attended Mr. Varis, which corroborates the account just given. I also send the signatures of twelve of our best citizens in further confirmation, and the signatures of the sitters. Many more names could be obtained, but I judge the following to be sufficient.

Cuba, Mo.

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

DEAR DOCTOR,—About a week previous to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis I was in Cuba, and a friend was inquiring about him. I told him that on the evening before I did not think he would survive the night, but on that morning he had rallied a little, that the chances all were that he would not last twenty-four hours. He then told me that he (Mr. V.) would live until the eighth day of October, and that he would die on that day; this he did, dying at 6 a.m.

Mr. Varis was sick about seven or eight months and for the last three was expected to die at any time.—Respectfully yours,

S. H. HEADLEE.

St. James, Mo., October 18th, 1890.

Cuba, Mo., *October 15th*, 1890.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :—This is to certify that we, the undersigned citizens of Cuba, Mo., did, prior to the death of Mr. Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo., which occurred on the morning of the 8th of October, 1890, hear a prophecy to the effect that he would die on the morning of that day.

We heard that his death was foretold at a séance, at the house of Dr. S. T. Suddick, in the town of Cuba, Mo., on the night of August the 29th, or forty days prior to that event.

S. T. SUDDICK, M.D.

I received message for Cottnam October 8th, from St. James.

CHAS. C. KENT.

Telegraph Operator at Cuba.

JAS. E. HOLLOW, JUN., one of the circle of August 29th.

LONGSTREET SIMPSON, Clerk in Store.

I. P. BRICKEY, Proprietor, Cuba Hotel.

E. A. EVANS, Real Estate Agent.

F. R. HARDESTY, Druggist.

W. T. HUNTER, Blacksmith.

C. H. COTTNAM, one of the circle of August 29th.

DR. V. L. SHELP, Dentist.

DR. J. H. MARTYN, Physician and Surgeon.

GEO. ASKINS, Hotel Clerk.

MRS. LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK, one of the circle of August 29th.

J. A. ROST, Shoemaker.

J. A. CAIMS, Clerk in Store.

B. F. JOHNSON, Notary Public.

The letter from which the following is an extract, and of which the original was sent to Mr. Hodgson by Dr. Suddick, fixes the date of the séance.

Cuba, Mo., *August 29th*, 1890.

D. E. Perryman,

Bonne Terre, Mo.

DEAR FRIEND,—

30th. We had a nice little circle last night, in our parlour, and good phenomena, so far as table-tipping goes. Myself, wife, and two neighbours, composed the circle. There were about a hundred questions asked, and all were answered correctly, so far as we know.

One gentleman was requested to go to a sick friend, and was told the number of days he would live, &c., &c.

S. T. SUDDICK.

(This extract appeared in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.) Dr. Suddick says that the letter was returned to him at his own request, and writes :—

You will find that the first seven or eight lines were written August 29th and the remainder of the letter on the 30th, or part before and part after the sitting.

Mrs. Suddick sends the following account of the sitting :—

Cuba, Mo., *November 9th*, 1890.

Replying to your favour of the 5th inst., requesting my confirmation of the "prophecy" of which my husband wrote, I can say that I was one of the sitters; the séance having taken place at our house. There were two other sitters besides my husband (Dr. Suddick) and self, namely, J. E. Hollow, jun., and C. H. Cottnam. The message was given in answer to questions put by Mr. Cottnam concerning his friend Mr. Varis. He did not call the name of the latter at the time of the sitting, but only spoke of him as "my friend," and I, for one, did not know at the time to whom he referred. (I think perhaps the other sitters did.) I heard casually the next day through a neighbour lady that Mr. Varis, of St. James, was expected to die at any time, and associating the two incidents, I concluded that he was the sick friend of whose demise Mr. C. had been questioning the "spirits," and on enquiring found that I had surmised correctly.

At the sitting, Mr. Cottnam asked a number of questions about his sick friend, among which were, "Will he be alive when I arrive there?" "Will he die to-morrow?" "Will he die the day after?" &c. After receiving negative answers to the last two—and perhaps the question whether he would live a week was asked,—I do not distinctly remember—he requested the controlling power to rap once for every day that his friend would yet live, and the table rapped forty times: each of the sitters counted the raps as they were given distinctly by the table rising one side off the floor and striking down again. On counting the forty days from that date we found that the time of his death as prophesied would fall on the 8th of October. (The date of the prophecy was August 29th.) Mr. C. asked if the 8th of October was the day on which he would die, and the table rapped three times, the conventional signal for "Yes." He then asked if the demise would take place in daytime or at night; in the forenoon or afternoon, etc., and received answers that it would be in the daytime, and in the forenoon.

At several other séances, held at the home of Mr. Brickey and other places, these questions were again asked, and the answers repeated that Mr. Varis would die on the morning of October 8th, as at the first sitting. Of these dates I am perfectly confident.

It may, and it may not, be superfluous to add, that, unlike my husband, I am not a confirmed believer in the spiritual origin of those phenomena which we have from time to time witnessed, such as movements of the table by some unknown power; intelligent answers to questions; messages given through the alphabet, etc., but have been undecided whether to attribute them to telepathy, thought-transference, or some other unknown mental or magnetic quality residing in the sitters themselves, or whether, as so many believe, it is really through the direct agency of the disembodied.

Wishing your Society much success in its rational and most scientific way of dealing with these occult problems,—I am, very truly,

LOUISE F. SUDDICK.

Mr. Hodgson has also received letters from Mr. I. P. Brickey, Mr. E. A. Evans, and Mr. J. A. Rost, confirming the authenticity of their testimony quoted above. Mr. Brickey states that it was at his house that the séance at which the prophecy was confirmed was held.

Mr. Evans writes :—

Cuba, Mo., *November 8th, 1890.*

Touching the matter cited in yours of the 4th inst., I desire to say that my signature subscribed to the published statement of Dr. Suddiek, relative to the prophesied death of Chris. Varis, of St. James, Mo., is authentic. Further, in this connection I desire to say that I never attended a séance, as it is called, I believe, in my life, have no experience in that line, and have no personal knowledge upon which to base belief nor unbelief of Spiritualism. But I was told by parties that met at Dr. Suddiek's residence, some weeks before the demise of Chris. Varis, that by raps with, or on a table, I do not know which, they were told that Varis would die in 40 days, or October 8th, and he did die on the date as given.

EUGENE A. EVANS.

There remained an important question to determine : whether Mr. Varis had known of the prophecy, making it possible that it had brought about its own fulfilment. The following letter and statement give the result of Dr. Suddiek's inquiries on this point :—

Cuba, Mo., *December 23rd, 1890.*

I received your recent letter several days ago, but thought it would perhaps be more satisfactory to you and your Society for me to go and see Mrs. Varis, widow of Mr. Chris. Varis, myself. So yesterday (Sunday) I boarded the noon train, and on arriving found Mrs. Varis and her two daughters, young ladies, very intelligent and clever people. On introducing the subject, just a shade of vexation passed over Mrs. V.'s face, and she made haste to say, "We are not Spiritualists, and knew nothing of the prophecy until we saw it in the *Crawford Mirror*, at least two weeks after Mr. Varis' death. I was very much vexed, as we believe nothing in such foolishness. . . ."

I explained that the parties who had signed their names to the paper had not intended it to appear in the local press. Mrs. V. said she had felt very badly about having her husband's name bandied about in that way in a newspaper, but when Mr. Cottnam explained the matter, and Dr. Headlee said he knew of the prophecy, and that the morning of the 8th of October had been specified as the time in which he should die, a week or more before his death occurred, she felt that there must be some truth in it, as she could not doubt Dr. Headlee.

"Mrs. Varis, did your husband know anything about the prophecy before his death?"

"No, indeed," she said, "none of us knew anything about it until two weeks after his death."

"Might not Dr. Headlee have said something to him about it during one of his visits, without your knowing it?"

"Oh, dear no," she said, "I was always present at these visits, and know no such talk occurred at any of them. No, I am positive Dr. Headlee never mentioned it, and that Mr. V. never knew it."

I then wrote up the little memorandum enclosed, and she signed it, or rather her daughter did, at her request, in my presence. . . .

I then went out and found Dr. Headlee, and he said in answer to my questions :—

“No, I know positively that Mr. V. knew nothing of the prophecy ; no one in St. James knew anything of it but myself, and I did not want him to find it out.”

S. T. SUDDICK.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN :—This is to certify that I am positive that my husband knew nothing whatever of the prophecy of his death, made at a Spiritual circle held at the home of Dr. S. T. Suddick, in Cuba, Mo., on August 29th last. We did not hear of it for about two weeks after his death. We are not Spiritualists.

(Signed) MRS. A. VARIS.

We may add that Spiritualistic séances (without professional mediums) are very frequently held in Cuba, Mo., which is, we understand, a town of some 550 inhabitants ; and that other prophecies have been made which have come true, as the following letter written by Dr. Suddick to Colonel Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (and received from Colonel Bundy by Mr. Hodgson on October 28th, 1890), will show. They are, however, decidedly less striking than the instance we have given, and it would be difficult to estimate their evidential value without a precise statement of the number of prophecies that have not come true.

“We had a sitting,” says Dr. Suddick, “about a month ago, spirits stating that ‘a woman would die in Cuba on October 20th,’ but they would not spell the name. Miss Anna Long died here that day.

“Parson Stillwell, a very old gentleman, was quite feeble, and a few nights ago at a circle some one asked how long he would live. The spirits spelt out, ‘He will die to-night.’ In the morning he was dead.

“The spirits kept parties in Cuba posted in the wheat market, noting all the changes from to three or four days ahead, all this fall. Thousands have been made here.”

In the next case the death seems to have been due to natural causes, which could not, one would think, have been foreseen from however intimate a view of the subject’s organism at the time when the presentiment first appeared.

P. 148.

433, Harrison Street, Topeka, Kansas,

September 1st, 1893.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have a painful duty to perform in acquainting you with the sickness and death of my mother, Mrs. Enoch Chase. My mother was taken sick on Saturday morning, July 29th, with bilious fever. The fever, after a run of ten days, ceased and she seemed to be improving rapidly. She continued improving, so much so that on Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 17th, she sat up a little, but on Friday morning we noticed she seemed weak. A little later she had a sinking spell from which she gradually passed into unconsciousness. After a great effort we revived her, but from that time on she gave up entirely and failed rapidly until Sunday evening at seven o’clock, when she passed away. Please notice the Friday, Saturday and Sunday mentioned in her premonition, which correspond with the last three days of her sickness, after the relapse took place.

We found the sealed envelope after her death in her box of private papers. She has told us ever since my father's death, which occurred April 24th, 1888, that she would only survive him five years. We did not pay the attention to this that we now wish we had.

MRS. S. J. CRAWFORD.

[A sealed envelope, with inscription and contents as given below, was found among Mrs. E. Chase's private papers after her death.]

*Inscription on Envelope.*

To be opened after my death, if it takes place in or near 5 years after the death of my husband, viz., April, 1888.

MOTHER.

*Enclosure in Envelope.*

Topeka, December 28th, 1891.

It has come to my mind this morning that perhaps I had better leave this premonition in this shape.

Ever since the death of my husband, on the 24th of April, 1888, I have felt that five (5) years is, or will be, the limit to *me* of life. There has been no sudden expression in that way, but the knowledge has seemed to follow me like the knowledge of any other fact,—say this is Friday, and I am thinking of doing something in a day or two, I would just think, to-morrow will be Saturday and the next will be Sunday, then I can't do it. The thought always follows me, just quietly and naturally: *Five years*. Now, if I *should* live six years, I will destroy this, but if my *premonition* comes true, I wish this sent to Mr. Richard Hodgson, 5, Boylston-place, Boston, Mass., with particulars.

Send to Dr. Richard Hodgson, 5, Boylston-place, Boston, Mass.

MRS. E. CHASE.

*Re Mrs. Chase.*

Baxter Springs, May 10th, 1894.

DR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—You ask me my mother's age at the time she made her prediction. She was about sixty-nine and a half years old when she wrote it out. She was born on June 22nd, 1822, wrote out her prediction December 28th, 1891, and died August 20th, 1893. I think the fact came to her the very day of my father's death, April 24th, 1888.

My mother's friend, Mrs. Silas Rain, of Topeka, told me that my mother said as much to her the night after my father's death. Mother talked to me many times about it, but not so soon as she did to Mrs. Rain. Some weeks must have passed before she mentioned it to me. I cannot remember when I first heard her talk about it.

ISABELLE M. CRAWFORD.

(Mrs. S. J. Crawford,  
433, Harrison Street, Topeka, Kan.)

Here is another case, where there may have been some subliminal perception of danger to the child's health. The coincidence involved is imperfect.

P. 157.

From a gentleman in Boston, known to Dr. Hodgson, who desires that his name may not be published.

In the year 1872 I lived in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. I had then four children, two boys and two girls. The boys slept in one room, the girls in another, and on the same floor was my own chamber. One night I had a dream that I shall never forget, and it is as vivid to my mind to-day as at the time of its occurrence.

I dreamed of being in a large, square room on the ground floor. Outside the window was a hearse, and in it a coffin containing the body of my younger son. Just as I turned away from the window I saw a man with the body of my younger daughter in his arms, with her head hanging off his shoulder, with her eyes wide open, staring at me. I said to the man, "Don't take her, she ain't dead." He replied, "Yes, she is dead; that's the way they look when they die that death."

I awoke with a cold perspiration, arose, and with a light I visited the rooms where my little ones slept. I examined their pulse, put my hand on their heads, and found them to be apparently, in perfect health, and sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood. I returned to my chamber and sat on the edge of my bed, thinking of my dream, when my wife awoke. I told her of my dream. It impressed me so that it was over an hour before I again went to sleep.

The next morning my boy, whom I saw in the hearse, awoke in a high fever and did not leave his bed for nearly six weeks. All through his sickness the dream was a great source of anxiety to myself and my wife. Good medical attention and careful nursing at last restored him to health. All my children are men and women grown, and from that day I have had no serious sickness in my family.

Such a dream! What was its significance? Merely a coincidence? Or, was it a warning to give the case all the care possible to save the child's life.

South Boston, *July 25th*, 1892.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—I cannot recall any other dream of a similar nature, nor can I, as a rule, upon awakening, recall the details of a dream that I had during the night, although I can recall the fact that I made up my mind, at the time of the dream, that I would recall it. Dreams do not often come to me, and this is the only one that to me had any significance.

There was not much illness in P. at this time, and in fact, it was unusually healthy. There was no child's death, at or near the time, that I had any personal knowledge of. I enclose a note from my wife, as desired.

Mrs. C. confirms as follows:—

South Boston, *July 20th*, 1892.

R. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—The facts in relation to the dream that my husband had during his residence in Pittsburg, Pa., are just as stated by him. We talked them over at the time, and I shall always remember his waking up and going into the sleeping rooms of our children, and his telling me of his dream before he again went to sleep.

In order to form an opinion on such cases as these, we shall have to compare other narratives, where deaths have been predicted by persons other than the decedents themselves. But before approaching that topic, we must pause on a small group of cases which, if the theory here advanced to explain them should contain any truth, form an interesting link in our argument.

We have been reviewing evidence which tends to show that a man's subliminal self may sometimes perceive his own approaching death, and may transmit this knowledge to the empirical self, sometimes by aid of a hallucination. Now we know that the subliminal self may sometimes communicate to other persons knowledge which it cannot or does not communicate to its own empirical self. This is familiar enough in hypnotic experiments, or in spontaneous automatic script, which script may be (for instance) written in a position turned away from the automatist, and may remain unknown to him, although its content must have come from, or passed through, his own deeper being. We know also that an agent has sometimes succeeded in transmitting a phantasmal image of himself to a percipient at a distance, without knowing whether he has, in fact, been successful or no.

It is natural, therefore, to ask whether there is anything to show that the subliminal self ever reveals the approach of death, not to its own empirical self, but to other persons;—showing, perhaps, by a phantasmal image, the source from which the information comes.

To this question we have some ground for returning an affirmative answer;—although of course the greater the interval between apparition and death, the greater also is the plausibility of an explanation of the coincidence as due to chance alone. There are various cases where the phantom of a person destined soon to die has been seen by a percipient at a distance; nor does it seem that such an apparition depends upon the decedent's own supraliminal effort. On the contrary, it often appears while he is asleep or in a comatose condition. Such cases are familiar to readers of *Phantasms of the Living*, where they are classed among other apparitions "at a time of death or crisis,"—the crisis being, of course, the agent's—perhaps only subliminal—perception that death is imminent. It is not always clear by how many hours they precede death;—in one case, for example, (*Journal*, December, 1885, and see *Proceedings*, Vol. IV., p. 307), the apparition coincides with the onset of a rapidly fatal attack of diphtheria.

From that case to the following there is no very great step.

P. Cl. 636.

18, Cornwall Terrace, N.W., November 20th, 1889.

Towards the end of March, 1878, in the dead of the night, while believing myself to be awake, I thought the door at the head of my bed was opened

and a white figure passed along the side of the bed to the foot, where it faced about and showed me it was covered head and all in a shroud. Then with its hands it suddenly parted the shroud over the face, revealing between its two hands the face of my sister, who was ill in another room. I exclaimed her name, whereupon the figure vanished instantly. Next day (and certainly on account of the shock given me by the above experience), I called in Sir W. Jenner, who said my sister had not many days to live. [She died, in fact, very soon afterwards.]

I was in good health, without any grief or anxiety. My sister was being attended by our family doctor, who did not suspect anything serious, therefore I had had no anxiety at all on her account, nor had she herself.

I have never, either before or after this, had such an experience.

(Signed) G. J. ROMANES.

The impression made by this incident upon the late Dr. Romanes, F.R.S., was, as he more than once told me, very deep; nor was there, he thought, any such anxiety in his mind at the time with regard to his sister as could have predisposed him to this unique hallucination. There were, I may add, other unpublished circumstances which confirmed him in his view of the matter.

The following case seems pretty closely parallel.

L. 861. Ad Pn Borderland. Visual.

From Mr. J. H. Kennedy, through Professor Barrett.

Repeated appearances of an apparition, as in this experience, seem to be very unusual.

[Dublin], *July 20th*, 1889.

On the night of the 10th, or rather morning of 11th February, 1884, while sleeping on a bed formed by chairs in my dining-room, my wife having been confined the night previous, I was startled by a most remarkable vision.

My cousin, Miss Amy Flint, passed by the side of my bed several times from the foot, disappearing at the head, and carrying in her hand, with her arm stretched out, a virgin's lamp. After she had passed several times I started up in bed, the thought having struck me that my wife had either passed away or had become seriously ill. I sat up in the bed in a state of fear and anxiety, not knowing what to do, fearing if I went up to the bedroom I might startle my wife and perhaps cause her death, and reasoning to myself that if anything was wrong the nurse would certainly let me know. During all this time the figure continued to pass and re-pass with a solemn, steady tread. Having watched and listened for some time, my cousin ceased to pass. I lay down, fell asleep, and thought no more of it, excepting to go up and inquire about my wife and child early that morning. They were both doing well, so I dismissed the thing from my mind, till about 10 o'clock, when my cousin's brother called to say his sister had passed away just at the time of my vision. In consequence of this extraordinary occurrence I had the infant called after her, Amy.

I may say my cousin had been for a long time in consumption, but the day previous appeared much better, went out by herself in good spirits and visited my sisters.

J. H. KENNEDY.

Mr. Kennedy does not seem to have mentioned his vision to anyone before he heard of his cousin's death, and his aunt, to whom he mentioned it some weeks afterwards, is dead.

He writes later to correct the date given in his first account, saying that his daughter Amy was born on January 2nd, 1883, and that his cousin died a few days later, on January 7th, and we have verified these two dates independently by reference to the Register of Births and Deaths. The fact of his daughter being named after his cousin in consequence of the occurrence, as mentioned in his first letter, affords some independent evidence of the correspondence in the dates of the apparition and the death. Note, however, the disposition to exaggerate coincidences which this mistake illustrates.

Mr. Kennedy states that he has experienced no other hallucinations, but he recently had a dream of a distressing kind, which made a good deal of impression on him, and which there is some reason to think was telepathic. In an interview with Professor Barrett he also related an experience which occurred to his mother. This was a veridical vision or dream of the sudden death of a friend, and is of interest as being an instance tending to show a hereditary faculty of "second-sight."

The following case, again, is of the same type. The informant is known to me; her father was a very distinguished public man.

P. 307.

From the Hon. Mrs. M——, A. Adjutant General's House, Royal Barracks,  
Dublin. 1884.

My sister was in the habit of getting up at 5 a.m. and of going to my father's room (who was not well at the time) to give him tea, and then reading to him until about 7. I asked her one day if she would call me sometimes, that I should like to get up at 5. She refused, saying she thought "I did quite enough in the day and had better be in bed." The next morning, however, Thursday, to my surprise I awoke and saw her standing at the foot of my bed, looking very bright indeed, and I fancied in a white dressing-gown. The curtains were drawn over the windows and the light seemed somehow only to strike her figure. She said, "Remember I have called you, it is 5 o'clock, and now I am going away; I am going away, remember." I fell asleep and did not wake until eight. At breakfast I said to my sister, "So you did come and call me after all!" She looked astonished and said, "No, I did not." I said, "Do you mean that you did not come at 5 o'clock and say 'Remember I have called you, and now I am going away'?" "No," she said, "I never came near your room." She, however, questioned me in rather an agitated way, and to my surprise said, "I don't like those sort of dreams." I never heard her say anything of the sort before, and was rather surprised at her thinking twice about it.

The next day, Friday, having been in perfect health and spirits up to that morning, she was taken ill whilst sitting by my father's side, at about 6

o'clock, and she died at 5 o'clock the day week, Thursday, of my dream or vision; and a curious coincidence was that she had on a white muslin dressing-gown in which she had sat up during part of the night. I do not recollect that during the fluctuation of this short illness, from which at first no danger was apprehended, this strange incident occurred to my memory, but as the clock struck 5 on that sad morning I remembered.

There is another dream connected with that sad short illness.

My father, the second night before my sister was taken ill, dreamed that he asked her to go on with the "Life of Charles James Fox," the second volume of which was not then in the house. He dreamed that she said, "Oh there is no more for me to read, that is the end," and she held up the volume she had read to him, open at the last page, across the half of which he saw printed in very large black, thick letters, filling the page quite across,

### THE END.

He said it gave him a sort of shock which awoke him, and he still felt a painful shock, he could not say why, when he awoke and remembered it. And yet he was half amused at feeling it a shock or remembering it at all.

He, however, did not mention it that day, because he, being ill, thought my mother might not like it. The day my sister died he told us. The strange thing was that it was the same night, or rather morning, and about the same time that I thought I saw her: for soon after he awoke he saw her come in with his tea, but did not, I believe, tell her the dream.

It was strange that she finished that book, and that it was the last time she ever read to him, and that that night *was* the end of one phase of family life in many ways. My father never recovered her death, and everything changed soon after.

My father was the late Field-Marshal —, and, as anyone will know, not a man likely to think of dreams in general, and up to the day of his death was in intellect and faculties like a man of 30. [Field-Marshal Lord S. died in 1863.]

From this case, again, there is but one step to the next,—which involves prevision of a death more sudden and unexpected. This case, which comes from a lady who does not wish her name to be printed, is remote in date; but the danger of illusion of memory is perhaps less in a witness before the fact other than the percipient than it would have been in a remote case testified to by the percipient himself. One is hardly likely to imagine, without foundation, that one has been told by two persons of a special incident affecting both of them, before it occurred. On the other hand, the hearing one's *name called* is a common form of subjective illusion.

P. 637.

The late Colonel M., of the Militia, resided at S. I was companion to his wife for many years, travelled with them into various countries on the Continent, and altogether was with her more than 30 years. At the time when I went to them Mr. M.'s elder brother, Thomas, was a captain in the Militia where Mr. M. was an officer, and the regiment remained at B. for

12 months. B. is six miles from S. and Mr. M. used to come home every evening. One cold evening in the month of March, in the year 1855, Mr. and Mrs. M. sat reading for a while over a fire in the bedroom before going to bed. At 11 o'clock they were startled by hearing the brother call aloud "Will" on the stairhead, the name by which he was accustomed to call Mr. M. Both heard the voice, and Mr. M. rushed to the stairhead exclaiming, "Whatever brings you here?" he having left him at B. and supposing him to be there. There was no one to be seen. When I went to them in the morning they told me immediately of what had occurred. They had been very much disturbed by it through the night. During the day Mr. M. rejoined his regiment at B. as usual. His brother Thomas was there still and apparently well. But in the evening about six o'clock, when the exercises of the day were over, he was standing in the street with him when he suddenly dropped down dead. From frequent references to the subject in after years I know that Colonel and Mrs. M. were firmly convinced that the voice they heard was a reality, and that it was an intimation of the impending death of Captain Thomas. The fact that they told me of it in the morning, when the captain was still well and likely to live, shows that it could not be an imaginary thing on their part, the result of apprehension respecting him. Colonel M. and his wife were among the most excellent people I ever knew, and I remained at the Hall till the grave had closed first over him and then, nearly 15 years afterwards, over her.

*October 21st, 1889.*

E. W.

The next case presents an element of reciprocity, which of course adds to its evidential value.

P 256.

Mrs. Tabour writes to Dr. Hodgson :—

2718, Chicago-avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

*May 8th, 1895.*

I have recently learned of a case of remarkable appearance before death, or rather a short time previous to death. A man ill with consumption appeared to a lady (a friend of mine and also a friend of his) in a perfectly natural manner, properly clothed, although he was ill in bed at the time, and was found upon investigation to have been asleep at the time of the appearance. Now, the reason why they were able to establish the above fact so accurately was that the man related to his wife, directly upon awaking, that he had dreamed of this lady in the most vivid manner, and described her appearance, and the position of the furniture in her rooms. The two families were about one day's journey apart, by rail. The man died about a fortnight later. These people are willing to give dates and names, and if you will have your secretary prepare a list of such questions as you may want answered, and forward to me, I will get all information possible. I think it may be well to see to the matter while I am here.—Very sincerely yours,

JOSIE L. FOWLER TABOUR.

Mrs. Tabour adds :—

Mrs. Shagren is a woman of strong clairvoyant powers. All the parties are of Swedish birth, and of unusual intelligence. At the time of this

appearance, Mrs. Shagren was about thirty-one. Occurred over ten years ago. No appearance at time of death.

STATEMENT OF MRS. SHAGREN REGARDING APPEARANCE OF  
MR. HENDRICKSON.

This happened one day after I had finished my morning's work, housework. It was about ten o'clock. I stood before the mirror doing my hair, when I suddenly saw him [Mr. Hendrickson], coming from behind, as if approaching on tip-toe. His hands were outstretched, and I had an impression that he would place them on my shoulders; I could even hear his last step, like the squeak of a boot, as he put his foot down. I turned in surprise, and faced him, consequently seeing him out of the glass and in the glass. As I turned I exclaimed, "Is that you?" At least I felt that I said that, but as I spoke he vanished. He was perfectly natural in appearance, and fully dressed, just as I had always seen him.

In the afternoon of the same day, which I know was April 24th, 1884, as I was passing from the room in which I had seen him in the morning, going through a small hall-way, I heard steps from behind. Turned and saw him again, dressed as in the morning, and again as I turned toward him he vanished.

The impression of seeing him was not so strong as in the morning.

The next day, a young lady friend of mine, and also a friend of Mr. Hendrickson's family came to visit me, and knowing of her friendship with Mr. Hendrickson I asked her if she knew anything of the family, or where they were living, as I had heard nothing from them for about four years, I having been south during that time, and they in the meantime having left the city.

I asked if she knew if Mr. Hendrickson was still living, as I knew he had consumption. She replied that he was living the last time she had heard from them. And then I said "I saw him yesterday morning."

My friend was not surprised, and regarded the appearance as a warning of death. To my statement she said, "I would not be surprised, as I received a letter from his wife saying he had a hemorrhage of the lungs.<sup>1</sup> Let us write," she continued, "and find out if he is living or dead." Then we wrote we both felt uneasy and I told of seeing him. In a few days we received a reply saying that he was not dead, but the doctors had said he could not live, and then [Mrs. H.] related his experience of seeing me in a dream, while asleep on the morning he had appeared to me. Although he had never been in the house he described my room, and said to his wife, when speaking of his dream, "she looked stouter than she used to," which was true, as I had grown much stouter in the four years since they had seen me.

Mrs. Hendrickson and myself were friends from childhood. I had only known Mr. Hendrickson since his marriage. We were just good friends. Mr. Hendrickson once told his wife that I had appeared to him. That was long before my experience of seeing him.

<sup>1</sup> Hemorrhage of the lungs has been associated with psychical manifestations oftener than from the relative frequency of that mode of death would seem antecedently probable.

Mrs. Hendrickson has re-married, and is now Mrs. Erickson of Beresford, South Dakota. (Signed) [Mrs.] C. M. SHAGREN.

708, South 6 Street.

Beresford, S.D., May 27th, 1895.

MRS. C. M. SHAGREN,—DEAR FRIEND,—I received your welcome letter a few days ago and will now answer it. It was in the morning of April 24th, 1884, when Mr. Hendrickson awoke and said he had been dreaming of you. I said "I'll mark this down and see if it means something." He slept longer that morning than he used to do, and in five days we had a letter from you and you said you had seen him in your room that morning and you thought something would happen to him before long. He was dressed in his night clothes at the time. On the 20th of May he died. I wrote to Dora, but I do not remember what I did write or when it was. It was before he died, anyway. I had not heard from you since you went to Tennessee until this time. I believe you said in your letter that you got my address from Dora. . . .

MRS. F. ERICKSON.

Beresford, S. Dak.  
Box 156.

From private letter written by Miss Dora Edenoff, of Chicago, June 14th, 1895, to Mrs. Shagren.

I have been trying to think, but cannot remember what you said about Mr. Hendrickson. It does seem that you did tell me that you had seen him in your room, but I cannot remember any more.—Your friend,  
DORA.

In reply to Dr. Hodgson's question how Mrs. Shagren remembered that the date was April 24th, 1884, Mrs. Tabour adds :—

There are many reasons why Mrs. Shagren remembered that date. First because of the young lady, who came from another city, and was on her way to Europe, and other facts which I might tell you if necessary. I looked into it pretty carefully as I am rather a doubter myself. . . .

In the case next quoted the phantasm indicates not death precisely, but an impending condition of decay.

P. 251.

[The following statement comes from a lady known to me, who has also described the incident to me orally. Owing to the painful nature of the incident, the writer does not wish to ask her mother for the narrative which she sent to her at the time. It is of course possible that she may have sub-consciously noted indications of impending decay.]

In the autumn of 1892 I was in Paris, staying with a near relative of mine, of whom I am very fond, and who was a most distinguished and clever man in his profession, that of a lawyer.

He had not been quite himself for some weeks and had complained in his letters to me (I was in England at the time) of feeling nervous and unfit for work, in fact run down. As his letters made me feel uneasy, I wrote and offered a visit, saying a change to Paris would be beneficial to me, and took up my abode in his pretty *apartement*, near the Boulevard Haussmann.

My relative is a bachelor, and has one servant, a valet, who does not sleep in the appartement, but, according to Paris custom, has a room on the 5<sup>ème</sup>; therefore we two were alone in the house at night. My room was at one end of a passage, and his at the other, several rooms intervening.

A few days after my arrival, I received a budget of important papers to read, and a request to translate into English an article out of a French medical paper. Not having had time to do this all day, I postponed the translation till after my relative had gone to bed, as he generally retired early. As it was a chilly night, I thought I would take the lamp into my room, and work out the translation after I was in bed. I read several letters first, and then started on my task, aided by a dictionary, as the French technical terms staggered me rather, now and then. This is to show you my mind was fully occupied, and that not only was I wide awake but that I was not in any way brooding on my relative's nervous state, nor indeed was I thinking of him. As I was writing most energetically, I saw, as one can see without raising one's eyes, one of the doors of my room slowly open, and, as I imagined it could only be my relative, who was restless, and was coming in to have a chat, I said, without even troubling to look up "Come in, I'm not asleep." Receiving no answer, I looked up, and saw a most awful sight. (I must tell you my relative was a singularly handsome man, very tall, and an intelligent, bright face.)

I saw, staggering into the room, a likeness of him, but in the last stage of imbecility. He had shrunk down to half his height, his legs seemed semi-paralysed, and unable to support his tottering emaciated form. His face was drawn, all character and expression had left it, the lower jaw drooped, and the eyes had no intelligence or recognition in them, nothing but a vacant, hideous stare! This *thing*,—for I can call it nothing else—staggered across my room, looking round at me now and then, then made for the opposite door, where it groped about aimlessly for the handle, and finally succeeded in opening it, tumbled itself into the next room, and disappeared. I sat up in bed frozen with horror, and gazed at this till it vanished, then jumped out of bed, and ran along the passage into my relative's room. He was sound asleep in bed, and there was no sign anywhere of the ghastly semblance of himself that I had seen. I could not get to sleep, and this awful sight haunted me for weeks. I naturally spoke of it to no one in Paris, but wrote an account of it, much as I am doing now, to my mother, in England. Some weeks later my relative, feeling his nerves no better, consulted an eminent physician, and a specialist for nervous complaints. The doctor did not alarm him, but told me privately he much feared that creeping paralysis and softening of the brain would set in.

His diagnosis was only too correct; at the present moment my poor relative is in a private hospital; he went steadily from bad to worse, all the dreadful symptoms of his disease increased visibly and rapidly, and now (autumn of 1895) he is very nearly like the ghastly vision I saw of him in 1892, and which, may be, was sent in some measure to prepare us for the great sorrow in store for us all.

My relative was, at the time of this incident, about 43 years of age, and as handsome, intelligent, and charming a man as one could wish to see—the very last person for whom one could foresee such a fearful end.

I give no names, or address, as he is still alive, and it would be unpleasant for our family. Apart from that, the details are absolutely exact.

Here is another case of somewhat similar type, but where the approaching end was even harder to foresee. The narrative was given to Mr. Gurney.

P. 253.

FROM MRS. CHAPRONIERE.

2, Hotham-villas, Putney.

April 14th, 1888.

I was in my bedroom being undressed by my maid, Mrs. Gregory, who had been with me for 41 years, and she was unfastening my bracelet when I saw, just behind her about two feet off, her exact resemblance. She was then in perfect health. I said to her, "Why Mrs. Gregory, I see your fetch." She smiled and said, "Really, ma'am," but was not in the least alarmed. On the following Sunday, she was only poorly. I went for a doctor at once, who said she was a little out of sorts. On Wednesday evening she suddenly died. It was about the same time that her double had appeared to me just a week before. This was about 15 years ago.

SOPHIE CHAPRONIERE.

I have seen Mrs. Chapronière, and questioned her about the case. She told me that she had never had a hallucination of vision on any other occasion. The "double" was as distinct as the real person, and an exact reproduction. The death was very sudden. Mrs. Gregory had been slightly unwell for a couple of days before it took place, but was able to enjoy her food, and no anxiety was felt on her account. A daughter of Mrs. Chapronière states that she clearly remembers that her mother mentioned the apparition at once, before the death.—E. G.

April 24th, 1888.

But perhaps the most interesting case in this group is the following which I give translated from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, July-August, 1891.

Here it seems certain that three persons of education and probity, assembled together in no excitement of mind, did all of them see a phantasmal figure, vaguely resembling a living person, ill in bed at the time, perform a certain movement,—simple, indeed, but with no obvious meaning. One of these persons afterwards saw the invalid walk to the door in the same way, at a moment which had in his eyes especial solemnity, as bringing the definite announcement of her approaching death.

P. 210.

CASE OF THE RUE JACOB.

M<sup>lle</sup> L. Isnard's account.

One evening in January, 1878, I had an hallucination. My mother was then living, and my brother, my sister, and myself lived with her. My father had been dead a year and a half.

We were very anxious about my mother, who was seriously ill, and had kept her bed for four months. This evening she had told us that she was better, and we felt relieved and more hopeful.

It was about 8 o'clock, we were all with her trying to amuse her, and talking of her recovery, when she looked at us with a smile and said, "I want you all to dine together this evening; it is a long time since you did so, and all on my account. (One of us always remained with her.) I shall see you from here, and it will be like being with you." We did as she wished.

The dining room communicated with my mother's room by folding glass doors; these were surrounded by curtains. The dining room was large, and longer than it was broad; it was a cold, dull room, on account of its low ceiling, its painted walls and high, dark panels. The only window looked upon a dark court. Three other doors opened out of it, one into an antechamber, another, nearly opposite, opened into a narrow passage leading to the front rooms, the third opened into a sort of dressing closet. Entering the dining-room from the ante-chamber, the window was close to the door on the right; the door of my mother's room was divided from the window by a panel. In the evening the room brightened up a little, but it was always dim in the corners.

We were just sitting down when the bell rang. It was a friend who had come to enquire after our mother, and she asked him to dinner. At table I had the bedroom door on my right, and the door of the corridor was exactly opposite. M. Menon and my brother were at my left; my sister, whose seat was at my right, had gone to the kitchen to prepare my mother's drink.

We talked of indifferent matters; my mother joined in the conversation, and I could see her face, lighted by a little lamp at her side. She seemed calm.

After a time she grew tired and asked us to shut her door. I only pushed it to, and we continued talking, but less loudly. I can affirm that we were all calm and unconcerned.

It was 9 o'clock, the night was quiet, the table was the only lighted spot in the room, a faint light could be seen in my mother's room through the unground glass doors.

All at once the wind seemed to rise and howl plaintively at the end of the corridor. The corridor door, which is closed by a French handle, (*bec de cane*), opened violently, the two glass leaves came together with a crash. I looked up, astonished at the sudden gust amidst the calm. Then something strange and inexplicable happened. A shadow, like the shadow of a woman, stood at the entrance of my mother's room; it drew away from the curtains and glided slowly towards the corridor. I saw it vaguely at first, but more clearly when its profile was thrown up by the wall. When it arrived at the angle formed by the wall at that place, it left the wall, advanced into the room, and again turned towards the corridor. At that moment it stood out clearly on the white background of the open door, it looked to me perfect and distinct. It was the shadow of a woman, more compact than transparent, and yet—if I may so express myself—it was diaphanous as some clouds are.

It was little, slightly bent, its head was bent, and its arms crossed over its breast; a sort of resignation and reserve was expressed in its attitude. The head and shoulders were covered by a sort of ashy grey veil, the face was quite hidden, it might have been a nun. It entered the corridor and disappeared into the darkness. A gust of wind, less violent than the first, closed the door after it; my mother's door had also closed noiselessly. The phenomenon lasted some seconds. I had thought of my mother directly, not that there was any particular resemblance, but I had felt some mysterious connection between her and the apparition. I cannot analyse what I felt. It was not fear, it was astonishment mixed with a kind of superstitious alarm. I felt an immense sadness, my heart contracted, and I had a painful presentiment. I thought "My mother will die." I looked at my brother anxiously, his face told me that he too had seen. M. Menon seemed ill at ease. I rose to go to my mother, and hesitated, fearing to find her worse. Turning to M. Menon, I said, "I once knew a Russian family, in which it had become almost a matter of belief that when a shadow left the room of a sick person, he would die that same day, or very shortly." "Do not let yourself be distressed," he replied, "it was only a play of shadows, caused by a gust of wind most probably." I was not convinced, but went into my mother's room. The light had gone out, which struck me. I relit it and found her dozing. I was obliged to wake her and ask her how she was. She looked at me as if she had been dreaming, and answered, "I am not so well, I am in some pain. Let me sit up. . . . I am oppressed. . . ." I re-arranged her position, but being unable to control myself any longer, I asked, "Mamma, did you hear anything just now?" "No, why?" "Don't you know? We saw a shadow come out of your room." She looked at me with vague interrogation. I could not keep from crying, and without thinking that my tears might trouble her, I asked, "You are going to get well, to stay with us, to live a long time, are you not?" "Yes," she said, "yes, poor child. You are a baby to cry about a shadow. It all means nothing. Tell Valérie to bring my *tisane*."

I went back to the dining room, and found that my brother had told Valérie (my sister). She was surprised, but not as much impressed as I was.

My brother and M. Menon took leave of my mother and went out, the former not returning till late. That night my mother grew worse, and continued to do so.

We did not again speak about the apparition, and in a few days I ceased to think of it.

My mother died on January 25th of the same year, between 9 and 10 in the evening. One day when my brother and I were talking of her, "That shadow," I said, "was not altogether wrong, and my presentiment did not deceive me." "No," my brother replied, "the more I think of it the less I understand it—yet we really did see something."

I have never had any other hallucination.

## 2. Account of Dr. Isnard.

In 1878, I lived with my mother and sisters at the Rue Jacob. My mother had been in bed seriously ill for four months, when one evening,

M. Menon dining with us, she expressed a wish to be present at the meal, by having the door left open.

Our apartments consisted of five rooms, three looking out on the Rue Jacob, two (the dining room and my mother's room) on an inner yard. The event occurred in these two. There were three doors in the dining room—that of the antechamber, my mother's (a glass folding door), and the third, which was closed by a *bec de cane*, led by a passage into the front rooms.

The night was quiet, it was about 9 or 9.30. We were calm, and almost reassured by the improvement in my mother's health.

Our conversation at last seemed to fatigue the invalid, and she asked us to close the door. We set it to, and went on talking.

Suddenly the door of the corridor opened wide, the leaves of my mother's door clashed and then opened, and the wind rose. I thought it odd there should be a gust of wind, when all the windows were shut. I looked about, and saw between the curtains which surrounded my mother's door, the shadow of a woman, small, bent, with head bent forward, and arms crossed on the bosom. A dusty grey veil seemed to cover it, so that it looked like a nun. It came softly into the room, gliding over the floor, in the same attitude; the face was invisible. It passed close to me, out of the door, and disappeared in the darkness of the passage. A second gust of wind closed the doors. The whole thing lasted six or seven seconds.

I did not feel fear, but we were all three embarrassed. We had seen the same thing, and did not dare to admit it to one another. My sister was particularly affected.

"It was nothing, mademoiselle," said M. Menon, "it was a play of shadows. Do not be disturbed." My sister said she had known a Russian family who believed that when a shadow went out of an invalid's room, he would die that day, or certainly before long. She then went to my mother. My youngest sister, who had been absent, returned, and seemed greatly surprised at what we told her.

My friend and I went out together. When I returned I found my mother much worse.

What astonishes me to this day is that though our minds were full of the apparition, we avoided any mention of it.

Next week, I was alone with my mother. She had been sitting in the dining-room for some minutes. My sisters were out. It was 5 o'clock, the time when Dr. D. generally came. I had never been alone with him. Being a medical student, I suspected that my mother's state was serious, and I had not courage to receive the sentence of death. So that when he came, I declined to go to the door. My mother rose, and at that moment I was struck by her attitude. It was that of the shadow we had seen. She advanced slowly towards the door, little and bent. Her head and shoulders were covered by a shawl and her face was invisible; her arms were crossed over her chest.

My mother died on the 25th of January, at 9.30.

I give you the facts as they are, without attempting to explain them.

DR. ISNARD.

15, Boulevard Arago.

3. *Account of M. Menon-Cornuet.*

At the beginning of January, 1878, I went to see my friend, Dr. Isnard, of No. 28, Rue Jacob, and to enquire after his mother who had been for some time dangerously ill. I was asked to dinner, and M<sup>lles</sup> Isnard, their brother, and I dined in a room next to that of the invalid. Towards the end of the meal the youngest sister went to the kitchen. The door of M<sup>me</sup> Isnard's room was put to, but not closed. It was near the right corner of the dining-room and was close to another door which communicated with the drawing-room by means of a passage. These doors were at right angles with one another; both were pushed to, but not hasped; at least the glass door into M<sup>me</sup> Isnard's room was not. M. Isnard and I could both see these doors, one on the right and the other on the left, and M<sup>lle</sup> Isnard faced the angle formed by the two doors. We all distinctly saw a shadow glide from the invalid's door to the door communicating with the corridor, following the angle. This shadow looked like a woman with a very long veil, like a nun; its head was bent. It seemed to me to grow less and less distinct, and on reaching the door leading to the drawing-room, it disappeared. It seemed to disappear through the floor. At this moment the two doors, which had opened suddenly and simultaneously before the shadow passed, returned quickly and simultaneously to their original positions, striking loudly against their doorposts. The passing of the figure and the closing of the doors took about 6 or 7 seconds.

Each of us at first believed that he or she alone had been hallucinated, but we were of course obliged to abandon this hypothesis. When the younger M<sup>lle</sup> Isnard came back she was told what had occurred, and could not believe it. She had not left the kitchen in the meantime. I went and looked out of the only window of the dining-room to see if there were any possibility of a shadow having been cast through it, but there was no lighted window on the same floor as ours, in the buildings opposite our apartment. We were on the third floor, looking out on the yard; there were several windows below slightly lighted, and there was a gas lamp in the yard, but this was 7 or 8 yards below, exactly under our window. Neither was it possible that a shadow should have been thrown through either of the dining-room doors. It appeared impossible to us that any effect of light could have produced what we had seen, and we gave up our attempts at a satisfactory explanation.

M<sup>me</sup> Isnard died some days after, and it is only since her death that we have sometimes talked of the mysterious apparition.

G. MENON-CORNUET.

22, Rue de Constantinople,  
Paris, *November 15th*, 1890.

4. *Attestation of M. Josset.*

I, the undersigned, certify that Dr. Isnard, one of my intimate friends, related to me ten years ago the curious case of the passing of a shadow in his rooms, simultancously observed by three persons. He told me that the shadow exactly resembled his mother, who was then dangerously ill, and

died a few days after. We have often spoken of this fact, which we believed to be absolutely unique ; and Dr. Isnard's story has never varied.

L. JOSSET,

6, Boulevard Arago, Paris.

Chemist of the First Class.

5. *Witness of M<sup>lle</sup> V. Isnard.*

I remember perfectly that when I came back to the dining-room, my brother told me what all three had seen. I have just read their accounts, and can certify that the facts related there are exactly as they were told me directly after the event.

V. ISNARD.

OBSERVATIONS FROM DR. DARIEX, EDITOR OF *Annales Psychiques*.

We have before us the extract from the certificate of death of M<sup>me</sup> Isnard, draw up on the 26th January, 1878 ; we extract the following passage : " Marie-Joséphine de Boussois, Rentière, died at her domicile, 28, Rue Jacob, yesterday (*that is on the 25th January, 1878*) at 11 o'clock at night, . . . widow of Jean-Augustin Isnard . . . "

Therefore Madame Isnard died on January 25th, 1878, as we have always been told.

Although the witnessess of this strange phenomenon are our intimate friends ; though we cannot possibly doubt their sincerity, and though we know that they related the story to their friends, ten years ago, when they knew nothing of psychical phenomena, we have visited the rooms where it happened, in order to see if some natural explanation were not possible.

After a minute examination of the house and the rooms, we have been obliged to acknowledge that no natural shadow could have been accidentally projected on the spot where the appearance was observed, and that none of the witnesses could have been mistaken on the point.

This hypothesis is also corroborated by the strange resemblance between the shadow and the invalid, who had the same figure, the same dress, and the same attitude ; and this argues in favour of the psychical character of the phenomenon.

None of the witnesses is subject to hallucinations or has had another in his life.

The younger daughter of M<sup>me</sup> Isnard, who was in the kitchen at the time, and whose shadow could have not been projected into the dining-room, was 16 centimetres taller than her mother ; she had besides no veil on her head, and her shadow, even admitting that it could have been seen there, could not in any way have resembled the one seen.

Besides, this particular shadow was not so dark as projected shadows are ; Dr. Isnard compares it to spider's web.

M. Menon and M<sup>lle</sup> Isnard saw it in profile on the doors and walls, as if it had been thrown there ; Dr. Isnard saw it in space, clearly detached, and objective ; to him, it hid what was behind it, as an object more or less transparent might do. When the position of the places, the path taken by the shadow, and the respective positions of the witnesses are studied, it is easy to perceive that it must, or at least may have been so, even if the form was really objective : M. Isnard was placed rather near the glass door and

perpendicularly to it ; the shadow, coming out of the glass door to reach the angle and the corridor door, must have at first come straight towards him, so that it was easy for him to see it in space ; for at the point it started from and for about a yard of its path, he could not have seen it projected into the dining-room ; he would have seen it projected on the wall of the bedroom, about six yards off.

On the other hand, M<sup>lle</sup> Isnard and M. Menon, placed farther from the angle and from the door, could not see the shadow coming towards them, and when they looked at the figure, their gaze, instead of meeting the empty space in the bedroom, would have fallen on the opening of the glass door, on the angle of the two walls, and on the door of the corridor, at that moment wide open.

Thus, (and we insist on this point) the different way in which the shadow was seen by the witnesses seems to depend on their positions in regard to the path of the figure, and this difference favours the theory of its objectivity. However, we should not dare to conclude that the apparition was really objective and that the three percipients really saw the phantasm or double of the invalid. But we draw attention to the following six points :—

1. A strange and unforeseen phenomenon was spontaneously and simultaneously observed in the same manner by the three persons present, whose attention was first drawn to it by a gust of wind.

2. M<sup>lle</sup> Isnard found her mother asleep directly after.

3. The shadow resembled the invalid and walked like her.

4. The invalid felt worse at once, grew steadily worse, and died a few days after.

5. No real shadow could have taken the path of the shadow which was seen.

6. The gust of wind occurred in a time of complete calm, when the windows were shut.

Again, the witnesses observed no movement of the air, as they would with a real gust of wind.

Some movement of the air might however have passed unobserved on account of the disturbed state of the witnesses.

DARIEUX.

Apart from the *collectivity* of the percipience, another new point, it will be observed, is here involved. If this phantom was really a message from the decedent's spirit implying that death was near, the circumstances suggest that that spirit must also have been able to discern a scene in the remaining earth-life which ordinary inference could not have foretold. We pass in fact, at this point, from organic prevision to a prevision of future incidents of life, of which there will be much to say later on.

But before directly facing this main problem, it will be well to lead up to it by another indirect route—namely, through certain apparent acts of prevision which seem to be at least partly explicable by telepathy. In the cases—as yet few—where there has been anything

like a *series* of telepathic messages, some element of apparent prediction has generally been included; although probably often resolvable into a mere conversion of the agent's expectation and inference into what looks to the percipient like an actual reality. The following telepathic diary—which we have not been able to persuade Dr. and Mrs. S. to renew—illustrates this slight want of contemporaneity.

