

JOURNAL

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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COUNCIL MEETING.

At a Council Meeting held on the 10th of April, the following Members were present :—Messrs. Alexander Calder, Edmund Gurney, C. C. Massey, Edward R. Pease, Frank Podmore, Professor H. Sidgwick, and Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. Professor Sidgwick took the chair.

After the reading of the Minutes of the previous Meeting, five new Members and eighteen new Associates were elected, whose names and addresses are given in another page.

It was agreed that Major de Witt Jebb should, at his request, be elected as a Member instead of an Associate.

Letters of resignation were read from the Rev. R. W. Corbet, a Member, and from Mr. Alfred J. Shilton, an Associate.

An anonymous donation of £10 was received through Mrs. Sidgwick, to meet the expenses of lectures and other objects, for which a vote of thanks was recorded, to be conveyed to the donor.

The Library Committee reported having received a donation of £5, to be spent in books, from Mrs. Myers, of Cheltenham. Presents to the library were on the table from Mr. William Tebb and from Mr. H. Venman, and are specially named in the Supplementary Catalogue. The thanks of the Council were directed to be given to the donors.

At the request of the Rev. W. Stainton Moses, who was desirous of minimising his work as much as possible, it was agreed to remove his name from the Library Committee.

A cash account for the month of March was presented, and several payments authorised. The Treasurer called attention to the fact that many Members had not yet remitted their subscription for the current year. It was agreed that a notice should be inserted on the cover of the next number of the *Journal*, requesting them to do so.

The next Meeting of Council will take place on Friday, the 24th inst., at 4.30 p.m., previous to the General Meeting to be held in the evening of that day.

NEW MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

MEMBERS.

- ALLEN, WALTER W., Topeka, Kansas, U.S.A.
 BAMPFYLDE, HON. MRS., 144, Piccadilly, London, W.
 CHASE, LIEUTENANT W. S. L., V.C., D.A.Q.M.-General, Quetta District,
 Beluchistan.
 MONEY, COLONEL GERARD NOEL, C.B., F.R.G.S., Vigo House, Weybridge.
 TULLOCH, CONRAD, Linwood, Erith, Kent.

ASSOCIATES.

- BADELIER, EMILE, Rangoon, British Burmah.
 BRAYSHAW, JOHN L., Settle, Yorkshire.
 CAMPBELL, ROBERT ALLEN, C.E., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.
 DICKSEE, FRANK, A.R.A., 108, Peel Street, Campden Hill, London, W.
 FOLKESTONE, THE VISCOUNTESS, 8, Ennismore Gardens, London, S.W.
 GLOVER, JOHN J. T., 124, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin.
 HASTINGS, MISS, 3, Ridgway-place, Wimbledon.
 HORNE, ALDERSON, 46, Russell Square, London, W.C.
 LOWE, FREDERICK J., 1, Elm Court, Temple, London, E.C.
 MILLER, MRS. WILLIAM PITT, Marlewood, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire.
 MOLESWORTH, GUILFORD L., Simla, India.
 PODMORE, REV. THOMPSON, M.A., The College, Eastbourne.
 RATHDONNELL, THE DOWAGER LADY, Drumcar, Dunleer, Co. Louth.
 RICKETTS, CAPTAIN C., Hawthorn Bank, Westbury Park, Bristol.
 SEYMOUR, CAPTAIN EDWARD H., R.N., United Service Club, Pall
 Mall, London, S.W.
 SIMPSON, REGINALD WYNNE, B.A., 14, Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.
 SOUTHWARD, REV. W. T., M.A., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.
 WALKER, FRANK COOPER, 21, Alma Square, St. John's Wood, London,
 N.W.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

The following additions have been made since last month.

- PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW (The). Vol. I.London, 1879*
 UNSEEN WORLD (The). 2 d edit.London, 1853
 VENMAN (H.) Spiritualism the Modern Mystery. From a Neutral
 Standpoint.London, 1873‡

* Presented by Mr. William Tebb.

‡ Presented by the Author.

MR. HODGSON'S INVESTIGATIONS IN INDIA.

Those members of our Society who have read the First Report of the Committee appointed to investigate the Evidence for Marvellous Phenomena offered by certain members of the Theosophical Society, will be interested to hear that Mr. Hodgson, a member of the Committee, has been conducting the investigation on the spot energetically and impartially; and that he is now, we believe, on his way back. He has already sent home a considerable mass of documents, including depositions of witnesses mentioned in the First Report, &c. The additional evidence is for the most part unfavourable to the genuineness of the phenomena, and Mr. Hodgson inclines, we believe, to the conclusion that the alleged marvels are altogether to be attributed to fraud. His grounds for this conclusion, and his views as to the most probable explanation of the marvels, will be fully discussed in a Second Report which will be presented to the Society shortly after Mr. Hodgson's return.

Mr. Hodgson found that the editor of the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, who is now the possessor of the Blavatsky-Coulomb letters, was quite willing to submit the question of their genuineness to the decision of a professional expert. Accordingly a certain number of the letters, which Madame Coulomb affirms herself to have received from Madame Blavatsky in her own name, have been sent for examination to the well-known expert, Mr. F. G. Netherclift, with some undisputed specimens of Madame Blavatsky's handwriting. His report, which is unfavourable to Madame Blavatsky, will be laid before the Society along with the rest of the evidence. Meantime, the following description which Mr. Hodgson gives of an experience of his when visiting the Coulombs, will at any rate show that the latter would be useful confederates in any conspiracy to produce fraudulent phenomena.

“*Madras, January 9th, 1885.*”

“This morning I called upon the Coulombs, who are living at the house of Mrs. Dyer in St. Thomé. I conversed a short time with M. Coulomb before Madame Coulomb appeared. In the course of the conversation that followed I remarked, concerning certain cases of premonition, that I had no satisfactory theory at present to account for them. At this moment something white appeared, touching my hair, and fell on the floor. It was a letter. I picked it up. It was addressed to myself. M. and Madame Coulomb were sitting near me and in front of me. I had observed no motion on their part which could account for the appearance of the letter. Examining the ceiling as I stood I could detect no flaw; it appeared intact. On opening the letter I found it referred to the conversation which had just taken place. I transcribe the words:—

“Because the existing cause of to-day foretells the effect of to-morrow—a bud assures us beforehand the full-blown rose of to-morrow; on seeing a fine field of corn in which are buried eggs of locusts, we are to foresee that

that corn will never enter the granary ; by the appearance of consumptive father and scrofulous mother a sickly child can be foretold. Now all these causes, which bring to us these effects, have in their turn their effects themselves, and so, *ad infinitum* ; and as nothing is lost in Nature, but remains impressed in the *akasa*, so the acute perception of the seer beginning at the source arrives at the result with exactitude.

‘THE NEW ADEPT, COLUMBUS.’

“M. Coulomb then described the origin of the letter.”

A large beam supported the ceiling, and resting on this, at right angles to it, was a series of small beams with spaces between them. These spaces were filled with blocks of wood, with mortar to keep them in place. Part of this mortar had been scraped out on the top of the large beam and between two smaller ones, so that a letter could be inserted and lie flat on the top of the large beam. “Round the letter was twice passed a piece of thread of the same colour as the ceiling. One end of the thread remained loose on the letter, the other end was in the hand of a person outside the room. The thread ran from the letter, close to the ceiling, passed outside and hung down. I was sitting under the main beam. The subject of conversation was led up to, and at the given signal (a call to the dog) the confederate in the verandah beyond pulled the thread and the letter fell. The confederate drew the thread entirely away and left the spot. The crevice for the letter might, in a few moments, have been stopped up and covered with dust, so that no aperture whatever appeared in the neighbourhood of the ceiling.”

It will be remembered by those who have read the First Report of the Committee, that in the introduction to Appendix XXVI. they stated that all accounts of letters falling at “Headquarters” must, they thought, be regarded with suspicion, on account of the construction of the Indian ceilings. And though the one in question is somewhat different to that which they had in their minds, the narrative just given shows that this suspicion was well founded.

Copies of the First Report may still be obtained for 2s. 6d. by Associates who have not yet had one, by applying to the Assistant-Secretary, 14, Dean’s Yard, S.W.

HAUNTED HOUSE.

Members and Associates desirous of occupying for a time a small house reputed to be haunted, with a view of investigating the phenomena, are invited to communicate with F. Podmore, Esq., 14, Dean’s Yard, S.W. It is not, of course, guaranteed that arrangements can be made with all applicants. The house is partly furnished, and is in a pretty part of the country, not very far from London.

DONATIONS RECEIVED.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Myers (of Cheltenham) for Library Fund	5 0 0
Anonymous to meet expenses of lectures or other objects	10 0 0

CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

(Continued.)

The narratives now printed have been collected by Mr. Gurney, who is the author of the remarks prefixed and appended to some of them.

In the following case, there is a certain presumption that the vision was telepathic, in the fact that the hallucination was unique in the percipient's experience, and that the agent's thoughts must have been very much occupied with her at the time. But the fact that the experience was not mentioned at the time is of course an evidential flaw.

L.—1554—A° Pⁿ

From Mrs. Beaumont, 1, Crescent Road, S. Norwood.

February 24th, 1885.

One day in the 40's, when I was living in the Rectory at Marlborough, my father's house, my mother and sister had gone out, and I was lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, at about 3 p.m. I was reading a book, when the light seemed to be slightly darkened, and looking up I saw, leaning in at the window farthest from me, about three feet from the ground, and beckoning, a gentleman whom I had only seen once, about a fortnight or three weeks previously. Supposing that my father wanted me to sign my name (as a witness to a lease, or something of that kind) I got up, went out of the window (which led down into the garden), and passed along in front of the house, and up six steps into my father's study, which was empty. I then went into the yard and garden, but found nobody; so I returned to my sofa and my books. When father came in, two hours afterwards, I said, "Why did you send Mr. H. to call me, and then go away?" My father replied, "What are you talking about? H. is down in Wales." Nothing more was said. I did not like to dwell on the subject to either of my parents, and I did not mention the occurrence to any one for several years. About a fortnight afterwards I was told by my mother that Mr. H. had written, proposing for my hand (some property of his adjoined some property of my father's in Wales). I cannot fix *exactly* how close the coincidence was; but my strong impression is that the letter was received within 24 hours of my experience. Before I was told of the contents of the letter, I remember that I found the blue envelope of Mr. H.'s letter (with T. H. on the corner, and with the coat-of-arms on his seal, and with the postmark Llandilo) on the floor in my father's study. When the news was told me, I seemed to receive some explanation of my vision.

I have never had any hallucination or vision at any other time, except when I saw the "little brown lady" at Kintbury.*

C. BEAUMONT.

* This was an apparition frequently seen by the residents in a particular house.

L.—1555.—Aⁿ Pⁿ

From Capt. Alex. S. Beaumont, 1, Crescent Road, S. Norwood Park.

February 24th, 1885.

About September, 1873, when my father was living at 57, Inverness Terrace, I was sitting one evening, about 8.30 p.m., in the large dining-room. At the table, facing me, with their backs to the door, were seated my mother, sister, and a friend, Mrs. W. Suddenly I seemed to see my wife bustling in through the door of the back dining-room, which was in view from my position. She was in a *mauve* dress. I got up to meet her, though much astonished as I believed her to be at Tenby. As I rose, my mother said, "Who is that?" not (I think) seeing anyone herself, but seeing that I did. I exclaimed, "Why, it's Carry," and advanced to meet her. As I advanced, the figure disappeared. On inquiry, I found that my wife was spending that evening at a friend's house, in a *mauve* dress, which I had most certainly never seen. I had never seen her dressed in that colour. My wife recollected that at that time she was talking with some friends about me, much regretting my absence, as there was going to be dancing, and I had promised to play for them. I had been unexpectedly detained in London.

ALEX. S. BEAUMONT.

The following corroboration is from the friend, Mrs. W., who was present:--

11, Grosvenor Street, W.

March 5th, 1885.

As far as I can recollect, Captain Beaumont was sitting talking, when he looked up, and gave a start. His mother asked him what was the matter. He replied, "I saw my wife walk across the end of the room, but that is nothing, she often appears to people; her servants have seen her several times." The room we were in was a double dining-room, one end was lit with gas and the other, where Mrs. Beaumont appeared, was comparatively dark. No one else saw her except her husband. Mrs. Beaumont was at the time in Wales, and this happened in Inverness Terrace, Bayswater.

FLORENCE WHIPHAM.

From Mrs. Beaumont.

I distinctly remember hearing from my husband, either the next day or the second day after his experience; and in his letter he asked, "What were you doing at such an hour on such a night?" I was able to recall that I was standing in a group of friends, and that we were regretting his absence. I was in a *mauve* dress, which I am confident that he could never have seen.

C. BEAUMONT.

Captain Beaumont adds: "I have never had any other hallucination of the senses" except on the following occasion.

[This other occasion, in which the same agent and percipient were

concerned, and a third case in which the same agent was concerned—would be quite without evidential value if they stood alone; but they are of interest in connection with the foregoing stronger case.]

From Captain Beaumont.

February 24th, 1885.

In 1871 I was staying at Norton House, Tenby, for the first time, and had just gone to bed, and was wide awake. I had the candle on my right side, and was reading. At the foot of the bed and to the right was a door, which was locked, and, as I learnt afterwards, pasted up on the other side.

Through this I saw the figure of my future wife (the lady of the house) enter, draped in white from head to foot. Oddly enough, I was not specially startled. My idea was that some one was ill, and that she had come to get something out of the room. I averted my head, and when I looked up again the apparition was gone. I suppose that I saw it for two or three seconds.

ALEX. S. BEAUMONT.

From Mrs. Beaumont.

February 24th, 1885.

In 1872, two or three months after my marriage, Captain Beaumont and I returned from London to Tenby. I went up into my dressing-room and gave the keys of my luggage to my servant, Ellen Bassett. I was standing before the looking-glass with my back turned to her, and I heard her utter a little sharp cry. I turned round, saying, "What's the matter," and saw her with my nightcap in her hand. She said, "O, nothing, nothing," and I went downstairs. The day after my husband saw her taking off the paper which pasted up the door between my bedroom and the dressing-room. He said, "What are you doing?" She said she was opening that door. He said, "Why, the first night that I slept in this house, I saw your mistress walk through that door." (I must explain that Captain Beaumont had been a guest in this house on a good many occasions before our marriage. On the occasion mentioned, he had imagined that perhaps someone was ill in the house, and that I had entered his room to get something, thinking him sure to be asleep.) Then the maid told him that she had seen me the night before we came home—she did not know exactly what day we were coming, and had been sleeping in the same bed as he had been in when he saw me. She was just going to step into bed, when she saw me enter "through the door," with a nightcap on, and a candle in my hand. She was so terrified that she rushed out of the room by the other door, and told the other servants she was sure I was dead. They comforted her as well as they could, but she would not return to the room. The cause of her crying out, when I heard her do so, was that, in unpacking, she recognised the identical nightcap that the apparition had worn. The

curious point is that the nightcap was one that I had bought in London, and had not mentioned to her, and was perfectly unlike any that I had ever worn before. It had three frills. I had been accustomed to wear nightcaps of coloured muslin without frills.

The same servant, some months after the nightcap, went into the kitchen and said to the other servants, "We shall have news of missus to-day; I've just seen her standing in the dining-room door; she'd on a black velvet bonnet and black cloak." (We had been in London some weeks.) This occurred about 9 o'clock a.m. About 10.30 she received a telegram from us to say we should be home that evening; the telegram was sent from Paddington station as we waited for our train. The bonnet and cloak had been bought in town without her knowledge.

The maid was with me for years, and was certainly not nervous or hysterical. I have now parted with her for some years.

C. BEAUMONT.

L.—1556—Aⁿ Pⁿ

From Miss E. M. Churchill, 9, Eversley Park, Chester. (Procured through Miss Porter, who knows the narrator well.)

August, 1884.

In October, 1883, being in Toronto, Canada, at the time, I thought I saw my youngest sister come into the ante-room next to the room where we were seated at lunch. I exclaimed, and then thought I had been mistaken, of course, and that one of my cousins who resembled her somewhat in appearance had come to lunch, but found no one was there at all, nor had anyone come into the room. I remember remarking at the time that I thought I saw my sister all in brown, and that she had nothing of that colour as far as I knew. A few days afterwards I received a letter from another sister, in which she mentioned that my youngest sister and she had been getting new winter things, and were dressed in brown from head to foot.

I think I was quite well at the time, but my sister was ill, which I was not aware of for some weeks afterwards.

E. M. CHURCHILL.

It is rarely that the cases of the Aⁿ Pⁿ type (Agent normal—Percipient normal) can be regarded as evidence of telepathy. There being no perceptible *coincidence*, the phantasm may always be regarded as a purely subjective hallucination. In the foregoing cases the *dress* is the point which affords a certain presumption in favour of telepathy. In the next case, a similar presumption is afforded by the fact that the phantasm was seen by two people, one of whom had never seen the supposed agent, and yet correctly described his appearance.

L.—1557—Aⁿ Pⁿ

From Mrs. Elgee, 18, Woburn Road, Bedford.

March 1st, 1885.

In the month of November, 1864, being detained in Cairo, on my way out to India, the following curious circumstance occurred to me :— Owing to an unusual influx of travellers, I, with the young lady under my charge (whom we will call D.) and some other passengers of the outward-bound mail to India, had to take up our abode in a somewhat unfrequented hotel. The room shared by Miss D. and myself was large, lofty, and gloomy ; the furniture of the scantiest, consisting of two small beds, placed nearly in the middle of the room and not touching the walls at all ; two or three rush-bottomed chairs, a very small washing-stand, and a large old-fashioned sofa of the settee sort, which was placed against one-half of the large folding-doors which gave entrance to the room. This settee was far too heavy to be removed, unless by two or three people. The other half of the door was used for entrance, and faced the two beds. Feeling rather desolate and strange, and Miss D. being a nervous person, I locked the door, and taking out the key, put it under my pillow ; but on Miss D. remarking that there might be a duplicate which could open the door from outside, I put a chair against the door, with my travelling-bag on it, so arranged, that on any pressure outside one or both must fall on the bare floor, and make noise enough to rouse me. We then proceeded to retire to bed, the one I had chosen being near the only window in the room, which opened with two glazed doors, almost to the floor. These doors, on account of the heat, I left open, first assuring myself that no communication from the outside could be obtained. (The window led on to a small balcony, which was isolated, and was three stories above the ground.) I suddenly woke from a sound sleep with the impression that somebody had called me, and, sitting up in bed, to my unbounded astonishment, by the clear light of early dawn coming in through the large window before-mentioned, I beheld the figure of an old and very valued friend whom I knew to be in England. He appeared as if most eager to speak to me, and I addressed him with, "Good gracious! how did you come here?" So clear was the figure, that I noted every detail of his dress, even to three onyx shirt studs which he always wore. He seemed to come a step nearer to me, when he suddenly pointed across the room, and on my looking round, I saw Miss D. sitting up in her bed, gazing at the figure with every expression of terror. On looking back, my friend seemed to shake his head, and retreated, step by step, slowly, till he seemed to sink through that portion of the door where the settee stood. I never knew what happened to me after this ; but my next remembrance is of bright sunshine pouring through the window. Gradually the