P. 169.

From the *Pacific Theosophist*, San Francisco,

August, 1893.

The following experiments were conducted by a well-known physician of this City and his wife. Both were somewhat interested in the subject and, upon the latter leaving for a visit in the country, it was arranged that at a certain time of each day ten minutes should be devoted to an attempt to communicate telepathically, each alternating as transmitter and receiver.

The notes, carefully written down while separated nearly a hundred miles, speak for themselves. They also make it apparent that the physician accomplished something more than mere telepathy. In receiving supposed messages, he several times got accurate information of things which the wife had no idea she was imparting and in one or two instances actually foresaw occurrences which could not possibly have been known to his transmitter. This shows how intimately our psychic senses blend one with the other, and how hard it is for an untrained person to distinguish just what psychic faculty is active. The phenomena recorded are commonplace in their character; the interest lies in their truthfulness and the scientific accuracy of their observation. The results are as follows:—

May 12th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Arrived safely. Pleasant trip. B. feels fairly well. We have a nice place in an old-fashioned house.

May 12th.—Received.

Had a good trip. B. slept well. House squarely built and plain; porch surrounded by trees; not fronting the road; rooms very sunny. [All accurate. What follows was seen clairvoyantly, apparently.—Ed.] Landlady wears sun-bonnet with jacket of same. Little boy three years old. [Boy expected, but did not arrive until next day. The description accurate.] Fire in north east. [Fire occurred next night.]

May 13th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Theresa B. and her mother were here yesterday. Also Clara and Emma. Business somewhat dull. W.'s house burned yesterday.

May 13th.—Received.

I think Theresa B. was there or is coming. Something, I can't make out, about business. I think it is bad.

May 14th.

Nothing sent.

May 14th.

Forgot to keep the appointed time.

May 15th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

E. and R. went to park. Mrs. A. is angry. S. paid his bill.

May 16th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Paid a visit to K.'s. B. feels quite well.

May 17th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Nothing sent ; business prevented.

May 18th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

B. does not feel well at all. Went for medicine.

May 19th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Case of D. will come off in the courts 29th. Business still quiet. Played whist.

May 20th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

My clothes and shoes are all torn. I have poison oak on my arms. Hope it will not be bad.

May 21st.

Appointment forgotten.

May 22nd.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Visited springs. Very warm all day. I have a sick headache.

May 23rd.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

Up all night. Very tired. Nothing new.

May 15th.—Received.

Could get nothing definite ; think you collected some money.

May 16th.—Received.

You took a long walk. I see a young man with a revolver in his hand. [A young man shot a dog in the garden that day.]

May 17th.—Received.

Could get nothing at all. Think you were out.

May 18th.—Received.

See a lot of wine casks and demi-johns. Something about curtains. [Mrs. S. visited a large wine cellar on the 17th. The curtains in her room annoyed her very much. But nothing about either was consciously sent.]

May 19th.—Received.

Think you had rain. You seem dissatisfied. You are telling me something about D., I am sure. [It did rain, but the fact was not consciously sent.]

May 20th.—Received.

You went out riding. I see you holding a shoe in your hand. You have poison oak on your right arm. B. is better. You want me to mail you the *Bulletin* and *Chronicle*. [Mrs. S. did ride out to some sulphur springs. Poison oak was on right arm only. B. gained three pounds. She was hoping for the *Bulletin* supplement only.]

May 21st.

Not at home ; did not sit to receive.

May 22nd.—Received.

It must be warm ; I see you fanning yourself, you were riding ; on a donkey, I think. [She rode in a carriage but saw a donkey on her trip which amused her very much.]

May 23rd.—Received.

You are looking very cross and tired.

May 24th.—Transmitter, Mrs. S.

Sent nothing.

May 24th.—Received.

I see a big church-like building—brick. [Mrs. S. went the evening previous to a church entertainment. The description correct. Not sent consciously].

May 25th.—Transmitter, Dr. S.

I have a bad sore throat. I am going to Drs. F. and S. (dentists) to give ether. It is a windy day.

May 25th.—Received.

You have unpleasant weather. You are trying to tell me something about Dr. F. and his partner, Dr. S., but I can't make it out.

Mrs. S. was somewhat doubtful about the success or even possibility of such experiments succeeding, and was fairly startled upon comparing memoranda on her return home. B. is a sister of Mrs. S., for whose benefit the trip was taken. The doctor had never been in that part of the country, and so could not have seen the house and church he so accurately described. The experiments throw much light on psychic faculties other than mere telepathy.

J. S., M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

San Francisco, *November 29th, 1893.*

R. HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of November 15th, my statement is that my experiment with my wife in telepathy resulted precisely as you find it given in the *Pacific Theosophist*. [In a later letter Dr. S. states that he is not himself a Theosophist.]

I came to try the experiment this way: I read in the daily papers of a certain drummer who, when absent from his home, made it a practice to sit at ten o'clock p.m., for about half an hour, his wife the same, and mentally communicate the news of the day to each other, as exchanging letters was inconvenient, he being compelled to change his location every day.

As my wife was to go away from San Francisco last summer with a sick sister of hers, we decided to try the experiment, with the result given in the *Pacific Theosophist*. My wife has grown up in an atmosphere of scepticism, consequently she did not give the subject as much attention as I did, otherwise we might have had better results. Now, of course, her personal experience convinced her of something.

No third person was aware of our doing, excepting what I state here: I met Dr. J. Anderson in consultation about a patient, when I told him I believed in the possibilities of telepathy, and that I was making experiments just then with my wife. He asked me to show him the result, good or bad, which I did. Dr. Anderson never met my wife, neither did he know where she went to. She was in St. Helena, Sonoma County, about 63 miles from the city.

We agreed to sit twenty minutes at ten o'clock p.m. In sending news, I fixed my mind strongly on the messages, in receiving I made my mind as near blank as I could, excluding all thought. Everything I received came to me as a mental picture. Sometimes I would see things only partly, like half of a face. When I saw her arm, with the poison oak, it came very clearly. I almost thought I could speak to her, but I never heard anything like noise.

The only other experiments I tried were several years ago in mind-reading. One party would fix his mind on a certain card, and I would tell him which one it was. I succeeded once out of every three attempts. Some days I could tell correctly four or five times in succession, other times I failed altogether.

I tried the experiments for my own personal satisfaction, having no desire to attract notice whatever. I may also add that I found that a quiet mind and rested condition of the system is necessary for success.

I don't wish my name to be published, but if anybody should enquire of you privately, the same as you did of Dr. Anderson, I have no objection to you giving them my name and address.

Wishing you success in your labours, I remain, yours, DR. J. S.

I corroborate the above statement in every detail. MRS. E. S.

Mr. W. E. Coleman, well-known to Dr. Hodgson, writes to him as follows :  
Chief Q.M. Office, San Francisco, California,  
December 21st, 1893.

Upon enquiry I find that Dr. J. S. is a reputable physician of character and standing. All speak well of him, and he is considered a man of veracity. I can find nothing against him as man or as doctor. W. E. COLEMAN.

I add a few cases of scenes apparently prefigured, where the prefigurement may simply have been a telepathic transference of an anticipation existing in another mind.

Here is a trivial premonition, which may have had its rise in an existing *intention* on the caller's part to offer to show the slides, telepathically transferred to Dr. Smith. It is an evidential weakness that Dr. Smith had not told the dream before the offer was made.

P. 187.

From Dr. Henry Smith, Associate S.P.R., to E. T. Bennett, (enclosing "B.")  
Cravensea, Cockington, Torquay,  
April 13th, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—Many strange facts occur which with our present knowledge are unaccountable. I will give you one.

On Friday night, 6th inst., I had a very vivid dream. I dreamt I called on a gentleman on business matters. He asked me to look at a number of transparent photographic slides. I sat down and much enjoyed the views. They were remarkably fine and so impressed themselves on my memory that, during the day, I could distinctly see the streets and buildings.

On Saturday evening, 7th inst., Mr. Winget, my printer, called on me. In the course of conversation he said: "I see you are interested in Egyptian buildings—I have lately purchased a very fine collection of transparent photographic slides. I have four sets—Egypt, Palestine, The Rhine, and Paris—also a very fine stereoscopic cabinet. I should have great pleasure in shewing them to you, if you will kindly come up to my house."

I listened with surprise to what he said, and when he was gone I remarked to my children, "Did you hear what Mr. Winget said? I was too

much astonished to make any remark to him on the subject." I then told them my dream.

On Sunday evening following, I went to Mr. Winget's house, and there to my astonishment stood the very box and its surroundings I had seen in my dream. I sat down and looked over twenty or more slides, then got up and said, "I will look at no more!" for there I saw the identical views I had seen in my dream.

What theory will account for this fact? This was not dreaming of something that had taken place, but most vividly of something that was to take place.—Yours truly,

HENRY SMITH.

"B." (enclosure).

Cravensea, Torquay,

April 19th, 1894.

I was in the room with my sisters when Mr. Winget invited my father to go to his house to look at some transparent slides, illustrating Paris, Egypt, etc.

Immediately Mr. Winget left, my father exclaimed, "I was so astonished at what Mr. Winget said, that I could not answer him! He has most graphically described my dream—this is most extraordinary!—I will accept the invitation."

My father went, and found everything exactly as he had seen in the dream—the chair, window, and other surrounding objects—as well as the cabinet and slides.

I may add that we had noticed how remarkably quiet my father became when Mr. Winget mentioned the slides.

ADA SMITH.

ANNIE SMITH.

PHOEBE MAUD SMITH.

Observe that if Dr. Smith had less distinctly observed that his thought of the slides *preceded* the offer to show them, that offer might have given the characteristic feeling of *promnesia*,—as of the repetition of something previously rehearsed. It has already been suggested that the promnesic sensation may sometimes thus be at bottom a form of telepathy.

Here is another case, where the warning of danger may have been a telepathic impact from the mind of the assassin, as he heard the approach of his intended victim.

P. 173.

Four years ago, I made arrangements with my nephew, John W. Parsons, to go to my office after supper to investigate a case. We walked along together, both fully determined to go up into the office, but just as I stepped upon the door sill of the drug store, in which my office was situated, some invisible influence stopped me instantly. I was much surprised, felt like I was almost dazed, the influence was so strong, almost like a blow, I felt like I could not make another step. I said to my nephew, "John, I do not feel like going into the office now, you go and read Flint and Aitkin on the subject." He went, lighted the lamp, took off his hat, and just as he was

reaching for a book the report of a large pistol was heard. The ball entered the window near where he was standing, passed near to and over his head, struck the wall and fell to the floor. Had I been standing where he was, I would have been killed, as I am much taller than he. The pistol was fired by a man who had an old grudge against me, and had secreted himself in a vacant house near by to assassinate me.

This impression was unlike any that I ever had before. All my former impressions were slow in their development, grew stronger and stronger, until the maximum was reached. I did not feel that I was in any danger, and could not understand what the strong impression meant. The fellow was drunk, had been drinking for two weeks. If my system had been in a different condition—I had just eaten supper—I think I would have received along with the impression some knowledge of the character of the danger, and would have prevented my nephew from going into the office.

I am fully satisfied that the invisible and unknown intelligence did the best that could have been done, under the circumstances, to save us from harm.

D. J. PARSONS, M.D., Sweet Springs, Mo.

(The above account was received in a letter from Dr. D. J. Parsons, dated *December 15th*, 1891.)

Statement of Dr. J. W. PARSONS.

About four years ago my uncle, Dr. D. J. Parsons, and I were going to supper, when a man halted us and expressed a desire for medical advice. My uncle requested him to call the next morning, and as we walked along he said the case was a bad one and that we would come back after supper and go to the office and examine the authorities on the subject. After supper we returned, walked along together on our way to the office, but just as we reached the door of the drug store he very unexpectedly, to me, stopped suddenly, which caused me to stop too; we stood there together a few seconds, and he remarked to me that he did not feel like going into the office then, or words to that effect, and told me to go and examine Flint and Aitkin. I went, lit the lamp, and just as I was getting a book, a pistol was fired into the office, the ball passing close to my head, struck the East wall, then the North, and fell to the floor.

This 5th day of July, 1891.

JOHN W. PARSONS, [Ladonia, Texas.]

I have spoken of these last cases as explicable by telepathy, or supernormal perception of the contents of a distant *mind*;—and of some previous cases as explicable by teleesthesia, or supernormal perception of *matter* at a distance, without any assignable influence of another mind. Of course, however, we cannot broadly distinguish from each other obscure faculties such as these. For aught we know, there may be a higher point of view from which these two types of *connaissance supérieure* may be fused in one. We need not, then, be surprised if we find cases where the two faculties, if we can so term them, meet,—as where some disposition of material objects seems to facilitate a transference of thought.

We have had some curious instances of this kind, where the actual touch of some object which had belonged to a deceased person seemed, in Mrs. Piper's trances, to facilitate communication from that person.

And, somewhat similarly, keeping to matters within our present scope, we have already published several cases where a letter in course of passage through the post seems to have been cognised by its intended recipient before delivery. Sometimes a knowledge of the letter's *content* is thus transmitted; sometimes the *outside* only is prefigured, perhaps with postmarks which the writer himself has not seen. It looks as though the current of the writer's thought had directed his intended reader's supernormal perception to some sight of the actual material letter then on its way to him. I quote two cases of this type.

M.Cl. 92. Visual.

Mrs. Venn writes :—

3, St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge, *January 9th, 1895.*

January 8th, I came down to breakfast; A. was sitting at the table, Dr. Venn was not in the room. Something engaged my attention at the end of the room, and standing with my back to the table I said; "Are there any letters for me, A.?" (The letters are usually on or by my plate.)

A. "Yes, one; there is one."

[Mrs. Venn.] "See who it's from; do you know?"

A. "It has the Deal postmark; it is from Frances (Venn)—for you or me."

Turning round I saw no letter, and said: "I see no letter, A. What are you talking about? Have you hidden it?"

A. "Unless my eyes deceive me, there is a letter, as I said."

Going up to the table to look, I found none, and said: "There is none. You shouldn't invent things; you shouldn't say things just as if they were true, when they're not!" (No doubt a valuable observation.)

A. "Well, I didn't. There was one, or, at any rate, my eyes seemed to see one just as I told you, with the Deal postmark and Frances' writing; but I don't know if it was to you or me. I couldn't read the writing from here. I know there's none now." Subject dropped purposely.

This was at 9 o'clock. Returning at 10 o'clock into the hall, the second post having just come, the servant had just put one letter on the hall table; it was to A. from Frances and bore the Deal postmark, as A. had said. She had been at *Frant*, and we did not know she had returned home, and were not expecting to hear from her. Another cousin wrote generally. There was nothing of any note in the letter. It was given to A. at the end of his lessons with the remark—"Here is the letter, you see, after all."

"Yes," he said, indifferently, not a bit interested, his mind full of something else, "I often do see things like that, you know I do."

A. was with his tutor when the second post came, and the letter was taken in by the servant, and laid on the hall table before me—there was no

possibility of his having hid it ; and he wouldn't have cared to do it in any case. We never take any notice to him of his saying anything of the sort.

S. C. VENN.

P.S.—I am sorry I didn't keep the letter to send you, but let some one burn it. A. left it lying about ; but I took it into the drawing-room and shewed it to Dr. Venn and told him the story, before giving it to A.

Dr. John Venn, F.R.S., adds :—

This was so.

J. VENN.

Mrs. Venn writes later :—

January 21st.

His cousins live at *Walmer*, but the post-mark is *Deal*.

Archie would think of *Walmer*, not of *Deal*, as their home ; but he might have seen previous letters during the last three or four months with *Deal* post-mark on them, though he had received none from them addressed to himself from there. He would have had the opportunity of noticing it on letters to his father or to me.

S. C. VENN.

Mrs. Venn adds the following account of an incident which took place a few years ago—a case of apparent thought-transference between herself and her son, occurring in a dream.

January 15th, 1895.

I think the oddest experience I ever had with him was one night at Bournemouth, when he still slept in my room. I dreamed a dream and woke with it, and he immediately (asleep still) in his sleep began to talk about it, proving that he was dreaming the same thing. It was a very queer dream, and involved the question of how many inches (of a row of candles) should be cut off each candle. He gravely begged me to “cut off six inches, do, mamma” ; when I was feeling four would be enough. It was a fête in our dream, and we were lighting up some room. No real thing had happened to suggest it to us, but we both dreamt it together apparently.

Compare the following case from a percipient known to Dr. Hodgson.

P. 163.

2024, Lexington Avenue, New York,

February 17th, 1893.

About two weeks ago, I think on the night of the 3rd inst., I dreamed that I was going to a place called *Pontegardo*. I remembered the name distinctly on awaking, but it seemed so “outlandish” and queer, I did not think that it could be a real name. I asked my mother if she knew of a place with such a name. She said that she did not. Three or four days after that I received a letter from my husband, who is in Florida, saying that he would probably go to *Puntagardo*. This letter was written either the day preceding my dream, or the day after.

PHEBE L. GRIFFING [Associate S.P.R.]

As related above, my daughter-in-law asked me, the morning after her dream, if I knew of a place called *Pontegardo*. I did not know of such a place until my son's letter was received, saying that he thought of going there.

JANE R. GRIFFING.

2024, Lexington Avenue, New York,

*February 21st, 1893.*

DEAR MR. HODGSON,— . . . . My daughter-in-law has the letter referring to Puntagardo, but as it is principally about personal affairs, she does not like to send it. Charley writes of a business project which, if he carries it out, will make Phebe's dream premonitory, as they will go there to live. If this should be the result, it will be one of the clearest of premonitions, as when she received the letter, nothing of the kind had been contemplated. There was only an intention on Charley's part to remain in Jacksonville, or go to Tallahassee to take charge of a newspaper office. These two plans were in Phebe's mind, and she had no idea of any other plan.

JANE R. GRIFFING.

And here we find a point of transition to a new group of cases, in which foreknowledge of similar type comes from a definite mind, of which, however, we cannot clearly determine whether it is the percipient's own mind or a mind external to her, and unembodied.

My first example comes from Mr. W., the friend of Dr. Hodgson's, from whom a case has above been cited.

P. 150.

*October 26th, 1894.*

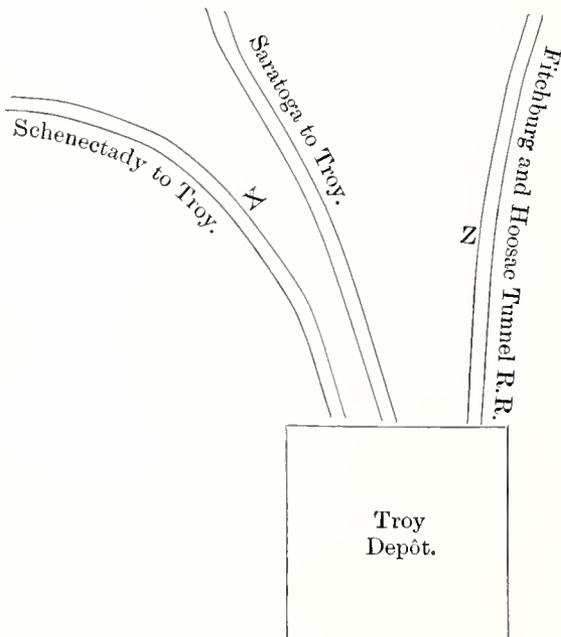
DEAR DR. HODGSON,—As you are well aware, I have been for a number of years an automatic writer, so-called. The following is an account of an experience I had last April.

In the afternoon, I was riding eastward towards Schenectady, N.Y., on the N.Y.C. and H.R. road. I intended to get off at Schenectady, and take a train from there to Troy, and at Troy to get a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road. I asked the conductor whether I would be able to make good connections at Schenectady, also at Troy. He informed me that I would at Schenectady, but at Troy I would not, for the reason that I would not arrive in Troy until five minutes after the departure of the train on the F. and H. T. He told me that I would not arrive in Troy until 5.5, and my train departed at just five o'clock, and that it was the last one for the week. This was Saturday. I asked him if he could suggest any way for me to get the train or reach my desired place of destination, but he said he could not. It seemed certain that I must lay off in Troy over Sunday. The conductor passed on, and I meditated, but to no purpose. After some time I took a pencil and paper, and thought, but did not write, "Well, I think I shall not get through to-night, I am very sorry." Instantly the pencil wrote, "You will reach — to-night," naming the place I was bound for. I replied, by thought, "Why, it's impossible, how can I?—the train out of Troy leaves five minutes before my train arrives." The answer was, "Yes, but you will get to — to-night," again naming my place of destination. Again I thought, "Pray tell me how I am to do so." The answer was, "Oh, never mind how, I tell you you will arrive in — all right to-night." I urged the impossibility of the matter, but that was stoutly denied. I pleaded for an explanation, but it was written that I needed none, and that none would be given me. I asked for instruction and it was

written that they had none to give. I insisted on the fact that I could not get the train, but this was not conceded.

On arriving at Schenectady I found my train for Troy, and as I boarded it, I asked the trainman if we would arrive in Troy in time for me to get a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road. He replied "No" very promptly, and added, "it leaves five minutes before we arrive." I took my seat. When the conductor came along I tried hard to appear innocent, and asked him if I would get to Troy in time to get a train out on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road. I said I hoped to, for I was very anxious to arrive at — that night. His reply was, "We do not arrive in Troy until five minutes after five, and the train on that road pulls out at just five and it's the last train." He passed on picking up tickets and I settled back into my seat. It seemed as if the last chance was gone, and I could not help but wonder what would be written, so I observed mentally, "Well, you see your prediction is wrong, do you not?" And then came to me what seemed to be the height of foolishness, "Why, you will get there all right, just as I told you." No explanation being vouchsafed, I fell to planning what I would do in the city of Troy over Sunday, for I had no hope of getting out.

After a while the conductor came back and took a seat just behind me, and leaning over towards me he said, "So you would very much like to get that train, would you?" "Yes, sir," I said. "Well," continued he, "there is just one way that is possible for you to do it, if you are a good runner and willing to take chances." Of course I asked how. Said he, "I don't advise anyone to do it, but it is possible to jump off this train, for we stop before we reach the Troy Depôt, and run and jump on to that train while it is going out." And he took a pencil and drew the railroads and the depôt (a Union one) about like this:—



And then he went on to explain: "*We are not allowed to run into the depôt until the train for Saratoga and the one on the Fitchburgh and H.T.R. have both pulled out, which they both do at just five o'clock. We should arrive at our stopping place X at about five. You could get off there and run across the Saratoga track and over to Z and jump on to that train. There is a street from a point near X to Z.*"

At X, as our train stopped, I jumped from it and ran to point Z and caught my train which was passing at that point.

When seated in the car I gave the pencil one more chance and it was written: "I see you are on board all right; don't you think I knew what I was telling you?"

I had no further trouble in reaching the desired place that night.

I will say that I was not aware of any of the material facts prior to their appearing as I have stated them. I had not consulted any time-table or otherwise learned as to the times on which these trains were to arrive or depart: and *I knew nothing* of the train *stopping outside the Troy Depôt* or of the possibility of getting from it and running up the street and catching the train I wished to take. I never had the slightest idea of such a thing until the conductor laid the plan before me just as I have stated it. I was travelling alone. I did not know the conductor or anybody that I saw.

I had no occasion to look up or inform myself as to trains at Troy for the reason that I expected to travel on the West Shore Road instead of the N.Y.C. and H.R.R.; but I missed the train on the West Shore Road and so took the N.Y.C. and H.R.R. as the best thing possible under the circumstances. On the West Shore Road my journey would not have been through Schenectady and Troy but would have been to Rotterdam Junction on the West Shore Road and there I would have connected with a train on the Fitchburgh and Hoosac Tunnel Road, all very nicely.

I think this experience is quite unique. Perhaps some one can explain it.  
W.

N.Y. November 8th, 1894.

In accordance with your suggestion, I send you herewith a further statement that you may subjoin. I think it covers your enquiry.

C——. W——.

About two years prior to that I had travelled from Schenectady to Troy, and out of Troy on F. and H. T. R.; but at that time the train did not stop outside of Troy Depôt. I had travelled in years previous, that is, from 5 to 20 years ago, several times on trains between Schenectady and Troy, but none of them ever stopped outside of Troy Depôt. I had not been in — since the trip of two years before. Prior to that I had been in that place perhaps once in two years, for a day.

It might be well to add that no friend of mine at — or elsewhere knew any of these facts, to the best of my knowledge and belief. After arriving at — I told my friends, but none of them had known of the matters. I feel confident that no friend or acquaintance of mine knew I was to travel from Schenectady to Troy, and that none of them had made or heard of a connection in that way. From talks with them I know they did not.

Among our best attested cases of foreknowledge of a letter's arrival was one communicated by Dr. Ermacora, of Padua, and printed Vol. IX., p. 68.

As the readers of Dr. Ermacora's article in *Proceedings*, Vol. XI., are aware, that very careful observer has not yet been able to decide whether the "mediumistic personality" which calls itself Elvira is a separate entity, or merely a modification of the medium's own mind. There is, in fact, much the same perplexity as in another case which has been long and carefully observed,—the problem, namely, as to the identity of the so-called Phinuit with Mrs. Piper.

Whatever Elvira may be, she possesses certain supernormal powers which for us are perhaps the more instructive in that their scope is somewhat narrowly limited. Among these powers Elvira claims *precognition*;—admittedly on what may be termed a puny scale, and dealing with trivial matters, but nevertheless involving some real knowledge of the coming course of events, and of the part which human actions, apparently free, will play therein. The question now before us is whether Elvira's apparent foreknowledge may not be explained as inference from a slightly wider knowledge of the present, combined with a power of suggestion exercised not only upon Maria Manzini herself, (which on any hypothesis is obviously probable), but even upon strangers.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Ermacora, as will be seen, has kept these points in mind; and his conclusion is that Elvira has shown some foreknowledge of events, paltry indeed in themselves, but yet such as *suggestion* can hardly be pressed to cover. (See the incident of sale of pawn-tickets, and others, in *Rivista di Studi Psicichici*, 1895). The question will then be,—and these trivial incidents may help us quite as well as more important ones towards its solution,—whether that supernormal knowledge of actually existing thoughts and things with which Elvira must at any rate be credited (*Proceedings*, Vol. IX, p. 68) may be enough to suggest by mere forward-looking inference,—itself perhaps supernormally acute,—the events foretold in the two following and some similar cases. The case first given would be easily explained if there were collusion between Maria Manzini, and Linda Bigoni. Dr. Ermacora, however, is satisfied of the probity of Maria Manzini who, as previously stated, has been well known to him for some years.

<sup>1</sup> As this paragraph passes through the press, I hear from Dr. Ermacora that Elvira has made a prediction involving a mistake to be made by Maria in cutting out some garments, and has then withdrawn it, as not wishing that Maria should thus waste the stuff, and resolving to influence her *not* to make the mistake. Elvira herself, therefore, admits that she can influence the so-called predictions by suggestions of her own.

P. 211.

PREMONITION OF AN INCIDENT AT THE CAFFÉ NAZIONALE AT PADUA.

Percipient, Maria Manzini.

On the 7th of April, 1894, at 9.30 p.m., Signa Maria Manzini was in the somnambulistic state. The personality called Adriano manifested sensorially (hallucinations). He asked me to suggest to M. to pay attention to the dream she would have during the night, and to record it at once in the proper book, as it would be premonitory.

I went to see Signa Maria the next day, and found the following note in the register of dreams.

“Night of April 7-8, 1894. I dreamed that I was in the street, and that, being very warm, I went into a Caffé to rest. It seemed to be the Caffé at the bridge of San Lorenzo. I took some trifle, but when I wanted to pay for it (I found), to my great surprise, that I had forgotten my purse and had not a farthing. I was confused and so frightened and ashamed at not being able to pay that I woke.

“Padua, *April 8th*, 8 a.m. MARIA MANZINI.”

I questioned Signa Maria, to get more details, but it was not much use. I immediately wrote the following note at the foot of hers. “M. says the Caffé was the one now called the Caffé Nazionale. The occurrence took place about 9.30 or 10 a.m. ; she does not remember the date. It was fine and warm weather. She did not see any one else in the Caffé, and does not remember how she was dressed, nor what she drank.”

*April 8th*, 10.50 p.m.

On the evening of April 9th, Signa Maria told me she had passed a restless night and had slept little, and that she had heard a voice which told her to pay attention to the continuation of the dream on the following night. I found this hallucination also properly recorded in the register by Signa Maria.

On April 10th, instead of the record of the continued dream, I found the following note :—

“Night of April 9-10, 1894. This night the voice again whispered the words I had heard the night before, although I had gone to bed with the intention of saying what Dr. E. had told me to say.

“I may have said it between sleeping and waking ; I remember distinctly that the same voice replied ‘I understand.’

“Padua, *April 10th*, 1894, 8 a.m. M. MANZINI.”

[I must explain that Signa Maria had not recognised the voice the first time. I thought it was Adriano who had hallucinated her, but did not say so. Now, as Adriano had fixed the night of the 10th for one of the experiments with telepathic dreams, and as I wished to put it off till the 11th, and as none of the mediumistic personalities had in the meantime given me an opportunity to propose the delay, I had thought of profiting by Adriano’s nocturnal manifestation, if it were repeated ; and had charged Signa Maria to make the proposal if she heard the voice again. This second time Signa M. recognised Adriano’s voice ; *i.e.*, the voice he assumes in her dreams.]

On the evening of the 11th Signa M. told me she had had the promised continuation of the dream. She had noted as follows, directly on rising :—

“Night of April 10-11, 1894. I dreamed I was in the Caffé Nazionale, at the bridge of San Lorenzo, and that I was confused and did not know what to say to the waiter, because I had not a farthing. At that moment I looked into the street and saw an acquaintance, Linda Bigoni, passing. I called her, and as she had money she got me out of the difficulty.

“Padua, April 11th, 1894, 8 a.m. M. MANZINI.”

I omit the last half of the preceding note, as it concerns another dream.

We still had not been told on what day, nor with certainty on what hour, the double dream would be realised. On April 14th I went with Professor Faifofer and Signor Faido, to see Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria, and Elvira manifested. I asked her if she could possibly furnish the dates. She said she did not know them, but that she would go and find out if we could wait a few moments. This she did, and returned to say that the dream would be realised on May 30th following, between 10 and 11 a.m.

As Sig<sup>na</sup> Maria was seriously indisposed at this time, the manifestations of the different secondary personalities were very rare and irregular, and consequently I had no opportunity to consult them about the present prediction. But on the evening of May 28th, Elvira manifested and said she would return the next night to give me further particulars about the dream. She said it would be realised on the 31st instant. I remarked at once that the 30th had been predicted, but she insisted on its being the 31st : that she had announced it for that day, and she called to witness the *two men* who had been present at her communication of April 14th.

Next evening she manifested as she had promised, but she had little more to add. She repeated the prediction in the following terms. She did not dictate, but I copy the note I took the same evening, textually (consequently two days before the fulfilment). My note is founded upon notes taken on the spot, and is therefore almost equivalent to notes written from dictation.

May 29th, 5 p.m.

“Elvira re-affirms that the realization will take place on the 31st. In spite of my notes, which indicate the 30th, she is sure she said the 31st before the *two men* who were present (Prof. Faifofer and Signor Faido), and says that their testimony may be appealed to.<sup>1</sup> To my repeated question, she replied that the time would be 10 a.m.

“I asked her to tell me everything she knows. She says that at that hour M. will pass the spot, will be hot and tired, and will enter the Caffé and order a glass.”

“Q. Of what ?

“A. I don't know ; I can tell you to-morrow night.

“M. will also eat a cake, and will then look in vain for her purse. She will be annoyed and confused, and will think of offering the waiter one of her earrings. She will look out to see if any acquaintance passes. It will be arranged that the person she dreamed of shall pass, and M. will call her in. She also will pay for a glass, and they will both laugh violently.”

The above is taken from pencil notes written while Elvira was communicating.

May 29th, 6.25 p.m.

<sup>1</sup> I questioned these two gentlemen, but they could not remember.

The following evening (May 30th), Elvira manifested in somnambulism and told me she had been informed that M. would take a glass of Marsala, but that she was not certain, as M. might change her mind at the last moment.

On the morning of the 31st, I arranged to witness the realization, unknown to Signa Maria and her friend, for fear of interfering with the course of events. Since April 11th, when Signa M. wrote down and repeated to me the second part of the dream, I had never mentioned the subject; later on, it had evidently vanished from her supraliminal consciousness, and she was unaware of Elvira's successive communications, as they had taken place in somnambulism.

To avoid recognition I wore a coat of a colour unlike any I habitually wear, and a hat of a very common shape, which I had not used for several years. About 9.30 a.m. I went towards the Caffé Nazionale. But as the name of the caffè had never been stated, and as we had only guessed it from topographical indications, it suddenly occurred to me that there might be some mistake about the place, and that the scene of action might possibly be the Caffé dell' Arena, which was close by. I walked up and down in front of the Caffé Nazionale for some time, hoping to meet some friend who would watch the Caffé dell' Arena, but in vain. But when I saw that there were several persons in the latter, I thought that Signa Maria would on that account be unwilling to enter it, and I decided to go to the Caffé Nazionale. I seated myself at a table in a rather dark place, far from the door.

The two tables which stood on each side of the door, near to the windows, were occupied; one of them by several persons who were talking animatedly. This was an unfavourable circumstance, as it might prevent Signa Maria from entering, or, if she entered, she would be obliged to sit far from the windows, and so would not see her friend passing. I therefore concluded that if the dream were to be realized, these persons would soon go. As a fact the tables were both empty a few minutes before ten, and only two or three people remained, farther back in the room.

Here is the account of what now occurred. It is based upon notes taken at the time, and on a more detailed account written a few hours later.

At 10 precisely Signa M. passed in front of the Caffé walking rather fast. She was going towards the Caffé dell' Arena, near the bridge of San Lorenzo. She passed the door of the Caffé Nazionale, but just as I was losing sight of her, she turned suddenly, as if she had come to a resolution, and, entering the Caffé seated herself at one of the empty tables near the window. I raised a newspaper which I had kept unfolded for the purpose, and hid myself behind it, pretending to read, though I was really watching her movements over the top of it.

She ordered a glass of Cyprus; a cake was also brought to her, but I did not see if she ate it, not being able to watch her continuously. She sometimes glanced in my direction and obliged me to hide my forehead and eyes behind the journal. Soon after she began to feel behind her, and showed signs of confusion, blushing very much. She often looked out of the window impatiently, and then turned to look at the room, but she did not appear to recognise me; I took care to let my hat be seen. It was, as I said, of a

very common shape, but quite unlike those I usually wore. She felt her earrings repeatedly, but I could not see whether she removed them. The waiter brought her some illustrated papers which she opened and looked at carelessly, glancing now into the street and again into the room.

If the dream were to be exactly fulfilled, the friend must pass while *Signa M.* was looking out. At 10.17 *Signa Linda Bigoni* passed (who was the friend dreamed of).

She walked fast in the direction of the bridge of San Lorenzo, towards the Caffé dell' Arena. At that moment *Signa M.* saw and called her; but she refused to come in and went on. *Signa M.* then rose quickly, went to the door and called her more loudly. *Signa Linda*, whom I had lost sight of for a moment, came back. They exchanged some words near the door, but I only heard distinctly these words of *Signa Linda's*, "and if I had not passed?" They re-entered the Caffé directly. *Signa Maria* offered a glass to her friend and they then talked and laughed together, but quietly (not noisily as *Elvira* had said).

At 10.25 *Signa M.* went out, apparently because she saw some one to whom she wished to speak. At 10.26 she came in again.

Soon after, seeing that *Signa Linda* had emptied her glass, and fearing they might leave before I had time to question them, I gave up waiting to see if they would laugh loudly as *Elvira* had predicted, and went to sit close to them.

They seemed greatly surprised to see me, and gave me a short account of what I knew already. *Signa Maria* said she should never have supposed that the person reading the newspaper was I, and that she had felt impatient for me and the other two or three people present to go, so that she might be less ashamed to tell the waiter that she had no money and to leave some article as a pledge.

She said she had thought of leaving an earring, only that it would look odd to go away with one; not remembering in her confusion that she could put the other in her pocket. She tried to take off a ring, but it was too tight.

She seemed very much annoyed at not having recognised me, as she might have appealed to me, and thus have spared herself some emotion and a consequent headache.

She told me she had gone out that morning to visit two customers, one of whom lived in this neighbourhood (*Via Noci*), but that in any case she would have come this way to-day on account of other business. She had not found her clients at home, and could have returned a shorter way without passing the Caffé Nazionale, but she wanted to see the oleographs in the window of the lithographer, *Prosperini*, so she turned, and first passed the Caffé dell' Arena and then the Caffé Nazionale. She was tired and warm, and when passing the Caffé dell' Arena had thought of going in, but there were too many people. When she was passing the Caffé Nazionale, the idea suddenly occurred to her again and she entered. When I questioned *Signa Linda*, she told me she was not in the habit of passing through this street. She had by chance passed there also the day before, about ten, but that was the first time for a long period. Her reason for coming to-day was that she had a dress to make for a lady who lived in this direction, but farther on. She had chosen the morning for her visit by pure chance, having

at first decided to go in the evening. But this morning about nine she discovered that the trimming of the dress was wanting. She thought she would go out to buy it, and then resolved to visit her customer about it first. She even showed me the pattern of the trimming she was carrying to her client.

She told me she hardly ever carried money and that it was by pure chance again that she happened to have a *lire* with her, and so was able to render the little service to Signa Maria. Yesterday when she passed she had not even a centime.

Signa Maria added that she had had some hope of seeing her doctor or her friend P. pass, because they lived in the neighbourhood, but that she had never thought of Linda. When the waiter had brought her the papers she was much disturbed, and a sudden and permanent headache came on. She said she had never gone into a shop without money before, and that she would never enter that Caffé again.

As there was nothing more to be learned from the conversation of the two, and as no harm could now be done by telling them, I now informed them that I had known all about the incident before. Signa Maria, who was used to such things, and was still feeling annoyance, was very little surprised; but it was very different with Signa Linda, who could not understand how I knew she would pass this place at this time. I pointed out to them, however, that the realisation was perhaps not quite complete; for Signa Maria ought to have eaten the cake, and I had not observed whether she had done so. But both of them assured me that she had.

[I have not related this conversation in detail for the sake of making my story more amusing, but for the sake of stating all the facts known to me, which may be useful when the case comes to be discussed, and may throw some light upon the states of consciousness of the two persons, immediately after the event.] The same day, at about 3.30 p.m., I went to see Signa Maria, whom I found in bed with the headache which had come on at the Caffé. I stopped it by suggestion and hypnotisation. The Elvira personality profited by this hypnosis to manifest and ask if all had happened as she had predicted. She has a childish character, and often causes misunderstandings between us and the other mediumistic personalities; she showed much satisfaction, and said "Now you see how exactly I am able to tell you things." Signa Maria was still slightly surprised at the occurrence, but said I must be mistaken in supposing that the event had been pre-announced in some dream of hers; because she said she did not remember anything about it, though she remembered the other dreams quite well.

Although this amnesia can be easily explained by the fact that the dream had happened two months before, it draws our attention to the probable existence of a particular psychological problem, related to the recollection of premonitory communications. In fact, in the experiments with telepathic dreams, in which Signa Maria acted as agent, we discover a striking tendency to amnesia (for the supraliminal consciousness of Signa Maria) of the telepathically transferred images. Therefore it may not be out of place to try to discover if anomalies of memory may not also be present in cases of premonition, although these phenomena differ, in so far that in them the subject apparently acts as percipient instead of agent; in reality they may be per-

fectly analogous in cases like the present, where the premonition (taking the word in its strictest sense) may be only apparent, and the realisation may be due to telepathic action on the part of the subject. Thus an accurate study of anomalies of memory may perhaps some day furnish us with data for distinguishing premonitions realised by the subject's supernormal activity from those (if such there be) which are realised independently of the subject.

I remark in passing that in the case of the arrival of an unknown traveller, when it was more likely that Signa Maria was percipient, instead of telepathic agent, she perfectly remembered the premonition directly upon its realisation. In the other cases, where the premonition occurred in somnambulism, followed, as a rule, by amnesia, all necessary data are wanting.

Taking into consideration the separate particulars of the premonition after its completion by the last information given by Elvira; dividing them into two groups as they were or were not realisable or capable of being known beforehand by the normal personality of Signa Maria; and at the same time separating such as were realised from such as were not, we can epitomise them in the following table. The particulars which were partly realised, or partly non-realised, are enclosed between parenthesis.

	<i>Realised.</i>	<i>Not realised.</i>
Particulars which Signa Maria might have realised, or have been already acquainted with in a normal manner.	The forgetting of the purse. Impression of heat. Going into the Caffé. Ordering glass, etc. Confusion; idea of leaving earring, hope that an acquaintance might pass. (Merriment). Aspect of waiter.	(Order of glass of <i>Marsala</i> .) (Extreme merriment).
Particulars which Signa M. could neither have foreknown nor realised in a normal way.	Passing of friend, and coincidence that at that moment M. was looking out of window. Accidental circumstance that friend had money.	Presence in Caffé of other persons not seen in dream.

It is clear that those particulars which were realised, and which are placed in the upper group, do not add to the evidence for the premonition; it is proved only by those in the second group. However the table shows that the particulars of the upper, invalid group had no more tendency to complete realization than those in the lower.

Indeed, if the content of the premonition had been more closely connected with Signa Maria's normal activity than with that of extraneous persons, she ought to have preferred Marsala to Cyprus, and she would have laughed with her friend much more openly than she really did. But when later I asked Signa Maria if she had hesitated between Cyprus and something else, she

said no, because she generally took Cyprus ; she added (what I knew before) that she did not much like Marsala.

As I before remarked, even the present case does not help to demonstrate the precognition of things altogether independent of the subject ; the latter's subliminal activity would explain all. It may have set in action not only the subject herself, but by means of telepathy, her friend also. The following circumstances would seem to support this hypothesis.

1. The first act of the realisation, the forgetting of the purse, occurred in a state of abstraction, and a state of abstraction is one of the natural fields in which the subliminal activity displays itself.

2. It was Signa Maria's desire to see the oleographs in Prosperini's window which led her to take the way past the Caffé Nazionale, and, as she told me, this wish came into her mind suddenly. She also declared that she had never felt the wish before, although she was often in the neighbourhood and frequently passed Prosperini's shop. This is analogous to a subliminal impulse.

3. The heat which Signa Maria felt, and which induced the wish to enter the Caffé dell' Arena (she told me afterwards that she was covered with perspiration), although explicable by her rapid walk, was perhaps exaggerated when it is remembered that the day in question was not very warm.<sup>1</sup> This permits us to suspect that her impression of heat and perspiration may have resulted in part from a self-suggestion.

4. The act of entering the Caffé Nazionale after having renounced the idea of entering the Caffé dell' Arena was performed without premeditation, because in the first place Signa Maria explained that after she had passed the Caffé dell' Arena she did not remember that there was another Caffé a little farther on ; she had forgotten its existence ; and also because, as I myself remarked, she seemed, when entering the place, to be yielding to a sudden impulse, which recalls so-called automatic actions determined by subliminal stimuli.

5. Signa Linda was not induced to leave her house and walk past the Caffé by any reason clearly independent of presumable telepathic action, but rather by an impulse which sprang up with the apparent spontaneity which often accompanies telepathic impulses.

But on the other hand we have two circumstances which appear to contradict the hypothesis that the realisation was determined telepathically by the subject.

1. Although the passing of Signa Linda may be attributed to telepathic action, it is very difficult not to see a determining cause in the circumstances which preceded her action (*i.e.*, the commission to make a dress for a lady in the neighbourhood), or, at the least, an almost necessary auxiliary, to the telepathic action ; and it is still more difficult to suppose that these very circumstances should have been the outcome of a sub-consciously elaborated plan carried out by telepathic action on the part of Signa Maria.

<sup>1</sup> On the 31st May, 1894, the Astronomical Observatory of Padua registered a temperature of 18·6deg. (Celsius) at 9 a.m. ; and 21·0deg. at 3 p.m.

2. As I remarked before, the particulars of the premonition directly realisable by Signa Maria did not show any tendency to be fulfilled with greater precision than those which depended on the action of a person un-concerned in the matter.

Observe that May 30th and 31st, the two days between which Elvira hesitated, were both of them days on which Signa Linda actually passed the café in question.

P. 212.

Premonitory dream of the visit of a commercial traveller who asked for a subscription to a novel. Percipient, Maria Manzini.

Signorina Maria Manzini at my request, kept an account of the dreams which occurred in her ordinary sleep. Some were remembered spontaneously in the morning and some in her next somnambulic state. In the latter case I suggested to her that she should remember and record them after waking.

I think the following case was remembered in somnambulism, but this is of no consequence, because Signa Maria, following my advice, recorded not only the date of dreams, but also the date and the hour when she wrote them down. In any case the present dream was recorded before its fulfilment.

This is what I find in the record of Signa Maria's dreams :—

“Night of March 26th-27th, 1894.”

“I dreamt that the door bell rang on the S. Pietro side of the house.<sup>1</sup> I went to open and found a tall man about forty years old, with greyish trousers and a darker overcoat. He was very polite, and asked if I would subscribe to the issue of a novel, saying that afterwards I should have a pair of earrings as a prize. I said no, because I thought it was an imposture.”

March 27th, 1894, 11 p.m.

I did not read the account of this dream till after its realization, but am perfectly certain that Signa Maria told it to me directly, and I also distinctly recollect that when Signa Maria related the realization a few days later, she said I ought to remember her preceding dream; and I remember also that I not only recalled it, but that I looked at once at the record to see if it had been written down according to rule. I found that it was correct and that it agreed with the *viva voce* story. Besides though Signa Maria may not always be diligent in recording dreams she hardly remembers, she is very careful to put the exact date, and is therefore quite certain that the dream occurred either in the night of March 26th-27th, or at most (supposing the case to have been complicated by a paramnesia which displaced the dream in *time*) on March 27th, at 9 p.m.; about which time, as can be seen from my journal of the somnambulic experiments, Signa Maria was in somnambulism in my presence.

<sup>1</sup> Signa Maria's house has two doors, one in the Via S. Pietro, and the other turned towards the river Bacchiglione.

On the evening of March 31st, *i.e.* four days after the dream, Signa M. told me that on that day about 3 p.m. the visit of which she had dreamed had taken place. Everything coincided; the entrance of the person by the door towards S. Pietro, his age, his insinuating manners, the colour of his trousers and overcoat, and the object of his visit.

I called her mother, and asked her to describe the visit with all possible details; meanwhile I took the following notes: "The person came twice; the first time about 11 a.m., when Maria was out. Signora Annetta (her mother) was alone in the house. The visitor had very pleasant manners, and was about thirty-five years old (Signa Maria thought forty). He had a box covered with black cloth with him, such as is used by commercial travellers. He said he came to show them a novelty. In order to get rid of him, Signora Annetta said that Signorina Maria was not at home; he replied that he would return, and Signora Annetta told him to come at 2 p.m. At 2 p.m. he returned and rang at the door on the S. Pietro side. Signora Annetta opened to him, and says that when he entered the room Maria seemed much astonished (Maria said at once that she was astonished at recognising him). He proposed that they should subscribe to the issue of a novel; there were to be prizes when the issue was finished; two pictures, or a small organ, or a pair of earrings. In his box were the organ and an alarum, as samples, and he had with him, but not in the box, samples of the earrings, of the frames, and two oleographs between pasteboards.

Luigia Monti and Linda Bigoni were also present. Maria refused the offers. When they and the man were gone, Maria remarked with surprise that she had already dreamt of the scene with all its details, *i.e.*, as far as the man was concerned. Signora Annetta added that from girlhood she also had frequently dreamed of coming events.

March 31st 1894, 9.30 p.m. (written in the presence of Annetta and Maria). It was necessary to prove two things, before the case could be supposed to be evidential. First, that the visit was real, and not an odd hallucination of the senses or memory, and secondly, that the man had not made the tour of Padua, offering his merchandise, many days before the dream; in which case Signa Maria might have become aware of it in some way or other, and thus have originated the dream herself.

In order to clear up the first point, I went on the following day (April 1st, about 6.30) to see Signa Linda Bigoni and asked her to tell me all about the visit at which she had been present. She replied that she had gone to see Maria the day before, about 2.30, while the man was there, and she confirmed all the details about the object of his visit, his remarks, the things he had with him, his politeness, his age, and the colour of his clothes. He had made the same proposition to her as to Maria. As she had arrived after him, she could not say by which door he had entered; but she said he had left before her, and had gone out by the kitchen door, towards the river. On being questioned, she replied that she had not seen Signa Maria since the visit. Before leaving her, I requested her, if the man should come to her house, or if she should meet him in the street, to ask him on what day he had come to Padua; which she promised to do.

The same evening I went back to Signa Maria and before telling her of my talk with Signorina Linda, I questioned her and her mother again.

Signorina Maria said she did not remember by which door the man had gone out, or rather, she had paid no attention, but her mother said she was certain that he had gone out by the kitchen door, because he had seen some one enter that way, and on leaving had said that as there was a door there also he would go out by it. The mother did not know however whether he or Signorina Linda B. had left first, but Signorina Maria was sure he had gone away first, because afterwards she had continued her conversation with Signorina Linda about their own affairs, and this conversation, begun before he left, had prevented her noticing by which door he quitted the house.

Both then said they remembered Signorina Linda B.'s coming at about 2.30 while the man was there, and that he had come before 2 and stayed nearly an hour.

Thus all the testimony is in accordance, and no doubt remains that the event with all its details really happened.

On the evening of April 18th, Sign<sup>a</sup> Maria told me that her friend, Sign<sup>a</sup> Linda B., had something to tell me, but in order to keep her promise she would tell it only to me. Signorina Maria said that Linda B. was coming to see her on the morrow, when I could meet her.

The following day (April 19th) I went to see Sign<sup>a</sup> Maria at the time fixed, and found Linda B. at the house. The latter told me she had met the man in the street; that he had recognised her and had renewed his offer. She took advantage of this to ask him when he had arrived in Padua, and he said he had come on March 29th, and that he had not visited Padua before for several years.

This proves that the dream occurred two days before the arrival of the person implicated, and that consequently it could not have resulted from a mere sensorial impression of Signorina Maria's.

Of such a type as this;—gradually evolved, slightly inexact, and altogether trivial,—are all the predictions given through Elvira. I do not think, however, that their triviality affords in itself any clear indication as to their origin. They are the attempts of an intelligence which, whether embodied or unembodied, is not much above a child's level, to prove a fact of the highest importance,—namely, the possibility of foreseeing future events. In comparison with the value of the result thus aimed at, the actual incidents by which it may be attained matter little. It is of greater interest to have a pedlar's visit foretold, if only that visit could not have been foreseen by any ordinary intelligence, than to have, say, a death foretold, if we suspect that that more impressive prophecy may have helped to work its own fulfilment.

Since Dr. Ermacora's cases were in our hands he has published in the *Rivista di Studi Psichici* for July, 1895, a curiously parallel series of trifling telepathic incidents, mixed with premonition, obtained through automatic writing by Signor M. Bonatti, a painter known to him. This case, of which I here print a partial translation, tends, as far as it goes, to show that the secondary personality in those other cases is probably identical with Maria Manzini herself.

P. 245.

*Telepathic Perceptions by means of Automatic Writing.*

BY M. BONATTI.

Translated from the *Rivista di Studi Psicici*, July, 1895.

I began to write automatically with the hand of a medium resting on mine, but soon I was able to write alone. The communications were at first of a spiritualistic character, and the writing was a fair imitation of that of the defunct who appeared to be present, and whom I had known in life. However, I was acquainted with their writing. I was generally advised to work and study much; my counsellor was interested in my moral life, and was a more attentive friend than any I have found in flesh and blood. Soon after I was obsessed by a lying and frivolous, but not wicked, personality, who displayed a great passion for art. This personality was only useful to me on that point, giving me advice, and, by means of automatic drawing, greatly developing my memory of drawing and powers of conception. I did not write for several months, in order to free myself of this obsession. Meanwhile I enlarged my knowledge of psychical matters; and when I began to write again I succeeded in convincing the communicating personality that it might be an emanation from my own subconscious self. After this it called itself my *Secondo*.

I examined this *Secondo* to see if it possessed any supernormal powers, and discovered some. It continued to give me useful advice, and strengthened my love of art.

When I write automatically I do not know what the communication will be; sometimes I guess after a few words, but I often guess wrongly, and write something altogether unlike my guess.

I enjoy perfectly good health, and am able to endure constant outdoor exercise without fatigue. As far as I know, I am psychically normal. I retain all my normal faculties when writing automatically.

[Signor Bonatti begins by giving an account of telepathic communications transmitted to him by sleeping and dreaming persons at a greater or less distance, and revealed in automatic writing. We then come to monitions of actual or impending events.]

The following is copied from my journal.

*October 14th, 1892, 7.30 p.m.*

I write "Go to Pedrocchi's, because M. O. is there."

I wanted to see my friend M. O., whom I find in the evening at the Caffé Pedrocchi, except on certain fixed evenings when he cannot come. This was one of these evenings. I went and found my friend, who had been unexpectedly liberated from his engagement.

*October 21st, 7.30 p.m.*

I write, "M. O. is now mentioning your name to Signa R." Two hours after I meet M. O., who says he spoke of me to Signa R. about 7.30, *à propos* of a letter which he had received that evening, and which contained a reference to me. I had not seen him all the day, knew nothing of the letter, nor that he was with Signa R. when I was writing.

*November 2nd, 4 p.m.*

I write, "Ermacora has arrived by the tramway." I knew that Dr. Ermacora had left Padua this morning and that he would return during the day, but I did not know where he was going, nor when the trains came in. This evening Dr. Ermacora told me that he came from the station by tramway, and that he got off it about 4 p.m. in the Piazza Garibaldi. I had not left my study for many hours, and no one who could have seen Dr. Ermacora arrive had been to see me. I cannot hear the tramway nor see the Piazza Garibaldi from my study, and there are no windows on the street, through which I could have heard anything.

*February 20th, 1893.*

I write, "X. has received the money from C. I."

I wrote this communication, which much interested me, two days after X. had received the money. I had had no information, and no conversation with X., with whom I had disagreed, and who had reasons for keeping silence, as he wished to retain the part of the money which should have come to me. I had been long awaiting the payment of this debt, but I could not even approximately guess that C. I. would pay it just then.

*February 26th, 1 p.m.*

I write, "I am poisoning myself. Think of me." The writing begins with a name I cannot decipher, but which I guess.

*March 19th.*—To-day a friend of the person whose name I guessed told me spontaneously that that person had attempted to poison herself several days ago. On the 26th, when I had the communication, she was at Bologna, and made the attempt later at Rovigo. I do not know if it was the first attempt, nor, if it was so, whether she had decided to do it when I wrote. I had no reason to suppose that A. G. would wish to take her own life. Unfortunately I have had no more communications from her which might have given me more details.

*March 13th.*—I write, "Shall come to you before Saturday to pay you. M. and S."

[March 22nd, I learned to-day that M. and S. could have paid me before the term fixed by the communication, as they had received the money, part of which was owing to me, before that date. I had had no reason to suppose they could have been in a position to pay me before;—could not even have guessed it.]

*March 17th.*—I write, "Run to the Club. Go." I have not been to the Club for more than a month, and intended to go to bed at once. My friend, A. L., who rarely goes to the Club, had this evening assisted at a conference on Guido Bonatti. Association of ideas made him think of me, and he went to the Club believing he would find me there. I obeyed the telepathic order, and thus discovered what had caused it.

*March 20th.*—The automatic writing confirmed the communication of the 13th inst. [As I have written above, I only discovered the truth on the 22nd inst.]

*March 25th.*—The automatic writing tells me about the money of which I wrote on the 13th and 20th insts. I understand that I shall be paid on

Tuesday. I wrote to R., one of the persons concerned, on the 27th, hoping to be paid through his intervention. He replied the same day, "I am still unwell, and to-morrow [Tuesday] I must go out of town." [So that he could not pay before Wednesday.]

Instead of this, he did not go out of town on Tuesday, but came on that day to pay me, as the communication had foretold.

*March 28th, 10 a.m.*—I write, "You will receive a visit shortly." Twenty minutes later I had a visitor. At that time of day I receive nobody uninvited, and this visit was quite unexpected.

*March 28th, Tuesday.*—To-day I wrote that a person would come on Saturday, bringing money from X.

*April 1st, Saturday.*—This evening the automatic writing told me that R. had been looking for me at 4.30, to give me "*Carte valori, 40 Lire.*"

Several days later I learned that R. was really looking for me on Saturday at 4.30, to give me money. He had only 20 *lire* with him, but had hoped at first to give me 40. I think I had no reason to believe that R. would pay me 40 *lire*, neither more nor less.

*April 7th, 5.45 p.m.*—I wrote, "Girls will come to the studio to-day. They will visit you."

6.15 p.m.—A girl has just come, as I was going out. She had decided just before to come and ask me for some information. Contrary to my habit I had remained longer in my studio. Generally nobody comes after five, as I leave at that hour.

*May 8th. Morning.*—A communication partly illegible. "You will receive . . . Ang— Go— to-day, which will tell you about M., because she has been talking to him."

Ang— Go— is at Venice. Many days ago I had charged her to say certain things to M. if she met him. He lives at Venice. On this evening (the 8th) I received a card from Ang— Go—, relating her conversation with M. whom she had met by chance. After the "You will receive to-day" in the automatic writing, there are several attempts at a word. Now I know all about it, I can see that the word is meant for "postcard."

*May 16th.*—Several unimportant things. "We shall meet to-morrow. I shall come to you at (not clear whether 9.30 or 11) and will stop till one." Communication begins with the name of G— N—.

*May 17th.*—Before I wrote yesterday, G— N— had told me she could not come to me to-day. However, she came at 11, and at once told me she could only stay till one. She generally stops till 2.30 or 3.

February 5th, 1894. Venice—(I lived at Padua while receiving the previous communications). The automatic writing informs me that my mother at Padua has had something the matter with her hand. [About twenty days later I verified this. No one had told me of it.]

*February 5th. Venice.*—"You will have a letter to-morrow." Having just written the above information about my mother, I understand that the letter will be from her.

On the 18th inst. I again wrote that my mother was suffering from her hand. I had not yet verified the communication of the 5th. After writing,

my hand automatically turned over the leaves of my writing book till the above communication about the letter came under my eyes. I had paid no attention to it at the time, and now looked over my mother's letters. I found one with the postal stamp, "Padua, 5th February, 1894, 5 p.m.—Venice, 5th February, 1894, 7 p.m." I certainly received it on the morning of the 6th, as I never get letters in the evening.

Unfortunately I have not kept all the original writings before January, 1893, I have preserved only those which were verified. This is due to my then inexperience, for I thought it useless to preserve unverifiable communications. I remember that till January, 1893, false communications were rare, and the unverifiable ones were numerous.

From the beginning of 1893 till February 5th, 1894, against twenty-seven communications verified, I have recorded eight false ones, eighteen which I could not verify, five which were wholly or partly correct, but where I am not certain that the information may not have reached me in some normal but unnoticed manner, and two which were correct but not exact.

I reckon that from October, 1892, till January, 1893, there may have been five false announcements. Thus there may have been altogether thirteen false communications.

I conclude from my personal experiences that the principal cause of failure is the intervention of the normal consciousness, which occurs most easily when the writing is slow and illegible, or when the communication is desired. I do not remember ever having received a truthful message when I wished for it. The true telepathic cases were always spontaneous, and improved by the exercise of the faculty. A true message was nearly always followed by other true ones; then came a false one, which caused discouragement, and initiated an annoying series of falsehoods, till another success restored confidence.

I have observed that confidence is the best condition for obtaining psychical phenomena.

Signor Bonatti is a friend of Dr. Ermacora, who has been sometimes present when he was writing automatically; on one or two occasions when the writing was of telepathic origin. Signor Bonatti cannot obtain much confirmation, partly on account of the lapse of time, and partly because the supposed agents are persons whom he has lost sight of. In the case of November 2nd, Dr. Ermacora well remembers that on the same evening<sup>1</sup> Signor Bonatti asked him if he had really arrived at the hour mentioned, and that he had done so. Signor Bonatti did not at first recognise the importance of controlling his experiences, and was perhaps afraid of exciting the derision of the persons concerned. He has however kept and sent the two letters concerning the cases of March 25th and May 8th, 1893, which are partly translated below. The second, though dated May 7th, was really posted at Venice on the 8th, as the post-mark proves. First letter:—

DEAR ANGELO,—X. wrote me yesterday that you have received my part for the work for the Salon. I hope you are better. I only heard yesterday that you were ill. Pardon my troubling you.—Yours affectionately,

M. [BONATTI.]

<sup>1</sup> This phrase is thus corrected by Dr. Ermacora, after reference to his notes, from the Italian account.

March 27th (?), 1893.

Second letter. Reply :—

DEAR M. [BONATTI],—I am still unwell, but must go out of town to-morrow. Manzoni came just now, and gave me 90 lire for you ; that is the last which the Ignoranti destined for me. I cannot go to M.'s before Wednesday, and will come to your study on Wednesday afternoon and hand you the 90 lire.

ANGELO.

(This reply was written in pencil on the back of the first letter).

Third letter :—

Venice, May 7th, 1893.

I found M. and told him what you charged me to say. He told me he had written to you before leaving, and that he would write again and send you his portrait.—Yours,

ANGELINA.

(Post-mark Venice, May 8th).

In the cases thus far quoted there has been some ground for supposing that the prediction came either from the percipient's own mind, or from some other incarnate mind, or from a mind which, even if unembodied, is scarcely distinguishable from the percipient's own. I proceed to a few cases where the warning seems attributable to some recognised discarnate spirit.

And here I would begin by referring the reader to the cases published in *Proceedings*, Vol. VIII., p. 170, under the title of "Indications of Continued Terrene Knowledge on the part of Phantasms of the Dead."

If the departed do indeed in some, perhaps relatively rare, cases preserve a certain power of following the earthly career of those dear to them (and we have little evidence of a knowledge on their part wider than this), then it is probable that they will foresee both some events which we on earth can foresee, and some which we cannot. In the paper just referred to, cases G 213, 214, 215, 216, 219, and 221 (a collective case) suggest a departed friend foretelling an approaching death,—usually a death already recognised as imminent by observers on earth.

In another case (*Proceedings*, Vol. VI., p. 349), where warnings were given as to the dangers run by a secret conspirator, no precognition, properly speaking, was needed, but only a knowledge of the young man's actual rashness. So, again, in the following narrative, a knowledge, on the part of a deceased person, of the concealed intentions of the Bank Managers would be enough to prompt the warning.

P. 331.

[This case is virtually made first hand by Dr. Hastings' letter.]

The following story was told me by Miss Graham herself, also told by her to Professor Barrett, who met her at our house. She was an American

M.D., a woman between 30 and 40 years of age, in full vigour of practical life, whose perfect healthfulness of mind and body impressed all who met her. No one could have been less of a visionary. Descended from a line of medical ancestors, she was a marked instance of hereditary tendency. As soon as she learned to write her name she added M.D. to it, and in her childish play was always either doctor or nurse to her playmates. Her father was unable to give her a medical education, and possibly unwilling also, but she took this matter into her own hands. Beginning as a teacher in a school, she went on as nurse in an insane asylum, and then to make money faster, learnt book-keeping, and went as clerk in a merchant's office, where she worked steadily for eight years, until she had saved enough for her college career, through which she passed with extraordinary success.

She had put these precious savings into a bank in Boston started on philanthropic principles, to give good interest to women. There was no suspicion about the bank, guaranteed as it was by well-known names. But one morning Miss Graham woke hearing a voice say, "Miss Graham, take your money out of the Bank." Going to sleep again, she woke in the morning inclined to treat it as a dream. She quite believed in these voices, from frequent experience, but came within a recent legal definition of sanity, by not obeying their suggestions unless otherwise commending themselves to her judgment. Accordingly, instead of going to the bank, she fulfilled an engagement in another part of the town with her dressmaker. Here she was obliged to wait, finding herself in the same room with another lady who seemed determined to talk to her. Rather impatient at being delayed, Miss Graham was not socially inclined, till the stranger suddenly asked, "Do you know anything of Howe's Bank?" When she replied with interest, "Only that I have an account there." Her interest deepened as the lady proceeded to give details about the unsafe situation of the bank, with which her husband was connected, winding up with saying, "I felt compelled, almost against my will, to tell you all this, and must beg you to say nothing about it for a few weeks."

Miss Graham decided that she would lose no time in making herself safe, and only just succeeded in going home for her bank-book, and drawing out her deposit, before the hour for closing. *The bank stopped on the following day.*

The labours of 10 years would have gone for nothing without this timely warning.

Twice during her work at a London hospital, Miss Graham heard the voice. One night she had gone to her lodgings utterly wearied out, and just as she laid her head on the pillow, she heard the voice "Mary Graham, such and such a case (describing it accurately) has just entered the hospital." Miss Graham had gone straight from the hospital to her lodgings, and had left no such a case, one so rare that she had never met with it in any previous experience. She was, moreover, so worn out that she went to sleep. In an hour or so afterwards, she was awakened by the voice repeating the information. Being somewhat rested, she rose, and on arriving at the hospital found the case at the most critical stage. It had come in shortly after she left the hospital.

On another occasion she was unable to obey the voice, and on reaching the hospital, found she had just missed another case of extreme interest.

These cases seem worth recording, and I give them as they were related to us by Miss Graham herself.

September 3rd, 1883.

ANNIE E. RIDLEY.

Boston, December 13th, 1883.

Regarding the Howe Bank. First let me say that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was never in any way connected with that Institution. The Mrs. Howe who was, is now in jail, and I have the sympathy for her to believe that she did not mean to cheat any one, but her brain and mathematics were not sufficient to show her that there must be an end of her operations, and that some one must suffer in that end. With others I got into the affair. I was one of the late comers, so that I had received no interest. All I had put in I consequently lost. *I went with Dr. Graham when she drew her money, and might have taken mine, but did not. She believed she had had a warning from her mother. Nothing of the kind had ever come to me.* It is hard for me to believe evil intentions on the part of any one with whom I have dealings, so I trusted the managers, and lost.

The voice which Dr. Graham heard saying, "For a little while only," was not during her sickness, but just after she had got settled in her room. A few weeks before her death.

C. E. HASTINGS.

Dr. Caroline E. Hastings is the professor of anatomy (to a mixed class) at a medical college in Boston, so much esteemed that she was asked if her bust might be placed in the college. She chose instead to have a library for the students' reference, which was done.

Her confirmation of Dr. Mary Graham's story is complete. It was Dr. Graham's sister who told me that Dr. Hastings was with her when she went to the bank, and also about the last voice.

A. E. RIDLEY.

In the narrative next to be quoted, also, a knowledge of the expelled lodger's actual intentions would suffice to show the need of warning. This incident is noticeable from the fact that the phantom was seen by two persons. It is taken from a long psychical record written for Dr. Hodgson by a lady who has had many similar experiences, all of which she regards as veridical, although most of them cannot now be shown to have been more than subjective. This is not the only case where a psychical history of mainly subjective aspect has received at some points the support of a second witness for experiences resembling those which the same percipient claims to have undergone in solitude.

P. 215.

MRS. NORAH GRIDLEY.

306, Rookery Building, Chicago,

August 19th, 1890.

The following statement corrected by my mother is true in every particular.

QUEENA O. V. GRIDLEY.

[Revised from notes made by me in April, 1890.—R.H.]

In the month of September, 1889, my young daughter and I were occupying a room in a house on the west side. I had no intention of leaving the house then—didn't know when I should go.

Near 12 p.m., midnight, I woke suddenly; my daughter at the same moment made an exclamation. I gave a shriek almost appalling. My daughter said, "Mother, what's the matter?" and further said, "Mother, some one is standing at my head." I replied, "Oh no, go to sleep if you can."

But I did see something,—I saw the figure of a young man clothed in white and so transparent that I could see the articles of furniture through the garments, and a voice said distinctly, "Mother, go away from here," and for some time after, if I found myself dozing, the same voice would say, "Mother, don't go to sleep." At that moment a bright light illuminated the rooms. I saw both doors, one in to the hall, and the other to the back room, standing wide open. I knew they had been locked the previous evening. I arose and lit the gas,—I then found both doors closed and locked.

I was so frightened, and the pulsation of my heart so distinct, I know it could have been heard some distance away,—I did not sleep. I arose earlier than usual in the morning, related event of the night to my landlady, who sneered at it and said, "Don't be foolish, you're crazy."

Before I had finished the recital, my daughter awoke, and said, "Mother, do you know what happened in the night?" "I guess nothing happened, what was it?" (The landlady was still listening). Her reply was, "You did know, mother, for your heart beat so violently that it sounded like a hammer and shook the bed."

Then I said, "Why didn't you speak to me about that?"

Her reply was, "I thought that you thought if I knew that *you* were afraid, we'd both go to pieces."

I then said, "What did you see?"

"I saw my brother at my head dressed in white. His clothes were glistening like satin, though they were transparent, and I could see right through them." (The figure was translucent to me also).

"Did he say anything?"

"You must go away from here, mother."

I turned to my landlady and asked her what she had to say after this corroborative statement.

"I think you're both idiots!"

(My daughter was 16 years of age.)

Next day I was out working, reporting for a paper, and going along the South side I saw a furnished room to rent. I enquired price and said I would come next day to take possession. I told my daughter on returning to get ready, pack up, etc.

My daughter said I was crazy.

The day after we left and took possession of new room.

About ten days later I called to get some things left at my previous lodgings. The landlady said, "You don't know what an awful thing happened the night after you went away,—a man raised the window and

entered your room. A woman occupying the aforesaid room said, 'What do you want here? Get out!' The man left, saying, 'I don't want anything of you.'

The woman described the man as "short, thickset, very dark."

During my stay in that house, a man answering this description had failed to pay his room-rent. He and the landlady had had much trouble and hard talk. She couldn't get him out. The landlady asked my advice. I advised her how to take legal proceedings. She did, and the man left, saying as he departed, "You were never smart enough to get me out of my room; it was that black devil downstairs!"

The woman who occupied the room after I left was a domestic. The landlady was Mrs. Brown, Des Moines, Iowa.

With this case I will close my series of those precognitions which I regard as in various ways explicable without postulating any direct knowledge of the future. The group to which we have now to address ourselves presents our central problem in a directer form.

I do not, indeed, assume that we have come here to any real break or discontinuity in the nature of premonitions themselves. If the premonitions already recorded have been due to some kind of inference from a knowledge of existing facts wider than our own, it is possible enough that some or all of the premonitions yet to be mentioned have also been due to inference of some supernormal kind. The break which I find here is a purely subjective one. It is simply that I can no longer suggest any plausible explanation of my cases which does not involve some perception of the future more direct than any which our ordinary minds enjoy. I see no way in which intelligence of a common human type, working upon however full a knowledge of present facts, could arrive at some at least of the predictions to be now quoted. It does not, at any rate, seem worth while to strain that explanation further. It may still hold good, but I prefer to throw my remaining evidential cases into convenient groups, and to leave the reader to explain each group as he will.

First, then, I will take a series of cases which recall and extend the cases of *promnesia* given in my last chapter. In ordinary *promnesia*, as before explained, there is no proof that the incident which seems to have been already experienced has been so in fact; since it is only by the fresh experience that the supposed memory of the former one is revived, nor does the incident last long enough to allow of any test of the reality of the previous knowledge of it. It is plain that there might be two stages evidentially beyond this point.

In the first place, the *promnesic* incident may be sufficiently complex to allow of some test during its progress; and in the second place, the dream, or whatever it is, in which the future incident is foreseen may have been at once remembered, without waiting for

the arrival of the incident to awaken the memory, and may have been related to other persons beforehand.

Of this second and more advanced stage we have many examples; cases, namely, where a person undergoing some definite incident states that that incident had previously in some way been presented to him, and sometimes that he had mentioned this presentiment to others, or had recorded it in some way before the event.

Now as regards cases of this type, especially where the pre-cognition is alleged to have been conveyed in a dream, the following words of Edmund Gurney's (*Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 298) deserve careful attention.

"The first objection to dreams," he says, "as evidence for transferred impressions of distant conditions or events, is this, that dreams being often somewhat dim and shapeless things, subsequent knowledge of the conditions or events may easily have the effect of giving body and definiteness to the recollection of a dream. When the actual facts are learnt, a faint amount of resemblance may often suggest a past dream, and set the mind on the track of trying accurately to recall it. This very act involves a search for details, for something tangible and distinct; and the real features and definite incidents which are now present in the mind, in close association with some general scene or fact which actually figured in the dream, will be apt to be unconsciously *read back* into the dream—they make part of the original, of which the mind conceives the dream to have been a picture; and the picture, when evoked in memory, will only too probably include details drawn from the original. After we have once realised the matter in its full distinctness, it becomes almost impossible to recall with due *indistinctness* the distant and shadowy suggestion of it. Dreams in this way resemble objects seen in the dusk; which begin by puzzling the eye, but which, when once we know or think we know what they are, seem quite unmistakable and even full of familiar detail. For our purposes, therefore, it is of prime importance that the dreams shall be told in detail to some one on whose memory we can rely; or, better still, written down, or in some way acted on, at the time, and before the confirmation arrives."<sup>1</sup>

Bearing in mind this caution, (which refers also, by the way, to several cases already quoted), and omitting almost all cases where

<sup>1</sup> In a paper in *Mind*, for April, 1888, further developed in a "Report on Phantasms and Presentiments," (*Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*, March, 1889), Professor Royce, of Harvard, presses the caution which Edmund Gurney's words inculcate into a further hypothesis (*American Proceedings*, p. 366). "This hypothesis is," he says, "that in certain people, under certain exciting circumstances, there occur what I shall henceforth call *Pseudo-Presentiments*, *i.e.*, more or less instantaneous and irresistible hallucinations of memory, which make it seem to one that something which now excites or astonishes him has been pre-figured in a recent dream, or in the form of some other warning, although this seeming is wholly unfounded, and although the supposed prophecy really succeeds its own fulfilment." In support of this thesis, Professor Royce quotes two records of insane cases from Kraepelin, and in a supplement a case from Orschansky, (a fourth case, p. 566-7,

the premonitory dream was not mentioned or acted upon beforehand, we may proceed with a group of cases, relatively the most numerous of all, in which no explanation based on ordinary foresight will satisfy the facts, while yet there is seldom any indication of the agency of any spirit beyond the percipient's own. The general scheme is as follows:—The percipient, usually in dream, but sometimes by voice or crystal-vision, is shown a scene or is made aware of a fact in the future—generally in the near future—which scene afterwards is witnessed or which fact comes true. The scene is generally one from his own coming life, and is often trivial in character.

The following case was sent to me by Mrs. Atlay, wife of the late Bishop of Hereford.

P. 179.

Mrs. Atlay writes to me as follows:—

March, 1893.

My dream was as follows:—

I dreamt that the Bishop being from home, we were unable to have family prayers as usual in the chapel, but that I read them in the large hall of the Palace, out of which, on one side, a door opens into the dining room. In my dream, prayers being ended, I left the hall, opened the dining room door, and there saw, to my horror, standing between the table and the side-board, an enormous pig. The dream was very vivid, and amused me much. The Bishop being from home, when dressed I went down into the hall to read prayers. The servants had not come in, so I told my governess and children, who were already there, about my dream, which amused them as much as it had done me. The servants came in and I read prayers, after which the party dispersed. I opened the dining room door, where, to my amazement, stood the pig in the very spot in which I had seen him in my dream. With regard to your question as to whether I could have heard the pig in my sleep, he was then safely in his sty, and my room is quite on the other side of the house, a large hall dividing our side from the servants' side of the house, behind which, in a yard, was the pig-sty. It got into the dining room in consequence of the gardener being engaged in cleaning out the sty while the servants were at prayers; they

hardly needs reference), where paranoiacs have believed that all important events had been predicted to them beforehand. But as Dr. Hodgson points out, (*American Proceedings*, p. 543), these cases are not really parallel to the phenomena which concern us. They are, in fact, a form of the common insane delusion of grandeur. A further reply by Edmund Gurney will be found in *Mind* for July, 1888. It may suffice here to add that longer experience has continued to inspire distrust of these short cuts, or improvised generalisations, as to habits of memory. Memory may sometimes play such tricks as Professor Royce supposes, and may play all kinds of other tricks as well, and may, again, be sometimes far more accurate than we are disposed to expect. We must in each instance be freshly on the look out for memory's possible errors, but the notion of a *special track* of error in the direction suggested by Professor Royce has not as yet been supported by adequate evidence.

having left every door open, the pig met with no obstacle on his voyage of discovery.

FANNY P. ATLAY.

I heard Mrs. Atlay tell the dream when she came into the hall before prayers. [Precise date not remembered—a few years ago.]

EMILY NIMMO. (Governess.)

In reply to my inquiry whether the pig might not have escaped before the dream, and have given some indication of proximity to Mrs. Atlay's bedroom window, that lady informed me that he only got loose while she was reading prayers ;—the gardeners who had been cleaning his sty having left it imperfectly secured. The sty was at a considerable distance from the palace. The date of the incident was a few years before the record, but cannot now be precisely ascertained.

The next case which I shall quote is, I think, almost unique in our collection in this respect,—that the premonition seems to work its own fulfilment, by suggesting the one course of action which, as it happened, would bring about the dreaded experience. It is, of course, possible that the coincidence may have been accidental. Mrs. C. says that she is rather a frequent dreamer, although few of her dreams make so strong an impression as the one which I quote, and another with similar coincidence, which I omit for want of space.

P. 204.

Mrs. C. writes in a letter dated February 29th, 1888, from Holland-road, Kensington :—

I have an intense horror of monkeys—I seldom look at one if I can help it—they are objects of such antipathy to me ; and I dreamed that I was persistently followed by one such as I had never seen before, but which terrified me extremely, and from which I could not escape.

Thinking I should be better able to throw off the impression of my dream if I told it, I mentioned it to my family, and my husband recommended a short walk. In consequence, and *quite contrary to my custom*, I arranged to take my children for a short walk, without their nurse accompanying me, and as their favourite walk was up Nightingale-lane, (Holland-lane), past another lane enclosed by the high walls of Argyll Lodge, the residence of the Duke of Argyll, I agreed to take them there, and when we arrived at Argyll Lodge, what was my horror to see on the roof of the coach-house the very monkey of my dreams ! In my surprise and terror, I clasped my hands and exclaimed, much to the amazement of a coachman waiting outside, “ My dream ! My dream ! ”

This I suppose attracted the attention of the monkey and he began to come after us, he on the top of the wall, we beneath, every minute I expecting he would jump upon me, and having precisely the same terror I experienced in my dream. One of my children being very young we could not go fast, which added to my distress, but we succeeded in escaping it, and on my return home I sent a servant to enquire if a monkey had been

seen there, for my state of nervousness was extreme. She was informed that that morning a rare and very valuable monkey belonging to the Duchess had got loose, and so the incident was explained. But my dreaming of it previously remains unexplained. [Signed by MRS. C.]

In a subsequent letter dated March 2nd, 1888, Mrs. C. writes :—

The “monkey dream” was told to at least six persons before I went for my walk, and my children still remember my terror and the “peculiar monkey” which followed us.

Mrs. C. also states that the dream occurred in 1867, and sends letters of corroboration from her husband and her nurse, which are given below.

F. W. H. MYERS, Esq.,—DEAR SIR,—I have seen my wife’s correspondence with you, and I fully confirm the facts as she has stated them. Yours very faithfully, [Signed by MR. C.]

Statement written by Mrs. C.’s nurse.

Holland-road, *March 3rd*, 1888.

Caroline M., Mrs. C.’s nurse, remembers two dreams [*i.e.*, this and another sent to us, but not printed here] which her mistress told her when she went to her room in the morning. She remembers both dreams coming true.

The Marquis of Lorne informs me that a monkey was in fact kept in the stables of Argyll Lodge at and after the date here somewhat vaguely indicated.

Here is a case where the percipient is well known to me.

P. 224.

*Statement by Colonel K. Coghill.*

*April*, 1894.

A curious case occurred to me last month, though it may be but a coincidence not worth recounting. On 28th March I received a letter from a lady, with whom I had not been in correspondence for about a year, stating that on the 26th she had either a vision or a dream (I forget the expression) that she saw me in a very dangerous position under a horse, from which many people were trying to relieve me. By return of post I wrote that I thought it a dream which was proved by contraries, as nothing of the sort had occurred. That afternoon I received notice of a last “off day” with our pack of hounds, and the next morning on my way to covert I posted my letter. At the finish of a long run in the afternoon, my horse, pulling double down a steep hill, was unable to collect himself for a big bank at the bottom of the hill, breasted it, and fell head over heels into a deep and broad drop ditch on the far side with me underneath him. His head and shoulders were at the bottom and legs remained up on the landing side of the ditch. Many of the field dismounted, and after some minutes pulled the horse away, and got me from under, more or less stunned, but little the worse, except a few face cuts, the loss of a tooth, and a crushed stirrup, and the horse with a few head cuts. The horse was about my best hunter, and never before guilty of such a thing, though, of course, it may have been but a hunting-field coincidence.

KENDAL COGHILL.

*April*, 1894.

The letter in which the lady in question (the Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton) relates her dream is unfortunately lost, but Sir Joseph Coghill writes :—

Glen Barrabane, Castle Townsend, *May 3rd*, 1894.

On the 29th March last, my brother, Colonel Coghill, C.B., showed me a portion of a letter just received from a lady who wrote describing a dream or vision in which she had seen him meet with a serious accident from a horse, and she noticed a crowd of persons assisting him away.

J. L. COGHILL.

Colonel Coghill writes by return of post, after the receipt of the letter relating the dream, but before the accident, as follows :—

Cosheen, Castle Townsend, Co. Cork, *Wednesday, March 28th*.

MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,—Need I say how delighted I was to see your handwriting this morning, and how happy I am to say that your dream has so far proved the rule of going by “contraries,” for I never in my life was going stronger than I am at present.

Writing again on the 31st March, the day after the accident, Colonel Coghill says :—

“MY DEAR MRS. CARLETON,—You win, hands down. There are two grounds on which we, your friends, have to thank ourselves that you belong to the last half of this century—first that we can enjoy your existence and friendship, and secondly that had you lived earlier you might have been burnt as a witch, for by your dream you foretold a grief to me, though in prospective. Yesterday I enjoyed the imperial crowner which you saw in your dream, the hardest fall I have had for very many years. It was the last day of our hunt, and I wanted to give a finishing touch to the education of my young horse. I began the day badly by being on the wrong side of the wood when they broke away, and while riding hard to overtake them I topped a bank and found a chasm too big, so we dropped a crumpler, but I got off with a broken spur and bent stirrup. After I had overtaken my field, I was pelting down a hill faster than I wanted, and met a stiff bank at the bottom with a broad ditch and a drop on the landing side. The young savage couldn't collect himself in time and struck the bank above his knees. Tableau—six legs in the air ; 2nd view—a man in the ditch with horse on top of his (the man's) head. Here your dream fails, for instead of an unsympathetic crowd helping him, I was released by half-a-dozen friends, including the master, and about as many ladies ; 3rd tableau—all their loose horses pursuing the hounds riderless.

“My first thought when down was your dream, and before my head was out of the mud, I said : ‘At any rate, as I am to be led away by some one the neck must be all right’—and so it was, and I got off very cheaply. Considering that the horse was on my head I can't understand how the only thing that gave way was my extreme back tooth, which got smashed and its next neighbour chipped—a few scratches on nose and forehead sums up the total grief, and cheap at the price. Now will you oblige me, if I am worth a sleeping, or waking dream in future, to make a pleasanter one of it—for this morning I feel as if a crowbar had replaced my jointy neck, and every joint is bound in iron cramps of shoulders, arms, and legs. A few hot baths

and a little massage will put all that right, and as it was the last day of the season, I lose nothing by it. I should not have written all this, but I thought that in connection with your dream you might feel an interest in its fulfilment."

The Hon. Mrs. Leir-Carleton, who experienced this dream, writes from Greywell Hill, Winchfield, as follows :—

From my childhood I have had premonitions of illnesses ; sometimes the illness proves trivial and sometimes fatal. I have no *distinct* impressions, but coming events seem to cast shadows before them, which as a child I used to term "fore-feeling," and I have not yet found any better word. I have heard my Scotch mother, long deceased, relate premonitory dreams of her own, so there is probably some hereditary sensitiveness to impressions.

After a few hours or days the gloomy fore-feeling seems to lighten in some cases, as though a threatening "disagreeable" had been somehow averted. But I can conscientiously affirm that no great sorrow, however sudden, has come upon me unpreceded by a premonition of *approaching trouble connected with the individual about to suffer or die.*

I have also repeatedly fore-felt the loss of pets neither sick nor old.

Here again is a case where a somewhat complex scene, involving the action of several persons, is dreamt and narrated beforehand.

#### P. 195.

Mr. Haggard of the British Consulate, Trieste, Austria, gives the following account of a premonitory dream and its fulfilment :—

*September 21st, 1893.*

A few months ago I had an extraordinarily vivid dream, and waking up repeated it to my wife at once. All I dreamt actually occurred about six weeks afterwards, the details of my dream falling out exactly as dreamt.

There seems to have been no purpose whatsoever in the dream ; and one cannot help thinking, what was the good of it.

I dreamt that I was asked to dinner by the German Consul General, and accepting, was ushered into a large room with trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls. (N.B.—I have myself been a great deal in East Africa.)

After dinner I went to inspect the arms, and amongst them saw a beautifully gold-mounted sword which I pointed out to the French Vice-Consul—who at that moment joined me—as having probably been a present from the Sultan of Zanzibar to my host the German Consul General.

At that moment the Russian Consul came up too. He pointed out how small was the hilt of the sword and how impossible in consequence it would be for a European to use the weapon, and whilst talking he waved his arm in an excited manner over his head as if he was wielding the sword, and to illustrate what he was saying.

At that moment I woke up and marvelled so at the vividness of the dream that I woke my wife up too and told it to her.

About six weeks afterwards my wife and myself were asked to dine with the German Consul General ; but the dream had long been forgotten by us both.

We were shown into a large withdrawing room which I had never been in before, but which somehow seemed familiar to me. Against the walls were some beautiful trophies of East African arms, amongst which was a gold-hilted sword, a gift to my host from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

To make a long story short, everything happened exactly as I had dreamt—but I never remembered the dream until the Russian Consul began to wave his arm over his head, when it came back to me like a flash.

Without saying a word to the Russian Consul and French Vice-Consul (whom I left standing before the trophy) I walked quickly across to my wife, who was standing at the entrance of a boudoir opening out of the withdrawing room, and said to her;—"Do you remember my dream about the Zanzibar arms?" She remembered everything perfectly, and was a witness to its realization. On the spot we informed all the persons concerned of the dream, which naturally much interested them.

Mrs. Haggard's corroboration of her husband's dream and its fulfilment runs as follows:—

I remember being awoke one night by my husband to hear a curiously vivid dream he had just had. It is now some months ago, and possibly some of the more minute details of his relation may have escaped my memory, but what I remember of his dream is the following. He dreamed that we were dining with the German Consul General, whose drawing-room, a remarkably handsome apartment, was ornamented with trophies of arms from the East Coast of Africa. Having been in those regions himself, he felt some interest in them, and went nearer to examine them more closely. While he was doing so, the Russian Consul came up, and in his usual rather excitable fashion began flourishing his arm, as he dilated upon the extraordinary smallness of the native hand for which the hilt of a certain sword must have been designed. That is what I recollect of the dream. Its fulfilment took place a few weeks later, when the circumstance of the dream had almost passed from our thoughts.

We dined one evening with the German Consul General, the Russian Consul being also present, among others. After dinner my husband went to examine one of the trophies of East African arms, with which the room—as in his dream,—was hung. While he was doing so, the Russian Consul went up to speak to him upon the subject, and the dramatic flourish of his arm, with which he emphasised his conversation, at once recalled the dream, in which it had taken place, so vividly to my husband's mind, that he immediately crossed the room to me, and asked me if I did not remember it also, which of course I did, though, as I was talking to some one else at the time, and only knew the room previously by my husband's description of his dream, the coincidence might not have occurred to me had he not called my attention to it. Directly he did so, however, by asking me if I did not remember his dream, I recollected quite well all the details I have previously mentioned.

AGNES M. HAGGARD.

Trieste, *October 20th*, 1893.

Below are given a letter from Mr. Kolemene, Russian Consul, and a statement from Herr Michabelles, German Consul General at Trieste, both of

whom were witnesses of the fulfilment of Mr. Haggard's dream, and of the great impression which it made upon him at the time.

Monsieur Haggard, mon collègue d'Angleterre, en a eu un très remarquable au point de vue psychologique. M<sup>lle</sup> Z— aussi et d'autres personnes encore. Veuillez accepter tout ce que Monsieur Haggard vous a écrit comme étant parfaitement la vérité et l'asserter de mon nom si vous le jugez nécessaire.

Agrééz, cher Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

A. DE KOLEMINE.

Whilst I was German Consul General at Trieste, I had one evening in February or March of this year, the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Haggard's company at dinner; among others the Russian Consul was present. It was the first time that Mr. Haggard came into my private house; before we had always met in my office. After dinner I was busy in entertaining my party, when suddenly Mr. Haggard joined me and told me that a few weeks before he had seen, in a very vivid dream, my drawing-room with the trophies of East African arms on shields against the walls, and Mr. Kolemene, the Russian Consul, standing before one trophy had explained something to him in his usual excited manner, waving his arms over his head in order to illustrate what he said. All this had happened just at the moment with all particulars seen in the dream. I was extremely astonished at the strange occurrence and observed that the realisation of his dream had produced a strong effect on Mr. Haggard's mind.

J. MICHABELLES,

Counsellor of legation in the Foreign Office.

Berlin, *November 10th*, 1893.

In the next case the gradual accomplishment of the dream seems to have been watched with interest by more than one person.

P. 206.

The Rev. B. Duley, of St. Peter's Clergy House, London Docks, E., sends the following statement, which was written in October, 1893, and is certified to be correct by the percipient, Annette Jones.

Annette, wife of Walter Jones, tobacconist, of Old Gravel Lane, St. George's, East London, early in September of this year (1893) had her little boy, Peter, ill. One night she dreamt that she saw a cart drive up, stop near where she was, and the driver move a black cloth and discover three coffins, two white and one blue. One white coffin was bigger than the other, and the blue was the biggest of the three. The man took out the bigger white coffin and left it, driving off with the two others. In the morning Mrs. Jones told her dream to her husband, and afterwards to another woman, specially telling her husband that one of the coffins was blue. On the 10th of September, Mrs. Devonshire, who, and whose husband were particular friends of the Jones's, was confined with a fine boy, whom they named Eric.

At first he seemed quite healthy, but a weakness of the lungs developed itself and he died on Friday, the 29th of September. Little Peter Jones died

the following Monday, the 2nd of October, being then 16 months old. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, knowing that Eric was to be buried on the Wednesday, for the sake of both friendship and economy, hurried their little boy's burial for that day, so that both funerals should take place at the same time. On the morning of the Wednesday, the parish priest informed Mr. and Mrs. Jones that another child's body would be brought into church along with theirs, the son of a Mrs. Jupp, whom they did not know.

Mrs. Jones then remarked to her husband, "If the coffin is blue, then my dream will come true. For the two other coffins were white." And so it happened. Mrs. Jones anxiously watched at the funeral for little Jupp's coffin, and when she saw it was blue, she clutched her sister, who walked by her side, and said "that's my dream." It will be noticed that the relative sizes of the coffins also corresponded, little Eric's being the smallest for a child of a few days, little Jupp's the largest for one about 6 years, and blue, and Peter's, of course, less than his but bigger than Eric's.

I have read the above and find it a true and correct account of my dream and the circumstances relating to it.

ANNETTE JONES.

I remember distinctly my wife telling me of her dream, and especially as to the colour of the coffins, 2 white and 1 blue, and watched the circumstances which occurred afterwards with something like awe.

WALTER H. JONES.

The Rev. B. Dulley states in a letter dated January 6th, 1894 :—

Mr. Jones is a particularly common-sense practical man with abilities in that respect above the average. So far from welcoming the preternatural event noted, he is rather vexed and worried by it. Both he and his wife are conscientious people, and certainly believe what they say.

B. DULLEY, Clerk in Holy Orders.

In some other cases the premonitory dream, although it may have made a vivid impression, and perhaps have even been narrated to others, is then apparently clean forgotten until the moment of its fulfilment.

Mrs. Sidgwick has justly urged (of a similar case) that this looks rather as though we were dealing with a pseudo-memory, *created* by the very circumstance which seems merely to *revive* it. There may, however, be another explanation. We know that when a suggestion is given to a good subject in the hypnotic trance to the effect that he will (say) open the window half-an-hour after awaking, he passes that half-hour in unconsciousness of the order,—which order nevertheless he fulfils at the right minute. Well, while he is thus fulfilling it, or just before he fulfils it, he lapses into a state more akin to the hypnotic state in which he received the order than to the waking state in which he has since remained. The memory of what he has to do comes to him only just in time, and derives its efficacy from a partial recrudescence of the condition in which he was when he accepted the order. Even thus, perhaps, we might by analogy consider the condition of the dreamer of

a precognitive dream as a secondary state, the recollection of which has a tendency to fade from the waking mind, but which is partially revived when the prefigured incident, — which *belongs* in a sense to the secondary state,—suddenly presents itself in the waking day.

Bearing this in mind, the following prevision of a rattle-snake may be compared with the prevision of a woodcock which Mrs. Sidgwick quotes. Observe that in this case, although Dr. Kinsolving did not actually recount his dream before the event, he remembers having thought of doing so, but refrained from a natural scruple.

P. 149.

Dr. Kinsolving of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, writes as follows to Dr. Hodgson:—

2016, Locust-street, Philadelphia,

*October 14th, 1891.*

MY DEAR SIR,—The dream was this. I seemed to be in woods back of the hotel at Capon Springs, W. Va., when I came across a rattle-snake, which when killed had two black-looking rattles and a peculiar projection of bone from the tail, while the skin was unusually light in colour. The impression of the snake was very distinct and vivid before my mind's eye when I awoke in the morning, but I did not mention the dream to any one, though I was in the act of telling my wife while dressing, but refrained from so doing because I was in the habit of taking long walks in the mountains, and I did not wish to make her nervous by the suggestion of snakes.

After breakfast, I started with my brother along the back of the great north mountain, and when about twelve miles from the hotel we decided to go down out of the mountain into the road and return home. As we started down the side of the mountain I suddenly became vividly conscious of my dream, to such an extent as to startle me, and to put me on the alert. I was walking rapidly, and had gone about thirty steps, when I came on a snake coiled and ready to strike. My foot was in the air and had I finished my step I would have trodden upon the snake. I threw myself to one side and fell heavily on the ground. I recovered myself at once and killed the snake with the assistance of my brother, and found it to be the same snake in every particular with the one I had had in my mind's eye. The same size, colour, and peculiar mal-formation of the tail.

It is my belief that my dream prevented me from treading on the snake, but I have no theory on the subject, and get considerably mixed and muddled when I try to think on the line of such abnormal experiences.

G. H. KINSOLVING.

Christ Church, Clinton and Harrison Sts.,

323, Clinton-street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

*April 19th, 1892.*

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—MY DEAR SIR,—My brother, the Rev. Geo. H. Kinsolving, of Philadelphia, has enclosed me your request for my

recollection of his premonitory dream last summer at Capon Springs. Constant occupation during the season just ended is my apology for a somewhat tardy compliance with that request. The circumstances as I remember them were these :—

We started, he and I together, off from the Springs Hotel just after breakfast to go over the mountain to Rock Enon Springs. Our first stop was on the crest of the North Mountain and near it we had some conversation with two boys who were out huckleberrying. I asked them about their experience with rattle-snakes, and they replied that they had killed several during the season. Later, my brother and I were clambering up a steep, rough, bushy cliff and as he was in front I said, "You had better look out for rattle-snakes. This is a very snaky sort of place." At neither of these references to the subject of the snakes did my brother seem to be reminded of or make any allusion to his dream of the night before of which he had not then told me.

After walking some way beyond this we missed our trail and found ourselves descending the mountain. Suddenly my brother, who was at my side and a little in front, threw his body back and said, "My ! I like to have stepped on that fellow !" I think I caught him by the shoulder as, with one foot raised just over the reptile which was coiled under some bushes and a bit of brushwood, he reeled backward. Then as we closed in upon the snake and delivered our first stones, my brother catching sight of his tail said, "That is strange ! I will tell you something remarkable about that snake in a moment." Then when we had killed the snake, before I had noticed anything remarkable about it—when to me it was like Jim Smiley's frog, "just like any other frog"—my brother pointed to the fact that it had but one rattle on its tail, and proceeded to tell me his dream. He said that the night before he dreamed that he came up in the front of the Springs Hotel as a party of boys were in the act of killing a snake. Bending over the reptile he said, "Why, boys, that snake has a diseased tail." And on examination it appeared a very singular, defective tail. At the time of his narrow escape from being bitten (for the reptile had thrown back his head to strike when discovered), he said the dream had suddenly come into his mind. I noticed a pause and losing the thread of the argument in which we were engaged, and this made me look towards him at the moment. He answered *there on the spot* to my question why he had not told me the strange dream when I mentioned snakes as we clambered up the peak or when we were speaking with the boys, that he had not thought of the dream during our walk until a moment before this snake was met and that at that moment the dream had come into his mind with such vividness as to make him look where he was walking with some care.

The snake was large enough to have had half-a-dozen or more rattles. It had a single rattle—not a button—and looked as though disease or crushing or some unusual accident had deprived it of the rest.

These are the facts, as I remember them, very hastily narrated. The experience was altogether unique for me at least. I will send you this *direct* without having spoken to [my brother] of the experience since leaving the Springs in the month of August last.

ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING.

The following case, from a lady known to me, is interesting in this connexion; since a dream is at first remembered so impressively as to affect action, is then apparently forgotten, and finally revives in memory just in time to enable the dreamer to avert its complete fulfilment.

P. 185.

On the second occasion my warning in dream did probably prevent a rather serious accident. We were living in about 188—, in Hertford-street, Mayfair. One day I determined that on the morrow I would drive to Woolwich in our brougham, taking my little child and nurse, to spend the day with a relation. During the night I had a painfully clear dream in vision of the brougham turning up one of the streets north of Piccadilly; and then of myself standing on the pavement and holding my child, our old coachman falling on his head on the road,—his hat smashed in. This so much discomposed me that when in the morning I sent for the coachman to give him his orders, I almost hoped that some obstacle to the drive might arise, so that I might have an excuse for going by train. The coachman was an old and valued servant. I asked him if he would have the carriage ready to drive to Woolwich at ten. He was not given to making difficulties; but he hesitated, and when I suggested eleven instead, he said that he would prefer that hour. He gave no reason for his hesitation and said that the horse was quite well. I told him almost eagerly that I could quite well go by train; but he said that all was right.

We went to Woolwich and spent the day. All went well until we reached Piccadilly on the return journey. Then I saw that other coachmen were looking at us; and looking through the glass front of the brougham I saw that the coachman was leaning back in his seat, as though the horse were pulling violently, of which, however, I felt no sign. We turned up Down-street. He retained his attitude. My dream flashed back upon me. I called to him to stop, jumped out, caught hold of my child, and called to a policeman to catch the coachman. Just as he did so the coachman swayed and fell off the box. If I had been in the least less prompt, he would have fallen just as I saw him in my dream. I found afterwards that the poor man had been suffering from a serious attack of diarrhœa on the previous day, and had gradually fainted from exhaustion during the drive home. He was absolutely sober; and his only mistake had been in thinking that he was strong enough to undertake the long drive. In this case my premonitory dream differed from the reality in two points. In my dream we approached Down-street from the west; in reality we came from the east. In my dream the coachman actually fell on his head; the crushing of his hat on the road being the most vivid point of the dream. In reality this was just averted by the prompt action which my anxious memory of the dream inspired.

Signed [Lady Z.]

The *aversion* of the fulfilment, by reasonable precaution, is here an important feature. Another dream of the same lady's presents us with

a fatal fulfilment occurring in spite of the dreamer's aroused anxiety. But in that case no precautions were taken—nor indeed could they have been easily taken,—to avert the calamity.