remembrance of what had happened came back to me, and the question arose in my mind, had I been dreaming, or had I seen a visitant from another world? the bodily presence of my friend being utterly impossible. Remembering that Miss D. had seemed aware of the figure as well as myself, I determined to allow the test of my dream or vision to be whatever she said to me upon the subject, I intending to say nothing to her unless she spoke to me. As she seemed still asleep, I got out of bed, examined the door carefully, and found the chair and my bag untouched, and the key under my pillow; the settee had not been touched, nor had that portion of the door against which it was placed any appearance of being opened for years. Presently, on Miss D. waking up, she looked about the room, and noticing the chair and bag, made some remark as to their not having been much use. I said, "What do you mean?" and when she said, "Why, that man who was in the room this morning must have got in somehow." She then proceeded to describe to me exactly what I myself had seen. Without giving any satisfactory answer as to what I had seen, I made her rather angry by affecting to treat the matter as a fancy on her part, and showed her the key still under my pillow, and the chair and bag untouched. I then asked her, if she was so sure that she had seen somebody in the room, did not she know who it was? "No," said she, "I have never seen him before, nor anyone like him." I said, "Have you ever seen a photograph of him?" She said, "No." This lady never was told what I saw, and yet described exactly to a third person what we both had seen. Of course I was under the impression my friend was dead. Such, however, was not the case; and I met him some four years later, when, without telling him anything of my experience in Cairo, I asked him in a joking way could he remember what he was doing on a certain night in November, 1864. "Well," he said, "you require me to have a good memory"; but after a little reflection he replied, "Why that was the time I was so harassed with trying to decide for or against the appointment which was offered me, and I so much wished you could have been with me to talk the matter over. I sat over the fire quite late, trying to think what you would have advised me to do." A little cross-questioning and comparing of dates brought out the curious fact that, allowing for the difference of time between England and Cairo, his meditations over the fire and my experience were simultaneous. Having told him the circumstances above narrated, I asked him had he been aware of any peculiar or unusual sensation. He said none, only that he had wanted to see me very much.

E. H. ELGEE.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Elgee says:—

DEAR SIR,—I fear it is quite impossible to get any information

from Miss D. She married soon after we reached India, and I never met her since, nor do I know where she is, if alive. I quite understand the value of her corroboration, and at the time she told the whole circumstance to a fellow traveller, who repeated it to me, and her story and mine agreed in every particular, save that to her the visitant was a complete stranger, and her tale was quite unbiassed by mine, as I always treated hers as a fancy, and *never* acknowledged I had been aware of anything unusual having taken place in our room at Cairo. I never have seen, or fancied I saw, any one before or since, though I have steadily tried to force my friend, Mrs. Beaumont, whose curious power of duplication (to coin a word) you are doubtless aware of, to appear to me.

My visitant, also, is dead, or he would, I know, have added his testimony, small as it was, to mine. He was a very calm, quiet, clever, scientific man, not given to vain fancies on any subject, and certainly was not aware of any desire of appearing to me.—Believe me, yours truly,

E. H. ELGEE.

L.—1558—A^d Pⁿ

From Mr. H. King, Royal Military College, York Town, Farnborough Station, Hants.

March, 1885.

On Thursday night, October 30th [1884] H. M. and I went to dine at Broadmoor. We stayed till 10 p.m. or so, and on leaving the house were talking of different things, M. being quite as usual; when after five minutes' walk M. suddenly stopped and said, "Look, look! oh look!" We thought nothing of it at first, but he still kept pointing with his finger at some imaginary thing in the darkness. The spot we were in was very dark, with a wood on our right and a field on our left, separated from us by a railing. Thinking M. saw somebody hiding behind a bush I went forward, but saw nothing. M. now, still saying: "Look at her, look at her," fell back against the railing and lay motionless with his back against it. We ran to him, asking him what was the matter, but he only moaned. After a while he seemed better. We wanted him to come on, but he said "Where is my stick?" which he had dropped. "Oh, never mind your stick," I said, for I was afraid of not being at the college before the shutting of the doors; but he would look for his stick, which he found by lighting a match. We walked on together, M., notwithstanding all my efforts to get him into conversation, not saying a word. After walking for about a quarter of a mile, he suddenly said, "Where were they carrying her to? I tell you they were carrying her; didn't you see them carrying her?" I tried to quiet him, but he kept on saying, "I tell you they were carrying her." In a short time he was pacified and walked

quietly on for half a mile or so, when he said, looking round in surprise, "Hullo! we must have come a short cut. I know this house." I said we hadn't; but he said, "We must have run then. It seems only a minute ago since we left the house." He several times expressed his surprise at the quickness we had done the last half-mile in. He was all right from this to the college. On Sunday morning he told me that something very bad had happened on Thursday night. An old lady who was very fond of him, but whom he hadn't seen for a long time, had died suddenly of heart disease. She had been out somewhere and had come home, when, as she was receiving some friends, she fell dead, and, to use his words, she was carried out. I immediately asked him at what hour did she die? He said at between 10 and 11. (It was a little after 10 when he saw his vision.) I could not get the exact hour of the lady's death, as he didn't like the subject. When he told me this he knew nothing of what occurred on the walk home. When he was told of it he didn't remember a thing about the vision; but said if he hadn't known that he hadn't drunk anything (which was true), he would have said he had been drunk. He seemed to have been in a sort of stupor all the time. I think I ought to mention that he told me long before this that he had seen a vision of a girl who had been drowned. [This other vision followed closely on an accident which had much distressed the percipient.—E. G.]

This is a true account of what happened.

Signed—

H. KING (the writer of the above).

A. HAMILTON-JONES.

Mr. H. King adds:—

My friend remembers perfectly M.'s not being surprised at the news, [of the death] and his saying it seemed to have happened before.

[Mr. R. A. King, (of 36, Grove Lane, Denmark Hill) uncle of the narrator, through whose kindness we obtained this account, says:—"M. has such a horror of the whole affair that my nephew does not let me write to ask him about the old lady's death." We are thus unable to verify the date of the death independently. M.'s name is known to me. He has left the Military College.]

The following two letters were written by the late Mrs. Clarke, third wife of the late Thomas Clarke, of Bishopton Close, Ripon, to Mr. William Fowler Stephenson, son, by a former marriage, of the said Thomas Clarke's second wife. The letters were given by Mr. Stephen-

son to his cousin, the Rev. J. T. Fowler, of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham, from whom we obtained them.

L.—1559—A^e Pⁿ

October 17th, 1872.

On the morning of my father's death, between 4 and 5 o'clock, I saw a sort of shadowy light at the foot of my bed, and half arose to look at it. I distinctly saw my father's face, smiling at me. I drew the curtains apart, and still saw him looking fixedly at me. I awoke the girl who was sleeping with me, and asked her to draw up the window-blind. I then asked her if she saw anything. She said, "Nothing. It is too dark." I fancy I saw the vision for fully five minutes, and then all was dark again. The face was bound under the chin, as usual in death, and the cloth seemed stained, but not so deep as iron-mould quite. On looking at my father's corpse, after returning to Hull, I told an old friend, who was with me, that it was just so he looked at me, except that the cloth was discoloured. She at once said: "Then he did come to you, that's certain, for the cloth was stained, and I changed it after daylight." It was within a few minutes of his death that I saw him, and he was asking God to bless me. He was asking for me continually.—M. C."

In reply to a second application from Mr. Stephenson, asking for more particular information on certain points, Mrs. Clarke wrote:—

October 19th, 1872.

I had been in Harrogate for some weeks, and was confined to my room from a feverish cold which caused restless nights. It was thought necessary for one of the maids to sleep with me, so I asked her to draw up the blinds. This was a little after 4 o'clock in the morning of the 11th of November, 1846. On that same day, about 9 o'clock, by post, I received the enclosed letter, being the first intimation I had of my father's illness. He was taken ill on the Sunday; they wrote to me on the Monday, and he died on Tuesday morning. I was then 23 years of age. My sister, Christiana, and a woman-servant attended to my father. A faithful old friend, Mrs. Dible, came as soon as possible to do what was necessary on such occasions, and it was to her that I mentioned what I had seen. She explained that, in the excitement of the moment, they had used what had been the bottom of an old blind, which, as soon as it was daylight, she saw was stained, and changed it herself. I can never explain what I felt on that day, if it can be called feeling. They said I was like marble to look at, and like ice to touch.—M. C.

The letter referred to by Mrs. Clarke announcing the illness of her father, was enclosed. Two persons had written to her on the same

sheet:—1st. Mr. Jubb, a friend of the family; 2nd. Her brother, Mr. J. Rollit, a solicitor in Hull.

Hull, *November 10th*, 1846.

MY DEAR MATILDA,—If you wish to see your dear father alive, you must come immediately you receive this; he is not likely to survive long.—Yours truly,

WM. JUBB.

DEAR TILL,—Father is, indeed, very ill, and I fear for his recovery. Do not, however, distress yourself more than you can avoid, as he may yet be spared to us.—Very affectionately,

J. ROLLIT.

L.—1560—A^d P^a

From the Rev. J. Barmby, Pittington Vicarage, Durham.

December 29th, 1884.