P. 184.

I am not usually a great dreamer ; but on two occasions, and two occasions only in my life, I have acted on dreams or impressions, and in each case there seems to have been some meaning in the impression which I received.

In or about the year 1866, Lord Z. and I were inhabiting a house in Charles-street, Mayfair. We had built out a bedroom into the small court behind. This bedroom was separated only by a narrow passage or strip of court from our neighbour, Mrs. L.'s kitchen, which was built out into the court in the same fashion, and was of one story only.

In the middle of a very cold night I was suddenly awakened by a heavy fall into this passage outside our bedroom wall, as if some heavy body had fallen into it from the roof of Mrs. L.'s kitchen. I listened, much alarmed, and heard groans from the passage. I thought that some burglar had slipped from the kitchen roof down on to the pavement and was lying there injured. I begged Lord Z. to get up and look ; but he could hear nothing, and told me that I had been dreaming. I went to sleep again at length ; but was again awakened by a similar thud in the passage. I now begged Lord Z. so earnestly to look that he got up and partially dressed and opened a door on the ground floor which led into this passage. The moon was shining brightly, and there was no trace whatever of anything unusual. Much perplexed I again went to sleep. After I had left the bedroom in the morning, a servant came to ask me whether he might get ready a bedroom to receive a workman who had come to work on the roof of Mrs. L.'s kitchen, and had fallen into the passage from the kitchen-roof just as I had thought that I heard a man fall some few hours previously.

The premonition, if such it was, was here of no special *use*. It seemed as though I had received an intimation of a coming fact which only concerned me by its mere physical nearness.

Signed [Lady Z.]

[Lord Z. is no longer living.]

A case very similar to this reaches us from America. Dr. Hodgson knows Mrs. P. and Dr. Lukens, and has examined Dr. Lukens's notes throughout.

P. 214.

Metuchen, N.J., *March 12th*, [1892].

PROF. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—About the time this reaches you, you will receive a "Fulfilled Prediction," written by me and signed by four others. The fifth witness is ill in Brooklyn, but I can procure her attestation should you desire it. I am the sixth—the seventh is in "The Great Beyond." All these heard the prediction repeatedly.

I lay stress on this incident because of my impression of the accident several weeks before it took place, and because in no way that I can see could it have been photographed upon the ether *before* it took place. Unless,

indeed, our innermost, the spiritual essence, being at one with the Universal Spirit, foresees the future as part of the Eternal whole.

Some curious facts I did not incorporate in the statement, because they could not be vouched for by the witnesses. For instance, Mr. Collins, to whom the fatal accident happened, was asked by Mr. Van Horn (the husband of the last signer to the document which she will forward to you) to remove the snow from the roof as described. The roof was a small conservatory extending from the main dwelling. This he did as requested. Then he began to clear the ice from the gutter at his own monition, though remonstrated with and strictly charged to be careful lest he should fall, by Mr. Van Horn, his employer. You will see the pertinence of this fact by comparing this statement with that which is, or will be, forwarded to you by Mrs. Van Horn.

H. M. P.

*A Fulfilled Prediction.*

In the winter of 1886 and 1887, I was living at West 29th Street, New York City. In company with six friends I used to sit one hour each week, not for "spiritual manifestations" but for the purpose of harmonising ourselves and for the cultivation of sensibility to psychic impressions.

During these meetings several strong presentiments of future occurrences came to me (Mrs. H. M. P.), which were subsequently verified.

One of the more marked was the following:—

I distinctly felt that a serious accident would shortly happen to some person in or about the back portion of the residence. There would be a fearful fall of some elderly man.

Now in the house were two elderly men, but I foresaw that the accident would happen to neither of these.

Again and again as we sat within our quiet room, did the impression of this terrible fall come to me, as those present clearly remember. At such times the horror was strong and persistent. In consequence we even talked of having a lamp constantly burning on the hall of the basement staircase lest one might make a misstep there. But I could not locate the place where the fall would happen.

In the late winter of 1887 there occurred a heavy rain followed by a sudden freeze. In consequence the rain-gutter of the rear roof became clogged with ice which it seemed desirable should be cleared away.

In order to do this a man, between sixty and seventy years of age, Thomas Collins by name—the foreman of a number of men employed by the husband of one of us—volunteered to remove the ice. It is needless to say that none of our number knew anything of what he was about to do.

Accordingly Mr. Collins, a man of large experience, caution, and intelligence, with hatchet in hand mounted a ladder placed against the eaves of the roof. The ladder slipped as he reached the top, and he, with it, fell to the stone paving of the area. Mr. Collins struck upon his head causing fracture of the skull. He was removed to the hospital, where he died in a few hours without having recovered consciousness.

The first impression or foreshadowing of this accident was between two and three months before its occurrence.

H. M. P., Metuchen, N.J.

The undersigned, who heard this prediction, testify to the statement as recorded above.

(Signed) HENRIETTA M. MARVIN, Morrisania, N.Y.  
 HARRIET W. FARNSWORTH, 140, W. 16th St., N.Y.  
 SARAH J. OSTRANDA, 181, Sixth Avenue [New York].  
 SARAH W. VAN HORN, Fairfield, Conn. (at the time  
 mentioned 106, West 29th St., New York).

[I add a few other brief cases from the experience of Mrs. H. M. P.]

On the evening of January 2nd, 1892, Mrs. H. M. P. made the following prediction. "I see Dr. Anna Lukens receive a letter announcing a death. You (to Dr. A. L.) will soon hear of the death of some one connected with you—not very closely; but the news will be something of a shock and a great surprise, but it is not a death that will touch you closely."

The following persons were present (at 1,068, Lexington Avenue, New York City) when the prediction was made.

DR. ANNA LUKENS.  
 H. M. P.  
 M. L. JACKSON.  
 W. E. WARD.

[Received February 23rd, 1892.—R. H.]

Extract from letter to Dr. Anna Lukens from her niece :—  
 Philadelphia, *January 14th*, 1892.

MY DEAR AUNT ANNIE,—. . . . Wasn't that very sad about Hannah Jones? Suppose thee knew she died on January 2nd of pneumonia, and was buried Wednesday, the 6th. They were living on 13th Street, kl. Loest Street, for the winter. It must be very hard for John and the children. . . . .

W. E. L.

Through Dr. Anna Lukens, member S.P.R.

Sunday, *May 1st*, 1892. 3.30 p.m.

Mrs. H. M. P. in semi-trance. Her control, X., tells Mr. W. E. Ward that one of his horses (off horse) (a new span recently purchased) is unsafe and that an accident will occur which may be very serious unless great care is observed. X. (control) says "horse will shy badly—I think going down hill, both horses inclined to be trieky—will try to run away on this occasion; better get rid of them." After a few minutes' pause X. says "Brave, there is a dangerous place in your big factory, upper part—something broken—will fall soon, and if it does will kill many people. Can't see just what it is—but you better look after it at once."

Both predictions verified the following Thursday (May 5th), within a few hours of each other. The off horse shied badly, threw the carriage off on the side of the road, nearly upsetting it, and then both horses tried to run away. Owing to the good management of the coachman, no injury was sustained. A few hours after this accident, a *split beam*, forming part of one of the heavy trusses supporting the roof, was discovered

in exact locality as described by the medium. If it had fallen, which it must soon have done, there would have been serious loss of life.

(Signed) H. M. P.  
W. E. WARD.  
ANNA LUKENS.

[Received May 19th, 1892.—R. H.]

And now I quote a case where the dream was told beforehand, but to a person now dead. Even had it not thus been told, I see no reason to suppose that the mere sight of a quite commonplace scene could generate a pseudo-memory with so uniquely disturbing an influence in a man otherwise sane and in the midst of work.

P. 154. Algonquin Club, Boston.

*December 27th, 1893.*

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—I enclose to you herewith a very curious story told me by my friend, Mr. W. H. M. [name and address given], Boston. I am afraid that strong corroborative evidence cannot now be secured from persons to whom Mr. M. may have told his "dream" before he went to Reading. He thinks that he mentioned having had a very vivid dream to his fiancée, now his wife, and that his mother, now dead, knew of the dream at the time. He did not talk very freely about the affair, because he did not care to expose himself to the ridicule of his friends.

I know him very well. He is a brusque, practical, every-day young man, of large business experience, and apparently very far removed by nature and environment from susceptibility to hallucination. I believe in his truthfulness and honesty in this matter most implicitly.

It may be well to say that I have not attempted to secure evidence of the correctness of topographical details from Reading; also, that at the time of his dream, Mr. M. had in his possession no letter from that city, nor any friends nor business relations in or with the place, and his trip to Reading in the following autumn was purely the result of sudden exigency. He went to Philadelphia, I believe, to meet a friend, found he had gone to Reading, and followed him thither.

CHARLES HEYWOOD.

Mr. W. H. M. awoke one morning, probably in August, 1884, and proceeded, as was his habit, to plunge his head into cold water. At this, the recollection flashed across his mind of a dream he had had during the night. He had seemed to be in a strange city, in a square at the intersection of several streets. Between two of the streets was a building with this sign upon it, "John Leyden (or Layton), Hay and Grain, Coal and Wood." The vision made such an impression upon him that he remembered it during the summer. In the following October he visited Reading, Pa., for the first time in his life. Arriving after dark and being unfamiliar with the city, he enquired the way to the nearest respectable hotel, and there put up for the night. In the morning he opened his window and looked out upon

the square seen in his dream, corresponding in every detail, even to the bale of hay and the bags of grain at the door of the store.

The above statement is as nearly correct as I can now recall it.

W. H. M.

*February 12th, 1894.*

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of the 8th, and in reply would say that my friend Heywood's account of my "dream" is as I recall it now. I am a civil engineer, and at the time of the occurrence I was Principal Assistant Engineer of the Boston and Providence R.R. My seventeen years of business life have been actively spent in the practice of my profession and in general contracting, and until this thing happened I had always regarded anything of like nature as a delusion or a trick. Under these circumstances, I think you will understand why I didn't mention the matter to my friends. I told my mother something of it before I went away,—in fact, a day or so after the dream,—but as she died October 26th, 1893, that avenue of investigation is closed. My (at that time) fiancée lived in Burlington, Vt., and on visiting her soon after my trip to Reading, Pa., I told her of the matter. She is now my wife, and recalls the affair, but I am afraid this is not good evidence, nor have I any other. The man I went to see died about 1885 or 1886, though I learned this only three years ago.

I am sorry not to be able to furnish corroborative evidence of this matter, as I would like to have it explained. I had never been in Reading till that time, nor have I been there since.

The matter bothered me so much at the time that it almost demoralized me. I couldn't get it out of my mind. There is one more thing which I would like an explanation of. It used to bother me, but I am quite used to it now. Since I was a young boy, I have been frequently surprised to find myself saying in conversation combinations of words which I recognize as having dreamt of, or unconsciously thought of. I mean phrases which I have never thought of in connection with the subject with which I afterwards use them. This used to so affect me that I would hesitate—almost stop talking—and then involuntarily finish the remark with the remainder of the words, which would frequently be in unusual combination, but properly used.

When I realised the occurrence, it seemed for an instant as though I had lost control of my mind. This happens to me still once in a while, but it doesn't unnerve me as it used to do. Do I make myself understood?

I do not think I am fanciful or imaginative, but I have given these things much unproductive thought, and I am anxious to have them explained, which is the reason I told Heywood of the first matter.

I should prefer that my name be withheld from publication. My wife can tell of her limited knowledge of the first matter, and I enclose her statement.

W. H. M.

[Name, address, and commercial position given.]

February 12th, 1894.

The statement, as told by Mr. Heywood, of Mr. M.'s dream, is substantially as he told it to me before our marriage.

F. R. M. (Address given.)

The prefigured scenes which I have thus far quoted, whether in themselves trivial or otherwise, have mainly been drawn from the impending actual personal experience of the seer himself. But in the case (for instance) of the fall from the kitchen roof, it is noticeable that Lady Z. did not herself actually hear the fall, although she would have heard it had she still remained in her bedroom, where she heard the premonitory sound. Something then was prefigured which lay just outside her own life-history.

We have some other cases of like type, as, for instance, the following crystal vision seen by Miss X., in direct response (a very rare circumstance) to a request for information on a specific point. Other premonitions of Miss X.'s have already appeared in these *Proceedings*

P. 183.

Extract from "Borderland" on "The Art of Crystal-gazing." *October, 1893.*

A week or two ago I was visiting friends in the country, and was about to leave their house on a certain morning. "I wonder what you will do after I'm gone," I was saying.

For answer, one of them pulled towards me a piece of bright mahogany furniture brilliantly polished, and said, "Here is a crystal—look."

"This is the pic-nic you said you were all going to at Pin Mill, I suppose," I said pleasantly, as a picture appeared. "What and where is Pin Mill? There is no sign of a mill—it is just a grassy bank with some thorn-bushes beyond. Why do you and K. get up and go away? G. and S. stay together and G. looks as if her back hurt her. The nurse is there too with the boy."

"I don't know in the least what Pin Mill is, but any way, the nurse and child won't be there," said my friend.

A day or two later she wrote, "You were almost right about Pin Mill—there is no mill in sight. We sat on a bank, K. had cramp and I had to take her for a walk, G. and S. were left together. G. had sprained her back and was in some pain, and the nurse and boy were there. There were no thorn-trees, but there were elder and blackberry-bushes grown up high, which at a little distance *looked like thorns.*" [I have seen this letter.—F. W. H. M.]

Similarly trivial in the foreshown details is the following case from the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*.

P. 207.

THE RIVANAZZARO CASE.

Letter to M. Charles Richet.

April 17th, 1891.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUE, —You ask me to send you my case of telepathy. It is a story of my youth, and consequently an old story; I formerly told it to M. Sabatier, of Montpellier. Here it is, if it interests you:—

During the summer of 1867, I was officially the assistant, but in reality the friend, in spite of difference in age, of M. F., a former officer in the navy, who had gone into business. We were trying to set on foot again the exploitation of an old sulphur mine at Rivanazzaro, near Voghera, in Piedmont, which had been long abandoned on account of a falling in.

We occupied the same rooms, and our relations were those of father and son, or of elder and younger brother.

I have often gone over, in memory, the story I am about to tell you ; I have studied it with my scientific habits, without finding the least explanation. Nevertheless, before owning my absolute inability to arrange the facts in any method at all in accordance with those to which my profession habituates me,—measures, figures, experiments,—I have searched for all the accessory circumstances which might have influenced the phenomenon. Though I have not been able to come to a conclusion, more competent persons may do so.

I knew that Madame F., who lived at Toulon, and with whom I was slightly acquainted, would soon be confined. I cannot say I was indifferent about this fact, for it concerned M. F. ; but it certainly caused me no profound emotion ; it was a second child, all was going well, and M. F. was not anxious. I myself was well and calm. It is true that a few days before, in Burgundy, my mother had fallen out of a carriage ; but the fall had no bad consequences, and the letter which informed me of it also told me there was no harm done.

M. F. and I slept in adjoining rooms, and as it was hot we left the door between them open. One morning I sprang suddenly out of bed, crossed my room, entered that of M. F., and awakened him by crying out, “you have just got a little girl ; the telegram says. . . .” Upon this I began to read the telegram. M. F. sat up and listened ; but all at once I understood that I had been asleep, and that consequently my telegram was only a dream, not to be believed ; and then, at the same time, this telegram which was somehow in my hand and of which I had read about three lines aloud, word for word, seemed to withdraw from my eyes as if some one were carrying it off open ; the words disappeared, though their image still remained ; those which I had *pronounced* remained in my memory, while the rest of the telegram was only a *form*.

I stammered something ; M. F. got up and led me into the dining-room, and made me write down the words I had pronounced ; when I came to the lines which, though they had disappeared from my memory, still remained pictured in my eye, I replaced them by dots, making a sort of drawing of them. Remark that the telegram was not written in common terms ; there were about six lines of it, and I had read more than two of them. Then, becoming aware of our rather incorrect costume, M. F. and I began to laugh, and went back to our beds.

Two or three days after I left for Torée ; I tried in vain to remember the rest of the telegram ; I went on to Turin, and eight or ten days after my dream I received the following telegram from M. F., “Come directly, you were right.”

I returned to Rivanazzaro and M. F. showed me a telegram which he had received the evening before ; I recognised it as the one I had seen in my

dream; the beginning was exactly what I had written, and the end, which was exactly like my drawing, enabled me to read *again* the words which I saw *again*. Please remark that the confinement had taken place the evening before, and therefore the fact was not that I, being in Italy, had seen a telegram which already existed in France—this I might with some difficulty have understood—but that I had seen it ten days before it existed or could have existed; since the event it announced had not yet taken place. I have turned this phenomenon over in my memory and reasoned about it many times, trying to explain it, to connect it with something, with a previous conversation, with some mental tension, with an analogy, a wish,—and all in vain. M. F. is dead, and the paper I wrote has disappeared. If I were called before a court of justice about it, I could not furnish the shadow of a material proof, and again the two personalities which exist in me, the animal and the *savant*, have disputed on this subject so often that sometimes I doubt it myself. However, the animal, obstinate as an animal usually is, repeats incessantly that I have seen, and I have read, and it is useless for me to tell myself that if any one else told me such a story I should not believe it. I am obliged to admit that it happened.

J. THOULET.

Professor at the Faculté des Sciences at Nancy.

M. Thoulet has lately confirmed all the details contained in his letter. He has no longer any written trace of this old story, but the recollection of it is perfectly clear. He assured me that he had *seen* and *read* the telegram like a real object.

The delicate point of this striking experience so carefully (if a little tardily) reported, would be to know exactly what degree of resemblance existed between the real telegram and the visionary telegram which M. Thoulet had read ten days before. But even if the identity was not as great as M. Thoulet now thinks, the analogy must yet have been striking, and the origin of this astonishing hallucination and clairvoyant premonition is most extraordinary.

CH. R.

It is, of course, possible that the expectant mother had amused herself by composing telegrams to be used in case of the birth of a boy or of a girl, so that telepathy may have been at work here.

In the case next quoted the prefigured scene lies still further from the percipient's own experience; belonging to the private life of a man known to her only by sight, and in whom she took no interest.

P. 198.

From Mr. Alfred Cooper, of 9, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.

This account was orally confirmed by him to Mr. E. Gurney, June 6th, 1888. It is written by Mr. Cooper, but attested also by the Duchess of Hamilton.

A fortnight before the death of the late Earl of L—, in 1882, I called upon the Duke of Hamilton, in Hill Street, to see him professionally. After

I had finished seeing him we went into the drawing-room, where the Duchess was and the Duke said to me, "Oh, Cooper; how is the Earl?"

The Duchess said, "What Earl?" and on my answering "Lord L—," she replied "That is very odd. I have had a most extraordinary vision. I went to bed, but after being in bed a short time, I was not exactly asleep, but thought I saw a scene as if from a play before me. The actors in it were Lord L—, in a chair, as if in a fit, with a man standing over him with a red beard. He was by the side of a bath, over which bath a red lamp was distinctly shown."

I then said, "I am attending Lord L— at present; there is very little the matter with him; he is not going to die; he will be all right very soon."

Well, he got better for a week and was nearly well, but at the end of six or seven days after this I was called to see him suddenly. He had inflammation of both lungs.

I called in Sir William Jenner, but in six days he was a dead man. There were two male nurses attending on him; one had been taken ill. But when I saw the other the dream of the Duchess was exactly represented. He was standing near a bath over the Earl and, strange to say, his beard was red. There was the bath with the red lamp over it. It is rather rare to find a bath with a red lamp over it, and this brought the story to my mind.

The vision seen by the Duchess was told two weeks before the death of Lord L—. It is a most remarkable thing.

This account, written in 1888, has been revised by the [late] Duke of Manchester, father of the Duchess of Hamilton, who heard the vision from his daughter on the morning after she had seen it.

Signed

MARY HAMILTON.

ALFRED COOPER.

Her Grace had been reading and had just blown out the candle.

Her Grace has had many dreams which have come true years after.

ALFRED COOPER.

[The Duchess only knew Lord L— by sight, and had not heard that he was ill. She knew she was not asleep, for she opened her eyes to get rid of the vision and, shutting them, saw the same thing again.]

An independent and concordant account has been given to me orally by a gentleman to whom the Duchess related the dream on the morning after its occurrence.

In the two cases which follow, we find a specially interesting form of gradual emergence. The percipient is for some time rendered anxious, as though by a dim precognition of an accident which no one could ordinarily foresee, and then when the moment of crisis actually arrives a telepathic shock transmits the scene—in one case to the percipient already affected, in the other case (though incorrectly) to his wife—along with an increment of his own dim distress.

P. 164.

T. F. LEECH, M.D.

*Indiana State Medical Society.*Office of the Vice-President,  
Crawfordsville, Ind., *August 14th, 1893.*

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—I will say that I suffer from chronic rheumatism, and at times become a little nervous, caused by pain, loss of sleep, and worry about business, &c., &c. While in that condition I had the experiences to which you refer. My two sons, Ellerslie and Charlie, had been interested in establishing Sons of Virginia camps throughout the country [in June, 1892], and would occasionally ask to drive my horse and buggy on their nightly visit to different villages. I thought nor cared anything for it, until one evening at the supper table Ellerslie said, "Papa, I want to go to Mace to-night." Mace is six miles east, and there is a good gravel road leading to it. When he spoke, it flashed through me that on the way home something would happen to him. I thought of foot-pads, sudden illness, and the like. However, without making known my fears, I asked who was going with him. He answered, "No one." I told him to take Charlie along. He said Charlie had an examination the next day at College, and couldn't go. I told him to get Bart Griffith, a brother S. of V. He went to see G., and on returning, told me G. couldn't go, he had an examination also. I told him he ought to get some one. He said he couldn't. I tried to throw off my fears and started to my office. On the way I saw a young man, Arthur Wellington, and asked him to go with my son. He said he would. I took him to Ellerslie and said, "Arthur will go with you." He answered, "All right," and I dismissed the whole thing, fears and all, from my mind—at least, I thought I had.

I was busy at the office until nine o'clock, when I went home. My wife had retired. I got in bed, read a while, turned out the light and went to sleep, having forgotten that my son was away with the horse and buggy. About eleven o'clock I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. I had seen, before waking, Ellerslie driving along, alone in the buggy, the horse trotting slowly, one mile out of Crawfordsville. I saw the exact spot and recognised it, so I could have gone to it. In addition, I saw the lightning come down and strike in the middle of the road about 50 feet in front of the horse. My first impulse was to go up there. I remembered then that Ellerslie had gone to Mace, and, as I supposed, taken Arthur W—— with him. I tried hard to reason myself out of the alarm into which I had been thrown. I first thought I would hitch up and drive up to the scene of the lightning stroke and see if E. was hurt; then I remembered that I hadn't any horse. I thought, "They both certainly are not hurt, or at least, the horse will come home, &c.," but my fears had too deep a hold on me. I awoke my wife and asked her if Arthur went with Ellerslie. She said, no; there was no place for him to stay during the meeting of the camp, and he concluded not to go. In the midst of my worry Ellerslie came in, and I dismissed the whole thing and went to sleep without telling any one.

At the breakfast-table Ellerslie said, "I saw something last night that scared me." On being asked what it was, he said, "While I was coming home, I saw the lightning come down the road right in front of me, and all spill over the ground. It looked like it had been poured out of something

and spilled all around on the ground. It scared me." "Did it scare the horse?" some one asked. "He stopped, and I gave him a cut and told him to get up. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw, it beat any fireworks." I asked him if he was alone and was he driving in a trot. He said he was. At noon of that day I asked him where he was when the lightning struck. He told me, and it was the place I saw in my sleep. I then told my family of my experience. It was strange that I should have taken alarm at the mention of his going, and also felt that he would be on his way home, when he would be exposed to danger; that I should have forgotten entirely that he was away—I generally can't go to sleep if any of the family is out; that I should see him in the buggy alone, the horse trotting, the exact location in the road, the lightning come down just where and how he described it; and when he told about it, I felt that I had been there and saw it. It was all new to me, and while I may have had fears of impending danger sometimes in my life, I don't remember such a remarkable succession of coincidences happening in my experience.

One day, shortly after the above described incident, soon after dinner, I was seated in my front room watching a game of Halma, played by the children and some company that was visiting us, when I had a feeling that there was a building on fire near by.

I felt so certain of it, that I could hardly restrain myself from going out to see if it was the barn. Then it occurred to me that it might be the house. I thought the people on the street would see it and cry "fire" if it was. I didn't want any one to know I had such a feeling, and was holding myself still, when the fire bell rang, and I said to myself, "there it is." To get out doors without any ado, I said, we must see the horses run. On opening the door Miss Bess Smith, sitting in a buggy, said, "Look at the school-house, it is all on fire in the cupola!" My own house and other houses were between me and the fire when I received the impression, making it impossible for me to see the school-house. Was it a coincidence? It was the Central school building, three stories high, and burned down, entailing a great loss in money as well as great inconvenience to the schools.

T. F. LEECH, M.D.

E. W. LEECH.

MARY E. LEECH.

Crawfordsville, Ind., *April 3rd*, 1894.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 30th prox. received. The date you enquire for was June, 1892. Our dear boy Ellerslic has gone to his long home. He graduated from Wabash College, June 20th, 1893, and spent the summer and fall of that year at the World's Fair. Came home and commenced the study of medicine. . . .

One of the last things he did, and the very last time he signed his name was in bed and when he signed the paper you sent some time in February last.

T. F. LEECH.

The next case is still more remarkable, (as above implied), from its element of *collectivity*.

P. 161.

Forney, Tex., *February 1st, 1894.*

PROF. WILLIAM JAMES,—DEAR SIR,—Replying to your request, I find it hard for me to present to you the “premonition” as it impressed me.

In the first place I will state that I am, or have been, in perfect health. I am not in the least superstitious and am not subject to hallucinations, and have never taken but little interest in the investigation of such phenomena. Three years ago last December my son, then eighteen years of age, left home to accept a position in a drug house in an adjoining county. I was perfectly willing for him to go, and never felt a moment’s uneasiness about him. Last summer I took an extended trip east and was gone some time. During my absence I never once felt the least apprehension about my son or any member of my family. I am naturally of a buoyant disposition. Some time last fall, in a vague and indescribable way, I became dissatisfied about my son. I can’t say I was uneasy—only dissatisfied—though I cannot tell why. I wrote him several letters,—more than I had written him the entire three years of his absence. Early in November he came home on a visit, and after he left, I seemed to get more troubled and dissatisfied about him ; it was not uneasiness or apprehension as to any danger, simply I was dissatisfied and troubled about him. I cannot explain my feelings. As near as I can remember, I felt just as I did after my father’s death, when I was quite a small boy. It seemed that the light had suddenly gone out of my life and there was nothing left for me to live for. A weight like a mill-stone seemed crushing out my life. I remarked often to my friends that living seemed to have lost its attraction for me. As December wore along this feeling became intensified, and in some way my son seemed to be the centre of it all. Often I would awake in the night thinking about him, and so impressed with the emptiness and hollowness of life that I could not sleep. On the morning of the 19th of December I awoke some time before day. It seemed that I had reached a crisis. I got up and kindled a fire without disturbing any member of my family. In all my life I do not remember ever doing such a thing before. I sat down by the fire to think. I cannot explain the awful weight that oppressed me. I did not know what it was, nor what was the matter with me, yet in no way did I anticipate trouble or danger to my son. About 7 a.m. my wife awoke, and sitting in the bed, told me a dream that was strangely impressing her,—in fact it caused her to awake.

“I thought,” she said, “that you were in a strange place and among people I had never seen before. It was a large family of people, with several small children who were going to school and a grown-up daughter. I came to the place in a wagon, but you were there already. I thought you were very intimate with the family. The large girl sat in your lap and put her arms round your neck and kissed you repeatedly. While I was wondering where you had met these people to become so intimate with them, you suddenly dropped over and died. And I awoke.”

I replied to her that I felt wretched enough to wish the dream a reality ; that I was so troubled about Walter that life had become a burden. After breakfast I got my writing material, and called my daughter and told her to write Walter a letter at once and tell him to come home. To be sure and get her letter off by the first mail train. I then rode out to one of my farms

for recreation. About 12 m. I received a despatch to the effect that my son was badly hurt and was unconscious. I boarded a freight train and hurried at once to the scene, with the understanding that my wife and daughter come later on the passenger. Now, right here comes in a remarkable feature in that strange matter. Through some misunderstanding they failed to catch the train and had to get private conveyance and come directly across the country. By their changing horses at each little town, they were enabled to reach my son by 11 o'clock at night. The accident had happened near the residence of a most excellent farmer, whose daughter my son had been long visiting. To the house of this gentleman he was taken, as it was not only near by, but was the house of his best friends. He had a large family of children who were all deeply attached to my son. Of a truth, I could not say that we suffered more than did those people because of my son's death. When my wife entered the room where our boy lay unconscious, this girl I speak of was standing at the head of his bed weeping. She gave a glance around, and then whispered in my ear, "This is my dream! This is the room I saw you in—these are the people I dreamed of." Even her trip there in a wagon was a verification of her dream, and the family were just such people as she described to me—"very plain, but most excellent country people." The very nature of the country through which she travelled was in perfect fulfilment of her dream, as was also the scenery surrounding the house.

In conclusion I will say that the heaviness of feeling that so oppressed me has all disappeared. I have never felt that peculiar, that indescribable weight that was crushing out my very life, since Sunday morning, the 17th of December. Of course, I feel sad because of my loss, but it is altogether a different feeling.

T. F. IVEY.

Mrs. Ivey adds the following corroboration:—

*February 14th, 1894.*

PROF. JAMES,—It was after daylight on the morning of 17th December, 1893, that I had the dream. I thought that I was at a strange place. I had gone there in a wagon. I had no recollection of my husband going with me, but he was there and seemed to be a particular friend of the family. It was a large family, and I was very much struck with their manner and dress and general appearance. I observed the house closely and the scantiness of its furniture and the slipshod way it seemed to be kept. The children were getting lessons, and would go to my husband for assistance. The largest one of the children, a girl about budding into womanhood, sat on my husband's lap and was very affectionate. I was not the least jealous of this girl, only I wondered how in the world came my husband so intimate with those people whom I had never seen or even heard of before. They did not seem to pay any attention to me, but to devote themselves entirely to my husband, who seemed to be the centre of attraction. Suddenly my husband dropped over and died,—and then I seemed to be at home, and awoke,

About 12 m. the same day, we got a telegram from Copeville, Tex., that our son was fatally injured, and to come at once. My husband went immediately on a freight train. Through some misunderstanding I had to go in a private conveyance across the country. As soon as I entered the house I thought of my dream, for it was all just as I had dreamt, even the house

and its surroundings. The peculiar dress and manner of the people, their scantiness of furniture and negligent housekeeping, even to the children getting their lessons, and the larger girl who wept over our son like her heart would break—all were just as I had dreamed that very morning. No one could have told that the dead boy was not their son instead of ours. We learned that he was indeed an intimate and most particular friend of the family; that he spent more of his time there than anywhere else, that all the children looked on him as a brother, and that the larger girl loved him more than a brother. With the single exception of putting my husband in place of my son, the dream was a real and vivid anticipation of the actual.

A. L. IVEY.

[Even this great inaccuracy—the substitution of the husband for the son—does not, I think, destroy the impression of a true relation between the actual and the visionary scene.]

In a subsequent letter Mr. Ivey gives some further particulars:—

Forney, Texas, *April 20th*, 1895.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Replying to yours of the 12th inst. I will say:—

1st. My son was hurt about 11.30 a.m. Sunday, December 17th, 1893.

2nd. I woke about 3 a.m. the same morning, but not being able to go back to sleep from some undefinable cause, I got up about 4 o'clock and kindled a fire and remained up.

3rd. He was returning from church with two other young men in a buggy when the horses took fright and, running away, came in contact with a tree which, striking my son, produced the fatal injuries from which he died.

4th. The blow produced concussion of the brain, from which he was unconscious the greater part of the time. He died about 1 a.m., Tuesday 19th.

After more than a year I know of nothing I can add to the letter I wrote Prof. James. I believe it contained as near the truth as it was possible for me to write. As near as I can remember, for six weeks or more before the accident I was to a great extent two different distinct persons. During the day, I was my normal self—satisfied—interested in my business and going along as usual. But at night I was altogether another person. I would generally take a short nap and then awake with the most awful feeling of weight and depression that it is possible to conceive of. I could seldom sleep all night, (though I am usually a sound sleeper), I would lie and toss vainly trying to sleep—feeling all the time that there was nothing more to live for—that all that was worth living for had gone out of my life—that I had lived too long—and that my life was nothing henceforth but a burden. When I would awake after a short nap, I felt like I imagine a person must feel who was to have been hanged that day and realised the dreadful fact immediately after awakening. This expresses it better than anything I can think of. I once called the attention of a friend to my singular condition—it was something unusual in my life—I couldn't understand it—I remarked to him that I was so low-spirited as soon as I went to bed that I could not rest, and that I could see no sense in, it as my business was in good condition. I

thought possibly that I was going to be sick, as I was only troubled at night and was as cheerful and full of life during the day as I usually am. I don't know, for some time, that this state of mind was in any way associated with my son, but gradually he became the centre, as it were, around which the awfulness seemed to crystallise. On Sunday morning, December 17th, I awoke about 3 o'clock and the feeling was so heavy that I could not stand it and got up and made me a fire. As soon as breakfast was over I got pen and paper and ordered my daughter to write to Walter *to come home at once*.

I remember well walking the floor after breakfast; and, turning to a friend who was at my house, I remarked to him, "*Jo, I am troubled to death about Walter—I see ahead of him—and there is ruin.*" I then called my daughter and, getting material and placing it on the table before her, ordered her to write to Walter then *to come home at once*.

Understand though, I never dreamed of any accident happening to him that day—I never thought of his getting hurt, or I would have telegraphed to him. I was simply troubled to death about him and couldn't tell why. It never once crossed my mind that he was in any danger at all. I had no premonition of any evil happening to him. I was simply troubled to death and he seemed to be the centre of it. I am a farmer. Buckle says that farmers and sailors are the most superstitious of people. Possibly this may be true, but I don't think I am the least so. I never had anything in the way of a premonition in my life before, though I once had a remarkable experience in connection with my first child who died at nine years of age; still it was in no sense a premonition. In the whole range of human experience I know of no class of phenomena so inexplicable as premonitions. Even if Spiritualism be true, I cannot see how spirit intercourse can explain it.

T. F. IVEY.

This case seems to tell against the view that the father's transcendental foresight discerned the accident long beforehand. It suggests rather that some intelligence to which the impending accident was long previously known may have endeavoured to inform the father, but only when the accident was just about to occur was able to impress the father still more strongly, and also to inform the mother of the event, though with much symbolic confusion.

Can we suppose that the boy's own spirit was thus aware beforehand of his own impending death, and was able to transmit the knowledge to the father, although not to the boy's own supraliminal consciousness,—with the desire, perhaps, that the father should avert the accident by summoning the boy home? Far-fetched though this sounds, we have a few cases of so-called "banshees" where the fact that all the family *except the dying man himself* are roused by the alarming sounds, looks as though those premonitory sounds were somehow caused by the spirit which is about to quit the flesh (see *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 307). But the evidence for "banshees" and "doubles" is too scanty to justify insistence on this view, and we shall presently find that the agency of disembodied spirits is more often suggested.

I must first, however, quote a few more cases where the origin of the precognitive vision remains quite obscure. I will begin with a trivial incident, where possibly a full telepathic knowledge of the minds of others might have led to an expectation of the meeting which actually occurred. This resembles an extreme instance of the "homecoming" cases, where a man returning to his house is seen before he actually arrives.

P. Cl. 129.

From Captain Parker, through the Rev. A. T. Fryer.

Hythe Vicarage, Southampton, *April 16th*, 1889.

DEAR MR. FRYER,—On referring to the only notes I have, I find I cannot fix the exact date of the occurrence of which you want particulars. It was, however, during the latter half of June, 1886, as I find it was then that the man arrived whose coming I dreamt about.

I was then in charge of a Division of Coastguard, and it was a part of my duties to visit the various coastguard stations within the limits of that division of the coast. The dream, as nearly as I can remember it, was as follows: that I was visiting an outlying station where there were several coasting vessels moored, their heads out seaward, and sterns secured to the shore with hawsers. Two navy bluejackets landed from one of the craft, quite to my surprise, and on asking where they were from, one of them said he had been sent from Wick for duty at Sandhaven (a village in my division).

The details of the dream were so vividly impressed on my mind on waking, which is quite unusual with me, that I told my housekeeper about it at or about breakfast time—as far as I know the only time I ever told her any dream at all—and for the time thought no more of it, but soon after, I think the same day, when the post came I received an official letter appointing a man from Wick for duty at Sandhaven.

I was so astonished at this coincidence that I at once said to my housekeeper:

"You remember the dream I told you about a man coming from Wick for Sandhaven. Here is his official appointment."

A further curious coincidence in connection with the above is that in the ordinary course of events this man would have proceeded from Wick to Aberdeen by steamer, and from thence north by rail, and in fact that was how he was ordered to go; but on this occasion, which sometimes happened, the steamer stopped off Fraserburgh and landed the man there without my knowledge at the time, until I found a strange bluejacket at my quarters, and on asking who it was and where he had come from, he told me he had landed from the steamer from Wick, and was sent for duty at Sandhaven. At that moment all the details of the dream again came to my mind, and the fact of the man landing on the coast instead of coming by rail was also in accordance with the details of the dream. It is hardly necessary for me to remark that nothing occurred beforehand that would lead me to expect a man being sent from Wick, or I should not have thought that the dream was curious or worth a moment's thought.

I have no doubt my housekeeper remembers something of this occurrence, as she has a better memory than I have for most things. I have not written to her on the subject, as I thought you might prefer to have her evidence without any reminder from me to her about it.

Y. F. H. PARKER.

The following is from Captain Parker's housekeeper. If her recollection is exact, there was more coincidence in the man's *aspect* than Captain Parker has described.

Fraserburgh, *April 18th, 1889.*

In answer to your inquiry about Captain Parker's dream, I remember him telling me about it. He said that in his dream he left the house, and soon after met the coastguard man, and asked him if he was the man that was come to Sandhaven station from Wick, and he said, "I am." Mr. Parker said, when telling me about it next morning, "How I wish to see that man." He saw him soon, to his astonishment, the exact image and likeness as in his dream.

ELIZABETH MACDONALD.

Here is a "home-coming" case, interesting as being *collective*, although, as in many out-of-door cases, the hypothesis of mistaken identity seems a possible one.

P. 167.

Coon Rapids,

*April 24th, 1892.*

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—One Sunday in the latter part of March, my son went down street to practice a cornet solo with a lady pianist. After he had been gone a short time, I got up from my seat and went to the window, and looked in the direction he had gone. I was not thinking of his coming for some time, yet I saw him as plainly as I ever did, coming at a little distance. I said to the family, "Here comes the Professor." My daughter-in-law leaned back in her chair to look out of the window. She said, "Yes, there he comes." We looked at him a few seconds, and turned from the window. What seems queer is we failed to notice his not coming in, or to say anything about it. I don't remember thinking of him again until he really came some time afterwards. As usual I thought very little about it until next day. I then enquired of him, and he assured me he went directly where he started to go, and remained there an hour and a half, when he came directly home. I told him I saw his ghost. He laughed, as they always do. The third day afterwards I chanced to look out and saw him (not his ghost) coming in the very same place. This was a very windy day. Now, here is something strange about it, if I can explain it as it appeared.

The Sunday that I saw his ghost was a calm day, but he appeared as though the wind was blowing his clothes all to one side, and his head was drawn down inside his coat collar, as if to protect it from the wind. [He] had the appearance of being out in a strong wind, just as he really was the third day after. He seemed to be walking fast, and yet did not advance a step. After thinking it over for days, I bethought me to ask my daughter-in-law how he appeared to her. She described him exactly as I saw him, and the same strong wind and bending his head.

M. E. VRADENBURG.

MR. HODGSON,—I saw the apparition my mother-in-law has told you of just as she describes it.

DELIA VRADENBURG.

Received *March 19th*, 1894 :—

My brother went out to practise on the cornet with a pianist, as mother has stated, and when he had been gone a short time, mother went to the window and says, “Here comes the Professor!” My wife also looked out and saw him, as she testified in mother’s statement. We all talked about his returning so soon, but did not notice his failing to come in then. But when he returned, he declared he was not out at that time, but had come directly home after practice. Remember my wife and mother seeing him on the third day after, really coming in the same place, and appearing as they saw him first, the wind blowing his clothes the same way.

E. H. VRADENBURG.

The next case is a remote one, but it involves incidents not likely to have been forgotten. Unfortunately, no corroboration is now obtainable.

P. 145. Dream.

The percipient, Miss K. M. Cleary, writes :—

Albert-road, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim.

*February 15th*, 1892.

I will first state that I am a very healthy woman, and have been so all my life. I am not in the least nervous. My occupation is that of head teacher in one of the Board’s Model Schools.

[After giving an account of an occasion when she saw an apparition of one of her assistants, who was absent at the time, and another occasion when she saw the apparition of an unknown person, Miss Cleary says :—]

When I was about fifteen and at a convent boarding school, I dreamt, without any cause that could inspire it, that my father was ill, of details connected with it, of his death, of results which followed. When the bell rang for getting up, and the nun came round to wake us, I, who had been roused from my painful chain of visions, was sitting in my nightdress on the side of the bed, and so faint-looking that the lady insisted I should return to bed. But this I would not do. I was too terrified, and yet so glad it was “only a dream.” This was Friday. On Sunday morning came the bad news : “Kate,—Father is very ill ; pray for him.” And so commenced the chain of sad realities pictured so graphically to me.

In answer to our inquiries, Miss Cleary wrote further :—

*February 26th*, 1892.

In reference to the dream previous to my father’s death, you ask me if I can give further details, dates, and corroboration, and “did it happen at the beginning of his illness, or before, or after it?”

Well, I think the only important detail I did not mention, or, at least, lay stress on, is that it was the sound of the bell for rising which broke the chain of pictures that were being presented to me—that I was sent for to go

home (we lived in Roscrea, Co. Tipp., where the convent is) ; that I did go home ; that I turned to go to the bedroom that had always been occupied by him ; that mother, close behind me, motioned me to an opposite room, *which had never been used as a bedroom* ; that I went in, saw the bed in a certain position, head towards this wall, foot that ; that Dr. R. was towards the foot of the bed, holding in his hand a white china tea-cup, with lilac flower pattern, one of a set we had ; that on the window was a very peculiar new style of lace curtain, the pattern of which I had never seen anywhere. I dreamt he died, and of the grief and terrible trouble ; and about this part there was, as it were, a cloud, and one distinct figure loomed from it—that of an uncle, father's brother, Dr. James Cleary, of Dublin, (27, N. Earl-street), deceased since. I saw, or felt, that James took my only brother back with him to Dublin.

Every detail of the dream was verified. Now, with me, this dream is unique in, if I may express myself so, *its span*.

The loud, rapid tones of the hand-bell rung in the dormitory roused me, and mechanically I sprang from bed, scarcely awake ; in a daze or stupor I was sitting on the side of it. The nun whose duty it was to go from bed to bed to make sure we had all arisen, found me as I described, noted my appearance, shook me a little, told me I seemed very ill, and should lie down again. This aroused me quite. I would not have gone back to that bed just then for worlds. I told her I was not ill, that I had been dreaming, and dreamt that my father was dead ; but she "would not listen to such nonsense, superstition, and folly, &c." (She is dead, and there is no one who can corroborate.) I may have mentioned it to a companion ; I did not attempt to do so again to any of the nuns.

At the time I had this dream I had every reason to believe that my father was in perfect health ; *and he was in perfect health*. He was medical doctor to the house. I had seen him a few days before from a window, walking in the grounds with the Mother or Superioress. He looked then, as he always did, the embodiment of health and good humour. In comparing dates and events afterwards with my mother, who, unhappily, is no more, I found that the dream occurred *on the eve of his first day's indisposition*. He was attending a fever patient some miles from the town, got a severe wetting, which predisposed him to the infection, which he caught. He was but 5 days ill. He died on the 19th July, 1853. I am now 52, therefore I was not so much as 15 when he died. His death changed the whole course of my life, or rather, shunted me quite on other lines.

On Wednesday morning I had the dream. On the same Wednesday he got the wetting. Wednesday night he felt nervous and unwell, and had a hot foot-bath before going to bed. Thursday, I *presume* he did not go out. I'm *sure* he lay for the first time on Friday. Friday evening I first had any intimation of his illness. Then, my aunt, his sister, who was a nun there and one of my class mistresses, told me that mother had sent word of it, with a request that the nuns would pray for him, but she added : "There is no cause for alarm." I recollect nothing particular about Saturday.

On Sunday morning I was called away from the breakfast table and told I was to dress for going home, to see my father, who had become worse. I went and found as I had seen in my dream.

Mother told me afterwards that she was greatly shocked by my standing as I did at the threshold of the door, and that I seemed not to be able to keep my eyes from the windows. The room and everything in the room was as I had seen them in my dream.

I know that father had been thinking of me particularly during the early part of the week in which he took ill, as I had had an earache. He sent me a drug for it, which cured it at once, but he was not aware of the success of his remedy. He asked me then, during this interval of consciousness while I made my short visit, how was the pain in the ear? I said: "Your little bottle cured it." (I had the same little bottle for many years.) He then kissed me and put his hand on my head and blessed me. The doctor then almost pulled me away, and told mother to take me from the room.

I remember well how unnaturally calm I was, and this calm, or apparent insensibility, remained throughout his short illness, and when I heard of his death. Mother used often to remark how strange it all was, and how extraordinary that I, who was the only child absent when he became ill, should be the only one who received his sad farewell, and, as she said, "It was fitting too, for I was his favourite child."

K. M. CLEARY.

It will be observed that the day of the week on which the dream occurred, is given differently in the two accounts. Whether Dr. Cleary's illness had actually begun or not at the time, it appears that the dream took place during a period when at least there was no reason for special anxiety about him, even on the part of his family at home, and when Miss Cleary herself had no reason for anxiety at all.

The case which I next quote, sent to us by Lord Wenlock, was omitted by Mrs. Sidgwick on the ground that an accident of this kind to a railway official is not rare enough to raise the incident clearly above chance coincidence. While partly agreeing, I think, nevertheless that the case, as now further corroborated, is one on which the reader should have the opportunity of forming his own opinion.

P. 368.

From Thomas Carbert, Porter at Eserick Station, through Lord Wenlock,  
Eserick Park, York.

At the end of February or beginning of March, 1883, I dreamt I saw Mr. Thompson, the station-master, lying with his legs cut off, close to a heap of coals against a small cabin at the back of the station. I dreamt that the accident happened to him by what we call the "pick-up" goods train, and that it occurred in the month of May.

I told my dream to Mr. Thompson the next morning, and, though he laughed over it, it seemed to make him uneasy.

On the 18th of May, 1883, Mr. Thompson was run over by the "pick-up" goods train, and both his legs were cut off.

The accident happened at the back of the cabin just where I dreamt I had seen him lying.

I have taken this down from the lips of the above-named Thomas Carbert.—WENLOCK, *February 14th*, 1884.

Further enquiry has much improved the evidence in this case. Thomas Carbert, who has now been moved to Rillington, writes under date October 7th, 1895 :—

“I did dream it, and told Mr. Thompson of it, and he told Mr. Hartas Foxton of it the same morning. Mr. Thompson said it was three months to May yet. As to what made me say it would happen in May, something seemed to say it would be in May in my dream.”

Mr. Foxton also writes as follows from The Grange, Escrick, October 12th, 1895 :—

DEAR SIR,—The incident you mention is vividly impressed upon my memory. One morning upon my arrival at Escrick station to catch the 8 train, Thompson and Carbert were together in the booking-office, and after the customary greeting Thompson said to me, “Master (he always called me ‘Master’), what do you think Carbert here has been telling me? He had a dream last night, and that I have only so long to live” (mentioning the time, either two months or three). I replied, “Why, if you have only that time to live you must make the very best use of it; at the same time, if you know your days are numbered, you may still have longer to live than some of us.” This, of course, I said half in jest, and the train coming in the incident ended. But I noticed particularly that Carbert seemed quite downhearted and distressed when Thompson was relating the dream to me, and I must say it made some indefinable impression upon me, so much so that when I heard of the accident to Thompson, the dream and its ending flashed vividly back to me.

You are at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you choose, either publicly or privately.

HARTAS FOXTON.

For a reason similar to Mrs. Sidgwick’s,—namely, the frequency of accidents in a miner’s life,—I have omitted several premonitions of such events;—premonitions pointing mainly to individual deaths, but sometimes taking the form of some strange sight or sound,—an *aridus fragor* in the heart of the earth,—which is held to intimate wide-spread disaster to the mine itself. A layman cannot judge as to how far the very conditions which make the danger may also cause the unusual sound. The following case, however, does not seem open to these general objections, since the danger was one voluntarily incurred by a man above ground.

P. 124.

THE PIT EXPLOSION AT TREDEGAR.

From *The South Wales Daily News*,

November 11th, 1884.

A curious circumstance was narrated, and its accuracy vouched for, on Monday, at Tredegar, in connection with the death of the man Pugh. He, it will be remembered, persisted, in spite of the remonstrances of the police, in pressing forwards to the mouth of the pit, offering to give his assistance, which, as he was under the influence of liquor, was refused. He, however,

went too close to the edge, fell down the shaft, and was dashed to atoms. He, it seems, was on intimate terms with a brewer at the Cambrian Inn, named Phillip Williams. Phillip Williams had a dream on Saturday night that he saw Pugh approach a coal pit, into which he fell and was killed. Pugh was drinking at the Cambrian on Saturday, and then Williams told him his dream. When the explosion was known at Tredegar he again saw Pugh, and warned him not to go near the pit, but Pugh started off direct to the scene of the calamity. His death took place shortly afterwards.

From Mr. Phillip Williams to Mr. C. Downing.

Cambrian Inn, Tredegar, *December 29th*, 1884.

The unfortunate man Phillip Pugh, who met his sad end by falling down Pochins Pit, I knew very well for years. And on Friday night, prior to the explosion, which occurred between 9 and 10 o'clock on Saturday night [the time is correct, F. P.], I dreamt that I saw Pugh going towards the pit, and falling down, and I was struggling with him to prevent him falling down, but could not prevent him; I was in great trouble, and when I awoke I was in a bath of perspiration. On the following evening between six and seven o'clock, I met Pugh and told these words.

"I have been in awful trouble about you last night. I dreamt that I saw you going towards the pit and falling down and I was doing all in my power to prevent you, but could not. I hope to God nothing will happen to you; be careful, it may be a warning, as you are working in a very dangerous place." The answer he gave me: "Oh, Williams," with a smile, "there's nothing going to happen to me; don't I look well?" and directly he heard of the explosion he ran down towards the pit, which is three and a-half miles from Tredegar, and when he came to the pit's mouth he wanted to give his assistance and was pushed back several times by the authorities, but would still come forward, and said that he would be the first man that would go down the pit; and it so happened. I may tell you that he worked in the pit and was a very plucky young man. I told it to several people before it happened and have got two names and addresses below, which I can vouch for their respectability.

PHILLIP WILLIAMS.

Joseph Evans, miner, 79, High Street, Tredegar.

Emily Phillips, proprietress of Cambrian Inn.

From Mrs. Phillips.

Cambrian Inn, *January 4th*, 1885.

In answer to your letter concerning my name appearing in a letter sent by Mr. Phillip Williams respecting his dream, I beg to say that what he has written to you is quite correct, he having told me and others in the morning before the explosion took place.

EMILY PHILLIPS.

From Joseph Evans.

79, High Street, Tredegar, *January 3rd*, 1885.

I heard Phillip Williams telling Pugh of his dream, and what has been written is quite correct.

JOSEPH EVANS.

Mr. Phillip Williams writes further as follows :—

Cambrian Inn, Tredegar, *January 19th, 1885.*

I may tell you that I am not in the habit of dreaming, but have dreamt on several occasions, but it never troubled my mind, and could scarcely make anything out of them in the morning when I awoke. I dreamt a dream about 30 years ago, when I was a boy in school, and in that case I was instrumental in saving a young man's life. [Account given ; but incident too remote.]

Another kind of accident is prefigured in the following case. It will be observed that Mr. Coburn (known to Dr. Hodgson as a good witness) remembers to have told two persons of the dream before the event.

P. 165.

Upper Melbourne, Quebec,

*December 14th, 1891.*

DR. RICHARD HODGSON,—SIR,—Yours of December 11th received, and I beg to hand you the premonition referred to in my former letter. I have made it as short and concise as possible.

NEWLANDS COBURN.

#### A PECULIAR DREAM OR PREMONITION.

In the year 1875, I think, one night I dreamed that my wife had gone to a friend's, who lived just across the river St. Francis (which here is about 750 feet wide) *at 11 o'clock a.m.*, and was going to stay for dinner. But on getting there, she having walked down the river and across the public bridge, and up again to her friend's, she found the house open, but nobody at home. So she went down to the river bank, and called to me from the other side to swim across to her and bring some refreshment in a tin can, which I immediately undertook to do ; but just as I was nearing a gravel bar in the middle of the river, but while just on the deepest place, the can, which was in *my left hand*, would continually keep drawing me under, and I would keep swallowing some water. So I was obliged to strike back for the home shore, which I reached in safety, amid great anxiety of my wife, who was watching me from the shore. The dream was so vivid that it woke me, and my stomach was sore from the supposed swallowing and belching out again of the water.

I turned over and went to sleep, but in the morning I still felt the effect of the dream on the muscles of the stomach, and *I told my wife then and there* of it, and how my stomach felt. And after breakfast I went to business, and was just telling a customer whom I was serving of the peculiar dream, when a neighbour rushed into the store and said he was afraid that there was trouble down at the river, as a boy on the other side (just where my wife was in the dream), was running up and down, yelling and gesticulating, and another naked one on this side was crying and calling for help.

*It was just 11 a.m.* I started at once for the river, throwing off my coat and vest as I ran, secured a boat and a young man to help me run it out, and after the boy pointed out where a companion had sunk for the last time, a few minutes before, I dived down in 12 to 15 feet of water just off the

gravel bar, and grasped the arm of the drowned young man with my left hand, and brought him to the surface, only to find that my companion had allowed the boat I had dived off to drift quite a distance from me. I then had the same struggle to get the body and myself to another boat that had just put out from shore that I had in my dream, swallowing and then belching out a lot of water; and nothing but the encouraging shouts from those on shore, who had hastily gathered (my wife among them) nerved me to the struggle. I then *in reality* suffered the same pain which I felt in my dream, and the spot where the young man was drowned was just where the "can" troubled me in my dream, and where I turned.

N. COBURN.

Upper Melbourne, Quebec, *September 4th*, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.,—DEAR SIR,— . . . My wife, to whom I related my dream before the drowning took place, died a few months after I wrote you.

You will pardon me, if I give you my explanation of the dream and drowning. I should have said that the young man had just come to visit friends on the opposite side of the river, and you will notice my rough diagram herewith, that the R.R. station of the G.T.R. is below where I live, and the young man arrived about 1.30 A.M. (say midnight) and was obliged to walk back up the river on the opposite side from where I lived, and I feel sure that the time of my dream was when he was passing up (say 2 A.M.) on the opposite side of the river. He went to bed at his friend's and did not get up until late, and immediately went to the river with some other young men for a bath and swim.

NEWLANDS COBURN.

The next case is my sole example of that premonitory vision of *coffins* which has often formed an important element in popular superstition.

P. 193. Through Mrs. Baker (wife of Lieut. Col. F. Baker Pasha, V.C.).

*June 22nd*, 1891.

A rather strange thing appeared in our family some years since, in 1887. One day my sister left the room in which she and I had been sitting and went into the drawing room. I immediately heard her call out, and on going to see what was the matter, found her very much frightened, at having, as she said, seen a coffin in front of the piano. Three weeks afterwards another sister of ours died, and previous to the funeral the coffin was brought down and placed before the piano, in exactly the spot on which it had been seen by the sister who had the prevision of it.

H. C. M. H.

"The Buffs."

[The subject is painful to Miss H., and she has not sent her own account.]

My next case shall be one which concerns not death but birth;—an elaborate prefigurement of the circumstances of an *accouchement*; including the observation, (independently confirming a suggestion

advanced above), that when the moment of crisis came, the percipient,—passing again, as I conceive, to some slight extent into a “secondary” state,—was conscious of an unexpected ease and capacity in the performance of the duties which the dream had indicated as about to fall to her.

P. 186.                   The Post-Dispatch, 513, Olive Street, St. Louis,  
*February 24th, 1891.*

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I called on Mrs. Sara Weiss, of 3,710A, Olive Street, yesterday afternoon. She was suffering with laryngitis and catarrh, and was unable to speak except in a whisper, and said that her delay in writing out an account of her dream was due to her sickness. She told me of the dream, as also of several other seemingly remarkable experiences, and promised me that she would write an account of them as soon as she improved a little. I am to call on her again for the report in a week or ten days, and if I find that the report is not yet written, I shall write it myself and give it to her to sign. She appears to me to be sincere, and if her story can be corroborated by several other persons, as she says it can be, the case will, I think, be a very good one for your collection of “occult wonders.”

Mrs. W. dreamed on Friday night, January 21st, 1883, that her daughter, Mrs. Chauncey H. C., had been confined and that she had acted as accoucheuse, the doctor whom they expected not having arrived. After the birth of the child, a doctor arrived, but not their regular family doctor. He was a young country-looking fellow with black eyes and hair, and wearing grey pants, black vest and coat, and a blue satin necktie with a peculiar coral figure in it. This was the dream in outline, and she told it with many details at breakfast next morning to her daughter and son-in-law. Four days after, Tuesday, January 25th, the child was born just as she had dreamed it had been, even to all particulars, and after it was all over, her son-in-law brought in a young doctor exactly resembling the man she had seen in her dream, face, dress, and everything. But at first she didn't think of the dream, and really thought she had seen him in real life before. She claims that she never once thought of the dream until the child had been born and the doctor had been there some time. None of the family had ever seen this doctor until that day, and Mr. C. had tried to get five other doctors before he called at this doctor's office. When Mr. C. went down town Saturday morning, January 22nd, he told his friend, H. B., about it, and the latter told his wife and W. B., and a Miss Slaughter called on Mrs. Weiss that afternoon and they all talked about it. All of these people are still living except Miss Slaughter. The B.'s live in New York City, and the C.'s in Chicago. Mr. B. is manager and vice-president of the United States Express Company, with headquarters at Chicago. In January, 1881, he was private secretary to Albert Fink, president of the Railroad Freight Pool, and lives in N. Y. City. Mrs. Weiss was living then, as now, in St. Louis, but was visiting her daughter in N. Y. Mrs. Weiss tells me that Mr. B. objects to the use of his name in connection with the matter, as it would be embarrassing to him in his business, but I think he might be prevailed upon to answer a few questions, if assured that his name would not be published. His wife will let her

name be used if the committee want it, Mrs. Weiss says. The B.'s have not been heard from yet. Mrs. W. told me Mr. B.'s business, but I don't recall it just now. Mrs. W. talks like, and has every appearance of being a well-bred lady, and used good language in her conversation. I was favourably impressed.

W. A. KELSEO, 1,331, South 13th Street.

1,331, South 13th Street, St. Louis, *March 16th*, 1891.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Sara Weiss handed me a written statement of that dream a few days ago with her name and address attached, and I have had a type-written copy of it made for you, which I herewith send you. I am at liberty to send you the original or a copy, and send the [latter] because it is more easily read. I see that Mrs. W. omitted to give the date of the dream, and I have supplied the omission from memory, though I am not positive whether the month was January or February. Mrs. W. asks that the names of the C.'s and B.'s be not used in any publication until their consent has been obtained, so please use only initial letters. She makes no objection to that. She is also anxious for you to obtain their statements regarding her dream, but hardly knows the best way to go about it. I suggested to her that perhaps if you sent Mr. C. and Mr. B. a copy of some report of the P.R. Society you could get them interested in the subject in that way and then secure their statements afterwards, and she thought that might be done. It may be that Mr. B. would offer no objection at the outset.

Mrs. W. omitted to say in her report that the nurse was now living here in St. Louis, and could not corroborate the dream. She remembers hearing Mrs. W. and her daughter speak of the dream at the time of the birth of the child, or rather when the young doctor was there immediately afterwards, and of hearing them say that the affair came off just as Mrs. W. had dreamed it would, but she doesn't remember having heard any of the family speak of the dream prior to the child's birth. I will try and see this nurse and get her statement, as I think it will be of some value, particularly if you fail to obtain any corroborative statements from the B.'s or C.'s. Her name is Mary something, but I don't know her address.

#### ACCOUNT OF MRS. SARA WEISS.

The dream I have promised to relate is remarkable, inasmuch as it antedated the fulfilment of it nearly four days.

In October, of 1881, I left my home in St. Louis, going to New York City, to be with my daughter, Mrs. C. H. C., during her expected accouchement. Dr. Ranney, an old well-known M.D., was the family physician. His office, as well as that of Mr. C., was far down town, while the family resided on cor. 124th Street, and Lexington Avenue. It was arranged with Dr. Ranney that he should come at once when called. The nurse was engaged, and everything put in order, so that there might be no delay or confusion.

I think that on Saturday, the 22nd of the month of January following, a heavy storm of snow and sleet prevailed over the region of N.Y. so that telegraph lines were weighted down with sleet and broken to such an extent in N.Y. City that for a time there was a break in the service.

On Friday night I dreamed that my daughter's labour came on, that, owing to some cause not clearly defined, we failed to get word to Mr. C., who was to bring the doctor; that we sent for the nurse, who came; that as the hours passed, and neither Mr. C. or the doctor came, we both grew frightened; that at last I heard Mr. C. on the stairs and cried to him, "Oh, Chan, for heaven's sake get a doctor, Ada may be confined at any moment;" that he rushed away, and I returned to the bedside of my daughter, who was in agony of mind and body; that suddenly I seemed to know what to do, that I delivered her, attended to her and the child, and that shortly afterwards Mr. C. came, bringing a tall young doctor, having brown eyes, dark hair, ruddy, brunette complexion, and dressed in black coat, grey trousers and grey vest, and wearing a bright blue cravat picked out with coral sprigs. The cravat attracted my attention particularly. The young doctor pronounced Mrs. C. properly attended to and left. Then, after awhile, Dr. Ranney came, saying that he had been away and could not get back, but that everything relating to Mrs. C. was all right.

In the morning at breakfast, I related my dream to Mr. C. and my daughter, but none of us attached any importance to it. But as the days passed, the dream forced itself upon me so persistently that on Monday I said to Mr. C.: "I wish you could arrange some way for us to get word to you quickly, for with the telegraph lines down, what can we do in case Ada should be taken sick and you away?" Mr. C. smiled and said: "I guess you are worried over that dream, but to satisfy you, I will write a telegram, and leave it with instructions at the district office. If the lines are not in order, they will send a boy to me."

I have forgotten to say that Mr. C. on Saturday told a friend, Mr. H. B., of my dream, that in the evening Mr. B. called, and jestingly spoke of the dream; that on the afternoon of Saturday Mrs. B. and a Miss Evans called and my daughter related the dream to them. On Tuesday between 9 and 10 o'clock my daughter was taken with labour. Immediately that we knew her condition, I sent the maid with the telegram to the district office, and for the nurse, who arrived a half hour or so before the child was born. As time passed and it became apparent that the services of an accoucheur might be needed at any moment, both my daughter and I were greatly frightened, for I had no knowledge whatever of how to proceed, as in my dream, so I ran to the window to see if Mr. C. and the doctor might be in sight, then back to my daughter. At last I heard Mr. C. on the stairs, and cried to him to bring some doctor quickly, as Ada was on the point of being confined. Mr. C. rushed off and I returned to my daughter. She looked at me in terror, and said, "Oh what shall we do?" Then came what I shall be glad to have explained. In a moment all sense of claim left me, and all sense of sympathy beyond what a very cool and experienced doctor might feel. I heard myself saying in a peremptory fashion, "Ada, don't be afraid, I know just what to do, all will go well." She looked at me in a surprised way and replied: "If you are not afraid, I won't be." The nurse was panic-stricken, and ran from the room. I went after her and in a manner foreign to me, directed her how to assist me—I do not deem it proper or necessary to go into details. Suffice it to say that I succeeded perfectly, although there were complications which might have resulted seriously. Mr. C. went to seven doctors' offices before

he found one, when at last he came, bringing a young doctor. The nurse was dressing the baby. My daughter was resting quietly and I sat in a corner of the room, feeling a dazed sensation and wondering if I were going to faint. In a few minutes I recovered myself and walked to my daughter's bedside, where the young M.D. was making an examination to see if all was right. When he turned around, Mr. C. introduced us (I think his name was White). I was surprised to find that the gentleman had a very familiar look, and I said, "Why, doctor, we have met before, but I do not recall where." He smiled and asked, "Do you reside in N.Y.?" "No, I live in St. Louis; have you ever been there?" "Yes, about two months ago I passed through St. Louis." "And I," I said, "have been in New York for over three months, and yet I know I have met you before, but I do not recall where." At this moment my daughter plucked at my dress and whispered, "Look at the doctor's cravat." In a moment I knew he was the man whom I saw in my dream, and then realised that all the occurrences of the past six hours were a complete fulfilment of the dream, which only needed Dr. Ranney's visit to finish it. The doctor's dress was exactly as I had seen it in the dream. Dr. Ranney came in about two hours. He had been called to Brooklyn, and the ice was running so heavily that the boat was delayed. He was very much surprised to learn that I had acted as accoucheur, and still more so as some complication in the case called for the services of an experienced person. When he came the next day he questioned me closely, and I felt that he doubted my statement. I had had no previous experience, and at my daughter's request, I told him of my dream and that what I considered one of the strangest features of the matter was that, on my honour, the dream had not once occurred to me from the beginning of my daughter's labour until she called my attention to the doctor's cravat.

Dr. Ranney desired me to write an account of the whole matter, and I promised to do so, but delayed it, and never did it. I have endeavoured to have my statement of the matter corroborated, but find that Dr. Ranney is dead. Miss Evans is also dead. My son-in-law, for reasons which he deems sufficient, does not wish his, or my daughter's name used. Mr. and Mrs. B. I know but slightly, and do not like to make the request of them, which they might not like to refuse, and then they may have forgotten the matter.

I am much too earnest a seeker for a solution of the question at the beginning of my statement to allow myself to exaggerate or mistake. I have condensed as much as possible my statement. The full particulars would be too lengthy. If my information was not from some foreseeing intelligence, where did it come from?

SARA WEISS,

March, 1891.

3,710, Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Studio of A. M. Blanchard, 418 1-2, Olive-street, St. Louis, Mo.

April 1st, 1891.

MR. RICHARD HODGSON.—DEAR SIR,—I may add that Mrs. A. M. Weiss, who recently sent you a report, is my intimate friend. I have read her M.S.S detailing the very peculiar experience in N.Y. ten years ago, and it coincides exactly with my recollection of the account she gave of it a few days after the event. No one but Mrs. W. knows that I was informed

of it, and, for obvious reasons, I cannot go on formal record, should my testimony, which, of course, is only second-hand, be considered of any value. I was probably the only person, except those mentioned in Mrs. W.'s statement, who was informed of the experience at the time.

I am aware that my statement is merely corroboratory, and of no positive value as *evidence* ; but the whole affair was so far removed from the ordinary run of psychic experiences, that it may be of some interest to you.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

Mr. A. M. Blanchard further writes :—

MR. RICHARD HODGSON.—DEAR SIR,—I mailed you yesterday a letter requesting information, and also containing a statement in support of Mrs. Weiss's report of her peculiar experience in N. Y. in 1881. This morning I met Mrs. W., and she voluntarily suggested that I make the statement which I had already forwarded, and gave permission that it go on record if so desired. I was in St. Louis at the time of the occurrence, and she wrote an account, somewhat less detailed than the one furnished you, but as far as my memory serves—and it naturally made a strong impression—agreeing with it in every particular. The letter is not now in existence. Mary, the maid, was not told the dream, but was in the room immediately after the birth of the child, and remembers the remark made to Mrs. Weiss by Mrs. C., reminding her of the appearance of the young doctor in the dream.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

Mr. Blanchard again writes :—

MR. RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have read the report forwarded to you by Mrs. Weiss, of the dream and its fulfilment, on the occasion of the birth of her grandchild in New York, in January, 1881, and it coincides in all its details with my recollection of the account written to me by her a few days after the event.

I regret that the letter is not now in existence, but it made so strong an impression on my mind that I cannot be mistaken.

A. M. BLANCHARD.

I have read my mother's written statement of the dream which she had previous to the birth of my little boy, and in so far as I remember, it is quite correct.

MRS. C. H. C.

St. Louis, [July] 31st, 1894.

MR. HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I had hoped when last I wrote you that I might very soon be able to go to Chicago, when I could talk with Mr. C., in relation to his recollection of the dream. I was very ill for some weeks, and at last went to Chicago, hoping that a change might benefit me, but the result was quite to the contrary. I talked with Mr. C., but he has been so immersed in business during the years which have elapsed since the time when the dream occurred, that he declares that he has no recollection of it, or of any matters outside of his business, and knowing him as I do, I do not doubt the assertion. My daughter and I have so often recurred to the birth of the little boy, and incidents connected with that event, that she remembers the dream distinctly, and I send her attestation of the fact.

SARA WEISS.

2,916, Pine-st, St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo.

I went from St. Louis to New York in 1881, as nurse maid to Mrs. C.'s little girl. I lived with Mrs. C. when the little boy was born. I was a little over fourteen years old when the baby was born. I do not think I was told of Mrs. Weiss's dream, but after the baby was born I was told to bring the little girl into the room. A strange doctor was just leaving. Mrs. C. said to Mr. C., "Did you notice the doctor's neck-tie?" Mr. C. said "No." Then Mrs. C. said, "Why, I know him by mamma's description as the doctor she saw in her dream." I heard a good deal of talk about the dream, but I was so young I did not pay enough attention to what was said to remember much about it.

MARIE LUENSTROTH.

My next case also is concerned with a birth; but it suggests certain possibilities which are still more perplexing.

The writer of the following account is a lady recommended to me by Dr. Liébeault of Nancy as in all ways an excellent informant;—a lady who has now for many years taken a leading part in an important French philanthropic enterprise, and whose mind is not given to exaggeration or morbid sentiment. I am obliged thus to describe my correspondent because, for reasons which seem to me adequate, I cannot give her name, or go fully into the points in her letters to me which have led me to regard her as a scrupulously careful witness. From among many psychological experiences, mainly conforming to our usual types, which she has recorded in a pamphlet in my possession, I select the incident which follows.

P. 178. [Translation from pamphlet printed 1894.]

In November, 1877, I was expecting my third child. On the night before its birth I had a terrible dream.

I had the feeling that my room was filled by all kinds of mysterious and sorrowful influences, and a small being, separating itself from these confused surroundings at the other end of my room, said to me, "I come to you that you may love me."

This being, of the size of a child two or three years old, was human only in its face, from which shone two large dark eyes; I remarked also the expression of the mouth, which indicated suffering; as to the rest of the body, it was so painful to look upon, so different from the rounded forms and fresh rosiness of childhood, that I woke in anguish, my heart beating violently.

In the morning I told my mother of this dream. She regarded it as a nightmare caused by my condition at the time; and we welcomed without apprehension the arrival of my third little daughter, a fine child of dark complexion, well formed, and showing every sign of strong health.

When a few weeks had passed, I observed that this child's physiognomy, especially when it was on the point of crying, bore a strong likeness to the child of my dream. It had also the same large dark eyes; but very gentle in expression, and filled, as it grew older, with a deep but indefinable

sadness. I communicated my apprehensions to my sister. [A letter from this lady, herself concerned with philanthropic and literary work, lies before me, dated April 13th, 1894. She says, "I affirm the perfect exactitude of this narrative. My sister told me her dream, I was witness of her apprehensions during the brief existence of her third little daughter, and she said to me textually the words mentioned in her narrative, at the end of the child's life." ] We observed the child's development with the anxious attention that every mother will understand.

She was very easy to rear, without faults of temper, and incredibly precocious in all ways—in her senses, memory, intelligence, and affectionate sensibility.

I brought her up thus to the age of two years and a half. Then she was taken from me by a terrible malady, granular kidney, (*la granulie*), following upon measles, and finally causing meningitis, after causing extreme irritation for weeks. The poor child was seriously ill for three months and a half. During the last week of her painful existence she was reduced to a state of extreme emaciation, and showing her sadly to my sister, I said to her with absolute truth, "Alas! There is the child of my dream, exactly as she appeared to me the night before she was born!"

It will be observed here that the premonition represented neither a child with normal resemblance to its parents, nor a child suffering from any disease which heredity or maternal suggestion could have caused, but a child in a condition into which it actually fell some two years later, as the result of zymotic disease.

These last cases offer no indication of any message from without. Rather they suggest the kind of flashing recognition which a man might experience who had seen his own life beforehand, and now retraversed it like a hypnotic subject carrying out a "deferred suggestion." I will next give a few cases where a man's future life seems to be shown to him as though from some external source of knowledge.

In the following case of Dr. Liébeault's,—a case which it is hard to regard as more than a series of strange coincidences,—it will be observed that Dr. Liébeault is not himself responsible for more than the fact that the young man believed that he was to die in a certain year. This is just the kind of case where the death might have been ascribed to *terror*; but in fact the subject's terrors here are calmed, and he then dies of a disease which terror could not have induced.

P. 190.

From Dr. Liébeault's note-book.

M. S. de Ch. came to consult me to-day at 4 p.m. (January 7th, 1886) for a slight nervous ailment. M. de Ch. is much preoccupied by a lawsuit, and by the incident which I proceed to recount.

On the 26th December, 1879, while walking in Paris, he saw "Mme. Lenormand, Necromancer," written on a door. Urged by thoughtless

curiosity he entered the house, and was shown into a rather dark room. M<sup>me</sup>. Lenormand came to him, and placed him at a table. She went out and returned, and then looking at the palm of one of his hands said, "You will lose your father in a year from this very day. You will soon be a soldier; (he was 19 years old) but not for long. You will marry young, have two children, and die at 26." M. de Ch. confided this astounding prophecy to some of his friends, but did not take it seriously. However, as his father died after a short illness on December 27th, 1880, precisely a year from the interview, he became less incredulous. And when he became a soldier, for seven months only, married, had two children, and was approaching his twenty-sixth birthday, he became thoroughly alarmed and thought he had only a few days to live. This was why he came to consult me, hoping I might enable him to avoid his fate. For, as the first four events had taken place, he thought that the last would. On this and the following days I tried to send M. de Ch. into profound sleep in order to dissipate the impression that he would die on the 4th February, his birthday. M<sup>me</sup>. Lenormand had not named a date, but he was so agitated that I could not induce even the slightest sleep.

However, as it was absolutely necessary to get rid of his conviction, lest it should fulfil itself by self-suggestion, I changed my tactics and proposed that he should consult one of my somnambulists, an old man of 70 or so, nick-named "the prophet," because he had exactly foretold his own cure of articular rheumatism of 4 years' standing, and the cure of his daughter, the cure in the latter case resulting from his suggestion. M. de Ch. accepted my proposal eagerly. When put into *rapport* with the somnambulist his first question was, "When shall I die?" The sleeper, suspecting the state of the case, replied after a pause, "You will die . . . you will die in 41 years." The effect was marvellous; the young man recovered his spirits, and when the 4th February passed he thought himself safe. [Some of those who had heard of the prophecy concluded in consequence that there had been nothing in it.]

I had forgotten all this, when at the beginning of October I received an invitation to the funeral of my unfortunate patient, who had died on September 30th, 1886, in his 27th year, as M<sup>me</sup>. Lenormand had foretold. To prevent the supposition that the whole affair was an illusion on my part, I keep this letter of invitation, as well as the record made at the time of M. de Ch.'s visit to me. I have since learnt that the unfortunate man had been under treatment for biliary calculi and died of peritonitis caused by an internal rupture.

DR. LIÉBEAULT.

Here, perhaps, as fitly as elsewhere I may introduce four old cases which should not be ignored;—cases the worse for their age, of course, inasmuch as we cannot question our informants further; yet narratives which have not passed from hand to hand, nor bear any trace of frivolous or superstitious origin. They are grave and mainly first-hand statements, and while they are themselves strengthened by our more recent narratives they do also in their turn lend to those new instances some real support.

## P. 181.

Translation of an extract from the *Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon*. (A. Sautelet et Cie, Librairies Éditeurs, Paris, 1829). Vol. V., p. 120, et seq. (A.D. 1706). [The Duc de Saint Simon is believed to have kept a journal with the object of thence compiling his *Mémoires* and here, as in many other places, the account suggests that notes were taken at the time, although, of course, this cannot now be positively asserted.]

Here is something which he [the Duke of Orleans] told me in a corner of the salon at Marly, where we were having a *tête-à-tête* one day, when he had just arrived from Paris, and was on the point of setting out for Italy; something so marvellous, confirmed as it was by events which could not then have been foreseen, that I cannot omit it. He was interested in all arts and sciences, and with great powers of mind, had had all his life the weakness (so common at the court of Henry II's children), which Catherine de Médicis had introduced from Italy amongst other habits and customs. He had sought, as far as he was able, to see the devil, without success, according to what he has often told me, and to see marvellous things, and read the future. Mademoiselle de Sery had at her house a little girl of eight or nine, who had been born there and had never left it, and who possessed the innocence and simplicity of her age and upbringing. Amongst other dealers in hidden mysteries, of whom the Duke of Orleans had seen so many in his life, there was one to be met with at his mistress's house, who boasted that he could cause anything one wanted to know to be seen in a glass of water. Some one young and innocent was needed to look into it, and this little girl was just suitable. They amused themselves by wishing to know what was happening in far-away places, and the little girl looked and told what she saw accordingly. The fellow said something in a low voice over the glass of water and immediately it was looked into successfully.

The frauds to which the Duke of Orleans had so often been exposed induced him to put a test which might be convincing. He told one of his men in a whisper to go immediately to Madame de Nancre's, a little distance off, to ascertain exactly who was there, what was doing, the position and furnishings of the room, and everything that was going on there, and to come back and tell him in a whisper, without losing a moment or speaking to any one. The order was obeyed in a trice without any one having noticed what it was, and the little girl was in the room all the while. When the Duke of Orleans had been instructed by his messenger, he told the little girl to see in the glass who was at Madame de Nancre's, and what was going on there. Immediately she told them word for word all that the Duke of Orleans' messenger had seen. The description of the faces, figures, and clothes of the people who were there, their position in the room, the people who were playing at two different tables, those who were looking on, or talking, seated or standing, the placing of the furniture, in fact everything. Immediately the Duke of Orleans sent Nancre there, who reported that everything was as the little girl had said, and as the valet who had first been there had told the Duke in a whisper.

He did not speak to me much on these subjects, because I took the liberty of shaming him about them. I now took the liberty of rating him soundly

about his account of this incident and of telling him what I thought might deter him from giving credence to these delusions and from amusing himself with them, at a time moreover, when his mind should have been occupied with so many great subjects. "That is not all," he said to me, "and I have only told you that to prepare you for the remainder," and he immediately went on to relate how, encouraged by the accuracy of what the little girl had seen in Madame de Nancré's apartment, he had wished to see something more important, and what would happen on the king's death; but without seeking the date, which could not be seen in the glass. He put the question then to the little girl, who had never heard Versailles spoken of or seen any one belonging to the court, except himself. She looked and explained to them at length what she saw. She described accurately the king's room at Versailles and the furnishings which were actually found there at his death. She depicted him precisely in his bed, and standing near the bed or in the room, a little child with the order held by Madame de Ventadour, at the sight of whom she exclaimed, because she had seen her at Mademoiselle de Sery's house. She made them recognise Madame de Maintenon, the striking figure of Fagon, the Duchess of Orleans, the Princess de Conti; she exclaimed at the Duke of Orleans; in short she revealed to them whomsoever she saw there, princes, lords, servants, or valets. When she had finished, the Duke of Orleans, surprised that she had not mentioned Monseigneur [the Dauphin], the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, nor the Duke of Berry, asked her if she did not see such-and-such figures. She persisted in answering "No," and repeated those she did see. The Duke of Orleans could not understand this, and expressed great astonishment at it to me, and sought in vain the reason for it. The event explained it. It was then 1706. All four were at that time in full life and health, and all four died before the king. It was the same with the Prince, the Duke, and the Prince de Conti, whom she did not see, whilst she saw the children of the two latter, M. du Maine, his children, and the Count of Toulouse. But until the event it remained a mystery. His curiosity satisfied on this point, the Duke of Orleans wished to know what would become of himself. That however was not to be seen in the glass. The fellow who was there offered to show it to him as if painted on the wall of the room, if he was not afraid of seeing himself there; and after a quarter of an hour of rodomantade before them all, the figure of the Duke of Orleans, clothed as he then was, and life-size, appeared suddenly on the wall like a painting, with a closed crown on its head. It was not that of France, Spain, or England, neither was it an imperial crown. The Duke of Orleans who gazed fixedly at it could not guess what it was; he had never seen such a one. It had only four circles, and nothing on the top. This crown covered his head.

From the previous mystery and from this latter one, I took the opportunity of showing him again the folly of this kind of thing, fitting delusions of the devil, permitted by God for the punishment of a curiosity, which He forbids, resulting in nothingness and darkness, instead of the light and instruction sought.

He was at that time certainly very far from being regent of the kingdom, or from thinking of it. That was perhaps what this curious crown announced to him. All this happened in Paris at his mistress's

house, in the presence of their most intimate circle, the day before he told me of it; and I thought it so extraordinary, that I have given it a place here, not to express my approval of it, but to make it known.

“St Simon’s account,” a correspondent writes to me, “is the more interesting because he is not by any means a superstitious man. See his account of Boulainvillier’s predictions of deaths,—some of which were right (apparently) but some wrong. St. Simon speaks of ‘la fausseté, la vanité, et le néant de cette prétendue science qui séduit tant de gens d’esprit’ (Edition Chéruef et Regnier, Vol. XI, ch. 7, p. 153;—1715 A. D.)”

The next case was also a matter of serious and immediate record.

P. 461. From the Rev. T. G. Crippen, Kirton, near Boston.

Since writing the foregoing paragraph (*i.e.*, P. 460) I have found a memorandum in my father’s handwriting, dated January, 1869, in which he had set down particulars of several dreams or presentiments. I will give one of them verbatim; the incidents must have occurred in the early part of 1847.

“ . . . I had a dream, and set it down, telling the landlady and her daughter the page in my memorandum-book. They wanted to see it, but I said ‘No, but they might mark the page,’ which they did. Next morning I was sitting at the same table. . . . The postman gave his double knock, and I said ‘Here comes my dream.’ Sure enough it was; for there was a letter from the Board with my promotion, which I did not look for for another year at least. Now the dream was that I saw a letter, read it, went to London; close by a church that you could go round two sides of, I saw a gateway; I entered, saw a black-looking building with folding doors and a side door. (Rough sketch in the margin, unintelligible.) I entered and turned up a flight of steps on my right hand, met a very little man and he said ‘Welcome, stranger; you are Mr. Crippen.’ . . . That was my dream at Thorpe-le-Soken. The church was St. Giles in London; I never asked any one, but went straight round [*sic.*], saw the entrance and all in my dream. The supervisor was a very little man. . . .”

By way of explanation, I may add that the place described as having been seen beforehand was a soapery near St. Giles, of which my father had charge as “Assistant” for a few months in 1847. I was too young to be able to give any corroboration to this narrative from my own knowledge; but I know that *some* incidents connected with his removal from Thorpe-le-Soken to London at that time made a deep impression on my father’s mind; he regarded it as a special occasion for gratitude to God, and several times spoke of it as such.

THOS. GEO. CRIPPEN.

It will be observed that Mr. Crippen quotes from a memorandum-book of his father’s, which is itself a digest of notes taken at the time. As regards the premonitory vision of Wansford, which follows, it is of course possible that the Excise authorities had already

contemplated moving Mr. Crippen to Wansford, and had thought of that scene in connection with him, so that it might have been telepathically transferred.

P. 460.

From the Rev. Thomas George Crippen (Independent Minister), Kirton, near Boston.

July 8th, 1884.

In the spring or early summer of 1852, my father was Excise officer at Mildenhall, Suffolk, and was expecting shortly to be removed to another station. One morning at breakfast he said, "I have had a curious dream; I saw a malt-house standing beside some water; there were trees, and a crane; I have never been in such a place, but if I were an artist I could sketch the scene exactly." A few months later the expected order for removal came to hand, and my father, accompanied by my mother and myself, went to the place indicated to make needful arrangements. The place was Dalham, a few miles distant; and I distinctly remember that as we rode by a malt-house beside a pool, at Dalham, my mother said, "Is that like your dream?" The reply was "No, there were boats on that water." I may remark that I was then a few weeks under 11 years old. We did not remove to Dalham, the order being countermanded; but in the early spring of 1854—nearly two years after the dream—my father was ordered to Wansford, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. We had certainly never been within 40 miles of the place. We arrived at Driffield on a Saturday night, and put up at the "Bell"; and on the following morning my father and I took a walk around. In the course of our walk we passed a malt-house and mill, standing beside a large sheet of water, at Nafferton. I said, "Is that like your dream?" The reply was "Something like, and yet not like it." We walked on to Wansford—about two miles further—when suddenly my father said "My dream, Tom—there it is! There is the malt-house, and the trees, and the crane, and the water exactly as I saw it." The place was Bainton's mill—since known as Nornabell's—about two miles from Driffield. As I have a distinct remembrance of the dream being the subject of conversation before the visit to Dalham, of the conversation at Dalham, and of my father's words both at Nafferton and Wansford, I think this may be fairly put on record as an instance of presentiment inexplicable by any *known* natural law.

The memorandum contains further details, but I prefer to leave the narrative as it stands, because so far it is within the sphere of my own distinct remembrance.

THOS. GEO. CRIPPEN.

The next case is again noteworthy, as coming from a quarter where the slightest conscious embellishment of truth would have been reckoned as a sin. "Fletcher of Madeley" was one of the chiefest of English saints; and the premonition which follows is bound up with earthly lives than which few could have approached closer to the life unseen, or have lain more manifestly under the oversight and intendency of heaven.

P. 58.

From the life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, of Madeley. By the Rev. H. Moore, D.D. Vol. I., pp. 241-243.

On Mr. Fletcher's death at his parish of Madeley, his widow expected to have to give up their house. In October, 1785, she makes the following entry in her journal: "I received a message from Mr. Kenerson, letting me know I should never be turned out of the house. It brought before my mind a dream I had some years before I was married. I dreamed a man came to offer me some tithes. I replied, 'Friend, I have nothing to do with tithes, I have no concern in any living.' But soon after I said to one of my family, Hannah, 'I am going away, I have a call from the Lord,—I must go.' But again I thought I knew not where, not even into what country. However, the way of duty is the way of safety. I will set out, and God will lead me. Immediately I left Cross Hall,<sup>1</sup> and after walking a few paces I thought I was carried, in a moment, I knew not how, and set down in a churchyard, and some one said to me, 'You are to enter into this church.' I went in, and walking up the aisle, I heard a kind of groan, and said, 'That is the sound of death.' When I came out of the church I entered into a house which was just by it. As I was on the steps it was said inwardly to me, 'This is the habitation which God hath chosen for you.' But I answered, 'Oh, no! I cannot live here. It is the order of God for me to live in Yorkshire.' I went into some rooms, and found in one I passed through, a man and woman. In the next was a young woman, with a child on her lap. She appeared dying of a consumption, and in great conflicts. We soon entered into conversation . . . . After a time, she told me I must come here, and here abide. I replied, 'Oh, no! I live at Cross Hall, in Yorkshire, and have a great family and many calls there.' But she said, 'It is the will of God to bring you here—there is work for you to do.' She added, 'Do not be frightened, God will make you a comfortable habitation.' I said, 'Have you the Gospel here?' She replied, 'Yes.' 'And who,' said I, 'is the minister that brought it among you?' She replied, 'He is not here now.' 'Then who,' said I, 'is your present minister?' She showed me a name of three syllables—but I . . . . could only remember the two last—'nerston.' I felt myself in great anguish and sorrow of mind, (though I could not assign any cause), and said, 'I must go away, I cannot stay here. I do not know that man and woman. I cannot live with them.' She replied, 'That man and woman will go away when you come. But there is work for you to do, you must abide here.' . . . . I went downstairs . . . . seeing a coach ready to be hired, I beckoned to it—the man opened the door; as I was stepping in he said, 'Where will you be carried?' I strove to say Cross Hall, Yorkshire, but I could not. Then I strove to name various habitations I had formerly lived in, but I could remember the name of none. . . . . At last I stepped back, and pointing to the house I came out of, I said, 'That is my home. God hath taken the remembrance of every other out of my heart.'

I knew nothing of the situation of anything in Madeley when I had this dream—but when, some years afterwards, I told my dear Mr. Fletcher,

<sup>1</sup> Cross Hall, Yorkshire, was at this time her home.

he said, 'There was a man and woman who lived with me at that time, and a young woman named A. C., who was very useful in the work, to which she proved a nursing mother. She died of a consumption, in which she had many conflicts.' I said, 'Was there a minister here whose name ended in 'nerston'?' He replied, 'No.' But now I understand it all. Had I before remembered the whole name, I should at once have known this dream would be fulfilled at my dear husband's death, as Mr. *Kenerston* was the patron and his son now became our vicar."

And now a case which we may interpret in various ways, but which yet points to spiritual presences which to this man's sober apprehension seemed real and near. I quote only so much of the narrative, not now evidential, as may serve to show its parallelism with more modern experience.

P. 11.

From a letter which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Vol. XXXV. 1765, pp. 599, 600) headed: "*The Existence of Invisible Forewarners of Events Asserted.*" This letter bears the signature of J. Cook, M.D., and is dated Leigh, September 18th, 1765.

The writer, after vouching "by the living of God" for the truth of his narrative, says:—

"Ever since I was three and twenty years of age, I have had an invisible being or beings attend me at times both at home and abroad, that have by some gentle token or other, given me warning and notice that I should shortly certainly lose a particular friend, or a patient. They began and continued from our marriage till the decease of my first wife, in May, 1728, and of her infant daughter, who lived with me but seven months, and but six weeks after her mother, when they were very frequent and troublesome about my house, as was well-known, and noticed by many of our friends and neighbours. After that they came seldom, but so gentle, civil, and familiar, that I chose rather to have them about my house than not, and would not, if I was to sell it, part with the same without some extraordinary consideration upon that very account; and I really hope they will never leave me as long as I live; though my spouse wishes otherwise, to whom they are not so agreeable. . . .

"Sometimes we have had their hints frequent and close together; at other times but seldom, and at a great distance of time. But this I have observed, that rarely any patient, or friend that I respected, or that valued me, departs hence, but I have some kind of sensible notice, or warning of it; but yet so discreet and mild, as never to flutter, or frighten me. This notice, which is either by seeing, feeling, or hearing, is not fixed to any certain distance of time previous to their deaths, but I have had it a week, a month, and more, before their decease, and once only three days, when I actually heard the spiritual agent form an articulate voice, and utter these words, as I was abed, with a most pathetic emphasis, 'I am gone;' which was fulfilled the Monday morning following, by the sudden death of my cousin's daughter, who was upon a visit at my house, and was well two days before."

Towards the end of his letter he adds that the voice came "just as I had put out my candle, and was laid down in my bed," etc. . . .

"My spouse was fast asleep by me, so missed being witness of that notice; though she often is, and some of my sons too, and many others." . . .

"At first, in 1728, I kept a book of account, where I entered every notice or warning, with the particular circumstances attending, and the event that succeeded such notices, but they were so frequent and numerous that I grew quite weary in writing them down, so left off that method, resolving to take them for the future just as they came. The very last hint I had was on Saturday night, the 6th of July 1765, in my chamber, about eleven o'clock, as I was walking to my bed, being from home attending a patient I was that morning sent for to, and which I lost on the 20th day of the same month. For the first five days I saw no danger; yet I doubted the event; but when I have more than one patient dangerously ill at a time, the issue only determines the case, and though I lay no stress upon such notices, so as to affect my practice, yet I fear the worst, and though the use of means is then to no purpose, yet it renders me the more diligent for conscience' sake."

It is interesting to set beside these old cases some modern examples, where like intimations are still given through the same channels as before.

The case next to be given has the rare peculiarity of involving a definite date,—the day of the month, a few months ahead,—on which the premonition was to fulfil itself.<sup>1</sup> The matter involved was a private one, and I am able to give the case only in outline.

(P. 223.) In December, 1889, I received from Miss X. a sealed envelope containing a *date*. Miss X. stated that a premonition in auditory form—a voice often heard before at crises, and which she had always trusted—had deferred to the date therein-mentioned the decision of a matter as to which she had been in great anxiety, and which she had been daily expecting to be obliged to decide. It did not then appear to her likely that the decision should be so long deferred; nor was it essential that an actual meeting should take place; but she resolved to do nothing either to help or hinder the fulfilment of the prediction. The date in question found her, in fact, at a distance from London (where the question would have to be settled), and likely to remain in the country. An unexpected summons from an invalid relative brought her back to London,—the cause of the summons being the sudden illness of a maid. Miss X. arrived in London, and an accidental visitor at the relative's house invited her impromptu to an entertainment at which she met the friend upon whom the matter

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Edisbury's case, Vol. VII., p. 318.

depended—although that friend was previously a stranger to her hosts of the evening.

Miss X. then wrote to tell me of this fact, and Mrs. Sidgwick and I, opening the sealed letter together, found that the date given therein corresponded to that on which the predicted meeting and decision had now actually taken place.

In the next case a date is also obscurely given.

P. 643. Dream. Cf. *Phantasms of the Living*, Case (79).

From the Rev. E. D. Banister, Whitechapel Vicarage, Preston, Lancashire.

[November 12th, 1885.]

My father, whilst a schoolboy (probably from 1808-1815), had a dream relating to his future, which I and my sister have often heard him relate. In the dream he saw a tablet in the parish church of his native place, on which was inscribed his name in full, the date of his birth, and the day and month, but not the year, of his death. But there seemed to him to be something uncertain about the *month* in the date of his death. The date as inscribed on the tablet was Jun. 9. But as June is seldom, if ever, abbreviated as Jun., he was somewhat inclined to think that it might be Jan. 9.

Many years elapsed after the dream, and nothing occurred to recall the circumstance until on June 9th, 1835, my eldest brother died at the age of two years and ten months. My father at the time was very deeply affected by the loss of the child. The date of the child's death called to his mind the date on the tablet, and though in his dream he distinctly saw his own name, he ever afterwards favoured the idea that the date he had seen was Jun. 9.

On January 9th, 1883, my father died.

Mr. Banister's sister confirms as follows :—

I have seen my brother's letter respecting the dream of which I have heard my father speak, and can only say that the facts are as my brother has stated.

AGNES BANISTER.

To what extent departed human spirits may be concerned in messages like these is a problem which only a much wider collection of evidence can enable us to solve. I have already alluded to certain cases which seem to show us a departed friend foretelling some death which may or may not have been already recognised as imminent by observers on earth. It is suggested thus that the disembodied spirit can better discern the invalid's condition, and remains at hand to receive him when the transition comes.

In several families there is a tradition that some special sign precedes or accompanies the transition of the head of the house, or of

certain of its members. In the case of one of these families, I have received evidence to the persistence of a given type of "warning" during a period of three centuries.

P. 232.

Extract from Dr. Robert Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire." Edited 1677. (Original Book at Conyngnam, Knaresborough. Pages 204 and 205).

I. "I must add also a Relation, as strange as it is true, of the Family of one Captain Wood, late of Bampton, Oxfordshire, now of Brise Norton, Captain in the late Wars for the King. Some whereof before their death have had warning given them by a certain knocking, either at the door without or on a table or shelves within; the number of *stroaks* and distance between them, and the place where, for the most part respecting the circumstances of the persons to dye, or their deaths themselves, as will easily be collected from the following relation. The first knocking that was heard, or at least observed, was about a year after the Restoration of the King, in the afternoon, or a little before night, at or upon the door it being then given, as it was apprehended by Mrs. Elenor Wood, mother to Captain Basil Wood, who only heard it, none being about the house but herself; at which she was very much disturbed, thinking it boded some ill to *her* or *hers*, and within fourteen nights after, she had news of the death of her son-in-law, Mr. George Smith, who dyed in London.

II. "About three years after that, there were three great knocks given very audibly to all that were then in the house, viz., to the aforesaid Mrs. Elenor Wood, Mr. Basil Wood, and his wife, Mrs. Hester, and some servants; which knocks were so remarkable that one of the maids came from the well, which was about twenty yards from the place, to see what was the matter; and Mrs. Elenor Wood, and another maid that was within the house, saw three great pans of lard shake and totter so upon a shelf in the milk house that they were like to fall down. Upon this violent knocking, Mr. Basil Wood and his wife, being then in the hall, came presently into the milk house to their mother, where finding her somewhat disturbed, and enquiring the reason, she replied, 'God Almighty only knew the matter;' *she* could tell nothing, but she heard the knocking; which being *within doors*, Mr. Basil Wood concluded was for some of the family *at home*, that upon the *door* being for a friend *abroad*; which accordingly fell out, *three* of the family, according to the number of the knocks, dying within little more than half a year after, viz., Mrs. Hester Wood, wife to Mr. Basil Wood, a child of Mr. Wood's sister, and Mrs. Elenor Wood, his mother.

III. "About August, 1674, Mr. Basil Wood, junior, son of the Mr. Basil Wood aforesaid, living at Exeter, in Devonshire, heard the same kind of knocking, at which being disturbed, he wrote word of it to his father here at Bampton, in Oxfordshire; viz., 'That one Sunday he and his wife and her sister and his brother did distinctly hear upon a Table in their chamber, as they stood by it, two several *knocks* struck as it were with a cudgel, one of them *before* and the other *after* morning prayer, a little before dinner;' which letter was shown to Mr. Wood, senior, (as the other knockings before the deaths of any that dyed were *beforehand* told) to several neighbouring

gentlemen ; after which within about fourteen days,<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hester Wood, a second wife of Mr. Basil Wood, senior, and about a quarter of a year after, her father, Mr. Richard Lisset, dyed both at Bampton ; since which time they have heard nothing more as yet.”

IV. The following is a copy made by Miss Ethel Woodd of an entry made by her father, Mr. Charles H. L. Woodd, in the margin of his copy of Plot's "Natural History of Oxfordshire" :—

“The said warning was heard at the death of Mr. George Woodd, of Richmond, Surrey. A knocking was heard by Mrs. Woodd the night he died. He said, ‘Oh, it is the Woodds’ warning, I shall die before morning.’ He did so.

“C. H. L. Woodd.

“A. D. *March, 1784.*”

[Mr. George Basil Woodd, father of Mr. Basil George Woodd, died March 11th, 1784.]

V. Basil George Woodd died at Hillfield, Hampstead, August 28th, 1872, aged 91 years.

Hannah Wardman, an old servant, living in Mr. Basil George Woodd's house, The Old Parsonage, Harrogate, Yorkshire, heard three distinct knocks outside on the front door the night he died at Hampstead. She got up and went down in the middle of the night, opened the door and looked round—not a creature to be seen over all the stray [*i.e.*, the wide grass common at Harrogate on which the old parsonage looked out.] The knocks occurred again and she came down a second time in vain (remembered by Eleanor J. Mitton and Fanny L. Woodd). She also heard dogs coming into the yard and howling all night.

At Hillfield, Mr. Gleave, the butler, heard knocks at the pantry window (this is remembered by E. H. W. only). It is thought that an old servant, who lived at Hillfield at the time, may be able to corroborate it, and she has been communicated with.

[“E. H. W.” is Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd, who has kindly helped in the collection of these facts.]

Lower Lodge, Waterperry, Wheatley, Oxon.,

*June 22nd, 1895.*

HOND. MADAM,—In reply to your request about the knockings heard by Gleave on the eve of Mr. Woodd's death, at Hillfield, August 28th, 1872, I quite well remember Gleave coming out of the pantry and saying “Some one has been knocking at the pantry window.” Nothing could be seen ; we supposed it must have been a bird. Gleave said, “It is a strange thing for a bird to come there.” The dog howled pitiously. Chase, one of the men in the garden, remarked, “The old master will soon be gone and the dog knows it.”