What follows was communicated orally to the Rev. J. T. Fowler, Librarian and Hebrew Lecturer in the University of Durham, by Mr. Clarke, one of the principal tradesmen in Hull, on the 9th of October, 1872. Mr. Fowler took notes in writing of what Mr. Clarke told him at the time, which notes he handed to me in the same month of October. I put them into the following form after receiving them, and have no doubt of their substance and details being exactly given. The events related had occurred about four years previously to Mr. Fowler's interview with Mr. Clarke.

Mr. Clarke, of Hull, had known for 20 years a Mrs. Palliser, of the same place. She had an only child, a son called Matthew, who was a sailor. Being of the age of 22, he had sailed from Hull to New York. About a month after his departure, Mrs. Palliser came to Mr. Clarke in tears, and said, "Oh, Mr. Clarke, poor Mat's drowned." Mr. C. said, "How have you got to know?" She replied, "He was drowned last night going on board the ship, in crossing the plank, and it slipped; I saw him, and heard him say, 'Oh mother.'" She stated that she had been in bed at the time, but was sure she was wide awake, and that she had seen also her own mother, who had been dead many years, at the bed-foot, crying, and making some reference to the event. Mr. C. said to her, "Oh, it's all nonsense, I don't believe anything of the sort." She earnestly persisted in her conviction, and called on Mr. C. perhaps half-a-dozen times during the ensuing week. In order to pacify her, he undertook to write to the agent of her son's ship at New York. This she had wished him to do, thinking that he, as a business man, would know better how to write than herself. After the despatch of the letter, Mrs. P. kept calling on Mr. C. about every week to ask if he had heard anything. In about a month's time a letter arrived from New York, addressed to "Mrs. Palliser, care of Mr. Clarke." It was opened by Mr. Clarke's son, in the presence of Mrs. Palliser, who, before it was

opened, said, "Aye, that'll contain the news of his being drowned." The letter conveyed the intelligence that Matthew Palliser, of such a ship, had been drowned on such a night through the upsetting of a plank as he was going aboard the ship. The night specified was that of Mrs. P.'s vision.

Mr. Clarke described Mrs. Palliser as "a well-educated woman, a very respectable old lady who had seen better days," about 65 years of age. She had, he said, been a widow for some years before her son was drowned. She was then living in a passage leading out of Blackfriars Gate, in Hull. He had seen her "the day before yesterday." She had told the story "thousands of times," and it was well-known in Hull.

From the Rev. J. T. Fowler, of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham.

November 26th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I know nothing about the case I mentioned to Mr. Barmby beyond what I gave him in writing.

Mr. Clarke, a tradesman in Hull [no connection with the above Mr. Clarke, mentioned in 1559], told me of the case of Mrs. Palliser, and got her to come to his office, in Queen Street, Hull, for me to take down from her own lips the notes I gave to Mr. Barmby.

I took great pains to get the whole of the story correctly, and should scarcely think Mrs. P. is still living, but could ascertain if necessary.

You might write about Mrs. Palliser to M. W. Clarke, Esq., Winterton Hall, Doncaster, his *private* address. His place of business (as wholesale tailor, &c.) is in Queen Street, Hull.—Yours faithfully,

J. T. FOWLER

Queen Street, Hull, or Winterton Hall, viâ Doncaster.

January 20th, 1885.

In *re* Mrs. Palliser's Vision.

Widow Palliser was a woman who had seen better days, and worked for my firm, Clarke and Son, Clothiers, Queen Street, Hull. She had an only son, Matthew. I assisted her in getting him to sea. One morning she came to me with tears rolling down her cheeks and said, "Mat's dead; I saw him drowned! Poor Mat, the last words he said were, 'Oh! my dear mother.' He threw up his hands and sank to rise no more." I asked how she knew. She said, "I saw him going on board his ship, and the plank that he walked upon slipped on one side, and he fell overboard between the quay and the ship and was drowned. My own mother, who had been dead many years, came to the foot of my bed and said, 'Poor Mat's gone; he's drowned.'"

I then said, "Why, Mat's in New York" (I always felt interested in this woman and her son). "Yes," she said, "he was drowned last

night at New York; I saw him." Mrs. P.'s object in coming to me was to ask if I would write to the agent in New York to ascertain the facts. I said I would, and wrote stating that a poor widow had an only son on board such a ship, and she had a vision that an accident (I said nothing about drowning) had happened to her son, and I would take it as a great favour if he would ascertain and tell me all particulars. In about three to five weeks (she came day by day to ask if we had received a reply, always saying that she knew what the answer would be), at length the letter arrived. We sent for Mrs. P., and before the letter was opened by my son, I said to her, "What will be its contents?" She at once and decidedly said that "Mat was drowned on the very night that she saw him, and in going on board the ship the plank slipped, and he fell overboard between the quay and the ship." So it was. Mrs. P. was then wearing mourning for Mat.

My son and half-a-dozen young men can verify this if needful.

Mrs. P. died soon after.

M. W. CLARKE.

Reproduction of the letter received from the agent of the ship, as near as I and my son can remember:—

New York, date unknown.

I have made inquiries of Matthew Palliser, age about 20, and learn that he fell off a plank in going on board his ship, and got drowned on..... The date was the same as Mrs. Palliser said.

The mate has charge of his chest, and will give it to his mother when the ship arrives in Liverpool.

In answer to inquiries, Mr. Clarke adds:—

April 6th, 1885.

We have no copy of the agent's letter, but both my son and myself and others are certain that Mrs. P.'s vision and the agent's account of the accident *were the same*, both as to the time and cause, viz., that Mrs. P. saw her son slip off the plank in going on board his ship, and that he was drowned between the quay and the ship; agent's account that he fell off the plank and was drowned, *at the time mentioned*, between the ship and the quay.

L.—1561—A^d P^a

Mr. Thomas Young, of 20, Wilson Road, Birchfield, Birmingham, sent me an account of the following incident, as "often related" to him by his mother. I asked him to apply to his mother for a first-hand account, which she gave in the following letter to him. Her account, which was given independently, corresponds exactly with his; which is

some proof that the facts have not been distorted through lapse of memory.

6, Stonedale Road.*

January 10th, 1885.

MY DEAR SON,—You ask me to relate Aunt Lucy's dream ; it was not a dream but a reality. You must know that Uncle Bennet was a small farmer, with a large family of 12 children, consequently some had to go away from home. They lived in a small village at Treylion, near St. Ives, Cornwall. Now what I am going to relate is about their daughter Betsy, who had taken a situation—I think at St. Ives. One morning aunt woke up and saw, standing by her bedside, this daughter, with her hair streaming all over her face, dripping wet, and she, poor thing, looking half-drowned. Aunt said, "Betsy, where have you come from?" The weather being frightfully bad, she thought she had walked home through the wet. She told her to go and dry herself, but she vanished away. Poor aunt was dreadfully alarmed. They sent to her place, and it appears she would go to Plymouth, and went in a little sailing-vessel, and that very morning the vessel was lost and all hands perished. Now, my dear son, I can vouch for every word being true, for aunt was a true Christian woman. I was *a girl when she told me* the unhappy incident, but it always made a most vivid impression on me.—Believe me, dear son, your loving mother,

C. YOUNG.

L.—1562—A^d P^a

From Mrs. B., Belgravia Institute for Trained Nurses, 263, Vauxhall Bridge Road.

The narrator is unwilling to have her name published, as relatives might object ; but says that "the narrative can be verified by private communication."

December, 1884.

On the afternoon of Sunday, December 18th, 1864, my father-in-law, Mr. B., my husband, and I were sitting in the dining-room at D—Hall. The room was a large one, about 26ft. by 30ft. ; on one side was the fireplace, with a door on each side ; opposite the fireplace were three windows ; standing with your back to the fireplace, at the end of the room, on your right, were two more windows, and on your left a blank wall. These windows were some height from the ground, probably 7ft. or more, so that no one could look in unless standing on a chair. It was dark, and we were sitting round the fire, the shutters not having been closed. Mr. B. faced the two windows, I sat on the other side of the fireplace, with my back to the said windows,

* Now removed to 71, Highbury Hill, Highbury, N.

my husband being in the middle facing the fire. Suddenly Mr. B. said, "Who is that looking in at the window?" pointing to the furthest of the two windows. We laughed, knowing that no one could look in, as there was nothing there for them to stand on. Mr. B. persisted in his assertion, saying that it was a woman with a pale face and black hair; that the face was familiar to him, but he could not remember her name, and he insisted on my husband going round the outside of the house one way whilst he went the other. They, however, saw no one. As they went out I looked at the clock. The time was 5.45 p.m. On the following Tuesday I heard of the death of my mother, Mrs. R., who had died at St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, *exactly at 5.45 p.m. on Sunday, December 18th*, the hour at which the face appeared at the window. She had been delirious before her death, and calling piteously for me. Directly Mr. B. heard of her death he exclaimed, "It was Mrs. R.'s face I saw at the window on Sunday" (he had only seen my mother two or three times). We were not aware that my mother was seriously ill. I do not presume to offer any scientific explanation of these facts, but I firmly believe that my mother's last thoughts were of me, her eldest child. I had only been married two months, and she had not seen me since my wedding-day.

E. A. B.

March 20th, 1885.

Both my father-in-law and my husband are dead. I know of no independent way in which I can fix the date of the apparition, but I know that my husband and I had been to church that afternoon, and if you look in any almanack for 1864 you will see that December 18th in that year was on a Sunday, and that was the day on which my mother died.

E. A. B.

The following case is from the same informant as the last. If the percipient's experience had been confined to the moaning heard in the night, the incident would not have been worth attending to, as odd sounds at night are very common phenomena, and may be accounted for by quite normal causes. But the continuance of the sound during the day makes a decided difference.

L.—1563—A^e P

December, 1884.

Some six years after the above occurrence, in the September of 1870, my husband was at D. Hall for his holiday. His parents were then living at Dieppe. He was roused one night by a peculiar moaning, as if some person or animal was in pain. He got up, and went through the house and out into the gardens and shrubberies, but could see nothing. He heard the same noise at intervals all that day, but could not find out the cause. He returned to London next day to find a

telegram summoning him to Dieppe, as his mother was dying. When he got into the house at Dieppe, the first sound he heard was a repetition of the same noise that he heard at D. Hall, and he found it was his mother who was making it, and he learned she had been doing so for two days. She died a few hours after he arrived. We had no knowledge of Mrs. B.'s illness at the time my husband heard the noise.

My husband's parents had been obliged to leave D. Hall under painful circumstances, and possibly the thoughts of her loved home may have been paramount with Mrs. B., or it may have been that they flew to my husband, who was her youngest son. At any rate, my husband always held that it was his mother's moaning he heard at D. Hall though she was in France. She was speechless when he reached her, so no solution could be arrived at.

E. A. B.

In reply to inquiries, the narrator says:—

My late husband was *alone*, at his old home in Norfolk, when he heard the moaning I told you of. He was shortly after (the same afternoon, I think) telegraphed for to go to Dieppe to see his mother. He was quite unaware till he got the telegram that she was ill. He returned to Selhurst, where we were living, and where I was, *on his way to Dieppe*, and *then* told me about this noise. On his *return* from Dieppe, after his mother's death, he said, "You remember my telling you of the moaning I heard at D——. The first sound I heard in the house at Dieppe was the same, and it was my mother making it." He further added that he was told she had made it for a day or two. I am perfectly clear about his hearing it first at night *in* the house, and on the following morning in the shrubberies, which were a little distance from the house. I never heard either my husband or his father speak of ever hearing sounds, or seeing anything before or after the occurrences I have mentioned. They were both matter-of-fact men, and very free from superstitious ideas. I was a young woman at the time these things took place (I am only 41 now), so my memory of them is very clear and good. Six weeks or two months after my husband heard these sounds, we were together at D——, and he showed me the spot in the shrubbery where the sound had been loudest.

L.—1564—A^d P^a

From the wife of a Captain in the Navy, who has given the names and addresses of the persons concerned in confidence.

December 29th, 1884.

SIR,—I have for some time felt inclined, according to your request

for information on subjects connected with psychical research, to relate to you a peculiar circumstance which happened to some very near relatives of my own. They were, at the time (as nearly as I can remember in 1844), living in the Highlands, and the gentleman had some years before parted from a brother living in Nottinghamshire on very unfriendly terms.

Sitting at breakfast one morning with his wife (my sister), he saw this brother pass the window, and so fully impressed was he that he jumped up, calling to his wife to come to the hall door to receive him. They went, but on arriving did not see him, though the grounds were searched and servants questioned. On the arrival of the post bag, a letter came saying this brother was lying dangerously ill and most anxious to see and be reconciled to his brother. Of course he went, but on arriving heard he had died at the exact time he saw him pass the window.

I have often thought of and spoken of this, to me, very remarkable circumstance, and if at all bearing upon your requirements, you are at perfect liberty to use it, only kindly suppress the names, the son of one brother being still alive and ranking high in the military service in India.—I am, sir, yours truly,

C. A. F.

In a second letter, she says :—

In reply to your letter I regret to say I cannot, under any circumstances, permit my own, or my nephew's name to be made public. He is in the Colonies, and would, I am certain, be exceedingly indignant at seeing or hearing of his name being in print. I may say the same for myself, my husband and family; they would not hear of it.

The following cases of dreams have a precision which makes it possible, or even probable, that they were telepathic in nature, supposing telepathy to be a fact in nature. It is important, however, to note that we do not consider that the fact of telepathy could be *proved* by dreams, at any rate until a very much larger number of authentic cases are forthcoming in which the correspondence with reality is of a very close and detailed kind. The scope of possible dreams is so indefinitely large as to prevent here any definite confutation of the argument that the correspondences and coincidences which have been noted have been accidental. At the same time, if telepathy be proved by the stronger cases, where the percipient is awake, there is every reason to suppose that other cases might also occur in sleep. For there is nothing in the condition of sleep which we have any ground for supposing *adverse* to the telepathic influence. The evidence for telepathic dreams is therefore well worth collecting.

L.—1565—A° P°

From Mrs. Denroche, 1, Berkeley Villas, Pittville, Cheltenham.

February 23rd, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter yesterday, and in compliance with your request shall relate my dream. Long years have passed since the Easter morning when I awoke from it, but so vivid it was and so greatly it impressed me, I have no difficulty in recalling it. My cousin, Mr. Wright, knew of my brother's emigration, and also knew who the gentleman was (Mr. R.) at whose house he died. This gentleman had gone out to Australia three years before my brother, and having ample means, had established himself there comfortably. We had all been on intimate terms with him except my brother Stephen, who was one of a shy, reserved nature, never caring to make friends. We were unaware of the fact of Mr. R. having gone to Australia till nearly a year after my brother's departure, but upon hearing of it my mother wrote to my brother telling him to make his way to Mr. R.'s settlement, as she would feel so happy to think he was near a friend whose advice, &c., would be beneficial. His reply to this letter was that the great distance, nearly 300 miles, precluded any possibility of their meeting, as the journey should nearly altogether be accomplished on foot, and that he preferred staying in the neighbourhood of Sydney, &c., &c. He wrote very seldom, and the subject was not renewed, and we lost all thought of their ever coming together.

On the Easter morning I dreamt that I was looking out of my bedroom window, and that I saw Mr. R. walking up the avenue, and that knowing him to be in Australia, I felt so surprised and pleased that I ran down to meet him at the glass portico. When I put out my hand I said, "Oh how glad I am to see you again." He looked so sad and said, "You will not be glad, as I bring you sad news. Your brother Stephen is dead." I awoke at the moment, and it seemed as though the words were sounding in my ears. When the servant came to assist me to dress I told her my dream, and to comfort me she said that dreams always went by contraries, "and that he was most likely being married," but said I must not tell this dream to my mother or to any one who might do so, as my brother writing so seldom always made her so anxious and unhappy; and so acting upon her advice I did not speak of it, but the thought of it constantly recurred during the four months that intervened between the Easter and a visit to Bangor, in Wales, where a letter from Mr. R. was forwarded to me. He wrote to me for the reason that he thought I could more gently break the sad news to my dear mother, and his letter commenced almost with the same words that I had heard in the dream. He told how that a fortnight before his death my brother had reached his home sadly out of health, and worn with the toilsome

journey. At once he became too ill to write, and continued so till he died on Easter Sunday morning.—Yours very truly,

OLIVIA A. DENROCHE.

In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Denroche adds :—

February 6th, 1885.

My brother died in 1843, as I said, at Easter. When Mr. R. wrote to inform me of it I do not recollect if he mentioned the hour. His letter was dated Easter Sunday. The death might have been hours before. My dream of it was very early, about 6 o'clock. The old servant to whom I told it has been dead more than 20 years. My dear mother felt so thankful with the assurance that my brother had made his way to Mr. R.'s house, and that his last hours were rendered comfortable by nursing and medical attendance, whereas he might have died on his journey, and we possibly should never have been made aware of it.

I have never had any distressing or very remarkable dream save this one.

[This dream must have preceded the death by a good many hours.]

L.—1566—Ad P^a

Mrs. P., of ——— Rectory, writes :—

March 4th, 1885.

My niece has written down the dream. She adds to her plain account, in writing to me, that she thinks it rather more remarkable that she should have dreamt it, being a person who hardly ever dreams, unlike her mother and sister, who never sleep without dreaming. She also says she has often regretted not having written it down at the time, but can *safely sign all* she has stated.

J. L. P.

March 3rd, 1885.

My aunt has asked me to try and recall a dream that I dreamt many years ago about an old man, the road-mender in our village, whom I had known and loved from my earliest childhood. He was naturally a bright cheerful old man, but was at the time I am speaking of in extremely low spirits on account, as we supposed, of his wife, who was very ill and wretched, lying on what proved to be her death bed. On the morning of my dream my sister and myself had both been awake at 6 o'clock, and I had fallen asleep again before the servant came in as usual about 7 o'clock. On my waking from this sleep, I told my sister that I had had a very painful dream about old William

Thompson, whom I had seen in my dream running down the lane towards the Church fields, in his grey stockings, looking very miserable, and I turned to her and said, I fear old William is going to make away with himself. I had hardly finished telling my sister the dream, when our servant came in to call us, and said that our father (the rector of the parish) had been sent for in a great hurry to old William Thompson, who had just been found in the Church fields with his throat cut. He was without his shoes, and when my father got to him, he was still alive. These are the circumstances as accurately related as I can recall them.

S. S. P.

In answer to an inquiry, Miss P. says:—

I enclose a copy from the register of William Thompson's burial; and I hear from his niece that he died on a Sunday.

The entry is—William Thompson, April 7th, 1869, 82 years.

S. S. P.

In answer to a further letter of mine Miss P. says:—

March 11th.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a letter from my sister to confirm the truth of the account of my dream; but I still adhere to my resolution of not wishing to have my name published, as I really take no interest in the Society for Psychical Research and have simply related my dream as my aunt expressed a wish that I should do so. I may add that I am not generally a dreamer and have no recollection of any other dream about death.—Believe me, yours truly,

S. S. P.

March 11th.