I remember Mr. C. H. L. W. once speaking of the knocks being heard in the Woodd family at the death of the oldest member.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Basil Wood was married three times, first to Esther Meade, secondly to Hester Lisset.

I heard Hannah Wardman herself speak of the three knocks at the Old Parsonage; the neighbours in the morning remarking to her how late she had visitors. As they were speaking, a messenger brought the sad tidings of Mr. Woodd's death. It was the exact time of the knocking at the Parsonage door. I did not hear any knocking; I had been with the ladies and Mr. Woodd in their great trouble in a strange house. It quite prepared me for the sad tidings Jane Simpson had to tell me. This is all I can tell you,—  
Yours respectfully,

SARAH TYLOR.

[Hannah Wardman died a few years ago.]

Mr. C. H. L. Woodd made the following note on the margin of his copy of *Plot* :—

“August 28th, 1872, my father, Basil George Woodd, of Hillfield, Hampstead, died at 11.12 p.m., at Hillfield. An old servant who took care of his house at Harrogate was aroused at 11 or 12 by a violent knocking at the front door. She looked out, could see nobody; this occurred thrice. Her neighbours asked her next day, ‘What was the knocking?’ She heard next day of the death of Mr. B. G. Woodd at that hour. She had never heard of the legendary superstition.

“C. H. L. WOODD.

“Roslyn, Hampstead.

*September 6th, 1872.”*

VI. Charles H. L. Woodd died December 15th, 1893, between 8 and 9 a.m.

*August 21st, 1895.*

On Thursday evening, December 14th, 1893, after church I was sitting before my fire—I knew my father was ill, and had a presentiment that he was dangerously ill, though if I had known this I should have remained at Hampstead, where I had been that day. As I sat, I distinctly heard three knocks, perhaps more, like the sound of some one emptying a tobacco pipe upon the bars of my fire-grate.

Thinking it may be a warning, I did not go to bed for an hour, thinking I might be sent for. At 1 a.m. the butler, Arthur Reading, came, and I was awakened from sleep by ringing of the front door bell and knocking. He told me the doctor had sent for me, as my father was very ill; and he would be back in twenty minutes whilst I dressed, to take me to Hampstead. He went to Westminster for medical appliances. In half an hour he had not returned, and I said to my housekeeper, Elizabeth Park, “I must go. I feel sure my father is dying, because I heard the Woodd knocks as I sat in my chair before going to bed.”

A hansom cab passed and I ordered the man to drive as fast as he could to Roslyn (Hampstead). On my arrival my first question was, “Is he still alive?” for I believed he must have passed away at the time of the knocking. He died at 8.45 next morning.”

(Signed) TREVOR BASIL WOODD.

(Assistant Curate, S. Peter's, Eaton-square, London).

Mrs. Park verifies this statement.

Mrs. Dumbell writes as follows :—

I, Winifred Dumbell (née Woodd), certify that my brother related to me this circumstance at breakfast next morning.

There was no reason for my leaving Rosyln on Thursday afternoon, and I should not have done so had I thought my father was in extremis.

St. Crinian, 7, Walpole-gardens, Strawberry Hill,  
*December 13th, 1895.*

I am requested by Mrs. Basil Kilvington Woodd to write down the following facts relating to the death warning in our family.

On December 14th, 1893 (Thursday morning) hearing my father, Mr. Charles Woodd, was not well, I left Epsom, where I was staying, for Hampstead, and found my father in bed and very weak, but I was in no way anxious about him, as I did not suppose him to be seriously ill. At 11 o'clock at night, being tired and finding I could not assist my mother or the nurse, I lay down in an adjoining room leaving the door wide open and I fell asleep. In a short time I was suddenly awakened by a loud rapping as if at the door. I jumped up and ran into the passage thinking my mother had called me. I listened at the door of my father's room, but no one was moving. I lay down again and instantly fell asleep, when exactly the same thing occurred. I did not actually sleep again, and cannot say whether any sound made me get up the third time, but I went in search of the doctor and gathered that he was anxious about my father, who was getting much weaker. We were all aroused, and about 8 o'clock a.m. my father died.

WINIFRED DUMBELL, *née* WOODD.

I did not connect this rapping with the Woodd warning, as all was so rapid and unexpected, but on mentioning it at breakfast the next morning to my brother, the Rev. Trevor Basil Woodd, he told me he also heard a similar warning in his rooms in Vauxhall Bridge-road about the same time.

VII. Basil Thomas Woodd died June 4th, 1895, 10.30 p.m. His two daughters send me the following statement:—

On June 3rd, at 10.30 p.m., Fanny, his daughter, staying with Mrs. Stoney, 83, Wharton-road, West Kensington, heard knocks, apparently from next door, as of nails being hammered in and pictures hung, which seemed so unlikely at that hour of night that the next morning she mentioned it to Mrs. Stoney, whose bedroom was just below hers, asking if she had heard it or could account for it. At the same hour Kate, his youngest daughter, who was with him at his brother Robert's house, Woodlands, Hampstead, having retired for the night, heard bangs or thumps against the windows below, which made her suspect burglars. The next day, the 4th, Fanny left Mrs. Stoney to go to Woodlands, and Kate was to leave on the 5th. Mr. Woodd was in his usual health, and was with the family at dinner, chatting and telling Yorkshire stories, but had no appetite and ate nothing, and at 10 was seized with the apoplectic attack from which he never rallied, and breathed his last at 10.30 p.m.

FANNY L. WOODD.

KATE I. WOODD.

83, Wharton-road, West Kensington, *July 1st.*

Miss Fanny Woodd was staying in my house, and I distinctly remember her on the morning of the 4th June asking me if I had been disturbed by the great knocking on the wall of the adjoining house the previous night. She supposed the people must have been putting up pictures, and we agreed

that it was inconsiderate of them to do it at that hour, 10.30. Something interrupted us, or I should have remarked on the strangeness of my not having heard, as my room is just under Miss Woodd's, and the noise heard by one could not have failed to disturb the other. A servant who sleeps on the same floor also did not hear the knocking, but was bringing in breakfast when Miss Woodd spoke of it to me, and remembers her doing so and signs this too.

M. J. STONEY.

M. RISDALE.

81, Wharton-road, West Kensington, *July 1st.*

There has been no putting up of pictures or knocking of any kind in this house for quite two years. We are also early risers, and are always in bed and asleep by 10 p.m.

(Signed) HARRIET TAYLOR.

Roslyn, Hampstead, N.W., *August 5th, 1895.*

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following account, which I should like you to see, in reference to the "Woodd knockings."

A few days before hearing of the death of my uncle, Mr. Basil Thomas Woodd, which took place at Woodlands, Hampstead, I distinctly heard a sound as of some one knocking two or three times at the front door; it was about 10.30 p.m., and I was in bed, but thinking it might be a beggar I got up and looked out of the window; no one was there, and all was quiet after, and I thought nothing more of the circumstance until I heard of my uncle's death a few days after. I may add I am not superstitious, nor was I expecting that my uncle was in danger. I and my sister were staying at the time at Oughtershaw, Skipton-in-Craven.—Believe me, yours truly,

GERTRUDE J. WOODD.

Roslyn, Hampstead, N.W., *August 5th, 1895.*

DEAR SIR,—My cousin, Miss Woodd, of Conyingham Hall, Knaresborough, asked me to send you my own experiences of what I believe to be the "Woodd knockings." I am not superstitious in these ways, but one night about 10 p.m. I heard in my bedroom a sound as of some one hammering nails into a wall. My sister slept next door and remembers that the next morning I asked her if she had been putting up something on her wall, after retiring for the night. She said she had not, and I thought little more about it. There was no one else about in that part of the house. This took place, as far as I can remember, several days before I heard of the death of my uncle, Mr. Basil Woodd, which took place at the residence of my uncle, Mr. Robert Woodd, of Hampstead, on Tuesday, June 4th. We did not hear of the event until the following Thursday, June 6th.—Yours truly,

ETHEL G. WOODD.

Can it be possible that when communication of this sort has been found feasible by some group on the other side there is a continuity of effort to sustain it? or that each decedent in succession finds in the previous history a suggestion to attempt a similar message himself? or that there is in the family a hereditary aptitude for the same type of percipience?

In various ways, indeed, our evidence suggests that approaching death may bring about a *rapprochement* between incarnate and disincarnate souls of which such evidential incidents as we can get hold of give but a partial glimpse. For instance, if the dying can appear to the living, may they not appear also to the dead? May there not, that is to say, be some precursory manifestation of the departing spirit to friends in the unseen world, as well as a farewell manifestation to friends in this? The following case, although carrying no proof of being more than subjective, illustrates what is here suggested.

P. 635. 74, Durham-road, Manor Park, Little Ilford, Essex.

April 11th, 1888.

My brother's wife died on March 4th, 1885. From that time he was in failing health. Early in February, 1887, he grew rapidly worse, and was ordered to Bournemouth. About midnight one Saturday night (I think it was the 23rd of February) [February 23rd, 1887, was a Wednesday; and, therefore, Mrs. Jameson says in a later letter, her vision must have occurred on the 26th], while he was at Bournemouth, I was lying awake in bed, the gas being full on, when I fancied that I saw a grave with a small white stone lying, and one in an upright position. These stones suddenly changed to a leaden hue, and upon the flat stone I saw a basket of exquisite flowers, all white, and such as I have not beheld before or since. On the top of all the flowers was a very large tiger lily. Immediately following this I felt a presence near me, but could see nothing, and it flashed into my mind that my brother had died at Bournemouth. Shortly after I saw him in my bedroom with a lady, whose arm was linked in his. Her face I did not see, as they were a little in advance of me. I saw his, and recognised his form. He was on the side nearest to me. The lady was draped as a well-dressed bride, and veiled. Her dress was white and glistening. He was in ordinary clothing, and they were both very happy. I also heard distinctly the low murmur of voices, and heard, too, her glad laugh. (This increased my belief that he had died, and that this lady was his wife.) They were in mid-air, and were quite unconscious of my presence, and seemed to glide rather than walk. After advancing a little they stood still, my brother seeming reluctant to go on. After lingering a moment the lady vanished, leaving my brother as one deep in thought, but still hesitating; she reappeared for an instant, and, as it seemed, enticed him to follow her. But he still seemed unwilling to go with her, and she vanished finally, and after a few more moments lingering, my brother followed in the same direction that the lady had vanished. He returned to London about a fortnight after this vision, and died on the 23rd of March, 1887, very suddenly, and the memory of this wonderful experience will, I feel, be always sacred to me. The surprising part to me is, that throughout the whole of this I was possessed with a feeling of calmness and utter absence of fear. MIRIAM JAMESON.

Mr. Jameson writes :—

April 7th, 1888.

My own share in the proceedings narrated was as follows. I was, on the night referred to, sitting at work in my study—not far from our bedroom—

when my wife called me, and said that she felt sure her brother was in the bedroom. I said, "You are nervous. I will come to bed." I had scarcely done so when she sat up, and began to describe to me what is stated in her narrative as to seeing her brother, &c. I saw nothing. My wife was composed, but her face was very animated and her eyes glistened. She looked and spoke just as a good actress would, in describing scene and action not visible to her audience.

Our little son, then about 18 months old, had been taken into our bed—being wakeful. He was wide awake, and was prattling and trying to caress his mother, while she told me what she was seeing. His interruptions seemed to hinder my wife from hearing what her brother said, for she hushed the little one repeatedly.

The orphan child, about two years old, of my brother-in-law, who had been with us from the time of her mother's death, was sleeping in an adjoining room.

I may add that, although I am acquainted with several well-known Spiritualists, I have never (nor has my wife) taken much interest in Spiritualistic phenomena. I mention this to show that prepossession would not account for my wife's remarkable experience.

My own mind is still in suspense on the point whether that experience was not purely subjective, although I cannot but admit that I have been deeply impressed by the fact of the intense objective reality of that experience to my wife.

WILLIAM JAMESON.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Jameson informs us :—

1. That she never had any other hallucination of sight, hearing, or any other sense.

2. There was no point of coincidence with fact in the two tombstones, the tiger lily, &c.

3. She thinks the interval of time between the vision of tombstones and the vision of figures was about five or ten minutes. "The white stones changed soon and suddenly, the leaden hue lasted longer, then came the flowers. Then I *felt* the unseen presence, and on turning round or over to my little son, who began to chatter, these figures appeared together, as I have told you, and I sat up in bed and watched them steadfastly until they vanished close to the outer wall of the house."

4. The walls, the gas full on, and all in her bedroom, were visible to her, but she *felt* that her brother and the lady had an environment of their own. She remembers most distinctly her brother's curly hair.

5. She does not think that she had been more than usually anxious about her brother. She had been speaking of him, and had written to him that day.

6. She never mentioned the vision to her brother, and does not know anything about him on the night in question, except that she heard on the Monday that he had seemed a little better on Saturday night.

The vision affected her very much.

And now for three narratives, or rather groups of narratives, where unseen *protection* or *guidance* seems to be suggested. I leave the first in the original French, in the hope that its publication may

bring other narratives of the same kind, from countries where compulsory military service is in vogue.

P. 147.

The following interesting cases of presentiment were sent to us by Professor G. Hulin, of the University of Ghent, who wrote to Professor Sidgwick on April 13th, 1894 :—

Ghent, Place de l'Evêché, 3.

DEAR SIR,—At the congress of Psychology held at Paris in 1889, I had the honour of making your acquaintance, and had a conversation with yourself and Mrs. Sidgwick about second sight and similar subjects. At that time, I had never within my immediate experience come across any certain and well-established fact of the sort. Since then I had the occasion of observing a case of presentiment which struck me because it is certified by trustworthy witnesses, and if a mere coincidence, it is certainly a most extraordinary one. So, although I own I am still rather sceptical about that class of phenomena, I send you herewith a narrative of the facts, thinking the case may interest you. I take the liberty of writing it in French, as I want to be sure of the correctness of my statements.

GEORGES HULIN.

Vers le commencement de l'hiver 1890-91, un jeune homme du nom de Charles-Louis Casset, du village de Loo-ten-Hulle (Flandre Orientale) où ma famille a sa résidence d'été, annonça, près de deux mois à l'avance, qu'il amènerait au tirage au sort pour la milice, le numéro 90 (on sait que le recrutement de l'armée Belge se fait par voie de conscription). Plusieurs personnes entendirent cette prédiction, faite sur un ton de parfaite assurance, et qu'il renouvela devant le commissaire d'arrondissement présidant au tirage au sort. A la stupéfaction générale, ce numéro sortit en effet.

Le bruit en étant parvenu à nos oreilles, je voulus m'assurer de l'authenticité du fait, et interrogeai plusieurs personnes, entre autres la mère du jeune homme. Tous m'affirmèrent avoir entendu la prédiction. Je m'adressai alors au commissaire d'arrondissement, M. van Dooren, qui me donna l'attestation écrite que voici :

. . . . " Cette année-ci, le milicien Casset, Ch<sup>s</sup> L<sup>s</sup>, de Loo-ten-Hulle, me demande, avant de tirer, si le n<sup>o</sup> 90 se trouvait encore dans l'urne ; sur ma réponse affirmative il s'écria : ' C'est celui-là qu'il me faut ! ' Appelé à tirer, il amena en effet le numéro 90.

" Le Commissaire d'Arrondissement,  
(Signé) " JULES VAN DOOREN. "

En présence de ce témoignage officiel le doute n'était plus permis. Très intrigué, je tâchai de savoir comment le jeune homme avait eu ce pressentiment.

Au printemps, quand mes parents furent retournés à Loo-ten-Hulle, je le fis venir à la maison, et l'interrogeai. Jusque-là il n'avait voulu répondre à personne ; sans doute je lui inspirai plus de confiance, car, après quelques hésitations, il me fit le récit suivant.

Comme la plupart des fils de petits cultivateurs, il avait grand peur du service militaire, qui devait priver sa famille de son travail. Plusieurs mois d'avance il était donc préoccupé et anxieux, et pensait constamment au jour fatal du tirage au sort.

Environ deux mois avant celui-ci, une nuit qu'il venait de se coucher il vit dans un coin de sa chambre une forme indistincte, mais grande et élevée, de sorte que de son lit il devait lever les yeux pour la voir. La seule chose qu'il pouvait clairement percevoir, c'était la chiffre 90 en grands caractères, "espacés d'environ un poing."

Il se souleva, ferma les yeux et les rouvrit pour bien s'assurer qu'il ne rêvait point. L'apparition était toujours là, aussi indéniable qu'au premier moment. Saisi de frayeur, il se mit à prier, et ainsi, peu à peu, s'endormit.

Dès le premier moment il avait eu l'intuition que ce nombre 90 était celui qu'il tirerait et que c'était un bon numéro.

A partir de cette nuit, il eut l'esprit tout-à-fait tranquille et dit à tous ceux qui s'étonnaient de ce calme qu'il savait qu'il aurait le numéro 90. On crut d'abord à une plaisanterie, mais il affirmait cela avec tant de conviction que bientôt il excita la curiosité.

Comme je lui demandais s'il avait dans sa vie eu d'autres visions, il me dit que non, mais que, après la première apparition, il eut souvent la même vision, même le jour, pendant son travail. Il ajoutait judicieusement que ce n'étaient plus sans doute de vraies apparitions, mais seulement l'effet de son imagination vivement frappée.

Cependant il croit avoir réellement revu l'apparition mystérieuse dans la chambre où se faisait le tirage au sort, avant de plonger la main dans le tambour. Il dit au président qu'il était inutile qu'il tirât, que son numéro était 90. Le président lui répondit de ne pas plaisanter et de prendre un billet. En tendant celui-ci au président il répéta que c'était 90.

Ce récit me fut fait avec un grand air de sincérité et de scrupuleuse exactitude. Le jeune homme, qui semble doux et intelligent, parlait à voix basse avec une émotion visible, et me demanda de ne rien dire aux autres habitants du village. Il croit évidemment à une intervention surnaturelle.

Je m'adressai encore au commissaire d'arrondissement pour lui demander s'il se rappelait d'autres cas où des miliciens avaient prédit le numéro qu'ils tireraient. A cette époque (1891) il ne s'en rappelait qu'un seul, qu'il voulut bien me certifier par écrit en même temps que celui rapporté plus haute :

. . . "en 1886, au tirage au sort, à *Ecclo* le milicien *Masco* (Ferdinand), de cette ville, m'a déclaré, avant le tirage, qu'il amènerait le n° 112, ce qui fut vrai."

Depuis, il m'a signalé trois autres cas : l'hiver dernier ou le précédent (sa lettre n'est malheureusement pas datée, et mes souvenirs ne sont pas précis sur ce point), il m'écrivait ce qui suit :

"Un fait bizarre et digne d'être raconté s'est produit mercredi dernier au tirage au sort pour la milice à Maldeghem. Un inscrit du nom de *Pamvels* (Edouard), de la commune d'Adeghem, en s'approchant de l'urne déclara hautement au commissaire d'arrondissement qui présidait la séance, qu'il amènerait le n° 216, et ce fut en effet ce numéro qu'il tira et qui fut proclamé. Il y avait encore au moins 150 numéros dans le tambour. Le plus bas numéro était 46 et le plus élevé 223."

Enfin, cet hiver même, il m'a envoyé avec sa carte de visite un journal contenant l'entrefilet ci-joint, concernant deux nouveaux cas constatés par lui-même.

The newspaper cutting enclosed is as follows :—

Février, 1894.

TIRAGE AU SORT.—Deux faits bizarres se sont produits au tirage au sort qui eut lieu à Eecloo samedi dernier.

Le milicien Camille Pyfferoen, s'approchant de l'urne, déclara à M. le commissaire d'arrondissement, qui présidait les opérations, qu'il avait rêvé, la nuit passée, qu'il amenait le numéro 111, et qu'il était convaincu que le sort l'aurait favorisé de ce bon numéro.

L'intéressé amena, en effet, le n<sup>o</sup> 111. M. le commissaire lui ayant demandé si ce qu'il avait déclaré était bien réel, le milicien appela son père en confirmation de ses dires.

Un second milicien, Louis Crispyn, annonça qu'il amènerait le n<sup>o</sup> 116 ; mais sur l'observation que celui-ci était déjà tiré, il déclara qu'il prendrait alors le numéro précédent, et il tira, en effet, le n<sup>o</sup> 115.

These cases of conscription-numbers foretold seem to me much more impressive than the somewhat similar dreams of *races* of which we have printed several specimens ; since the event is absolutely incalculable, the numerical chance against success is much greater, and the testimony of the presiding officer on so serious an occasion carries weight. The nearest parallel which I can find to these incidents is the guiding of Mr. Stainton Moses' hand to open a book at a particular page (*Proceedings*, Vol. XI., p. 106). It seems perhaps less incredible that some suggestion at the moment should have guided the fortunate percipient to the lucky number—which his less fortunate comrades must also have been guided to leave ready for him—than that the exact disposition of the numbers in the urn should have been foreseen months beforehand by any finite intelligence. Of course, however, we cannot tell how many conscripts may have dreamt—and *announced*—that they will draw a particular number, and have failed to draw it.

The second case in this series is in many ways noteworthy. I place it here because it looks as though suggestion had been exercised upon the railway porter to prevent him from asking for the ticket, much as upon the conscripts to cause them to draw the desired number. There is also premonition as regards various incidents of the journey.

#### P. 220.

The narrative which follows is of an unusual and complex type. Its main purport is concerned with a continued knowledge of terrene affairs evinced by a departed spirit. But this, the kernel of the case, must be kept entirely secret, for reasons affecting survivors ; which reasons, so far as I can judge from a very partial knowledge of them, are entirely sufficient. For the same reasons the true names (all of which are known to me) have had to be altered throughout and various details omitted. Thus deprived of its central significance the narrative presents the following type.

Mrs. Claughton (here so-called) visits a house reputed haunted. She there twice sees a phantasm, which she is able to describe ; the description

suiting a deceased lady unknown to her, who had lived in that house. There is external evidence to the fact that she twice saw this phantom and was greatly impressed. The phantom appeared to speak at some length; and made many statements of facts unknown to Mrs. Claughton. Some of these were such as could be at once verified; and they were found correct. Others related to an expedition which Mrs. Claughton was enjoined to make to a village, here called Meresby, of which she had not previously heard. Certain persons whom she would find there were described by name and with other details. Certain incidents of her future journey thither were also described; thus bringing this case within our definition of premonitions; although it may be urged that the fulfilment of the predictions was accomplished by suggestions given to certain persons by the disembodied intelligence; so that no true precognition was needed. Mrs. Claughton went to Meresby and found all as foretold. She there received (as had also been foretold) additional communications; and she then obeyed certain orders as to the communication of facts to survivors. That she made the journey, and certain subsequent visits, is proved by external evidence. As to the messages to survivors, nothing is known beyond Mrs. Claughton's own statement that they effected the intended results.

This whole story is no doubt very different from the usual tenor of our narratives, and much more resembles some of the figments of romance. On the other hand the evidence for the external facts of the narrative is absolutely conclusive. There is (as will be seen) no doubt whatever that Mrs. Claughton did make the journey to Meresby, giving as her reason some message conveyed to her on an occasion when she undoubtedly was found fainting in the middle of the night. There is no doubt that at Meresby she obtained admission to the church at a similar hour of the night; nor that after so visiting the church she paid certain other visits to persons previously strangers to her.

Nor has any explanation due either to self-interest or to insanity been suggested, so far as I can discover, by any of the persons concerned. The whole expedition was a source merely of trouble and embarrassment to Mrs. Claughton, who left a sick child to attend to the alleged injunction, under circumstances of much inconvenience, and with no possible advantage to herself.

An explanation from insanity or hysterical desire of notoriety is equally untenable. Mrs. Claughton is a widow lady, moving in good society, with children growing up, and known to many persons as a cheerful, capable, active woman, who has seen much of the world, and has plenty of business of her own to attend to;—and who is by no means given to dwelling on things morbid or mysterious. She has, indeed, had some previous experiences of apparitions, which all appear to have been veridical, but she has paid but little attention to them, and has never sought to encourage such visitations in any way.

This present adventure she kept as quiet as she could; but other people had heard vaguely of it, and she was annoyed by distorted versions; so that she ultimately consented to give to the Marquis of Bute, and through him to our Society, her own account of such incidents as she did not, for the sake of survivors, feel bound to conceal.

The written evidence now existing may be divided into three parts.

I.—Mrs. Cloughton's own diary, written mainly in pencil, before, during, and after the Meresby journey. This diary bears the marks of hasty writing and is dated from day to day and in parts from hour to hour, during the events which interest us. This diary contains the secret matter, and has not been entrusted by Mrs. Cloughton to any one; but Lord Bute and I have been allowed to read portions of it, and to observe the dates of the important entries therein.

Along with this diary must be classed a document which I am allowed to reproduce almost *in toto*; viz., a sheet of memoranda made by Mrs. Cloughton before her Meresby visit, as to what was to happen to her there, and what she was to do. I became possessed of this document in the following manner.

Mrs. Cloughton had stated that she was told beforehand [by the phantom] that her ticket (the outward half of a return-ticket) would not be asked for on her arrival at Meresby; and that in fact it was not asked for. That it was not asked for is proved by the fact that Mrs. Cloughton sent it to the Dr. Ferrier of the story, who testifies to having possessed it, and to having seen a letter from the Railway Company stating that no other ticket had been issued from London for Meresby by the train in question. But Mrs. Cloughton had not mentioned the prediction as to the ticket to Dr. Ferrier *before* her journey. I therefore asked her orally whether she had made any memorandum of her own as to the ticket before that journey. At my request she at once brought her packet of private papers connected with the case; searched amongst them in my presence, and found a paper of memoranda as to what she was to do and to expect on the journey, written before starting. Cutting off a part of that paper which dealt with the secret matters, she gave me the rest and I reproduce it below. The porter's omission to take the ticket is therefore predicted in writing before the event, along with many other particulars as to the Meresby visit.

II.—The second main piece of evidence is an account, written by Mr. Andrew Lang, the well-known author, and sent by him to the S.P.R., embodying the written and oral statements of Dr. Ferrier (and of another friend) communicated verbally while Mrs. Cloughton was actually on her journey, and in writing before the incidents and result of that journey were known. Mr. Lang's account thus reproduces Mrs. Cloughton's preliminary statement to Dr. Ferrier, in which some trifling errors have been since corrected in notes by Mrs. Cloughton. As to this statement, and the ticket incident especially, Dr. Ferrier writes to me, June 10, 1895: "I do not possess the ticket, but Mrs. Cloughton sent it to me, and I gave it up, in order that enquiries might be made about it, as I thought she had perhaps taken two tickets, and that this was the unused one. I saw, but do not possess the letter from the Railway Company stating that the ticket in question was the only one issued by that train from London to Meresby, and that they were not able to account for it not having been given up. I possess the letter from the Curate of Meresby to the Rev. Mr. Johnson, which confirmed in a general way the account given by Mrs. Cloughton of her doings there."

Of the account given to Mr. Lang, Dr. Ferrier says: "It was revised, though not signed by me. I would rather trust to its accuracy than to my present recollection of the circumstances of the case."

III.—The third main document is the account dictated by Mrs. Claughton to Lord Bute, May 17th, 1895, giving for the first time an authentic history of the journey to Meresby. This account is supported by corroborative letters from persons concerned. It will be well to begin with this account as the substantive statement, and to add other papers as corroboration.

*Statement made by Mrs. Claughton to the Marquis of Bute.*

Mrs. Claughton is constitutionally second-sighted, as are many members of her family, and has had frequent psychical experiences, but has never tried to excite the faculty by artificial means, such as crystal gazing or sitting for raps. She has sat as a joke with her hands on tables which moved, but she cannot tell whether the movement was connected with her.

She was staying in 1893 with her two children at 6, Blake-street, a house belonging to Mrs. Appleby, daughter of the late Mrs. Blackburn (who died after three days' residence, December 22nd, 1878, of a wasting illness, which had lasted three years), but let to Mr. Buckley. They had so done at least five or six times before, during about seven years. Had heard the house was haunted, and may have heard the ghost was Mrs. Blackburn's. Had been told water was found spilt on the floors inexplicably. They arrived on October 4th. About 1.15 a.m., Monday, October 9th, Mrs. Claughton was in bed with one of her children, the other sleeping in the room. Mrs. Claughton had offered to be of any use she could to Miss Buckley, who had arrived from London unwell on the Saturday. She had been asleep, and was awakened by the footsteps of a person coming downstairs, whom she supposed to be a servant coming to call her to Miss Buckley. The steps stopped at the door. The sounds were repeated twice more at the interval of a few moments. Mrs. Claughton rose, lit the candle, and opened the door. There was no one there. She noticed the clock outside was at 1.20. She shut the door, got into bed, read, and leaving the candle burning, went to sleep. Woke up, finding the candle spluttering out. Heard a sound like a sigh. Saw a woman standing by the bed. She had a soft white shawl round the shoulders, held by the right hand towards the left shoulder, bending slightly forwards. Mrs. Claughton thinks the hair was lightish brown, and the shawl partly over the head, but does not remember distinctly, and has no impression of the rest of the dress: it was not grave-clothes. She said, "Follow me." Mrs. Claughton rose, took the candle, and followed her out of the room, across the passage, and into the drawing-room. She has no recollection as to the opening of the doors. The housemaid next day declared that the drawing-room door had been locked by her. On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Claughton, finding the candle on the point of extinction, replaced it with a pink one from the cheffonier near the door. The figure went nearly to the end of the room, turned three-quarters round, said "to-morrow," and disappeared. Mrs. Claughton returned to the bedroom, where she found the elder child (not the one in the bed) sitting up. It asked, "Who is the lady in white?" Mrs. Claughton thinks

she answered the child, "It's only me—mother; go to sleep," or the like words, and hushed her to sleep in her arms. The baby remained fast asleep. She lit the gas and remained awake for some two hours, then put out the lights and went to sleep. Had no fear while seeing the figure, but was upset after seeing it. Would not be prepared to swear that she might not have walked in her sleep. Pink candle, partly burnt, in her room in morning. Does not know if she took it burnt or new.

In the morning she spoke to Mr. Buckley, on whose advice she went to ask Dr. Ferrier as to the figure about 3 p.m. He and his wife said the description was like that of Mrs. Blackburn, whom Mrs. Claughton already suspected it to be. Thinks Dr. Ferrier told her that Miss Blackburn (Mrs. Appleby) had seen her mother in the same house. Mrs. Claughton cannot recognise the photograph of Mrs. Blackburn shewn to her by Mr. Y. (who got it from Mrs. M.) She says the figure seemed smaller, and the features much more pinched and attenuated, like those of a person in the last stage of consumption, which was also the general appearance. By his advice, Mr. Buckley put an electric bell under Mrs. Claughton's pillow, communicating with Miss Buckley's room, as Mrs. Claughton determined to sit up that night and watch.

That night Mrs. Claughton sat up dressed, with the gas burning. About 12 she partly undressed, put on dressing-gown and lay down outside bed, gas still burning, and fell asleep reading. Woke up and found the same woman as before, but the expression even more agitated. She bent over Mrs. Claughton and said: "I have come. Listen!" She then made a certain statement and asked Mrs. Claughton to do certain things. Mrs. Claughton said: "Am I dreaming, or is it true?" The figure said something like: "If you doubt me, you will find that the date of my marriage was + + +" (this is the date of the marriage, which took place in India, of Mrs. Blackburn to Mr. Blackburn, who is alive and married again. Mrs. Claughton first learned the corroboration of the date from Dr. Ferrier on the following Thursday). After this Mrs. Claughton saw a man standing on Mrs. B.'s left hand—tall, dark, well-made, healthy, sixty years old, or more, ordinary man's day clothes, kind, good expression. A conversation ensued between the three, in course of which the man stated himself to be George Howard, buried in Meresby Churchyard (Mrs. Claughton had never heard of Meresby or of George Howard), and gave the dates of his marriage + + + and death + + + [Entries of these dates seen by me in Mrs. Claughton's pocket-book, as torn out and lent to me.—F. W. H. M.] He desired Mrs. Claughton to go to Meresby and verify these dates in the registers, and, if found correct, to go to the church at the ensuing 1.15 a.m. and wait at the grave therein (S.W. corner of S. aisle) of Richard Hart, died + + +, ætat +. She was to verify this reference also in the registers. He said her railway-ticket would not be taken, and she was to send it along with a white rose from his grave to Dr. Ferrier. Forbade her having any previous communication with the place, or going in her own name. Said Joseph Wright, a dark man, to whom she should describe him, would help her. That she would lodge with a woman who would tell her that she had a child (drowned) buried in the same churchyard. When Mrs. Claughton had done all this, she should hear the rest of the

history. Towards the end of the conversation, Mrs. Claughton saw a third phantom, of a man whose name she is not free to give, in great trouble, standing, with hands on face (which he afterwards lowered, showing face), behind Mrs. Blackburn's right. The three disappeared. Mrs. Claughton rose and went to the door to look out at the clock, but was seized with faintness, returned and rang the electric bell. Mr. Buckley found her on the ground. She was able to ask the time, which was about 1.20. Then fainted, and the Buckleys undressed her and put her to bed.

That morning, Tuesday, Mrs. Claughton sent for Dr. Ferrier, who corroborated certain matters so far as she asked him, and ascertained for her the date of Mrs. Blackburn's marriage (she received his note of the date on Thursday). She went to the Post Office, and found that "Meresby" existed. Returned, and ascertained that it is in Suffolk, and so wrote that evening to Dr. Ferrier, and went to London with her daughters that (Thursday) evening.

Friday night, Mrs. Claughton dreamt that she arrived at 5 after dusk, that a fair was going on, and that she had to go to place after place to get lodgings. Also, she and her eldest daughter dreamt that she would fail if she did not go alone. Went to station for 12 noon train on Saturday. Went to refreshment room for luncheon, telling porter to call her in time. He went by mistake to waiting room, and she missed train and had to wait (going to the British Museum, where she wrote her name in Jewel Room) until 3.5, as stated. [Hours of trains slightly altered.—F. W. H. M.] House where she finally found lodgings that of Joseph Wright, who turned out to be the Parish Clerk. She sent for the curate by porter, to ask as to consulting registers, but as he was dining out he did not come till after she had gone to bed. Sunday morning, Mrs. Wright spoke to her about her drowned child buried in the churchyard. Went to forenoon service, and immediately afterwards went into vestry and verified the registers; described George Howard to Joseph Wright, who had known him and recognised description; then was taken by Joseph Wright to the graves of Richard Hart and George Howard. On the latter there is no stone, but three mounds surrounded by a railing overgrown with white roses. She gathered rose for Dr. Ferrier, as had been directed. Walk and talk with curate, who was not sympathetic. After luncheon went with Mrs. Wright and walked round Howard's house (country house in park). Attended evening service, and afterwards, while watching the lights put out and the church furniture covered up, wondered if she would have nerve to go on. Back to supper; afterwards slept and had dream of a terrorizing character, whereof has full written description. Dark night, hardly any moon, a few stars. To church with Joseph Wright at 1 a.m., with whom searched interior and found it empty. At 1.20 was locked in alone, having no light; had been told to take Bible, but had only Church-service, which she had left in vestry in the morning. Waited near grave of Richard Hart. Felt no fear. Received communication, but does not feel free to give any detail. No light. History begun at Blake Street then completed. Was directed to take another white rose from George Howard's grave, and give it personally to his daughter (unmarried—living at Hart Hall), and to remark her likeness to him. About 1.45 Joseph Wright knocked and let Mrs. Claughton out.

Went to George Howard's grave and gathered rose for Miss Howard, as had been directed. Home and bed, and slept well for the first time since first seeing Mrs. Blackburn.

Next day went and sketched church and identified grave of Mrs. Rowe, on whose grave, she had been told in church, she would find a message for herself. The words engraved are + + +

Then called on Miss Howard and recognised strong likeness to her father—carried out all things desired by the dead to the full, as had been requested. Has had no communication from any of them since. Nothing since has appeared in Blake Street. The wishes expressed to her were not illogical or unreasonable, as the ratiocination of dreams often appears, but perfectly rational, reasonable, and of natural importance.

Signed by MRS. CLAUGHTON, *May 17th*, 1895.

*Copy of Memoranda for journey made by Mrs. Cloughton.*

Go to Meresby. Railway ticket not asked for. Porter to have one of K.'s names [*i.e.*, to have as a surname the Christian name of one of Mrs. Cloughton's daughters,—which turned out to be the case.—F.W.H.M.]

Ask for marriage register of George Howard. Find out last day the name Mrs. T.

Find grave in churchyard with white roses.

Send white rose to Dr. Ferrier.

Ask on arrival at Meresby for Mr. Francis. [The gentleman so designated was concerned in the private matters; was found as predicted.—F.W.H.M.]

Dark man Wright—big fresh-coloured healthy fellow—will help me in what I have to do.

Find grave of Richard Hart in church.

Verify home of Mr. Howard.

Verify village—village fair going on. [There was a fair going on in Meresby, as predicted.—F.W.H.M.]

Church standing far away by itself. [Found true.—F.W.H.M.]

Stay in house of woman whose boy is buried in same churchyard as Mr. Howard. [Found when in house that boy was so buried.—F.W.H.M.]

Watch in church by Mr. Hart's grave. Dark man—Wright—to take me there.

*Mr. Andrew Lang's statement.*

1, Marloes-road, Kensington, W.

*October 17th*, 1893.

[The sentences in square brackets are added by Mrs. Cloughton, slightly correcting Mr. Lang's account.]

I send the following narrative, not for its value as evidence, but because it enables us to take a ghost half-volley, as it were, the adventure being, to my knowledge, at this moment incomplete. The proceedings of the ghost, it will be remarked, are *vieux jeu*, and such as we seldom meet in modern science. The tale was told to me orally, last night (October 16th) by a gentleman whom I shall call Dr. Ferrier. He is connected, as trustee, with the haunted house. To-day he brought me his narrative written out partly

by himself, partly by Mrs. Ferrier, and he added some facts *visá voce*. Here begins his M.S. with all names altered. A. L.

*Statement by Dr. Ferrier.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Blackburn died at 5 a.m., on December 22nd, 1878, in 6, Blake-street, into which she had moved only a few days previously. Her disease was chronic diarrhœa of long standing. Her children stayed on in the house till the eldest girl married Mr. Appleby in 1880. The eldest son informed me that they frequently heard strange noises in the house during the night. The house was empty for a time, then tenanted for five years, during which no noises are reported. The house again was empty till Lady Day, 1888, when the present occupier, Mr. Buckley, entered. His mother and two sisters, on their entry, were much alarmed by sounds as if of heavy steps on the stair-case, which is of stone. This lasted for three years, but was never heard by Mr. Buckley. A few months after the family entered water burst out in the front area, from the breaking of a water main.<sup>1</sup> About two years after the affair of the main, Miss Buckley was in the attic, kneeling by a trunk, when she felt some water "switched" at her. She thought it was a practical joke of her brother's, but he was not in the room. A small pool of water was on the floor where she stood, and the wall beyond was sprinkled. Soon after, as Mr. Buckley went upstairs in the dark, carrying an ink bottle and some pens, he found his hand wet. He thought it must be ink, but on getting to the light found it was clean water; there was a little pool of water on the stair where this occurred, but no sign of damp on the ceiling above.

For almost two years since this occurred no noises have been heard.

In October, 1893, a Mrs. Claughton came to stay in the house. She had frequently been a visitor, and, on one occasion, when nursing Mrs. Buckley (*mère*), had heard footsteps coming and going on the stairs. In this last visit (October, 1893) she began to hear footsteps and the dragging of a heavy weight on the stairs about 1 a.m. [October 8th. No footsteps or anything peculiar was heard till the Sunday night. Mrs. Claughton went to stay in the house the previous Tuesday.] She was awakened by a chill wind blowing across her face, though window and door were shut, and it was a calm still night. On the night of October 8th and 9th, after hearing the noises and feeling the wind, she opened her eyes, and saw leaning over her the figure of a woman, who was looking at her intently and very sadly.<sup>2</sup> The woman said in a distinct voice, "follow me," whereon Mrs. Claughton rose and followed her into the next room, the drawing-room.<sup>3</sup> She took her bed-room candle which was flickering in the socket, and, in the drawing-room, paused to replace it by a pink candle from a table. She then saw that the figure had reached the further end of the drawing-room; the figure turned her

<sup>1</sup> Water is only carried up to the first floor. There is an unused system of hot air pipes. The sounds lasted after the main was mended. [Note by A. L.]

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Claughton describes the appearance as very emaciated, sad and kindly of expression, the head swathed in a ramchudder shawl. [Note by A. L.]

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. C.'s account of this is that the figure passed through the locked door. How she entered herself she does not recollect. [Note by A. L.]

head, said, in a distinct voice, "to-morrow," and vanished. Mrs. Claughton returned to her room, and heard no more that night.<sup>1</sup>

The woman came to her bedside on the following night, and, after making her take most solemn oaths of secrecy, [made her a certain communication, and asked her to do certain things.] Mrs. C. was to go to a place of which she had never heard, to a house and a man whom the figure described. This man would help her in what she had to do, including a nocturnal visit to a church where she would receive some information.

The Buckleys were wakened by the alarum wildly pealed, and found Mrs. Claughton in a swoon on her bed. [Mrs. Claughton said she had been asked to go to a place, the name of which she had never before heard.] Dr. Ferrier recommended her to consult a postal guide for the name of the place which she did not communicate to him. She did, however, ask Mr. Buckley if he had ever heard of such a place as Meresby (not the real name), and it is as obscure as a village can be, and within four to five hours of London.

Mrs. Claughton left the town where these events occurred on October 11th for London, meaning to visit Meresby as soon as possible. Here my information ceases, except that her governess in town (after her arrival there), was disturbed all night by moans, laments, and sounds as of an electric machine out of order (October 13th). Mrs. C. had asked Dr. Ferrier for the [date] of Mrs. Blackburn's marriage. He sent her a note from Mrs. Appleby, giving place and date.

Mrs. Claughton at once showed Mr. Buckley and Dr. Ferrier that date noted in her diary.

In a later letter, dated October 26th, 1893, Mr. Lang writes:—

There is now no doubt that Mrs. Claughton did all she says. She went, on October 14th, to a very remote small place. The parish clerk there and the curate (the rector being off duty from age), corroborate things in written statements.<sup>2</sup> She says she reached the place I call "Meresby" in the evening, went to the clerk named by ghost, and asked for parish registers. She saw these on Sunday (October 15th) after Matins. There she found entries (she says) corresponding with those given by ghosts. The curate, of course, can only say she searched for those names, which I need not give. She expressed satisfaction. She passed some time in the church at 1—2 a.m. (after midnight), the clerk remaining outside. She then emerges, all happened as she expected. She asked the clerk to take her to the grave of [George Howard,] one of the parties in the register; he died in the same year as ghost (Mrs. Blackburn). [It was the grave where she went after church in the morning. It was too dark for her to find her way without the clerk's guidance.] There she plucked a white rose and went back to bed.

So far clerk and curate.

[Mrs. Claughton has said to no one what happened in the church.] Here comes a curious thing. Originally she said (Dr. Ferrier remembers it) that she saw more than one phantasm, [three persons] on the *second* night, October

<sup>1</sup> On the following morning she consulted Dr. Ferrier. He advised her to change her room, which she disdained as cowardly. He suggested fixing up an electric alarm in her room, which was done. [Note by A. L.]

<sup>2</sup> I have seen curate's and clerk's reports. [Note by A. L.]

9th, when she rang the alarum. One of these was owner of the said grave. *That* ghost bade her go and see his daughter, [and that in her face she, Mrs. Claughton, would see the likeness to her father.] Mrs. Blackburn only sent vague messages of forgiveness, and it was *she* who insisted on the flower-plucking. On Monday, October 16th, Mrs. Claughton called on daughter of owner of grave (at Meresby), and gave the ghost's message. She lives some way outside of the little village. Mrs. Claughton describes this lady's father [to her, and the lady said the description was that of her father.] The clerk corroborates fact of visit to the daughter. Mrs. Claughton returned to town on the following day. [She travelled up in the same carriage as a lady and gentleman and a child, who she afterwards found had been staying at the Rectory. The child was cold, and Mrs. Claughton lent her a jacket, and then entered into conversation, they saying they had been staying at Meresby Rectory.] Mrs. Claughton has no natural knowledge of the place or parties. [Mrs. Claughton feels relief that she has been able to carry out satisfactorily what she had undertaken,] and is apparently convinced she saw phantasms [either in a dream or reality].

A. L.

By the way, spectres throwing water occur in some of your society's reports (*Proceedings* XIX. 189), and in old books. This occurred not to Mrs. Claughton but to her friends, before her adventure.

The clerk of the parish of "Meresby" states that Mrs. Claughton correctly described one of their local ghosts as he was when alive, though nobody knows how she even knew of his existence. Neither this latter ghost nor Mrs. Blackburn seems to have been known to Mrs. Claughton. [Mrs. Claughton was in England in 1878, in the same place, as far as she can remember, as where Mrs. Blackburn died, only she did not know her.]

*Copies from tombstones in Meresby Churchyard.*

(1) To teach self-sacrifice and simple faith this stone recalls the sweet memory of Constance, the dearly-loved wife of Thomas Carden; born May 2nd, 1851; died, 17th January, 1891.

"And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

(2) Richard Hart, Esq., 15th May, 1745, aged 67 years.

(3) Marriage. George Howard, merchant, November 7th, 1839, Hatcham; died August 7th, 1878, aged 72.

*Statement by the Clerk of Meresby, written out October 22nd, 1893.*

I am clerk of the Parish of Meresby. On Saturday evening, October 14th, a lady who gave the name of Claughton, after going to several places for lodgings, came to my house, accompanied by porter with luggage. I accommodated the lady with lodgings. She told me that she wanted to look at the church registers, and did I think the curate would come and speak to her at my house. I told her I thought he would, as she would like to see them on Sunday. The lady then sent note by porter to curate, who was just going out to dinner so did not come till about half-past eleven, when lady had retired to bed. He asked me to apologise to her for not coming before, but would be happy for her to see registers on Sunday morning after service.

The lady came to morning service, and afterwards came to vestry and asked for registers of Richard Hart and George Howard, also giving descrip-

tion of George Howard, which was quite correct, and dates of registers also corresponded with those in the lady's journal. I then showed her the tombstone of Richard Hart, and also the grave of George Howard. Curate refusing to assist lady any further, the lady asked me whether I would accompany her to the church at twenty minutes past one Monday morning. I told her I could not give a decided answer just then, but would do so after evening service. Spoke to curate upon the matter after service. He told me that he should not have any more to do with it, but that I could do as I liked. I then told the lady I would do as requested. At a quarter to one o'clock I called her. We then proceeded to the church, and after looking all around the interior, I left the lady in the church at twenty past one o'clock in total darkness, locking the door on the outside. At twenty minutes to two o'clock, by the lady's request, I gave three slight taps on the door, unlocked it, when the lady came out. We then went to grave of George Howard, where the lady plucked some roses. We then returned, reaching home at about two o'clock.

(Signed) JOSEPH WRIGHT,  
Meresby, *October 22nd.* *Parish Clerk.*

*Letter from the Clerk of Meresby.*

Meresby, *October 22nd, 1893.*

DEAR MADAM,—I have sent my statement, which I have made out to the best of my abilities. I saw the curate last evening. He showed me a letter that came from a man by the name of Johnson, of Barton, asking for particulars about you<sup>1</sup>, and also whether I took you to the church on Saturday night or Sunday morning, he put it, but, unfortunately, this letter was sent to the vicarage, and, of course, the vicar was not supposed to know anything about it. The curate seemed to be rather annoyed about it going there, as it was decided to keep it a secret. Hoping that you arrived home quite safe, —I remain yours obediently,

JOSEPH WRIGHT,  
*Parish Clerk.*

*Letter from Mr. Buckley to Mrs. Claughton.*

DEAR MRS. CLAUGHTON,—There was a ghost before you came to stay in the house. We took the house in ignorance of its reputation, and were only told of it when we ourselves wanted to account for certain noises—walking up and down stairs at night, etc., etc.

The water throwing business was as follows :—

My sister L. went up into the garrets or attics about 9 o'clock one evening, with a candle in her hand, to get something from an old chest. Water was thrown obliquely across the room, nearly extinguishing the candle, wetting her hand, and leaving an oblique splash on the wall. There was a pool of water on the floor as well.

My sister was alarmed at this, as she knew no one was in the room or on that story with her. I was called to investigate it, and found everybody in the house ready to establish clearly that they were none of them above the drawing-room at that moment, except my brother who came first to my sister when she called out.

<sup>1</sup> A gentleman whom Dr. Ferrier had asked to inquire as to Mrs. Claughton's proceedings, so as to check her own account.—F. W. H. M.

My own experience is as follows :—

I went upstairs one evening about 9 o'clock, and on the bedroom landing water was thrown at me wetting my hand and falling on the floor, which was covered by oil-cloth, or linoleum.

I ran into each room and found nobody—upstairs into the attic—and found nobody—and then went down and accounted for everybody in the sitting-rooms and basement. There were no wet marks on ceilings in either case.—Yours sincerely,

July, 1895.

W. BUCKLEY.

*Statement by Mrs. Claughton's governess.*

I was sitting at needlework in the schoolroom last night (Friday, October 13th,) at about 11 o'clock. Mrs. Claughton was in her room, the door shut, the servants all in bed. I heard some one crying or rather sobbing, very low but *very* distinctly, as if their heart would break. I immediately thought of Hilda and went half way downstairs when I found her door wide open and all perfectly still. I returned to my work, the sobbing continued, like a woman's or a girl's voice. I thought it strange that one could hear so distinctly through the walls, but determined it must be from next door and thought no more about it.