DEAR SIR,—I fear I cannot tell you more about my sister's dream than she has already stated, but as you wish to have what she has said confirmed by another person, I will add that I perfectly remember her telling me the dream before the servant came into the room and told us of the sad death of the old man.—Yours truly,

J. M. P.

L.—1567.—A° P°

[The "Agent" being presumably Mrs. Seymour.]

From Mrs. Saunders, St. Helens, near Ryde.

March 18th, 1885.

Towards morning of the 10th January, 1885, I was conscious of a young woman standing by my bedside clad in a grey dressing-gown, holding in her arms, towards me, a child. The woman was weeping bitterly, and said, "Oh! Mrs. Saunders, I am in such trouble." I instantly recognised her as Mrs. C. R. Seymour, and was about to

interrogate her as to her trouble, when I was awakened by my husband asking me what was the matter, as I seemed so distressed. I told him I had had such a sad dream about poor Fanny Goodall (maiden name of Mrs. C. R. S.), but it really was to me more than a dream, so much so, that after rising I communicated it to the governess, Miss Monkman, also to the nurse and servant. I decided to send to her mother, Mrs. Goodall, to inquire if she had received any tidings of her daughter, who was resident in New Zealand with her husband and two children, but, as on after consideration I felt it might cause her alarm, I altered my intention. This dream or vision made so deep and lasting an impression that I constantly alluded to it to members of our household, until circumstances occasioned my calling on Mrs. Goodall about the beginning of this month, March, 1885, when I made particular inquiries for her daughter; and on being assured that she was well, according to letters by the most recent mail, I ventured to express my gratification, giving, as my reason for such, a narration of the "vision" that had not even then ceased to haunt me; which elicited from Mrs. Goodall and both of her daughters, who were present, fervent hopes that all was well with Mrs. Seymour. On the 12th of March, 1885, I again called on Mrs. Goodall, who on receiving me, with much emotion said, "Oh, have you heard the bad news from Fanny? I have thought so much of what you told me; her dear little Dottie has gone. I will read you her letters," both of which, although coming by different mails, had only been received within the past 24 hours. I have since written to Miss Monkman to ask her what she recollects of the incident, and her remarks are also given, with my husband's corroboration. That of my servant and nurse could also be obtained, but the latter is very ill in the hospital at present. I should mention that although I have felt very interested in and thought much of Mrs. C. R. S. before and since her departure from this country, yet I have never corresponded with her, but I now learn that she invariably mentioned me in her home correspondence, and felt much indebted to me for some trifling kindness I had been able to show her in the past. I am able to fix the date of my vision from circumstances which I need not here relate.

BESSIE SAUNDERS.

In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Saunders adds:—

In reply to your question, I have had distressing dreams relating to death at intervals, and which have not corresponded with reality; but those you are already cognisant of [viz., this one and 1568] are the only ones which impressed themselves sufficiently to induce me to take steps to discover if they did correspond with the reality, although I may have mentioned their purport casually at the time.

From Mr. Latimer H. Saunders.

March 18th, 1885.

I clearly remember on or about the 10th of January, 1885, early morning, suddenly awaking, and finding my wife leaning forward in bed. I asked her, "What was the matter?" She seemed agitated, and replied to the following effect: "Oh, I have had such a horrid dream! Fanny Goodall was standing here at my side, quite close, holding out the child in *such* distress, but I could not tell what she wanted; it was so real, I could have touched her, but you awoke me." Before rising, my wife repeated the incident in detail, but as I was absent from home on anxious business during the greater part of January and February, I did not think of the matter, and the subject was not again mentioned until late on the 12th March, when Mrs. Saunders told me the "sequel," and which was the first intimation I had thereof.

Fortunately, I can safely fix the date as being the morning of either the 9th, 10th, or 11th of January, as during that month these were, owing to circumstances, the *only possible* occasions on which the incident, as related, could have occurred, while my mental impression, *independently* arrived at, strongly points to the 10th as the day. I cannot disguise to my own mind that the evidence against either of the alternate days is purely of a negative nature, and although that in favour of the 10th is affirmative, I cannot be positive in my selection thereof, as my mind was preoccupied with anxious business at the time.

LATIMER H. SAUNDERS.

March 20th, 1885.

I remember Saturday morning, the 10th of January last. The mistress came into the kitchen to speak about the fire. After doing so she told me of such a bad dream she had had of Mrs. Seymour, of New Zealand, coming to her bedside with her little child in her arms. Mrs. Seymour was crying so bitterly, and imploring her for help.

E. DAWSON.

The above was taken down from dictation without prompting, and after being read over and approved, signed by the witness Elizabeth Dawson, domestic, in the presence of LATIMER H. SAUNDERS.

The governess, Miss E. A. Monkman, in a letter to Mrs. Saunders (dated 16, Castledine-road, Anerley, 16th March, 1885), of which I have seen a copy, gives exactly similar testimony as to Mrs. Saunders' description of her dream at the time. She was not sure of the date, and fancied it was between January 5th and 8th; but she adds in another letter, "The only thing I can be quite certain about, is that you told it me two or three days before you went to Sandown—it might have been three or four." Mr. Saunders says, "Mrs. Saunders went to Sandown on the 15th."

In another letter Miss Monkman says :—

March 21st, 1885. It must have been either 9th or 10th, then, for I am quite sure it was not on a Sunday that you told me about it. Sorry that my memory does not serve me better.

Extract from letter received from Mrs. Seymour by Mrs. Goodall, dated January 15th, 1885.

I do not know how to write it, mother. Dottie is dead ; a week ago this very Thursday evening she was taken ill, and on Saturday at ten minutes to 10 in the evening, she died. . . .

When congestion of the lungs set in and the fever came on, for she had a high fever the first day, I had no remedies at hand, and by the time they came it was too late.

Extract from letter received from Mrs. Seymour by Miss Goodall, dated January 26th, 1885.

I know you will want to know all about my darling Dot, who has now been with God in Heaven for sixteen long days.

Mrs. Goodall says :—

On the 2nd March, 1885, Mrs. Saunders called on me and inquired if I had heard from my daughter, Mrs. Seymour, living at New Zealand. I replied that I had good accounts from her the last time I received a letter from her, a few weeks ago. Mrs. Saunders then said, ‘ I am so glad, as I have had such a dream about her; it was more like a vision than a dream ; I thought she came to my bedside and said, “ Oh, Mrs. Saunders, I am in such trouble, do help me if you can.” ’

On the 12th March, on Mrs. Saunders again calling on me, I told her how much I thought of what she had told me about what she had dreamt of my daughter, Mrs. Seymour, being in such great trouble ; as the day before I had received a letter from her telling me of the death of her dear child, on January 10th, 1885. I had not previously received any telegram or news of any sort that the little girl was ill.

I may add that after receiving the sad news (but before I had told Mrs. Saunders), when replying to my daughter I mentioned the singular fact that Mrs. Saunders had called and expressed her anxiety for her welfare, as she had had such a bad dream about her.

March 20th, 1885.

FRANCES GOODALL.

I was present when Mrs. Saunders called on March 2nd, and remember the conversation as related above by my mother.

MARY JANE GOODALL.

March 20th, 1885.

ELIZABETH ANNE GOODALL.

[Allowing for longitude, the dream must have preceded the death by a few hours.]

The next case from the same percipient has less force, as dreams of hearses and funerals seem to be tolerably common; and also the person whose death was the cause of the supposed "agent's" distress and excitement was not identified in the dream.

L.—1568.—A° P°

March 17th, 1885.

In October, 1878, while residing at St. Helen's, five miles from Ryde, I had a vivid dream as follows:— I saw a hearse and pair of horses drive up to the house, from which alighted a lady, Mrs. B., of Ryde, who, having knocked at the door, was duly announced by the housemaid, who also handed me her visiting-card. I then saw that Mrs. B. was in deep mourning.

As this lady was in the habit of using her carriage and pair when visiting me, it struck me as remarkable that, with the exception of the "hearse" and the "deep mourning," the dream was very life-like. I, therefore, on awaking repeated it to my husband and thought much of it throughout the day; indeed, it made so great an impression on me that, we being in Newport that afternoon, I asked my husband to pass the house of Mr. M. (Mrs. B.'s brother) as I should like to be reassured that the family had sustained no loss by noticing that the blinds were not drawn. We did so, but found that the blinds were all down, so I then asked him to inquire at the house the cause of the mourning. He then learnt that Mrs. M., the mother of Mrs. B., had died at Ryde during the night. From subsequent inquiries, I learnt that Mrs. B. was in attendance.

I knew that Mrs. M. had been ailing, but had no idea she was seriously ill, or I should certainly have gone to see her as she was an old friend from my childhood and was much attached to me. And as far as I know I had not been thinking nor speaking of her or hers for some time previously.

BESSIE SAUNDERS.

I distinctly recollect the circumstances related above. My wife informed me of the dream before rising on the morning of the day in question, and the first intimation of the death of Mrs. M. was received by us when I inquired at her son's house in Newport on the afternoon of that day, having first purposely observed the house at the request of my wife, who mentioned the subject in the train *en route* to Newport, and then suggested that we should pass the house. I readily agreed as she appeared needlessly anxious on Mrs. B.'s behalf.

LATIMER H. SAUNDERS.

March 19th, 1885.

L.—1569—A^e P^s and Aⁿ P^s

From Mrs. Allibert, 12, Lincoln Street, Sloane Square, London, S.W.
January 22nd, 1885.

I will as far as I can, give particulars relative to my dream. It was in June, 1869, when I was residing in Paris; my son was at the Imperial College de Vanves, near Paris. I saw him in my dream with his eyes so red and inflamed that I thought to apply a bandage over them. I was much troubled, so much so that it left a great impression all the next day on my mind. In the afternoon of that day I received intimation that my son was ill, and went to the college, and found him exactly as I had seen him in my dream, but did not remember seeing the surroundings in the room. I spoke of it to my family the next morning. The only surviving member now is a brother who resides in Paris, who well remembers my dream. I will forward your letter to him, and ask him to write to you. As you asked if this was the most vivid dream I had had, I must mention one I had many years before my marriage (I unfortunately cannot give you the date) relative to a very dear lady friend I had not seen for several months. I was residing in Paris, and I knew her to be in England, but I had not heard of her for a long time. I told my family my dream (as I was much impressed by it), that I saw her dressed in a peculiar fur tippet, with muff, white, with black spots, (I had never seen her with it), and that she would look in upon us all while at dinner, and to surprise us the more, would enter quietly by a back door. It came to pass as I had said; all my relations were so startled at the time that for a few moments they had not a word for this dear friend, who, in return, was rather surprised, as you may imagine—they all so well remembered my statement that I had given that day in the morning.

E. ALLIBERT.

Mrs. Allibert kindly wrote to her brother for his recollections; and the following is his reply:—

41, Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris.

January 24th, 1885.

MY DEAR SISTER,—In reply to your letter, wherein you allude to *two dreams* on which you wish to call my attention, I am quite ready to affirm what took place at the time, and to relate the case, which has not escaped my memory.

I was then residing at No. 20, Rue Louis le Grand. It was the year before the war of 1870. Your studio was close at hand under La Michodière, and your son was then at the college of Vanves. You used then to come in frequently to have your luncheon with us. I perfectly recollect, so does my wife, your coming in one morning and relating to us the dream you had concerning your son.

You had seen him in your dream suffering from bad eyes, and

were under the impression that there was something wrong, and that you would soon hear of some serious illness.

I endeavoured to console you and was more disposed to think lightly of the dream, having but little faith in dreams, and persuading you to attach no importance to it.

However, the following day a letter from the director of the college was addressed to you at my house, which I handed to you myself on your arrival, and the contents of the letter were as follows:—

“Your son having been taken suddenly ill, you are requested to have him removed at once from the college.”

He was consequently under your care for several weeks, laid up with the scarlet fever.

Your dream turned out to be a reality, and I recollect perfectly well that it greatly impressed us.

The other case is that relating to an old friend of ours, Madame Puve, whom we had not seen for a long time and who frequently travelled between France and England.

You related to us one morning that you felt sure we would soon receive the visit of our friend as you had seen her in a dream, and the most singular incident was that relating to her garments. She had round her neck a *black and white fourrure*.

In fact, the very same day, just as we were going to sit down to dinner, our friend took us by surprise and walked in without being expected. She had round her neck *the fur described above*.

It was very striking and caused us some astonishment. We have often thought of it since, and are no longer disposed to laugh at your dreams.—I remain yours affectionately,
J. RINGER.

Miss Porter, a member of the Society for Psychical Research and one of our most active and useful helpers, called on Mrs. Allibert, and says:—

Her husband was a professor of geology in Paris, and a microscopic anatomist.

She came to England on account of the Franco-German war, her husband being already dead, and has remained here ever since, her son (an only child) having obtained a clerkship in a bank.

She told me that although the two cases she mentions were the most striking of her experiences, at one time she was extremely susceptible to mysterious (?) influences, and for years always *knew* when anything unusual was happening, either to her brother (whose corroboration I send) or to her son. She has never had a *waking* impression.

Her son had never before, nor has ever since, had anything the matter with his eyes, her first intimation of such illness having been in

her dream. She told me that she seems now to have quite lost her sensitiveness, not having had an experience of any kind for many years. (I must except one dream of her brother's illness about five years ago, which she said was only slight.) She appears to possess some sort of mesmeric power, having, she informs me, frequently cured and put to sleep friends suffering from severe headache, and still does it occasionally for her son when he returns home very tired.—B. P.

Of these two cases the second is the strongest. Mothers may be supposed liable to dream of the illness of their children, and the alleged exactitude of the correspondence between the appearance of Mrs. Allibert's son, when she actually saw him, and his aspect in her dream is not a point that can be pressed.

The following, though it lacks detail, is another case of very close coincidence, and is of the sort which is serviceable for the statistical census of dreams of death for the last dozen years. [It will be remembered that the object of the census is (1) to discover, by inquiry of a good many thousands of people, what proportion of the population have, during the past 12 years, had a markedly distressing dream of the death of some person known to them; in order (2) to discover whether the number of cases known to us, where such a dream has corresponded with the actual death of the person dreamt of, can, or cannot, be accounted for as due to the natural operation of the law of chances. I may take this opportunity of saying that I am still sadly in want of assistance in the collection of answers, and shall be delighted to send a parcel of printed forms to anyone who is willing to assist me.—E. G.]

L.—1570.

The Rev. A. B. having communicated to me the fact that since January 1st, 1884, he had had an exceptionally vivid dream—which haunted him for a portion of two days—of the death of an acquaintance, and that the dream had corresponded with the fact, the usual questions were asked. He replied as follows:—

The Vicarage, ———.

December 9th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to the subject of your note, I am able to say that I had no means of knowing that the lady in question was ailing or even in delicate health. She was the wife of a cousin from whom or of whom I do not think I had heard for some months. I have so much to do in my parish that I have little time for correspondence, but in consequence of what I dreamed I at once wrote to the son of the lady

referred to, having previously, on awaking, mentioned the matter to my own wife. My remark to her was, "We shall hear some bad news, I fear, from R——" (the residence of my cousin), and I then repeated the dream. Within another post I heard that Mrs. B. had died *on that night*.

I had, some years afterwards, another *very troubled* dream about the same household, but not such as to lead me to think that a death had taken place. I immediately wrote, and learned that there was a very serious anxiety there about a contemplated marriage of an undesirable nature, and had reason to know that the dream had an important influence in averting the step.

I mentioned that in my family I was not the only member who had these premonitions. A very near relative by whom, in my early boyhood, I was reared, knew for a certainty of the death of her own father, and subsequently of that of a much-loved niece, and this under circumstances which she had no other means of knowing than by dream or vision, and did not know until a special messenger arrived to communicate the news. This was in the days when postal communications in Ireland were both intricate and tedious, and a distance of some 25 miles might occupy a good part of a week, but of the fact I am able to vouch. Many years afterwards, when I was a student in the university, the same favoured relative wrote to me that she feared I would hear some bad news of my father, and I did immediately, that he was dead. There was no communication at the time between her and my father's house.

These matters are communicated in confidence for the purposes of the Society, for they are *not much* spoken of in the family.—I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,
A. B.

December 11th.

The following is Mrs. B.'s corroboration :—

Mrs. B. has much pleasure in confirming the statement made by her husband as to his having communicated to her the substance of his dream boding something very serious to his cousin's family.

The family lives in Ireland, and the news of the death did not reach us until two days after, and of the illness we had had no intimation.

L.—1571—A^d P^s or t

From Miss L. A. W.

January, 1885.

In the year 1857, I had a brother in the very centre of the Indian Mutiny. I had been ill in the spring, and taken from my lessons in the

school-room. Consequently I heard more of what was going on from the newspapers than a girl of 13 ordinarily would in those days. We were in the habit of hearing regularly from my brother, but in the June and July of that year no letters came, and what arrived in August proved to have been written quite early in the spring, and were full of the disturbances around his station. He was in the service of the East India Company—an officer in the 8th Native Infantry. I had always been devoted to him, and I grieved and fretted far more than any of my elders knew at his danger. I cannot say I dreamt constantly of him, but when I did the impressions were vivid and abiding.

On one occasion his personal appearance was being discussed, and I remarked, "He is not like that now, he has no beard nor whiskers," and when asked why I said such a thing I replied, "I knew it, for I had seen him in my dreams," and this brought a severe reprimand from my governess, who never allowed "such nonsense" to be talked of.

On the morning of the 25th September, quite early, I awoke from a dream to find my sister holding me, and much alarmed. I had screamed out, struggled, crying out, "Is he really dead?" When I fully awoke I felt a burning sensation in my head. I could not speak for a moment or two; I knew my sister was there, but I neither felt nor saw her.

In about a minute, during which she said my eyes were staring beyond her, I ceased struggling, cried out, "Harry's dead, they have shot him," and fainted.

When I recovered I found my sister had been sent away, and an aunt who had always (on account of my mother's health) looked after me, sitting by my bed.

In order to soothe my excitement she allowed me to tell her my dream, trying all the time to persuade me to regard it as a natural consequence of my anxiety. When in the narration I said he was riding with another officer, and mounted soldiers behind them, she exclaimed, "My dear, that shows you it is only a dream, for you know dear Harry is in an infantry, not a cavalry, regiment." Nothing, however, shook my feelings that I had seen a reality, and she was so much struck by my persistence, that she privately made notes of the date, and of the incidents, even to the minutest details of my dream, and then for a few days the matter dropped, but I felt the truth was coming nearer and nearer to all. In a short time the news came in the papers—shot down on the morning of the 25th when on his way to Lucknow. A few days later came one of his missing letters, telling how his own regiment had mutinied, and that he had been transferred to a command in the 12th Irregular Cavalry, bound to join Havelock's force in the relief of Lucknow.

Some eight years after the officer who was riding by him when he

fell, visited us, and when, in compliance, with my aunt's request, he detailed the incidents of that sad hour his narration tallied (even to the description of the buildings on their left) with the notes she had taken the morning of my dream.