I was awakened from my first sleep by loud moans which seemed to fill the room and come from every part. As soon as I was awake they ceased. Oddly enough, I did not feel a bit frightened, but made up my mind that it was a sudden gust of wind. I sat right up in bed and listened. All was perfectly still, till I heard a very odd sound overhead like some electric battery gone wrong and broken. I thought of thieves, then remembered that the telegraph wires are fixed to this house, but thought it odd I should hear them, having the nurseries over my room. I hesitated whether I should go round the house and see if all were well, but determined to go to sleep again, as the sound was certainly not that of housebreakers. I also thought of a supernatural cause and could find none. I was *wide* awake and sitting up in bed when I heard this strange sound, and not being able to account for it satisfactorily, lay back and went to sleep again. All was so perfectly still in the street and everywhere I should imagine it must have been between the hours of one and two. I slept soundly and was awakened at least three times more always with these fearful moans, which filled the room, always feeling wide awake and each time attributing it to the wind, although when one awoke the sounds ceased and there was not a breath of wind to be heard. Towards morning I *distinctly* heard a very, very heavy footstep overhead and a heavy *thud* as of somebody moving something very cumbersome and heavy. I thought of Richardson and wondered if she had returned without any one knowing. As I knew the nurseries to be locked and the keys (as I *then* thought) in *her* keeping, I sat up again and listened. All was perfectly still. I knew I had *not* been dreaming, and yet could not account for the noise, all being so perfectly still.

I slept again and heard the servants going down, some hours later, and thought no more about my dreams until I saw Miss Claughton after breakfast. Mrs. Claughton had talked of Spiritualism during breakfast, yet

this did not bring my night's experience to my memory. It only all came back link by link when I saw Miss Claughton and told her.

Saturday, *October 14th*, 1893.

(Signed) MARIE GIRAUD.

The third series of narratives suggesting an unseen protection or guidance comes from a witness of whose veracity and memory Mr. G. A. Smith, who interviewed him for Mr. Gurney in Florida as long ago as November, 1886, formed a very high opinion (see *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 325). Mr. Smith's account, and some other recommendations received of Mr. Skilton, led Mrs. Sidgwick to print some of his experiences. (*loc. cit.*) Some subsequent correspondence has confirmed the impression, and although the following incidents are remote and uncorroborated, I think that they should be printed here.

Writing from Daytona, Florida, October 20, 1895, Mr. Skilton tells me that the statements sent to Professor James were "written down along as they occurred."

P. 158.

Mr. Skilton, writing from Jacksonville, Florida, November 10th, 1890, sends to Professor James the following additional incidents "noted down in my memorandum."

1. In giving this incident of my life in which I was guided by some very mysterious influence beyond my control, I feel as though my life and acts had been of some good and benefit to my fellow man. Being sick with the mumps for some time and severe, I was confined to my room about three weeks, but one morning feeling able to go to the R.R. Depot, I started out; my folks telling me I must not go away, as it was raining and bad weather. However, I went on to the depot and the first train that came in was a construction train out picking up iron and ties along the road, and I very strangely went off dead-head on the train for a distance of twenty miles where they went on the side track to let the express pass them, as they were nearly due, and a very fast train of about seven cars, and did not make this a stopping place. As this working-train had backed in so as to clear the main track, and the switch set for the main track, the conductor told the forward breakman to go up to open the switch, meaning after the express had passed; he then went with the engineer to the caroose car for some purpose, but the brakeman went direct to the switch and changed it to the side track, which of course the conductor nor engineer knew nothing about. Just about this time I heard the express coming, and saw the switch wrong, and the brakeman standing at it. I tried every way in my power to get him to change it, but could not. I then started and ran to change it myself, but just before I got to it, I fell down by some means, but got up again and changed the switch just as the engine of the express was coming on to the rails, and saved the terrible collision.

The engineer on the express stopped his train, after running by some distance, and, backing up, called on the conductor and engineer to know what that meant, but they, not having seen it, were in a puzzle to know

what was going on ; but after being told what had happened, the question came up, who changed the switch and saved the train ? I told them I did. They then wanted to know what I was doing on that train. I told them I was a dead-head on it ; but for what purpose I did not know, as I ought not to have come away from home that day, as I had been quite sick ; but I thought it was all right as I had done a good thing. The engineer on the express says, “ Yes, you have saved my life and many others,” and then turning to conductor and engineer on the working train said, “ You had better keep a dead-head on your train all the time.”

Now for an explanation of what that brakeman thought he was doing would puzzle the oldest heads that know anything about railroad management !

I went home on that working train that night, and felt justified, though I had gone away without any purpose ; and many times since, in meeting this engineer of the express, he would say, “ you are the man that saved my life.”

This happened before I had learned the art of railroading, but as for any remuneration or favour, I never received as much as a “ thank you ” from the R. R. Co. for what I did.

2. I do not call this a premonition ; you can style it what you think proper.

As an introduction to it, I would say that I have been engaged a great part of my life as a locomotive engineer, and this happened while engaged in that business. I was engaged with two other men one day about two o'clock p.m. in taking out some evergreen trees from a box car to take home and set out ; they were large and heavy ; I had to run the car up on the switch rails to get them out ; but as there was no train due till forty minutes I would have plenty of time to get them out, and push the car back out of the way. There had been a great deal of other freight put in the car after mine was, so it was necessary to take out some of it before I could get at mine. I opened the car door, and a barrel of eggs fell out on the ground, and just at that instance I saw a medium-sized person standing at my right hand clothed in white with a bright countenance, beaming with intelligence. I knew what he wanted in an instant, although he put his hand on my shoulder and said, “ Come with me.” We moved upward, and a little to the south-east with the speed of lightning, as it were ; I could see the hills, trees, buildings and roads as we went up side by side till they vanished out of our sight. As we passed on, this glorious being that was with me told me he was going to show me that bright heavenly world. We soon came to a world of light and beauty, many thousand times larger than this earth, with at least four times as much light. The beauties of this place were beyond any human being to describe. I was seated by the tree of life on a square bunch of what appeared to be a green velvet moss, about eighteen inches high ; there I saw many thousands spirits clothed in white, and singing the heavenly songs, and I could think of but one verse that I had ever heard that would do justice to this heavenly music, and that is this, “ Hark what sweet music, what a song Sounds from the bright, celestial throng ! ” for it was the sweetest song I have ever heard. I here told my attendant that it was the first time I had ever been perfectly at rest in my

life. They did not converse by sound, but each knew the other's thoughts at the instant, and conversation was carried on in that way, and also with me.

After viewing the wonderful beauties of the place for some time and the thousands of spirits, robed in spotless white, passing through the air, for they did not confine themselves to the surface, but went every direction as they pleased, I wanted to see my dear mother, two sisters, and a child of mine that had died some time before this. The request was granted at once, but I was not allowed to converse with them. They were standing in a row in front of me, and I looked at them and coolly estimated the distance we were apart at thirty feet, and wondered how these things could be. They seemed very much pleased to see me, and I shall never forget how they welcomed me when I first saw them, although no conversation passed. About this time my attendant told me we must go back; I wished to stay, but he told me my time had not come yet, but would in due time, and that I should wait with patience. At this we started back, and were soon out of sight of that heavenly land. When we came in sight of this world, I saw everything as it looked from a great height, such as trees, buildings, hills, roads, and streams, as natural as could be, till we came to the car that I had opened the door, and I found myself there in the body, and he vanished out of my sight. I spoke then just as I opened my watch and found it had been just twenty-six minutes that I had been engaged with that mysterious one), and said I thought I had left this world for good. One of the men said, "There is something the matter with you ever since you opened the car door; we have not been able to get a word out of you," and that I had done all the work of taking out everything and putting it back into the car, and one item was eight barrels of flour I had taken off the ground alone and put them back in the car, three feet and a half high, with all the ease of a giant. I told them where I had been and what I had seen, but they had seen no one.

This I count the brightest day of my life, and what I saw is worth a lifetime of hardship and toil. Being in good health, and in my right mind in mid-day, while busy about my work, and my mind not more than ordinarily engaged on the great subject of eternal life, I consider this a most extraordinary incident. I was told by this mysterious person that if we are counted worthy at death, we shall be accompanied to that bright world by one of those glorious beings, and this is my firm belief.

#### A DREAM.

3. Being engaged running a locomotive with a local freight train for some time, and there were several working or construction trains on the same road, and one in particular that was very difficult to run and not get in the way of other working trains, which offence would suspend the conductor and engineer, or one of them at least; and what made it still more complicated was that they had to run over several miles of another road where there were many more trains to look after, as both roads ran over the same track. After trying three or four conductors and engineers and all got discharged or suspended for thirty or sixty days, the road master came to me to take the engine I was running, and go and try it without a conductor, and have charge of a large number of men as gang boss, working the men, keeping their time mileage of the cars loaded and light, conducting the

train, running the engine, and receiving all telegraph orders, making a report each day of all I had done, and all that transpired—being stationed out on the road at a small town.

After running it about two weeks, I dreamed one night that there was a collision at that station of the fast express with the through freight train, and that the engines were terribly broken up and passenger coaches, with many killed and many more badly hurt. When I awoke, it was very vivid in my mind, worried me throughout the day, but nothing happened; but the next morning when I was ready to go, the through freight train was late, and came down, passing the station seven minutes on the express time (one of the most reckless things they could have done, as it was in a cut, and on a sharp curve where the express always came through at full speed). My engine was standing over on the second side track with its train. Just then I heard the express whistle for the station,—I saw my dream in an instant, with all its horror, but, not supposing there was any chance to save them, I took a red flag and ran out on the track and stopped the freight by my signals, as I ran down the track towards the express, as it was in the curve. As soon as the engineer saw the flag, he did all in his power to stop. The two engines came within about ten feet of each other, as they stopped.

Now without any one to have flagged them, there is no telling what the result would have been, as there were nine coaches, with all that could stand up inside and out on the platforms, and no one else that could have flagged the trains, as they were not there to do it if I had not done it. The dream had aroused my mind so thoroughly that I was on the look out for anything of the kind to happen; otherwise I should not have paid any attention to them, as I was not in the habit of meddling with other trains when mine was out of the way. This was looked at by those interested there at that time as a matter of chance, or luck, as some would have it—just happened to be so, but if they [had] known what I did about it and had their mind taxed as heavily as I did the day before, they would have thought different; for I practically knew of it more than twenty-four hours before it came, and had it in my power to save it, and did it with joy.

I attribute this to the power of an unseen agent that worked upon my mind so effectually as to entirely avoid the terrible accident that might have sent many to their long home.

#### HOW I SAVED A DREADFUL COLLISION.

4. I was once engaged as engineer on a fast express, and it became necessary to change the time card on the R. R., as they put on another express train which was to meet the train I ran at the point I took it, and in changing the time they changed some of the most important rules in running the road, and not making them quite as explicit as they should. When the first day came for us to meet there, the new train did not come. After waiting the usual time for the variation for watches, the conductor gave the signal to go, but I shook my head. He stepped into the office and reported me to the superintendent (who was there) immediately, saying he would not have an engineer that would not go when he told him to. The superintendent came out and asked what was the matter. I said he had no right to go according to the time-card, but he called me into the office with several other men, who all said I was wrong. The superintendent said he had made

the time-card and knew his business. But after parleying fifteen minutes, and getting myself in a position to be discharged promptly, and all parties being in a bad humour, I asked the superintendent to read over the rules that related to meeting station, which he promptly said he would do, and show me where I stood. He picked up a new time-card and began reading the rules, but not coming to the one he wanted to, he was some time in getting to it, and just using up the time, as I wanted him to, and before he got quite to the rule he wanted to show me, I heard the familiar whistle of the fast train up the grade about a mile. I tapped him on the shoulder with my hand and said, "That settles it." I ran out and just succeeded in backing my train down the grade out of the way. I then went to the superintendent and asked him what he thought about the time-card. He said, "You have saved us one of the greatest collisions that was ever had on a R. R." He says, "I can't see how you could see anything in the time-card that would hold you so against such odds and men of experience, as to utterly refuse to go out." I told him the time-card was not very plain, and would not have kept me from obeying orders. "My will was to do just what you wanted, but there was a very strong impression on my mind that there was wrong in starting, which grew intense as the conductor gave the signal; it appeared to reach a point just at that time that it would have been impossible to have got me to go." Although I was cool and quiet in the midst of derision, I had faith to believe that my impression, come from what source it would, was able to carry me through, and I determined to follow it at all hazards, and it brought me out in triumph.

The superintendent then said, "For this act, I will never find fault with you hereafter,"—and he never did. The conductor that evening said, "You are worthy of a pension, I will never dispute you on the rights of trains again."

Now this kind of a glorious informant, or a sure knowing of things not yet happened, has been with me all of my railroad life, and has never failed me in any instance, but has saved my life many times.

5. I was once firing a locomotive that was hauling iron over another road to lay its track of. It was a fine new passenger engine, with large driving wheels for making fast time, just from the builder's shop, and I thought I had been very lucky to get so good a situation as to be fireman on so good a locomotive.

Two nights before leaving with the train, I dreamed that the engine and train ran through the shallow cut, and came out on the top of a stone bridge very high, ran across the bridge and turned over down the bank some seventy feet into the river. I was stopping with a very intelligent Christian family, and I told my dream to the lady of the house. She appeared to be very deeply interested in it, and told me I was going to get killed. I told her I had an assurance in my dream that I would not get hurt, that I had great faith in. She tried to persuade me not to go out at all with the train, but I did not heed her warning, and when the time came to go out with the train, I went. When we had got about fourteen miles out, and were running pretty fast down grade through a shallow cut, I all at once saw a large number of men on the track which the engineer could not see, as he was near-sighted, but I told him to stop as soon as possible, but we soon got so near as to see that the men had taken up

the track and rolled out the large timbers that lay from the stone bridge off on the high embankment, making a kind of ditch over two feet deep and fifty feet long. But, as it happened, they had got but one of the timbers out on one side which made it still worse for turning over the engine. The engineer set about stopping the train with all his might, but to no purpose, as the track was wet, and he soon jumped off and left the engine. I thought it could be stopped and saved, and I stayed on and reversed the engine, and put on all the steam and whistle brakes. By this time I was on the bridge, and no chance to get off. I failed to stop the engine, and it ran into the place dug out, just off the end of the bridge, and turned over on the heavy wall laid up to keep the embankment from washing away. As it was a long way down, it had to make two complete turns to reach the bottom. The first time it went over, it blew off the top of the boiler, with a tremendous explosion. As the wall was as steep as a Gothic roof, I had more than I could do to keep my feet in going down through with the engine, tender, and wood jack screws, pinch bars, and tools, all after me, and almost on me. The bottom of the river was a solid rock with six inches of water on it. I got through with but one small scratch.

I went up and measured the bridge, and found it two hundred feet long, with five arches in it, made of cut stone, and fifty-four feet perpendicular, and seventy feet on the slope, where the engine rolled down.

As soon as I got up out of the river, I looked back, and saw my dream, just as it looked to me when I was dreaming.

Not being familiar with the road, I could not locate any such a place, but when I came to try the realities of it, I saw the place just as I dreamed it, and every part of this dream came true, just as I saw it.

I went back to my boarding place the same evening, and told the landlady that the locomotive had turned over into the river, and was nearly destroyed, but that I was all right.

This was my first dream of this kind, which was afterwards repeated four times more in different places and circumstances, and came out just the same; so that I had a knowledge of two days ahead of just what was going to happen each time, by some mysterious agency or guardian spirit. It is my candid belief that this guardian continued with me day and night as long as I ran a locomotive, always directing me in the right, where it would have been possible for me to have done wrong; and where others did wrong and I would suffer by it, I escaped in every instance. In this case, if the flagman had put out his flag before taking up the track, all would have been well.

6. I give this narrative of my life from an actual occurrence, to show that there is in many cases an unseen agency governing the mind, actions, and labours of some, to their own great advantage, and safety of others.

I was running an engine on a fast night train; I had been running the same train about five years; at one point on the road there was an outer switch that we passed after whistling for the station at full speed. I don't remember in all that time of slowing up the train in the least, for it, this siding, was used for broken cars and stock cars out of season for using them, and usually had from fifteen to thirty cars on it; at the time I relate, it had twenty-six cars on it. We usually passed it at a speed of fifty miles an hour, and sometimes more than that, although we always stopped at the station,

which was a half mile further on. I never felt any fear as to its safety, but one night, leaving home, the thought came to my mind that that switch was wrong, but I tried to put it off and not think of it, but it disturbed me considerable.

When the train came for me to take, it was fifty minutes late, and no time to lose for anything along the road. I started, willing to make up all the time I could over my part of the route. But this switch bore heavily on my mind as being wrong, and the nearer I got to it, the stronger the impression, till at last I made up my mind that it would not break up the R. R. Co. to stop and see. I whistled for the station and put on the breaks, and stopped the train and as the head light gave a good light for some yards ahead, I could distinctly see the switch wrong; I got off and went ahead to change it and found it locked. Just then the conductor had got off the train, and wanted to know what I had stopped there for; I told him I thought I would shut up that switch before I ran over it. He says, "How did you know it was wrong?" I said I did not know it, but have had it on my mind all night so far that it was wrong, and thought I would stop and see, to satisfy my curiosity. He said, "You have done a good thing—saved your life and all the rest of us, besides the engine and train."

Now this circumstance has given me great satisfaction to look back to and see how wonderfully my mind was wrought upon by some unseen agency that would not let me shake off the impression, but kept enforcing it more and more. From this may we not make up our minds that we are many times saved from a dreadful fate or accident? Such has been my experience many, very many times.

7. In September, 1859, being an engineer running a fast train on a through western road, and being at the west end of my route on Saturday night, September 3rd, where I arrived about twelve at night; on retiring I had a very interesting dream, and as I had had two before of the same kind at different places which came true to the letter, it made this all the more interesting to me. I dreamed that I was running this fast train going west, and that it was nearly an hour late, and I was trying to make up all the time I could, and just as I was about half way between two stations, which were eight miles apart and on the smoothest track on the whole road, the engine ran off on the north side of the track, and turned over in the night, and when it stopped I was sitting on one of the driving wheels with my feet down between the spokes, and in the darkness a person of medium stature, dressed in white, came down from heaven, a little from a south-east direction, not straight down, with a span of white horses and a black carriage, and took me off the driving wheel of the locomotive as it lay on its side, and put me in the carriage, and went up a little south-easterly from straight up; this was the end of the dream; but I awakened and it worked my mind very much, so that I slept but little more that night, and during the Sabbath my mind was wonderfully worked upon to know what this meant; for I had faith to believe it would come to pass.

I told no one, but it worried me very much. On Monday morning, September 5th, I took the fast express back to the other end of my route where I lived, and where I arrived about 1 p.m. At 9.40 my time came to go west again at night. The train was fifty-four minutes late. As usual

the conductor said, "Make up all you can," which was equivalent to saying, "run as fast as you dare ride." I left with all speed, and had not told my wife or family of my dream. When about forty miles out, and making about as fast time as I ever ran, which was some more than a mile a minute, and just at the place of running off in my dream, the engine struck a horse which went under and threw off the forward trucks, which very soon resulted in turning over the engine in the very place I had dreamed. Its speed was so great, and on level ground, that it slid over fifty feet after it lay on its side. It being one of the darkest nights I ever saw, about 11 p.m., it was impossible to do anything. However, I reversed the engine the moment it left the track, but did not shut off steam. It turned over, and when it fetched up and stopped, I found myself sitting on the driving wheel, with my feet down through between the spokes, with my under jaw broken, and three ribs on my left side, and quite a deep gash cut on both sides of my face, with the throttle lever broken off eighteen inches long, and in my hand, which I had not let go of all the time. But the person dressed in white with a shining countenance beaming with intelligence, I did not see, nor the white horses and black carriage.

It was telegraphed to my wife that I was killed, but she would not believe it.

I got home the next day at five o'clock in the evening, fully believing there was something in some dreams.

Now it seems more of a mystery to me that this dream should come true to the letter till it came down to the very point where I should see the man in white, with carriage and horses, and have that part left out, than it does to have the other part come as dreamed.

My mind was so much disturbed by my dream at one time Monday, that I made up my mind not to go out that night, but let some one else try it ; but I had no sooner got my mind made up than it was changed by some unseen agency, and an assurance given that I had not the least doubt in that I should not be killed or very badly hurt. The all absorbing thought came to my mind that all I needed was faith unwavering, and it came to my mind in great strength. I used to at all times, when starting out with my engine, commit my life and all into the hands of Him who doeth all things well, nothing doubting, and He never failed me in the greatest hour of need and accident many times.

8. Being once placed in such a position that I would have been cut in two by a passing train, I will relate how wonderfully I was saved. It was in this way: I was running an express train as engineer, and it was customary to do a considerable switching of freight cars at each end of the route. As I was at the west end of my run, and had been switching cars till the express was nearly due, and the local freight was just coming in then from the way the express was due, I had a few moments of time, and was packing one of the pumps on the locomotive. I was not quite done when I ran down the track a little to tell the conductor, who was on the passenger coach of the freight train, that I wanted to get by him when he backed in on the cross-over track, as it was called, and he said he would let me by with my engine. I then asked him what passenger car he had on behind which was just next to the one I stood on. He said it was a six

foot gauge car on our tracks of four foot ten inch gauge. I was going to get off his car, just where I was packing the pump, and finish it as soon as possible, and run up and get by his train, as my train was about due then. As I rode along up to my engine and was about ready to step off at the very place I wanted to, I looked up and saw about thirty feet high a very singular looking person clothed in white, with a wonderful bright countenance beaming with intelligence passing along in the air, just so that if I got off the car where I intended to I could not see it. I became wonderfully interested, and rode on about forty feet farther, and it went out of my sight in an instant. I got off the train just then which was moving along some faster than a man could walk, but as soon as I struck the ground, I saw the situation in an instant. The broad gauge car was passing my engine then (which had an outside frame) with a clearance of only one and a half inches, which would have rolled me in and cut me in two without the least chance to have got away, as I did not see the danger till it was past—if I had not seen this person passing along up in the air. It was wonderful with what force this was pointed out to my mind as soon as I got on the ground, and if I was ever thankful for anything in my life, I was much more for this, knowing my life had been saved by some mysterious agent in such a wonderful interesting way.

I told one of my railroad friends about it, and he said it was imagination. I told him it was a glorious imagination that would save a man's life that way, but that I thought I would be dishonest with myself and more so with my deliverer to attribute it to imagination.

I made a memorandum of it, and said no more about it, feeling it was wrong to trifle with such glorious preservation of life by the Providence of God.

This has occurred four times with me, saving my life in my railroad life, but at no other time was there any one visible, but their influence was powerful. Let the reader judge for himself the source of this, after giving me credit of telling the simple truth just as it happened with me.

It has always been a satisfaction to me to think of this escape, and how nicely it turned out.

My railroading was all done in Ohio and Indiana.

Subliminal inference may have operated in some of these cases ;—as, for instance, when Mr. Skilton knew that a six-foot gauge car was on the narrower track.

Not the least remarkable of these incidents is the condition of ecstasy into which Mr. Skilton describes himself as falling during vigorous manual exercise. He writes to me that he has never had any trance save this ;—which he regards as “worth a lifetime of hardship and toil.”

As I have elsewhere said, I incline to believe that ecstasy is the highest condition into which a spirit still incarnate can pass. The so-called ecstasy of hysteria I regard as merely an instance of the imperfect simulations of various psychical states which the disintegrated personality of the hysteric readily affords. True ecstasy I

regard as a condition where the centre of consciousness changes from the supraliminal to the subliminal self, and realises the transcendental environment in place of the material. The reminiscence of such a momentary enlightenment I regard as inevitably confused and coloured by pre-existing supraliminal notions. I no more accept Mr. Skilton's picture of the unseen world as exact than I accept Swedenborg's; but I incline to believe that both alike were in truth exalted into an "interior condition" where their perception of the Cosmos, though less distinct and intelligible, was wider and profounder than our own.

In my next case it seems impossible even to suggest any finite mind as the source of intelligence.

P. 144. Dream.

Received through the Rev. C. H. Cope, from Miss I. Young. The account was written in the early part of 1892.

British Institute, 26, Rue de Vienne, Brussels.

In the morning of Friday, March 29th, 1889, after being awakened at my usual hour for rising, I went to sleep again, and dreamt the following:— I was staying with a friend, Mrs. O——, and it was by the sea-side; the house overlooked the sea, the waves nearly washing against the garden wall. It was a bright clear day and I was standing close to the wall, watching in the distance two vessels on the sea, one having left the place I was at, and the other advancing from the opposite shore. To my surprise I saw that neither vessel, as they neared each other, seemed to make room for the other, and then to my horror one dashed into the other, cutting her in half. I saw the boiler burst of the injured vessel, throw up fragments and thick black smoke; I saw the passengers hurled into the water making frantic attempts to save themselves. I especially noticed hats and other things floating on the water, and then suddenly two bodies were washed up at my feet, and I awoke and found it was nearly 8.30 a.m. The dream made a vivid impression on me, and I could not shake off the feeling of horror I had experienced all through it. That same afternoon news came from Ostend of a terrible catastrophe in the Channel, the two vessels, Princesses Henriette and Josephine, crossing *via* Ostend and Dover, had come into collision that same morning at 10 a.m.,<sup>1</sup> the one had cut the other in half just as I had seen it in my dream; indeed, the circumstances were the same. I knew no one on board, but the lady with whom, in my dream, I was staying, had three relatives on board; one was drowned and the other two saved. ISABELLA YOUNG.

The friend with whom Miss Young was staying at the time, Mrs. C. E. Jenkins, writes:—

I certify that the above-mentioned dream was related to me about an hour after she had dreamt it, by Miss Young. M. G. JENKINS.

<sup>1</sup> Really later in the day, as steamers cross about midday.—C. H. COPE.

In answer to a further question, Mrs. Jenkins writes :—

British Institute, 25, Rue de Vienne, Brussels,

May 3rd, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your card to Mr. Cope, forwarded to me this morning, I beg to confirm that Miss I. G. Young related her dream to me about the collision *before we had heard anything* of it, and that the news came that afternoon.

MELIORA G. JENKINS.

(Hon. Lady Superintendent,  
British Institute, Brussels.)

We give below some account of the events, as related in the *Times*.

From the *Times*, March 30th, 1889 (Saturday) :—

“*A Channel Packet Missing.*”

“Up to 12 o'clock last night the mail and passenger steamer which left Ostend for Dover at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, had not arrived. The vessel (the Comtesse de Flandre) was due at Dover at 2.30. There was a slight fog close in shore, but the Calais boat, which arrived last evening, reported that it was tolerably clear out in the Channel. Great anxiety was felt at Dover last night as to the steamer's safety, and signal guns were fired at given intervals.”

In the second edition of the *Times*, same date as above, the following appears :—

“*Foundering of an Ostend Mail Steamer (from Lloyd's).*”

“Lloyd's agent at Ostend telegraphs, under date to-day, 7.30 a.m., that the mail boats the Princess Henriette, from Dover, and the Comtesse de Flandre, from Ostend, were in collision yesterday. The Comtesse de Flandre sank, and 11 of the crew, including captain and mate, and three passengers, were drowned. Mails lost.

“The Comtesse de Flandre was a steamer of 500 tons gross, and left Ostend yesterday morning with mails and passengers for England.”

In the *Times*, Monday, April 1st, 1889, a fuller account appears, with names of victims, narratives of survivors, &c. Mr. Algernon Osborn, one of the saved, gives the time of the collision as half-past one. The *Times* account is as follows :—

“*Loss of a Mail Steamer.*”

“A collision of a terrible character occurred in the English Channel on Friday afternoon between two of the regular steamers plying between Dover and Ostend. As was announced in the *Times* on Saturday morning, great anxiety was felt at Dover on Friday night when the packet, the Comtesse de Flandre, failed to arrive at her appointed time. The packet started from Ostend at a quarter past 10 on Friday morning for Dover, with 20 passengers and 7 bags of mails. At mid-day the Princess Henriette, a larger and faster boat than the Comtesse de Flandre, left Dover for Ostend with 15 passengers on board. The weather was thick at the time, but not so dense as to render navigation very difficult had all possible precautions been taken. At about a quarter to 2 in the afternoon, the officers of the Comtesse de Flandre saw the Princess Henriette looming through the mist, and before any effort could be made to avert the impending disaster, the Princess Henriette crashed into

the Comtesse de Flandre's port sponson, cutting clean through the paddle-box into the engine-room. The fore part of the vessel broke right away and sank, the boilers exploding directly after the collision. The whole affair was so terribly sudden that passengers and crew alike were struggling in the water before they had realised fully what had occurred. . . ."

The account proceeds to describe the steps taken by the Princess Henriette to save life by lowering boats. Four passengers, the captain, the mate, five stokers, three engineers, and one sailor, comprise the list of missing.

In the next case the time-relation of the vision to the actual facts is not quite clear ; but there is distinct premonition as to the meeting with the shipwrecked crew.

#### L. 943.

The following dream, which evidently made a great impression on the dreamer, shows a sufficient amount of correspondence with actual fact both in the time at which it occurred and in detail (black man, schooner in distress) to suggest that it was in some way caused by these facts—and it adds interest to it that it led to the rescue of the distressed men. It is not quite clear how much of Captain Scott's narrative was taken from contemporary notes, and probably no further evidence could be obtained as to this now.

#### *Document I.*—From Bishop Hale.

The colony of Western Australia (called at the time the Swan River Settlement) was founded in 1829. Captain Scott must have gone there very shortly after that period.

In the year 1848, I being then Archdeacon of Adelaide, went to Western Australia in attendance upon the Bishop of Adelaide. Captain Scott showed great readiness to assist the Bishop, and both he and I received from him many acts of kindness.

He, one day, told me about his dreams and the circumstances connected therewith. He told it all with such animation and such varying expressions of face that he gave me the idea that the things he spoke of were passing vividly before his mind's eye as he described them.

I was, of course, greatly struck by the narrative and said I should like very much indeed to have it in writing. He said at once that I should have it ; he would have the copy of his log, which he had by him, transcribed for me. I received the M.S. a few days afterwards.

His last illness was a long and wearisome one, and the old man was pleased when any friend would look in and sit with him for a time. I was then Bishop of the Diocese, and I was aware that the clergyman of his parish (Fremantle), Mr. Bostock, was in the habit of sometimes taking his seat by the old man's bedside, in addition to the performance of the usual devotional services.

I never had upon my own mind the slightest doubt about the truth of the narrative, but I was quite aware that some persons to whom I might chance to show it might feel doubtful about it, and it occurred to me that Mr.

Bostock's friendly visits to the old man afforded an excellent opportunity for getting some declaration such as that which he did obtain.

March 9th, 1892.

MATHEW B. HALE (Bishop).

*Document II.*—Captain Scott's Account.

“June 10th, 1825.

“On the night of the 7th of June I dreamed that I saw a schooner, and apparently water-logged, with several men in her and a black man among them. On the eighth I dreamed the same and got up and started the mate up aloft. I stayed on deck until daylight. On the 9th the same dream occurred. Got up and altered the ship's course, having passed between Guadeloupe and Antigua, the day previous, and at 8 p.m. heavy squalls with heavy thunder and lightning; shortened sail. Daylight made all sail, fine pleasant weather. On the 10th, at 8 o'clock, altered the ship's course from W.S.W. to S.W. two points for the purpose of ascertaining the true position of the Bird Islands, or to see if these really existed (as on my chart it was marked doubtful). I was at this time very uneasy in my mind, supposing that something was going to happen to my ship. I had related my dream to my mate and passengers, Don Joseph Sevarra, John Poingestre and Wm. Richenburg, Esqrs., merchants at Carthagena, who wrote the circumstances to the Humane Society and to their house in London.

“On the morning of the 10th, at 9.3 a.m., we were all at breakfast, the officer on deck called down the skylight and said that a squall was coming. I immediately repaired on deck to take in the small sails. On looking astern the ship where the squall was coming from, we saw a boat with a large flag flying on an oar, and a man standing up in the bow holding it. I immediately hove the ship to and took in all studding and small sails. My men that were aloft furling royals said that they could see a number of men and that they thought it was a pirate. One of the men stated that was just the way that he was taken the year previous in the same seas. My passengers and officers then requested me to keep the ship away, which I did, they stating that if they should turn out to be pirates, I should not recover my insurance for my ship. I then kept her away under her reef'd sails and went down to breakfast. After my entering my cabin, I felt very uneasy and returned to the state room. Immediately my dream came forcibly in my mind. I then put two pistols and my cutlass by my side and went on deck, called all hands on deck, and again hove the ship to and desired Mr. Poingestre to take the wheel and steer the ship. I then ordered the first officer to lower his boat down and go and see what the boat was. I then ordered the guns to be loaded, made sail, and made a tack towards the boats. On my coming up with them, found that my mate had taken the captain and his men out of the boat and taken them into his, Captain Jellard's boat having a great quantity of water in, very nearly up to the thwarts, also a large shark, and had her in tow.

“After getting Captain Jellard on board, and his men, who were in a very weak state, not able to speak with the exception of the black man; from him I got all the particulars, as follows: it appeared that they belonged to the schooner *James Hambleton*, of Grenada, from America, bound to Grenada, and being short of water, having a very long passage through light winds, were going on shore for water on the Island of Saints, it then being calm.

After leaving their ship a light breeze sprang up and the schooner kept her ground, but the boat pulling in a different direction and the current running so strong that the boat's crew became quite exhausted. That at daylight they had the mortification of seeing the schooner inshore of them as far as they could see from the boat, the boat still drifting further from land and ship until they lost sight of her altogether. The following day they had a very dreadful time of it; it blew a heavy gale, with thunder and lightning; they had to make fast the oars, mast and sail to the painter of the boat, and let the boat drift to break off the sea that was running. During all this time they had no water or anything to eat. The following day was nearly calm, very light winds and a hot scorching sun; being in the latitude of  $16^{\circ} 21'$ , longitude  $63^{\circ} 14'$ , their sufferings were very great all day. Both captain and men tore their clothes off their backs and poured water on themselves to keep them cool. On the morning that I discovered them the black man appealed to his God, saying, 'If God hear black man as well as white man, pray send me fish or shark for massa to eat, no let him die.' The all-merciful Father heard his prayers and sent him a large shark, which was lying in the boat on her being brought alongside, of which they had drunk the blood and eaten part of the flesh. I immediately knocked in the head of a water puncheon and made them a warm bath and put them severally into it for the purpose of cooling them and getting some parts of their shirts off their skin which were sticking to their backs, their skin being all blistered with the sun and salt water. I gave them a little tea to moisten their mouths every few minutes, until some of them prayed for food and asked for some biscuit, and gave them rice water and barley water occasionally. After a good sleep Captain Jellard sent for me below and wished to speak to me. On searching his pockets to see if the black man had told the truth about his ship, I found his register and manifest of his cargo. This satisfied me all was correct, and that they were not pirates. During our conversation I found that I had been in company with Captain Jellard in St. John's, Newfoundland, in the year 1814, he then commanding a fine schooner called the *Catch Me Who Can*, belonging to Spuryar and Co., of Cool.

"In a few days they all came round. I gave them up to the British Consul at Carthagenia and requested him to lose no time to send them on, as we feared that something would be brought against the mate of the schooner, Captain Jellard having all his papers with him. On my arrival in England, I found that Captain Jellard only arrived there three days previous to the execution of his mate and remaining three men, they having been tried for murdering their captain and the other three men. Had not the Consul sent them over in the packet to Jamaica and requested the admiral to send them up to Grenada with all dispatch, these four poor souls would have lost their lives innocently.

[Signed] "DANIEL SCOTT,

"Commanding the Brig *Ocean* from [illegible] bound to Carthagenia.

"I, George James Bostock, Chaplin of Freemantle, W. Australia, do hereby certify that I attended Daniel Scott in his last illness, February, 1865, wherein he repeated the substance of the above as most solemnly true, and ascribed the whole event to the direct guidance of an over-ruling Providence.

[Signed] "GEORGE J. BOSTOCK,

"9/5/1865."

We have endeavoured to trace the log-book referred to in Bishop Halé's letter, but without success. Inquiries have been made through Lloyd's Shipping Agency and the Board of Trade, but no log dated as far back as 1825 can be produced—it was not till 1854 that trading vessels were compelled to render official log-books.

My next narrative is from Dr. Wiltse, personally known to Dr. Hodgson and myself as a careful and conscientious witness.

P. 151.

A case of probable primary independent clairvoyance, by Dr. A. S. Wiltse, Skiddy, Kansas.

If such a phase of clairvoyance can be found as, independent of conscious or unconscious suggestion, attains to a knowledge of the unknown, and this without the aid of a second person as the operator, who induces or produces the hypnotic condition, I term this *primary independent* clairvoyance, but if to attain to the knowledge of the unknown, the aid of a second person is required as hypnotiser, then it would be *secondary independent* clairvoyance.

With this explanation of my terms, I respectfully submit my nomenclature to the judgment of your learned society, and proceed to recite for the benefit of the society the following case of my own experience, the truth of the main facts in which can, I think, be substantiated by the gentleman to whom the scenes were described in detail at the moment of their appearance and who, I think, is still living. Much circumstantial evidence, strongly corroborative in its nature, may also be obtained, I think, by addressing any of the parties herein named, although I do not recollect ever talking with them upon the subject, except the last named :—

Mr. Maniphee Haun, Kismet, Morgan Co., Tenn.

Mr. W. T. Howard, Kismet.

Mr. Jas. Bales, Wartburg.

Mr. W. Todd, Wartburg.

The last named is the gentleman to whom I described the scenes as they were presented to me ; while the first named is the gentleman who was present when the tragedy happened, and would of course be likely to recollect a large share of the minutiae of the affair. The testimony therefore of the two gentlemen is indispensable and should be obtained at once, but I prefer that the society shall obtain this evidence independently of me, as thus avoiding any possible appearance of tinkering by me, although I shall be very willing to render any assistance in the matter that I may be able.

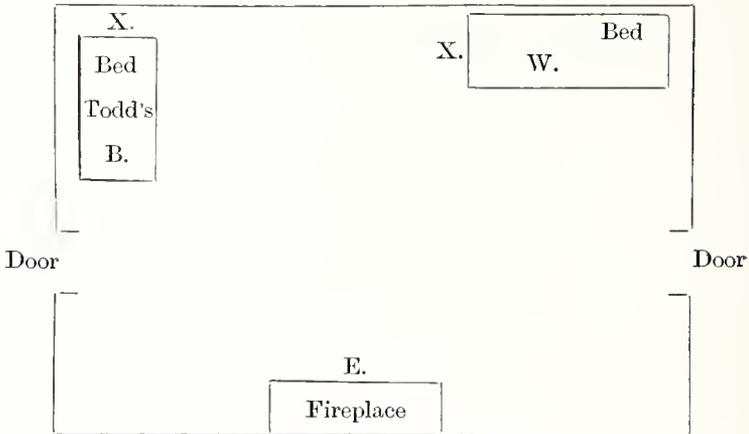
#### A VISION BY MEANS OF PICTURES.

This incident occurred in Morgan Co., Tennessee, I think in the spring of 1878. Mrs. Wiltse and myself had spent the day with her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Todd. I had passed most of the day with Mr. Todd in the field where he was planting corn. We retired early and Mrs. Wiltse almost immediately fell asleep.

Mr. Todd and myself being wakeful, lay and talked. There was but one room, in which there was an open fireplace containing fire mostly buried

up with ashes, a large pine knot having been laid on top of these embers, and so nearly buried in ashes as to give about a one candle power of light.

The following diagram will give a correct idea of the arrangement of the room, beds, etc :—



- X. Represents the heads of the beds.
- B. The bed occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Todd.
- W. The bed occupied by myself and Mrs. Wiltse, and
- E. The open fireplace. There were several feet of space between the two beds.

While we were talking, I saw a picture slide on to the wall at my feet, at such a height as to rest easily in the line of my vision. I called to Mr. and Mrs. Todd to cease talking and told them what I saw. The picture was some feet in size each way and remained before me long enough for me to describe [it] in detail to them. It was a landscape, the main features in which were a river with a large creek emptying into it very nearly at right angles. When I had given a full description, the picture disappeared with a quick movement like that with which it had appeared, but in the opposite direction from which it came. Mr. Todd said "You have described Emerald River and Rock Creek where it empties into it,"—which I thought correct, as I was familiar with the two streams.

While we were talking, another picture slid on to the wall in the same manner as the first one. It was the same picture as the first with the addition of several open fields and wooded lands along the banks. In one of the fields was a log house with its surroundings which I did not recognise. The picture remained stationary until I had described it thoroughly, when it disappeared similarly to the first.

Both Todd and his wife said I had described the "Cass Davis house" which was about a mile distant, across the river. At this another picture slid on to the wall, the very counterpart of the second one, except that a good portion of the landscape was left out, but the house was there, the door of which was closed, and as I announced its appearance, I heard the muffled report of a gun on the inside of the house, and immediately afterwards, the door flew open and a man rushed out seemingly in a great fright.

At this point Todd said, "See here, Doc., are you seeing these things, or just playing off a drive on us?" I assured him that I actually saw,

or seemed to see, the things I described, although they did not seem possessed of solidity, but were more as if one should breathe over a looking-glass, then stand at some distance from it and observe his image; it would look shadowy and dim.

In the meantime the door of the house in the picture had been left open so that I could see into the house, where I saw a man staggering toward the door with blood running from his mouth. He reached the door, where he supported himself by leaning against the door-facing, and steadied himself off the door-step on to the ground. In so doing, he left the print of his hand in blood upon the door-facing.

At this point the picture again disappeared and was immediately replaced by another much the same as the other, but in it the dead body of the man was lying on the ground some few feet from the door, while from the field advanced several people, with hoes and mattocks in their hands, who gathered round the body in apparent excitement and consternation, when the picture vanished and I saw nothing more.

I asked Todd if he was sure of the house; he assured me that it bore the exact description I had given. I asked if there was any rumour, or ever had been to his knowledge, of a tragedy having occurred there. "Not that he had ever heard of." I believe I said that "something of the kind has occurred there or else will. If it is past we may never know it; if it is to come, we may see."

When the corn which Todd had planted that day was ready for hoeing, I was with him again in the field a portion of a day, and together we left the field and started to go to Wartburg, the county seat about two miles distant. On the way we met *Cass Davis*, a quadroon, who asked us if we had heard of Henderson Whittaker killing himself. We had not, and he told us that during the (forenoon I think) Whittaker went into the house, where Mr. Haun was sitting alone and asked Haun to loan him his rifle to go hunting. Haun pointed to the corner where the rifle stood, saying, "I don't know whether it is loaded or not." Whittaker put his mouth over the muzzle to blow into the gun, pushing back the hammer with his foot. The foot slipped off and the gun was discharged into his mouth. Haun ran out into the field for help. The hands came up and I think found the young man dead in the yard. I have also been told that the hand print of blood was left upon the door-facing, but these lesser points can be learned best from parties who lived in the neighbourhood at the time. The main points are absolutely certain. The tragedy occurred in the house I had described, and was of substantially the nature I had described from the picture-writing on the wall.

[Answers to Questions sent to Mr. William Todd, January 15th, 1891.]  
(*Re* Dr. Wiltse's Vision.)

Q. 1. Did Dr. Wiltse describe to you picture appearances which he said he was seeing at the time?

A. 1. "Yes."

Q. 2. Did he describe particulars of what he was seeing, such as the print of a bloody hand upon the door-facing of the Cass Davis house; the sound of a gun inside; one man running out in apparent fright and the other staggering out of the doorway and dying upon the ground near the door?

A. 2. "He did describe the place and asked me if I knew of such a place ; I told him that it was the Cass Davis house."

Q. 3. Do you recollect if he told you he believed something of such nature had happened in the Cass Davis house, or else would in the future ?

A. 3. "He told me that something had happened at that place, or would in the future."

Q. 4. Did the future events in that house, in the matter of the death of H. Whittaker, lead you to conclude that Dr. Wiltse really saw that night what he told you he was seeing ?

A. 4. "It did as to H. Whittaker, and I do believe he saw what he said he saw."

WM. TODD, *January 26th, 1891.*

Mr. M. Haun writes as follows to Dr. Hodgson :—

Kismet, Tenn., *March 2nd, 1891.*

Your request received, and will say in reply, 1st, that I remember Dr. A. S. Wiltse having told me of his "prophetic vision," but whether it was before or after the fulfilment I can't say. However, the facts were about as follows : The young man shot himself in the mouth while attempting to blow in the gun ; ball passed out through the back of his neck just in the edge of his hair, rupturing some large vein or artery. He fell instantly and was unable to utter a word intelligibly. He raised himself up on his hands with his head drooping over, and from his mouth the blood ran profusely, making a large pool of blood upon the floor. I ran about forty rods from the house to call the nearest help, and on returning found the young man lying full length, flat on his face, dead, his hat lying on the doorstep ; the print of his hand made on door-casing ; it seemed that he had crawled out upon his hands and knees.

Now the hand-print on the door ; the blood-stained hat on the doorsteps ; the kind of house and its location ; the season of the year when the accident occurred, correspond with the Dr.'s vision, if I remember correctly.

The tragedy occurred, I think, in the month of July, not far from the 18th. As to when the Dr. had this vision or dream I don't remember.

No. I don't remember thinking of his vision at the time, for, as before stated, I don't remember having heard it before, although I might have heard it.

MANIPHEE HAUN.

Mr. J. Bales writes to Dr. Hodgson :—

Wartburg, Tenn., *March 14th, 1891.*

In reply to yours of 2/27, will say that I remember hearing Dr. Wiltse talk of the occurrence you mentioned in regard to the tragedy which happened at the Cass Davis Place. He told me of it before it happened, and when it did occur he came and asked me if I remembered what he had told me about it before. As to the dates, I can't remember exactly, but it must have been twelve or fourteen years ago. There was no newspaper published here at that time, and there was never any publication of it, so far as I am aware.

I do not remember the appearance of a bloody hand on the door or anywhere else, but there was blood on the house in different places.

Would have answered you sooner, but I wanted to remember correctly before writing. Dr. A. S. Wiltse considered a truthful and honest man here.

JAMES BALES.

Mr. Howard writes to Dr. Hodgson :—

Kismet, Tenn., *March 23rd*, 189[1].

Your enquiry of recent date just received, and will say in reply that Dr. Wiltse told his vision to Mr. William Todd and his wife, my stepfather and my mother, a short time before the occurrence. I was informed by Mr. Todd that the details in the case were exactly similar to the Dr.'s vision. My mother stated the same fact in my hearing, but she is now dead. I understand from different parties that the blood print, &c., were exactly as seen in the vision. Dr. Wiltse was stopping at our house (Mr. Todd's) at the time, and, after relating his vision, my stepfather recognised the place described as the "Cass Davis House," where the tragedy afterwards occurred. I would refer you to Mr. William Todd for further particulars, as he probably remembers the date ; I do not.

W. T. HOWARD.

I shall conclude this group with a case where there is again a suggestion of personal guardianship and care. But the facts prefigured do not fall within the life-history of the decedent ; so that if we suppose that it was *his* spirit which foresaw and informed his niece of the future, we must suppose also that he foresaw what would happen to his body after his death. The percipient, whom I have called Lady Q., has given me orally a slightly fuller account. An unauthorised version of the main points here to be detailed was compiled shortly after the event.

P. 189.

I have been asked to give an account of an experience which was certainly the most remarkable in my life :—a dream which came to me three times at long intervals, and which was at last fulfilled.

My father died when I was a child ; my mother married again, and I went to live with an uncle, who became like a father to me. In the spring of 1882 I dreamt that my sister and I were sitting in my uncle's drawing-room. In my dream it was a brilliant spring day, and from the window we saw quantities of flowers in the garden, many more than were in fact to be seen from that window. But over the garden there lay a thin covering of snow. I knew in my dream that my uncle had been found dead by the side of a certain bridle-path about three miles from the house—a field-road where I had often ridden with him, and along which he often rode when going to fish in a neighbouring lake. I knew that his horse was standing by him, and that he was wearing a dark homespun suit of cloth made from the wool of a herd of black sheep which he kept. I knew that his body was being brought home in a waggon with two horses, with hay in the bottom, and that we were waiting for his body to arrive. Then in my dream the waggon came to the door ; and two men well known to me—one a gardener, the other the kennel huntsman—helped to carry the body up the stairs, which were rather narrow. My uncle was a very tall and heavy man, and in my dream I saw the men carrying him with difficulty, and his left hand hanging down and striking against the banisters as the men mounted the stairs. This detail gave me in my dream an unreasonable horror. I could not help painfully thinking, Oh, why did they not prevent his hand from being bruised in this way ?

In the sadness and horror of this sight I awoke, and I slept no more that night. I had determined not to tell my uncle of the dream; but in the morning I looked so changed and ill that I could not escape his affectionate questioning; and at last I told him of my vision of him lying dead in that field-road. I had no anxiety about his health. He was a robust man of sixty-six, accustomed to hunt his own pack of hounds and to take much exercise. He listened to me very kindly, and although he was not himself at all alarmed by my dream, he offered me to do anything I liked which might calm my mind. I begged him to promise me never to go alone by that particular road. He promised me that he would always make an excuse to have a groom or some one with him; I remember my compunction at the thought of giving him this trouble—and yet I could not help asking for his promise.

The impression of the dream grew gradually fainter, but it did not leave me; and I remember that when a little boy came to stay with us some time after, and boy-like drew his stick along the banisters as he went upstairs, the sound brought back the horror of my dream. Two years passed by, and the thought of the dream was becoming less frequent, when I dreamt it again with all its details the same as before, and again with the same profoundly disturbing effect. I told my uncle, and said to him that I felt sure that he had been neglecting his promise, and riding by that field-road alone. He admitted that he had occasionally done so, “although,” he said, “I think I have been very good on the whole.” He renewed the promise; and again the impression grew weaker as four years passed by, during which I married and left his home. In the May of 1888 I was in London, expecting my baby. On the night before I was taken ill, I dreamt the same dream again, but with this variation. Instead of dreaming that I was at my uncle’s home with my sister, I knew in my dream that I was lying in bed in our London house. But from that bedroom, just as from the drawing-room in the former dreams, I seemed to see my uncle lying dead in the same well-known place. And I seemed also to perceive the same scene of the bringing home of the body. Then came a new point. As I lay in bed, a gentleman dressed in black, but whose face I could not see, seemed to stand by me and tell me that my uncle was dead. I woke in great distress. But as I was ill from then for two days, as soon as the child was born I ceased to dwell on the dream—only I felt an overpowering desire to write at once to my uncle myself and to tell him that I was getting better. I was not allowed to do this; but afterwards I managed to write a few lines in pencil unknown to any one but the nurse. This note reached my uncle two days before his death.

As I grew better, I began to wonder greatly at not hearing from my uncle, who generally wrote to me every day. Then my dream came back to me, and I was certain that he was ill or dead—but my husband, nurse, and maid (all I saw) seemed cheerful as usual. Then one morning my husband said my step-father wished to see me, and I at once guessed his errand. He entered the room dressed in black and stood by my bedside. At once I recognised that this was the figure which I had seen in my dream. I said, “The Colonel is dead—I know all about it—I have dreamt it often.” And as he was unable to speak from emotion, I told him all about it, place, time of day (morning), and the clothes my uncle wore.

Then I thought of that scene on the staircase, which had always remained in my mind. I asked if there were any bruises on the hands. "No bruises," said my step-father, "either on hands or face." He thought that I fancied that my uncle had fallen from his horse. Soon afterwards my sister—the sister who had been in my dream—came to see me, and brought me a ring which my uncle had always worn on his left hand. I was very thankful for this memento of him; and I told my sister how I had feared that the ring would have been forgotten. "I only came just in time," she said; "they were just going to close the coffin." "Was there any bruise on the left hand?" I asked. At first she said that there was not; but then she said she thought there was a bluish discoloration across the back of the first joints of the fingers. She did not know how it had been caused. When I was well enough to travel, I went to my old home; there I saw my old nurse, who had been in the house when my uncle died. Her account, added to my step-father's, enabled me to realise the events of that day. My uncle had received my pencil note on the Sunday morning, and had been greatly pleased, feeling that the wished-for heir was born, and that I, whom he loved as a daughter, was through my trouble. He had a few friends to lunch with him, including my step-father, and said that he had seen all that he wished to see in life, and could now die happy at any moment. His guests left him in [the] greatest spirits, and two days afterwards he died, and his body had been brought back as I describe, and he had been found half sitting and half lying in that very field-road, where I had three times seen him. He was dressed in the same homespun suit in which I had seen him in my dream. The cause of his death had been heart-disease, of whose existence neither I nor, I believe, any of those near or dear to him had been aware. He had evidently felt faint, and slipped from his horse. The same two men whom I had seen in my dream as helping to carry the body had in fact done so, and my nurse admitted that the left hand knocked against the banisters. She seemed afraid lest I should blame the men who carried the body, and did not like to speak of the incident. I do not think that she had seen the incident herself; and I did not like to speak to the men about it. It was enough for me that it was on the back of the left hand, as I had seen it in my dream and as from the arrangement of the staircase it *must* have been, had it been caused in the way that I saw. I will add one fact which, although it was purely a matter of my own feeling, made perhaps as much impression upon me as anything in this history. I do not think that any daughter could love a father better than I loved my uncle; and, as will have been seen, the prospect of his death was always a deeply-lying fear. But as soon as I knew that all had happened as my dream foretold, I somehow felt that all was well; and the death left me with a sensation of complete acquiescence and peace. It may have been noticed that there were two unreal or fantastic points in my original dream:—viz., the multitude of *flowers* in the garden, and the thin covering of *snow*. I think that I can throw some light on these points by narrating the only two other impressive dreams which I have ever had. The first of these two dreams I mentioned to others, and acted upon it. The second I neither mentioned nor acted upon; so that it has no value as evidence, and is really given as helping to explain the symbolism of snow.

I had heard from several relations (although I cannot quote definite cases), that they had found that dreams of *flowers* and of *snow* were followed by deaths in our family. This may have suggested that form of symbolism to my mind ;—or the same cause, whatever it was, which acted with them may have acted with me. In any case, what happened was as follows. In 1887 I heard from my step-father that my mother, who had long been an invalid, was seriously worse ; and he asked me when I could go to see her. My mind was therefore occupied with her illness ; but the tone of his letter was not immediately alarming ;—so that we saw no reason for my not attending some races in the neighbourhood, for which we had friends staying. But one night I dreamt a dream—which, though very impressive, was somewhat confused—about my mother seated in a carriage full of *flowers*. I remembered the symbolism ; and I felt assured that my mother was dead or dying. I mentioned the dream to my husband and prepared for an immediate summons, which came directly afterwards. Having all preparations already made, I left immediately and arrived in time to see my mother die. This dream and that of my uncle are the only dreams on which I ever *acted* in any way. The second dream to which I have alluded was as follows :—In 18— I saw a gentleman whom I knew lying dead in a red coat on an open field with snow on the ground. Beside him knelt his mother,—who was alive and well at the time of the dream. I tried to approach and speak to her ; but she said, “Don’t touch me, I have come for him.” I understood that she had died before him. Two years later this lady did in fact die, and in two years more her son was killed, just as I saw him lying, in a scarlet coat. There was, of course, no snow on the ground, as it was in late spring ; so I fancy that the snow may have been symbolical both here and in my dream about my uncle. I may add that I am not of an imaginative temperament ; and that these are the only incidents in my life which seem to lie outside ordinary explanations. My husband and step-father add their confirmation of the incidents which concern them.

The above account is true and accurate in every particular.

December 22nd, 1892.

[Signatures of Lord and Lady Q.]

[Lord Q.’s signature attests (besides his general concurrence with the account) his presence at the interview with Lady Q.’s step-father, as described.]

The account is correct so far as what happened when I went to London to inform Lady Q— of her uncle’s death, which is all that is within my own personal knowledge.

January 16th, 1893.

[Signature of Lady Q.’s step-father.]

We have few well-attested cases where any event subsequent to his own death has been intimated to any percipient. Here is one with fair attestation.

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*Louise Chandler Moulton in the Arena*, 1892.

In the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for November, an article of my own was published, entitled “Five Friends—The Story of an Extinct Household.”

It was a sketch of the last sad years of Dr. Westland Marston and his children ; and it contained the account of a very singular spiritualistic prophecy as to the succession of deaths by which this household became extinct—a prophecy often repeated to me while all the persons mentioned in it were still alive and well. This remarkable instance of what seems like spirit foreknowledge made a wide impression, if I am to judge by the numerous letters I received on the subject from all parts of the United States and from England. Among these letters was one in itself so astonishing that I wrote to its author for permission to publish it. Here is the letter :—

64, John Street, Providence, *December 5th*, 1891.

*Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.*

DEAR MADAM,—I have just read your article “Five Friends,” and the singular fulfilment of the prophecy regarding the death of the Marstons recalls a similar prophecy in my own experience, and its fulfilment, which may interest you.

I was the medical adviser of the family of Hiram Maxfield, a hotel keeper and caterer, widely known throughout New England. They were a very healthy family, seldom ill, any of them, except with some minor ailment. One day I was called to see Mrs. Maxfield at their home, a few miles down the bay. While waiting for the return boat, the eldest daughter, a young lady of about 20, came out upon the porch, where I was standing, and said that she wanted to tell me something, but it appeared so foolish to her that she wanted me to say nothing about it to the family. She said that she had heard a voice say, distinctly : “You will die first, then Harry, then father.” She was alone at the time, and thought that some one must have spoken to her from an adjoining room. She went to the door, looked in, saw no one, and soon heard the words repeated with the addition, “And Dr. Anthony will be present in each case.”

All three of the persons mentioned in this prophecy were then apparently in perfect health. About two years after—the young lady having married in the meantime—I was called in to see her. She had been stricken with apoplexy, and died in a few minutes after my arrival. The son, Harry, about this time developed symptoms of consumption ; and with him the end came in about six months. He had been away in another climate, under the care of a physician, but as he was failing rapidly, was brought home. I was sent for and arrived just before he breathed his last.

About a year after this, the father of the family contracted a cold on a fishing trip to New Hampshire, which resulted in his death soon after his return. I was sent for, as usual, and only failed to be present at the moment of his death because I stepped out for an instant to send a telephone message, and he had breathed his last just before my return. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled. I must add that neither the family nor myself had any belief in spiritualism.—Respectfully yours,  
W. E. ANTHONY, M.D.

In the case of the Marstons the prophecy, purporting to come from the spirit of Mrs. Marston, and to be addressed to the eldest daughter of the household, was : “You will die first, then Nelly, then Philip, and last of all your father ;” and it was literally fulfilled, as was the one related by Dr. Anthony concerning the Maxfields.

Asked as regards the date of this incident, Dr. Anthony writes :—  
64, John Street, Providence, *May 6th*, 1892.

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—I have found the account books of which I wrote, and the only visit which I find was made to Mrs. M. *previous* to the daughter's death, was April 22nd, 1877. So I can fix upon that date definitely, as the date of the prophecy. Her daughter died November 9th, 1879. Harry died June 29th, 1881, and Mr. Maxfield died July 2nd, 1884. After the death of the daughter, either the same day, or soon after, I told the prophecy to the lady who is now my wife.

W. E. ANTHONY, M.D.

*May 6th*, 1893.

RICHARD HODGSON,—DEAR SIR,—I have a *distinct* recollection that the Doctor told me of the singular fulfilment of the prophecy of the death of the lady mentioned, soon after it occurred. I *think* it was on the evening of the same day, that she died. If the date of the death was *Sunday*, then I am quite certain as to time, as I seldom saw him on other evenings.

MARIE L. ANTHONY.

[The date of the death, November 9th, 1879, was in fact a Sunday.]

In the next case also the speaker points to events in which he will no longer share.

P. 216. Soldier's prophecy.

[This case was received through the kindness of Mr. Ropes, of Boston, well known as an authority on the American Civil War.]

JOHN R. DAVIS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *August 26th*, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. ROPES,—Enclosed the story of the soldier's prophecy. I sent copy to Captain Ball, to know if it corresponds with his recollection. As I remember Davis, he was barely able to read and write. From the regimental descriptive book which I have, I take the following :—

“John R. Davis enlisted October 9th, '61. Age, 44 ; occupation, labourer ; born in South Wales. Height, five feet, seven. Blue eyes, iron gray hair.”

The story may be of no value, but it is the only really unaccountable thing of which I have personal knowledge.—Yours very truly, E. C. DAWES.

In August, 1863, I was major of the 53rd Ohio Regiment, and in the absence of the other field officers, was in command. The regiment was then in the Third Brigade, Fourth Division, 15th Army Corps. It was encamped at Messenger's Fort on Black river, about sixteen miles east of Vicksburg, Miss. One morning I went to see the Division Commander, General Hugh Ewing, on some business. As I started away, he told me that he had just received notice from General Sherman, then Corps Commander, to take the division to Natchez. I asked if there was reason why I should not speak of it. He said there was not, and that the order would probably reach me that evening.

As I rode into our camp, I noticed in the police detail an old man named John R. Davis, a private soldier in company E. He appeared to be unwell,

and I told the sergeant to relieve him from duty. Thinking to please him with advance news, I asked Davis to sit down in front of my tent, and said to him, "Well, Davis, we are going to Natchez." "Who is going to Natchez?" he replied. "The regiment is going,—the whole division is going," said I. "No," answered Davis, "The division is not going to Natchez; the regiment is not going." "How do you know so much? When did you take command of the army?" I said, perhaps a little impatiently. "I do not wish to be disrespectful," he replied, "but we are not going to Natchez. I can see the troops marching off the transports at Memphis, and I cannot see any more." Then, after a pause, he added, "These things come to me in dreams, and they always come true." "How do you know they are our troops?" "I can see you on the deck pointing." "Where are you?" "I am not there." "Are you going to get a furlough?" "No, I am going to die."

No amount of questioning could get anything more from him. In the afternoon I went to brigade headquarters. Lieut. E. H. Ball, then A. A. A. G., was an officer in the company Davis belonged to. I told him the story, and asked him to detail Davis for some light duty at brigade headquarters. Lieut. Ball secured the detail at once, and Davis went there the following day. The order to go to Natchez was countermanded before it reached the regiments. Davis died September 5th, immediately after the battle of Chickamauga. The Corps 15th was ordered to Chattanooga, via Vicksburg and Memphis. I was still commanding the regiment, and was the last of the corps to leave Vicksburg, but by good fortune was the first of the division to reach Memphis. Landing at the city wharf, I started to go off the boat at the head of the regiment. The captain of the boat asked me to come up to the cabin for some purpose. As I came to the head of the stairway, I saw the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, who had been for some time at home, on the wharf. I went to the guards, and leaning over the rail, pointed to him and called to the adjutant to report the regiment to him. There was (and it at once occurred to me) the literal fulfilment of Davis' prophecy. The Division did not go to Natchez, Davis was dead, the troops were marching off the transports at Memphis, I was on deck and pointing.

E. C. DAWES.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *September 25th, 1893.*

DEAR MR. ROPES,—Yours, with copy of letter from the Society of Psychical Research, at hand. Captain Ball was in my office to-day. I handed him the letter. He remembers Davis as a man of little education, but intelligent, quick, and nervous in his movements; and he reminded me of a notable event in his career, when Davis got very drunk in Memphis, and defied the guard with an empty pistol. He was fond of liquor, though seldom under its influence.

In August, 1863, the impression in the army of the Tennessee was that unless the rebels took the offensive, which we deemed very improbable, we should remain in camp until September or October, and then go to Selma or Mobile. As I find time, I will look through my letters home that summer (most of which I have), and see what I then sent, which will give a clue to the current opinion. I do not think I wrote home about Davis. My people knew only three or four persons in our regiment. I went to it a stranger, and in my letters I seldom speak of any one.—Yours truly,

E. C. DAWES.

Cincinnati, Ohio, *October 3th, 1893.*

JOHN ROPES, ESQ.,—DEAR MR. ROPES,—After the surrender of Vicksburg, and the return to Black river of the forces that under General Sherman had driven Johnston east of Pearl river, an unusually large number of furloughs were granted to officers and men of the army of the Tennessee. This was accepted as an indication that no movement would be made by the army during the month of August, at least. The current opinion was that in September or October, General Banks would be sent to capture Mobile, and that the army of the Tennessee would co-operate by moving directly east through Meridian to Selma. The *moral* of the army was never better. Officers and men had implicit confidence in their ability to defeat any Confederate army that could then be brought to take the field against them. The only suggestion of a movement north, I remember, was that some troops might be sent to capture the large amount of railroad equipment known to have been concentrated at Grenada, Miss., and to remain near Grenada while the rolling stock was taken to Memphis. In fact, this was attempted by a small force of cavalry, who destroyed, instead of saving it.

E. C. DAWES.

50, State Street, Boston, *October 18th, 1893.*

RICHARD HODGSON, ESQ.,—DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter from Col. E. C. Dawes, dated the 14th inst., and also one from Captain E. H. Ball, dated the 12th inst.

Captain Ball, you remember, commanded the company in which Davis, the private soldier who prophesied that the regiment was going to Memphis, was.

J. C. ROPES.

48, Laelege Building, St. Louis, Mo., *October 14th, 1893.*

DEAR MR. ROPES,—Before leaving home Tuesday, I wrote Captain Ball as suggested in yours of 5th. I reminded him of something that will serve to refresh his memory. Ball was very anxious to get a furlough in August, '63, to go to his old home in Haverhill, Mass. His first application was refused. After Davis was detailed at Brigade headquarters, Ball annoyed the old man a good deal by trying to get him to foretell whether a second application would be successful. Davis would always reply that he did not know anything about it, that these things came to him in dreams, and always came true. I hope to find a letter from Captain Ball at home to-morrow.

E. C. DAWES.

Portsmouth, Ohio, *October 12th, 1893.*

JOHN C. ROPES, ESQ.,—MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours of the 5th, I have to say that I remember very well that, some time in August, 1863, Major E. C. Dawes, then commanding 53rd Ohio Regiment, came to headquarters, Third Brigade, Fourth Division, 15th Army Corps, of which I was temporarily A.A.A.G., and told me of a curious prophecy made by John R. Davis, an old man for a soldier,—and a member of my company. Davis predicted that troops would go on transports to Memphis, and that he would die before they went. Major Dawes asked me to give Davis an easy place at brigade headquarters, saying that he was sick and perhaps a little off his base. I had him detailed, and tried to get him to prophesy for me without success. He said he could not prophesy, that things came to him in dreams and they always came true, and he did not know anything about them.

I went home on leave in September, and did not return to the regiment until just before the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Davis did die and the troops did go to Memphis on transports.—Yours truly,

E. H. BALL.

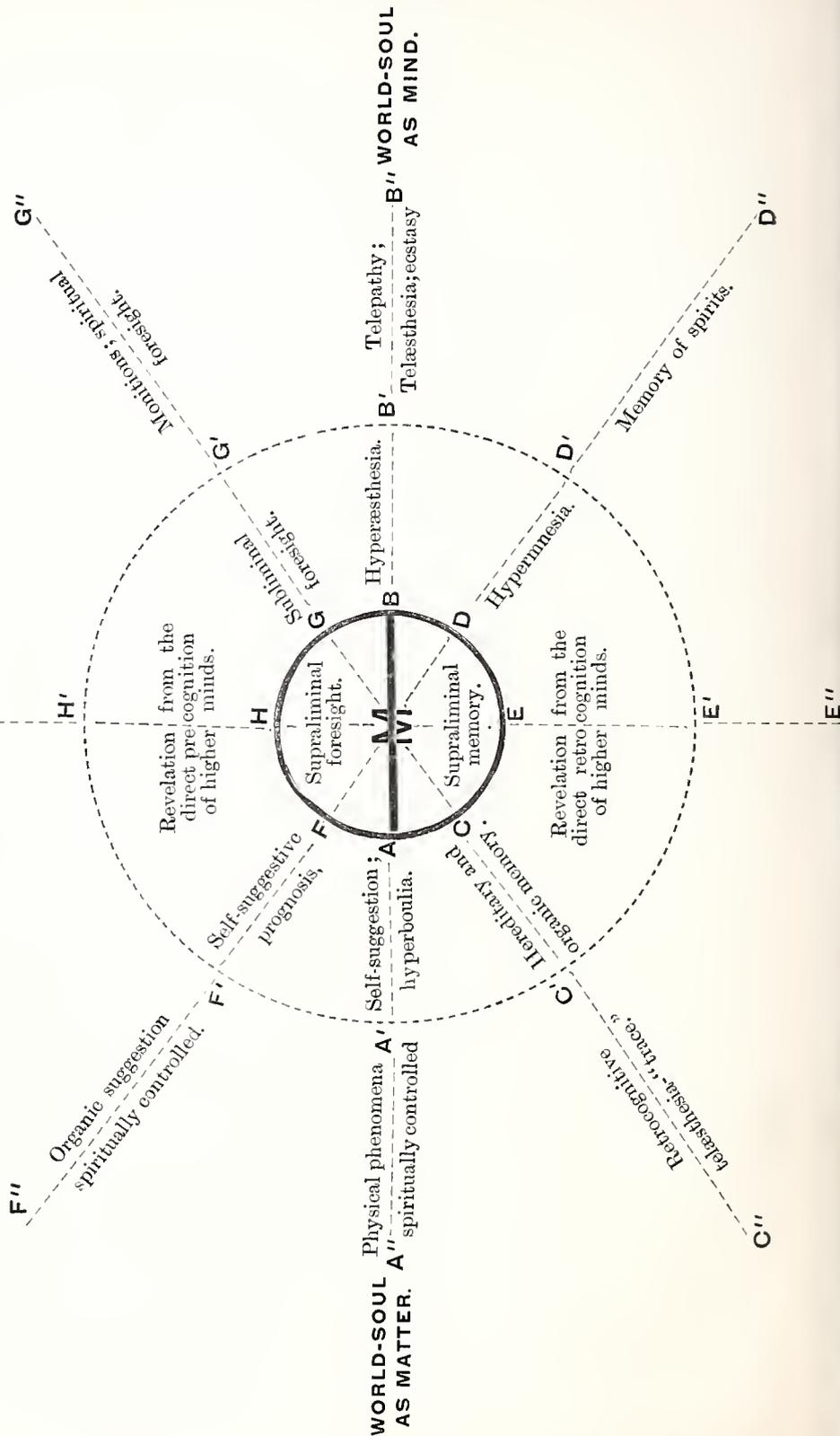
It will be observed that this soldier's prediction comes nearer than any case with which we have yet dealt to the ancient conception of *prophecy*,—a revelation not petty nor personal, but of great issues, and for some lofty end. Such prophecies are apt to be difficult to prove as such,—to distinguish from the sage's foresight as to the trend and stream of things. And, on the other hand, so far as these grave communications claim a divine inspiration, this is hardly to be distinguished from the subliminal messages of which we have so often spoken. It is among two religious bodies widely divergent in dogmatic teaching that such celestial promptings have seemed to have most of cogency,—in the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and among the earliest members of the Society of Friends. It is much to be desired that the scattered indications of monition and premonition which records of this type contain should be collected by some critical though sympathetic hand. The early Friends especially presented a character which cannot be alien to the best humanity of any age. Their combination of sober common-sense with inward openness to illumination,—the steady expectancy of their calm untroubled souls,—this is the temper which our inquiry needs, and which other men may surely attain in the future as fully as these men in the past.

I have now given specimens of all the classes of evidence known to me which bear on the relation of supernormal phenomena to time, and have endeavoured to throw such light as was possible on each in turn. The result is to me at least in one way of much interest. For these phenomena of retrocognition and precognition, covering a wide range, and regarded now in a new light, are found to have a close connection with my whole group of previously accepted generalisations,—to lend confirmation to them, and to receive confirmation from them in turn.

I may be able to make all this clearer—I hope that I shall not seem to make it more dogmatic—by a diagrammatic scheme which will at least offer to criticism definite points of attack. But if, instead of a plane surface and a few black lines, I could exhibit a transparent globe, varying in density, colour, and luminosity, we should still have an absurdly inadequate symbol of that *n*-dimensional infinitude of living faculty some few of whose properties we dimly discern. Nay, scant as it is, the diagram is itself misleading. The opposite direction of its lines implies no ultimate divergence; all alike must be assumed to meet at infinity.

SCHEME OF HUMAN FACULTY IN ITS RELATION TO TIME.

WORLD-SOUL AS FUTURE.



A short description will indicate what I have tried to express by this diagram.

1. The dark and the dotted circle represent sections of concentric spheres; of which the upper hemispheres represent the Future, and the lower the Past. The vertical diameter divides material phenomena on the left from mental on the right. The thick line AB represents what I have elsewhere called "the spectrum of ordinary consciousness"; extending from the *red* end at A, where our voluntary control over the body and our ordinary perceptions of its processes cease, to the *violet* end at B, where the range of our higher senses and of our intellect finds its term.

2. The small thick circle of which AB is a diameter represents that area of time past and future which is within the grasp of the empirical or supraliminal self,—by recollection of the past or reasoned inference as to the future. This is a kind of "circle of perpetual apparition"; a small circle of the cosmic sphere, within which (save in sleep, &c.) the stars never set.

3. The dotted circle indicates the realm of the subliminal Self; emerging into separate consciousness from the World-Soul in which it is immersed, much as the dark circle rises into separate consciousness out of the dotted circle of the larger Self.

The metaphor of a *threshold of emergence*, however, which the words supraliminal and subliminal imply, is not expressed by the position of lines as higher or lower in the plane of my diagram. Rather the small circle, the supraliminal area, must be conceived as subjectively central to the larger circle, or area of subliminal perception and control.

4. The line A'B' represents the spectrum of man's subliminal consciousness at any given moment. It runs along the upper side of the thick line AB, because in this diagram Future is above and Past is below; and the subliminal consciousness, even if assumed to be acting through the mediacy of the senses, must needs be always slightly ahead of the empirical or organic; since an appreciable time is consumed in the act of sensation itself, and in the passage from sensation to perception. The consequences of this fact were indicated when the phenomena of *promnesia*, or apparent memory of the present moment, were above discussed.

5. Conformably with what has been said above, and following the thick line in the direction of A, the line AA' will represent the extension of subliminal *control over the organism*, beyond the limit of empirical or voluntary control. This extended power of modifying the organism, which we may term *hyperboulia*, has already met us in various phenomena of hypnotism or of hysteria;—for instance, in the re-establishment of suppressed secretions.

6. Carried on to a still further point, under the guidance of disembodied intelligences, the line A'A" will indicate that extension of will-power beyond the periphery which I regard as the basis of such supernormal power over matter as I believe to have been manifested through the agency of some few persons. Produced to infinity this line may be supposed to indicate the mysterious connexion of Mind and Matter,—the *magnum corpus* with which the World-Soul is mingled in some identity beyond our ken.

7. Following now the thick line AB in the direction of B, the line BB' will represent the extension of subliminal *perception*, first hyperæsthetic, using the sense-organs with increasing delicacy; then telæsthetic, or depending no longer on sense-organs, but on that transcendental receptivity of which telepathy is the commonest type.

8. Passing on beyond the indefinite limitary circle of the subliminal self, we may take the line B'B" as symbolizing the commerce of man's spirit with the world of unembodied mind, as in prayer or ecstasy. Produced to infinity, the line may indicate the Cosmos in its intellectual aspect,—the *Mens* which mingles with the *magnum corpus* of the material world.

9. And now for the relations to Time of the faculties thus indicated. The top of this diagram represents the Future, the bottom the Past. The oblique ordinates which start from M—the focus of man's consciousness—represent the pathways along which I think that we have actual evidence of man's access to past and future things. The rectangular ordinates, representing direct intuition of Past and Future, by our own or higher minds, belong to that speculative conception of a World-Soul involving both Future and Past of which I have already spoken.

10. Let us next follow the oblique ordinate which starts from M, and passes through C and C' to C". This line represents the physical or organic aspect of memory. From M to C we have supraliminal organic memory;—such physical memories, that is to say, as can be summoned up at will. From C to C' we have subliminal organic memories, including the whole range from hypnotism to heredity. For heredity itself is in some sort a transmitted memory, and a record of all ancestors is implicit in the germ. Following the line from C' to C", beyond the limits of the profounder organic personality, we meet the question whether any similar trace, or persistent record of past experiences, can inhere also and be discernible in inorganic things.

The luminescent pebble glows with the treasured light of long-set suns. And if this delicate and fugitive energy of light be thus persistent, who shall imit the influences which may have stored

themselves within the labyrinth of vibrations which constitute the pebble?—influences evocable, perhaps, and recognisable when the summons and the perception come.

It is conceivable, then, that the line  $C'C''$ , prolonged to infinity, might give us a complete history of every infinitely smallest particle in the universe, from infinitely remote time.

11. And next let us follow the ordinate  $MDD'D''$ —the line which represents intellectual, as distinguished from organic, memory; the synthetized and symbolical recollection which is what we consciously retain of the Past. From  $M$  to  $D$  the line thus represents the memory which we habitually employ; from  $D$  to  $D'$  it represents the hypermnesic, or fuller, but still synthetized and personal memory of our past experiences which we have found the subliminal self to possess. Passing out at  $D'$  from the sphere of the Self, we come to memories possessed by other spirits, from which memories it may be possible that knowledge passes to incarnate men. Each spirit's memory, like each human memory, will presumably be unified by a personal synthesis. It will be a subjective or impressionist record of a special segment of the past.

12. And now between these two types of memory—the memory implicate in Matter, living or dead, and the memory implicate in Mind, embodied or disembodied,—I draw a rectangular ordinate  $MEE'E''$  to represent direct retrocognition, by our own or by higher minds;—such persistence of the Past as an object of thought as may inhere neither in material traces nor in reminiscence of personal experience. What has been still may be; and not merely as trace recognisable in matter or as former impression revivable in mind. There may be a self-existent and imprescriptible Cosmorama; a conservation at once of all thought and of all phenomena; the World-Soul as the Past.

13. And now passing on to those ordinates which symbolise the *future*, let us begin with the oblique ordinate  $MFF'F''$ , whose position on the scheme shows it to indicate *organic precognition*. The ordinary or supraliminal segment of this line,  $MF$ , is represented by a physician's, or rather by the patient's own instinctive prognosis. Passing on into the wider circuit of subliminal faculty, the line  $FF'$  indicates suggestion, self-suggestion,—organic clairvoyance,—the profounder prognosis which corresponds to hyperboulia; since increased power over the organism implies increased knowledge, and increased knowledge implies increased foresight. All are now familiar with the process of setting (so to say) the organic clock to strike at a given hour. But not all psychologists have realised all that is implied in the supraliminal unconsciousness of the suggested subject; who bears within him the germ of a complex

thought or action which to him will seem spontaneous and free ; yet which will fulfil itself for him as irresistibly as the pang of hunger or the languor of sleep.

Beyond the circuit of the Self, the line F'F'' denotes spirit-prognosis, spirit-suggestion ; the foretelling of predetermined organic changes, including bodily death ; and the recommendation of remedies which may modify or postpone such changes. There is some evidence (as yet, unfortunately, mainly of a private kind) that such advice can be given as from unseen intelligences,—which are not, however, able to foresee (any more than an earthly physician can foresee) the possible events from outside, or changes in the environment, which may make the prescriptions of no avail.

14. And now let us pass on from *organic prevision* to that great group of cases which I will provisionally class under the heading of *teleæsthetic inference*, but which depend no doubt on causes far more varied and complex than we can at present fathom.

We have already seen that hyperæsthesia involves hypermnesia ; that is, when more is perceived more will be remembered. In the same manner hyperæsthesia involves what we might call hyper-promethia ; that is, when more is perceived, more will be foreseen. The line MG representing ordinary foresight, the line GG' represents the foresight of the subliminal self ; based, as I have said, on hyperæsthesia, and also on the telepathy and teleæsthesia into which this hyperæsthesia inscrutably passes. Nor have we any theoretical limit to what the incarnate soul may thus foresee. In many of our cases there is absolutely no clue to the source of precognition ; and we may ascribe all these, if we will, to the subliminal self without extraneous aid.

Yet, on the other hand, there are many cases where the agency of unembodied spirits is asserted, and with evidence that cannot be ignored. The line G'G'' represents the foresight of unembodied intelligences ; nor can we guess how high may be the communicating intelligence, how far-reaching its prefigurement of what for us has yet to be.

15. We are led thus to our last, our boldest conjecture. The line from M to H'' represents the possibility of a knowledge which comes to man from no individuated, or at least from no human source ; which is no longer inference but the reflection of Reality itself ; of the World-Soul as the Future ; of a pre-existent Cosmorama of infinite fates.

It is to this last line of reflection that the few concluding paragraphs must be devoted. And first a few words as to the relation of our evidence to the problem of Free Will. Here I have a suggestion to make which even in this time-worn controversy is, I think, absolutely

novel. It is that we have now a possibility of making the question between liberty and determination a matter of actual experiment.

Let us put that old question in this specific form—"Is there evidence that any power can show me a picture involving my own (so-called) voluntary actions in the future, which picture I cannot by any effort in the smallest degree hinder from becoming actual fact?"

For mere ordinary prevision this would of course be impossible. But we have here certain foreshadowings which depend on no ordinary prevision, and which are more wholly outside ourselves than any information of equally definite character which we can otherwise receive. The scenes or statements thus given in complete detail seem sometimes to be fulfilled with equal completeness. But *must* they, or must any of them, inevitably be thus fulfilled? Here it is that a possibility of experiment comes in. The experiment indeed cannot be conclusive either way. But suppose that—as in some folk-lore story—we were to make vigorous effort to avert some incident, and were yet to find that incident fulfil itself, perhaps by dint of that very effort, exactly after the dreaded fashion,—should we not then have some reason to infer that earth-life was not really modifiable by anything which we feel as free-will?

Assuming such a result of our experiment, analogy would at once suggest a further possibility. For our life on earth would then be seen to resemble the experience of the hypnotised subject, fulfilling unwittingly in waking hours the suggestions previously made to him in the trance. We should ask whether in our own history some epoch may have existed in which a self-suggestion may have been given which could similarly dominate our earthly career. Our complex organism, the result of a long previous history, is felt to restrict our so-called voluntary action within narrow limits; and if we possess also a soul independent of the body, it is surely likely that the soul's previous history also—for *some* previous history any entity so highly specialised as a man's soul must have had—may exercise a determining influence, even more profound than the organism's influence, upon the thoughts and actions of this incarnation. There may, in short, be a kind of alternating personality, expressing itself first in an incorporeal and then in a corporeal state, in such a way that the incorporeal state is the deeper and the more permanent, and that suggestions thence derived influence corporeal life, although the empirical consciousness which governs that life may never know it.

This idea, of course, is not new to religion or to philosophy, in East or West, and it has long since been suggested that our earthly existence may be the inevitable sequel of our past eternity; a predestined pilgrimage on which our true soul looks with calm content;

since not one of earth's phantom sorrows can find her unwilling or strike her unaware. The soul foretaught, the body forewrought,—these will move onwards as they must and may; but meanwhile the problem of Liberty and Necessity will no longer be one for earthly experience to discuss; it will be lifted into a pre-natal region, among the secrets of the transcendental world.

All this must be conceived as possible; yet I do not think that our evidence thus far collected does in fact make for this view of pre-determined earthly fates. Rather we have seen that in many cases monitions have *averted* incidents which would doubtless have occurred had the percipient received no warning. And where dangers have been foreshewn and yet not averted, this seems often to have been because no adequate effort was made to avert them. The problem which our narratives more urgently suggest is how to reconcile so much foreknowledge with so much freedom. I have thought sometimes that this problem of free human wills amid the predictable operations of unchanging law may resemble the problem of molecular motion amid molar calm. Clear and stable is for us the diamond; the dewdrop is clear and still; yet within their tranquil clarity a myriad molecules jostle in narrow orbits or speed on an uncomputed way. So to "the spectator of all Time and of all Existence" may the Cosmos be "as one entire and perfect chrysolite;" and yet man's petty hopes and passions may make endless turmoil among its minutest elements and in its infinitesimal grains. Those movements too must be ruled by unknown law; yet on a wide view they will average out, and will admit of predictions fulfilled immutably, and overriding the small Wills of men.

Once more, and from a different standpoint. Few men have pondered long on these problems of Past and Future without wondering whether Past or Future be in very truth more than a name—whether we may not be apprehending as a stream of sequence that which is an ocean of co-existence, and slicing our subjective years and centuries from timeless and absolute things. The precognition dealt with in this chapter, indeed, hardly overpasses the life of the individual percipient. Let us keep to that small span, and let us imagine that a whole earth-life is in reality an absolutely instantaneous although an infinitely complex phenomenon. Let us suppose that my transcendental self discerns with equal directness and immediacy every element of this phenomenon; but that my empirical self receives each element mediately and through media involving different rates of retardation; just as I receive the lightning more quickly than the thunder. May not then seventy years intervene between my perceptions of birth and death as easily as seven seconds between my perceptions of the flash and peal? And may not some inter-communication of consciousness

enable the wider self to call to the narrower, the more central to the more external, "At such an hour this shock will reach you! Listen for the nearing roar!"

And thinking thus of the Universe as no mere congeries of individual experiences, but as a plenum of infinite knowledge of which all souls form part, we come to count less and less upon having to deal exclusively with intelligences individualised like our own. Our limitations of personality may less and less apply to spirits drawing more directly upon the essential reality of things. The definite intelligences which have crystallised, so to say, out of the psychical vapour may even for us become again partly sublimated, may again be diffused for a moment amid such knowledge as our organisations cannot receive except in ecstasy and bewilderment, or retain except in vanishing symbol and obscure and earthly sign.

If then all these phenomena form part of one great effort by which man's soul is striving to know his spiritual environment, and his spiritual environment is striving to become known, how little can it matter what the special incident foretold or foreshadowed may be! What signifies it whether this or that earthly peril be averted, or earthly benefit secured,—whether through this or that petty channel shall flow some stream of mortal things? The prime need of man is to know more fully, that he may obey more unhesitatingly, the laws of the world unseen. And how can this great end be attained save by the unfoldment from within, in whatsoever fashion it may be possible, of man's transcendental faculty;—by his recognition of himself as a cosmic being and not a planetary, as not a body but a soul? Surely even that special premonition which is sometimes spoken of as a thing of terror,—the warning or the promise of earthly death,—should to the wise man sound as a friendly summons, and as a welcome home. Let him remember the Vision which came to Socrates in the prison-house;—then, and then only, showing in an angel's similitude the Providence which till that hour had been but as an impersonal and invisible Voice;—but now the "fair and white-robed woman", while friends offered escape from death, had already spoken of better hope than this, and had given to Achilles' words a more sacred meaning,—  
"On the third day hence thou comest to Phthia's fertile shore."

## II.

## REPORT OF THE HYPNOTIC COMMITTEE FOR 1894-5.

The Committee comprises the following members :—T. Barkworth, J.P. ; A. W. Barrett, M.B., Chairman ; J. M. Bramwell, M.B. ; St. George Lane-Fox ; W. Leaf, Litt.D. ; G. F. Rogers, M.D. ; F. Podmore, M.A. ; G. A. Smith ; C. L. Tuckey, M.D. ; A. Wallace, M.D. ; and E. Westlake, Secretary.

From October 11th, 1894, to June 20th, 1895, 34 meetings were held ; 30 at the Society's rooms, 3 at Finsbury-square, and 1 at Hampstead. An average of four members attended at each meeting.

Thirty-six youths, all of whom stated that they had not been previously hypnotised, came in reply to advertisements inserted in the daily papers. Ten of these went away without having been tried. Of the remaining 26, 18 were hypnotised, and 8 were unaffected, giving a total of 70 per cent. hypnotisable. Five were decidedly affected on the first attempt, and others may have been ; in a few cases the hypnosis may have been slight. No strict tests were applied as to the degree of hypnosis. The time was mainly occupied in testing for thought-transference, with results which could be judged of on their own merits, independently of any question as to the genuineness or depth of the hypnosis.

It was observed that most if not all the subjects were primarily *en rapport* with all those present, but this condition was easily modified subsequently by suggestion.

*Experiments in thought-transference with a hypnotised subject.*

Sixty-one experiments, with 7 operators and 14 subjects, were made in guessing playing-cards, the total of cards guessed being 1,173. In each experiment, a number of cards, varying from 4 to 52, or 20 on the average, were guessed under practically uniform conditions.

Of these experiments, 39 were made with one or more members of the Committee as agents (one at least being *en rapport* with the subject), and one subject as percipient at a time. Usually one member only acted as operator and agent. Occasionally other members, who might or might not be in *rappor*t, would also look at the cards. When a subject had been once hypnotised, he was sometimes woke and re-hypnotised by the next person about to act as agent ; at other times the subject was simply put in *rappor*t with the next agent. A total of 817 cards were tried, out of which the subjects told correctly 214

suits, 79 pips, and 19 whole cards.<sup>1</sup> The most probable number of successes by chance would be 204, 63, and 16 respectively; the numbers required to prove some cause other than chance being 257, 95, and 32 respectively.<sup>2</sup>

In four of these experiments, the agents were in contact with the percipients while they were guessing 47 cards. The percipients were correct in 7 suits, 4 pips, and 3 whole cards—a higher result than in the guessing without contact. The number of cards tried is, however, too small to draw any conclusion from, and as it was desired to avoid possible sources of error in the experiments, they were not carried further in this direction.

In some experiments the card guessed coincided more often with the preceding card (the one last looked at by the agent) than with the one he was looking at at the time. Thinking that this might perhaps point to the greater efficacy of sub-conscious suggestion, we have analysed the experiments throughout from this point of view, and a summary of the results is given in a foot-note to each group. The number of successes of this kind—that is, of coincidence of the guess with the card last looked at by the agent—is, except in the last group, always *below* the most probable number of successes by chance; whereas the number of real successes—that is, coincidence of the guess with the card looked at by the agent at the time—is always *above* the most probable number.<sup>3</sup>

*Experiments in thought-transference with two hypnotised subjects.*

The remaining 22 experiments were made with two subjects; the operator and one subject acting as agent, and the other subject as percipient.

<sup>1</sup> The number of successes in “suits” and in “pips” include the successes in “whole cards,” as well as those in “suits” or “pips” respectively. This is done for convenience of comparison with the most probable number of successes by chance in each case.

<sup>2</sup> These are calculated from the formula given by Mr. Sanger in his analysis of Mrs. Verrall’s card experiments in *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Part XXVIII., p. 193. As he shows in his explanation of the method of calculation, the number of trials is insufficient to base any definite conclusions on whenever the number of successes required to prove some cause other than chance is greater than twice the most probable number of successes. It will be found that in the case of whole cards, any series of less than 800 trials would be insufficient. The number of successes in whole cards necessary to prove some cause other than chance is therefore only given in the two series of 817 and 969.

<sup>3</sup> In the group of experiments already referred to—in which the cards were guessed by one percipient at a time—out of a total of 778 preceding cards, 193 suits coincided, 52 pips, and 12 whole cards. The most probable number of successes by chance would be 194, 60, and 15 respectively. The successes were therefore in each case *below* the most probable number. This, as far as it goes, tends to show that unconscious suggestion was inoperative, and to emphasise the results got in guessing the cards looked at at the time.

Twelve of these experiments were made without contact either between the subjects themselves or between them and the operator. The subjects, having been hypnotised by some member of the Committee, were seated in chairs about a foot apart and turned either back to back or at an angle sufficient not to see one another. A card was then drawn from a pack by the operator, or by another member of the Committee, and placed upright on the sideboard under the south bookcase in the library at a height of about three feet from the floor. A large black book was usually placed behind the card to form a dark background. The card was then looked at intently by the operator and by one of the hypnotised subjects—the two acting as agents. At the same time the second subject, who was acting as percipient, and who was turned the other way with eyes closed, was told that a card was being looked at. In about a quarter of a minute the percipient either named a card of his own accord, or did so on being asked by the operator.

These twelve experiments comprised a total of 152 cards, out of which the percipient told correctly 45 suits, 8 pips, and 2 whole cards. The most probable number of successes by chance would be 38, 12, and 3 respectively; the numbers required to prove some cause other than chance being 61 in suits and 26 in pips.

Summarizing the two foregoing groups in which there was no contact, we have a total of 51 experiments with 969 cards, out of which the percipients told correctly 259 suits, 87 pips, and 21 whole cards.<sup>1</sup> The most probable number of successes by chance would be 242, 75, and 19 respectively; the numbers required to prove some cause other than chance being 299, 110, and 37 respectively.

Ten similar experiments were also made in which the subjects were in *contact* with one another and with the operator, usually with joined hands, the other arrangements being as before described. The usual form of contact was as follows:—The subject-percipient's left hand was placed on the operator-agent's knee; the subject-agent placed his right hand on the subject-percipient's hand, and the operator-agent placed his hand on the top of both. Sometimes the operator held the subject's joined hands in both of his. In the first experiments the subject-agent's right hand was simply placed on the subject-percipient's left arm.

These experiments include a total of 204 cards, out of which the percipient told correctly 56 suits, 84 pips, and 16 whole cards. The most probable number of successes by chance would be 51, 16, and 4

<sup>1</sup> Out of a total of 919 preceding cards, 222 suits were told correctly, 61 pips, and 16 whole cards. The most probable number of successes by chance would be 230, 71, and 18 respectively. The successes were thus in all cases *below* chance.

respectively; the number required to prove some cause other than chance being 77 in suits and 32 in pips.<sup>1</sup>

No code or ordinary process of communication was detected on any occasion. In view, however, of (*a*) the excess in pips being about 4 times that in suits, (*b*) the immediate falling off of the results whenever contact was broken, and (*c*) the proved hyperæsthesia of the subject on several occasions, it seems probable that indications may have been given (perhaps unconsciously on one or both sides) of a normal nature, such as movements or muscular pressures so slight as to have escaped the notice of the experimenters.

The experience, therefore, of the Committee with reference to thought-transference between the operator and subject, or between the hypnotised subjects, is as yet negative. Although the results in several of the series exceeded the most probable number of successes by chance, the excess was not very great, and the successes in every case fell short of the numbers required to prove some cause other than chance, with the single exception of the pips in the series of 204 trials just mentioned, where contact was used.

There may, however, be some significance in the fact that the coincidence of the guesses with the "preceding cards" was invariably—when no contact was used—*below* the most probable number of coincidences by chance. This seems at least to strengthen the probability that the actual successes obtained were not all due to chance.

#### *Experiments with Miss Maud Lancaster.*

During the month of June, Miss Maud Lancaster, a professional thought-reader and discoverer of hidden articles and stolen property, attended on three occasions. The experiments took usually the following form:—

A situation simple in character and dramatic in action, such as a murder or a theft, was rehearsed in Miss Lancaster's absence by the Committee. She then entered the room, was blindfolded, and was told the general nature of the scene. Then stretching out her hands as though feeling in the air, and touching the sitters slightly, she identified the actors and the parts taken by them.

The experiments were also varied thus:—A member of the Committee in the sight of his colleagues and in Miss Lancaster's absence, touched a certain point in the room for a few seconds, which Miss Lancaster, on being blindfolded, and again introduced, speedily

<sup>1</sup> Out of 194 preceding cards, 60 suits were told correctly, 21 pips, and 4 whole cards. The most probable number of successes by chance would be 49, 15, and 4 respectively; the numbers required to prove some cause other than chance being 74 in suits and 31 in pips.

identified. She was not in contact with any one who knew what the spot was during any part of the time that she was searching for it.

The Committee were impressed throughout these experiments by the possibility that Miss Lancaster may have been able to tell from the movements of the sitters whether they approved of her doings. Success was attained by her only after she had made a variety of tentative muscular movements, and had felt the sitters—when required to identify them. To some of them, at any rate, it seemed that when they were concentrating their thoughts upon the action sought for, they might by some sound, by their breathing, or by their movements when touched, have given her indications, although their untrained senses failed to notice it.

This conclusion seems warranted by the fact that when Miss Lancaster was restricted from making muscular movements on her own account, as when she was set to name a card known only to one or more members of the Committee, she invariably failed.

Moreover, when she attempted to find a hidden coin, the situation of which was known to one only of the Committee, she succeeded only in one out of six trials.

This agrees with her own statement that she succeeds best with her experiments in the presence of large audiences.

Before admitting that thought-transference is operative in her experiments, further investigation is required.

## SUPPLEMENT.

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### REVIEW.

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*L'Hypothèse du Magnétisme Animal.* By E. BOIRAC (*Nouvelle Revue*, October, 1895).

In the October number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, M. Boirac has published some interesting and important observations on effects produced by himself as hypnotic agent without contact with his subject. They are confined to phenomena of apparent attraction produced by movements of his hands on the limbs of the patient. The following abridged account may serve as a type. The subject in this case is a boy of 15, from the Pyrenees, who was in M. Boirac's service for six months.

"One Sunday afternoon in January, 1893, coming in at 3 o'clock, I found that Jean had gone to lie down. I found him asleep on his back on his bed. Standing by the door, at a distance of three metres, I stretched out my hand towards and on a level with his feet. After a minute or two, perhaps less, I raised my hand, and, to my amazement, saw his legs rise from the bed and follow the upward movement of my hand. This was repeated three times with absolute regularity. I called Mme. B., and in her presence repeated the experiment two or three times. Mme. B. suggested to me to try the effect of simple thought. I fixed my eyes on his feet, and slowly raised them. The feet followed the movements of my eyes, rising, stopping, and falling with them. Mme. B. took my left hand and with her other did as I had done. She succeeded, like myself; but as soon as she ceased to touch me, she produced no effects."

With another subject, Gustave P., similar results were obtained, namely, attraction of his limbs by movements of the *right* hand, under circumstances which, in M. Boirac's opinion, were sufficient to exclude the hypothesis of hyperæsthesia as well as of normal vision and verbal suggestion. But in this case, when the *left* hand was used, instead of attraction or repulsion, the subject said that he felt a violent pricking in the limb pointed at; when both hands were used together, he complained of a "muddle" (*gâchis*) of the two sensations. With the aid of a friend, M. Boirac tried the effect of a copper wire, of which he held one bare end, while the other, wrapped round a wooden ruler, was presented by his colleague to the subject's body. The effect was the same as that of the hand itself, while M. Boirac remained in the room and could see what was going on; but when he tried from the next room, with the door closed between, the characteristic symptoms seem to have given place to a general feeling of *malaise* and heaviness in the head. On repeating with the earlier subject, Jean, the experiments thus suggested, it was found that there was no difference in the action of the right and left hands; both alike produced attraction.

M. Boirac is to be congratulated on his good fortune in having hit upon subjects showing this high degree of sensitiveness. We wish we could, from experience, confirm his conviction that "any one who tries experiments in similar conditions" will be able to verify them. We can assure him that it is not from want of patience in searching for suitable subjects that the Hypnotic Committee of the Society have failed in witnessing even remotely similar results.

When we come to the interpretation of these experiments, we are sorry to find ourselves at issue with M. Boirac. He regards them as pointing to "Animal Magnetism" as distinct from suggestion. If he means to exclude from suggestion what we in England call "Thought-transference" and Continental observers "Mental Suggestion," he is probably right; though I am not entirely satisfied that the conditions of the experiments, which are very imperfectly recorded, are such as to exclude the possibility of "mind reading" by hyperæsthesia. Still, assuming that this possibility has been successfully excluded, I do not see that M. Boirac is justified, much less compelled, to have recourse to the term "Animal Magnetism." That has been discarded on the ground that it suggests all sorts of false, or at least highly improbable, analogies; and it seems clear that M. Boirac has allowed himself to be misled in this very way. It is true that he does not clearly say what he means by "Animal Magnetism," but such phrases as "le rayonnement magnétique ou nerveux" raise a very strong suspicion that he looks upon the dynamic agency concerned as a physical force, with spatial relations and actually analogous to the physical magnetism with which we are acquainted. We know far too little to say that it is not so; but I am not aware of any experiments which tend to prove it, and M. Boirac's seem to me to go certainly against it. The mere fact that he obtained phenomena of "attraction" is surely the most superficial of analogies, when we think of the imitativeness which is one of the commonest features of deep hypnotic trance. In one case, M. Boirac got a sort of polarity between his hands, but his attempt to verify this on another subject proved that it was not a property of any force emanating from himself, but a result of some subconscious interpretation in the mind of the subject. The experiments with the copper wire, if they prove anything, show that the force cannot be conducted from one room to another like electricity. And finally, I venture to suggest that if M. Boirac wishes to get the ear of men of science, it can only be done by the publication of exact observations, such as the classical experiments of Gurney. M. Boirac may have kept an equally exact record; if so, it should certainly be published. But the present article shews no trace of the careful control experiments which might have been suggested in abundance by perusal of the work of the S. P. R. in England, or of Moll in Germany; and while these are absent, one cannot feel that any substantial advance is likely to come from popular publication.

WALTER LEAF.

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