I should also add that we heard he had made an alteration in his beard and whiskers just about the time that I had spoken of him as wearing them differently.

In answer to inquiries Miss W. says :— *January 31st, 1885.*

As to date, the dream concerning my brother's death took place in the morning half of the night of the 25th of September, and I think I noted in my MS. that an aunt to whom I related the dream at the time was so struck by the pertinacity with which I adhered to the various particulars, that she put down the date and also the details of the dream.

My brother's rank was that of captain. The officer who is mentioned as riding by my brother at the time he was shot, was either Captain or Major (I forget whether he gained his majority before or after the Mutiny) Grant, the Speke and Grant man, and he lost a finger shortly after he had picked up my brother's sword.

I have *always* been a dreamer. My mother says that as a baby and very young child I was unlike any of her other 13 children; that I often lay with my eyes open, pointing at nothing she could see, and smiling. And as I grew old enough to talk, the nurses told her I was always talking aloud in my sleep. I never had the same sort of dream of death.

L.—1572—A^s P^s

From Miss L. A. W.

January, 1885.

When I was about 19 and 20, I was in very indifferent health; and yet, as my father remarked, no one seemed to know what was the matter with me. The doctors said I had studied too much at school, and that this was the reaction. My mother thought I was too much at my books and writing, and I was ordered tonics, horse exercise, and to go out visiting whenever I was asked. All this time only one of my sisters knew that I had disturbed nights, and dreams so peculiar that I hesitated sometimes to tell them even to her; but in a private note-book I had put down from time to time dates of certain dreams, and more particularly notes of the appearance and conduct of the individual who literally haunted my waking and sleeping hours.

It would take too long were I to give the whole of my experiences I will, as briefly as I can, give an epitome of them.

The dreams commenced in March one year, and continued, at intervals, till the June in the next. Sometimes I went a week without one of these peculiar visitations; sometimes they came night after night; and on one occasion I was nearly four months free from them. I could neither attribute them to any one particular course of study, nor to indigestion, nor to any special diet, for I tried change in every way for my own comfort's sake. I was not in love, nor indeed had I been; and certainly no feeling but that of a mysterious repugnance (and at the same time an inability to avoid or escape from the influence of the person of whom I dreamt) actuated me. He was someone I had never in all my life wittingly seen, though I had reason to think afterwards that he had seen me at a Birmingham musical festival. On that occasion I had *apparently* fainted, and it was attributed to the heat and the excitement of the music. I hardly knew if it were or not. I only knew I felt all my pulses stop, and a burning and singing in my head, and that I was perfectly conscious of those around me, but unable to speak and tell them so. To return to my dreams. I always knew as I slept *when* the influence was coming over me, and often in my dream I commenced it by thinking, "Here it is, or here he comes again." They were not always disagreeable dreams in themselves, but the fascination was *always dreadful* to me, and a kind of struggle between two natures within me seemed to drag my powers of mind and body two ways. I used to awake as cold as a stone in the hottest nights, my head having the queer feeling of a hot iron pressing somewhere in its inside. I would shiver and my teeth chatter with a terror which seemed unreasonable, for there was, even in the subjects of my dreams, seldom anything *wicked* or terrifying. As to any idea of love between me and this mysterious stranger, there never was any approach to it in my impressions. There was an interval when a gentleman was paying me some little attention in my day life, that the irritability of my tormentor seemed in my dreams to be extreme. I can remember some of them perfectly; and I have notes of others, but they can, I think, be scarcely needed.

Suffice it to say that I became so thin and so nervous that bad nights were suspected, and I underwent a course of sedatives and opiates, which induced or rather compelled sleep, and when under this treatment I found a difficulty in dreaming, an inability to follow dim visions of dreams, a stupor upon my senses, and after some three or four months I was pronounced well; and it certainly proved true that all exciting circumstances had passed from my sleep. In the early months of the next year *but one*, I went with a sister to visit in Liverpool, where we had much gaiety, and were out nearly every night. I can truly say I had forgotten for the time my dreams of a year and a-half ago, not that they ever ceased to be mysterious, and perfectly

vivid when I thought of them, but I never did this if I could help it. One night we went with our friends to a large private ball. The rooms for dancing were two, curtains of lace being half across the opening between them, and these were looped back against pillars. I had enjoyed two or three good dances, and was sitting out one, by the lady of the house, when, *not suddenly*, but by degrees, I felt myself turning cold and stony, and the peculiar burning in my head. If I could have spoken I would have said, "My dreams! my dreams!" but I only shivered, which attracted the notice of my companion, who exclaimed, "You are ill, my dear. Come for some wine, or hot coffee." I rose, knowing what I was going to see, and as I turned, I looked straight into the eyes of the fac-simile of the being who had been present to my sleeping thoughts for so long, and the next instant he stepped forward from the pillar against which he was leaning behind the lace curtain and shook hands with my companion. He accompanied us to the refreshment room, attended to my wants, and was introduced to me. I declined dancing, but could not avoid conversation. His first remark was, "We are not strangers to each other. Where have we met?" I fear I shall scarcely be believed when I say, that (setting my teeth and nerving myself to meet what I felt would conquer me, if I once submitted in even the slightest degree) I answered that I never remembered meeting him before, and to all his questionings returned the most reserved answers. He seemed much annoyed and puzzled, but on that occasion did not mention dreams. I took an opportunity of asking my sister if she remembered my description of the man of my dreams, and upon her answering "Yes," asked her to look round the rooms and see if any one there resembled him, and half-an-hour later she came up, saying, "There is the man, he has even the mole on the left side of his mouth."

We made inquiries cautiously as to who the gentleman was, and heard that he came from the United States, had letters of recommendation to some of the first families in Liverpool society, was supposed to be half English, half German, very peculiar in his notions, very studious, very fascinating when he chose to be so. I met him at almost every party I went to, and it seemed a matter of course that he should sit and converse with me when he could get the opportunity. He was sometimes so gloomy and fierce at my determined avoidance of any but the most ordinary conversation, that I felt quite a terror of meeting him. He frequently asked if I believed in dreams; if I could relate any to him; if I had never seen him before; and would say, after my persistent avoidance of the subject, "I can do nothing, so long as you will not *trust me*."

Our friends thought there was a flirtation going on, but on neither side was there anything approaching it. I found, however, that his

repeated questions became more and more difficult to parry, that his conversations were deeply interesting, though I always felt a dread of what they might lead me into, and I wrote home, saying, I found my nerves were not standing well the gaiety and late hours, and asked to be recalled on some home pretext. I did not even tell my sister what I had done, but the very day the letter went I met Mr. — at a concert, and he said, "You have written to be sent for home," and then spoke most bitterly of what we had both lost through my obstinacy and want of faith; and a great deal more, which made my brain reel at the pictures he painted. I have never met him again; but seven years ago I had a short return of dreaming of him, but it only lasted three months, and everything was always indistinct and as if through a mist.

I have heard of him, or of some one of the same name, once or twice as lecturing in different places, but my friends left Liverpool, and whether he has or has not been in England lately I cannot say. No one can tell how much strength was taken out of me by the continual struggle of will which I maintained through those ever-memorable three weeks in Liverpool. I used to feel bruised and shaken all over when I had met him—the tension of my nerves seemed to react upon my senses of feeling and touch, and now, when I think of it, I can only wonder at the physical, moral and mental struggle which seemed to possess me through what were indeed hard battles to fight.

Some have said to me, "Oh! *why* did you not tell him you had dreamt of him, and see what he would say?" My answer was and is, that I felt always that as I completely lost my own will and my own identity in those dreams, so should I have given myself up to do his will had I given way in our personal interviews, and either acknowledged or accepted his power.

In answer to inquiries, Miss W. says:—

It would take me more time than I can spare just now to examine, weed out, and note down any details from my "Dream Note-Book," or entries from my diaries, which I should choose to send, to be made public.

At that time, I had never been in Italy, nor Switzerland, though I had always longed to go, and one *set* of *dreams* I have down, describing how in the first place the companion of my dreams suggested showing me the world, how we seemed to *fly* through space—*no wings*, but passing through crowds of people unseen, just a few feet from the ground, hearing and seeing everything, *floating* through rooms invisible to all. I have several pages of this set of dreams; they were enthralling, but there was always the feeling—and I have it noted down—that I was *not* a free agent, that I could not help myself, that I had to go,

and that all this would end in my being the slave, the agent, the victim of my mysterious guide.

When conversing with him in the flesh, he asked me if I had "ever travelled." I said "No." He showed surprise, and began to dilate on the wonders of such and such a place or scene, all of which I felt sure I had seen with him, and entered in my note-book. It was deeply interesting, and I was totally absorbed in his recitals, time after time, when he abruptly stopped saying, "But have you *never* had scenes such as these before you?" and I replied, "Yes, in my dreams I have."

Such, or similar remarks, I know I have noted down, and his eagerness to make me admit similar experiences was at times almost fierce. I had a great longing at times to tell him everything, but an innate sense that by so doing I should be as completely his slave, and tool as I had been in dreams, always stopped me.

My sister has no hesitation in saying she remembers all the circumstances of those years, my dreams, and their frequency, many of which I recounted to her; also the description of the man as tallying with the reality we both met.

I have not now mentioned the matter to her, as none of my home people know I am writing on this subject to you, but it is not a year ago since we were talking of the matter to some friends.

You are right in your conjecture that he inferred he had seen me in dreams. He often talked as if I were perfectly aware that I knew it, but that I would not go beyond a certain limit in admitting anything. He frequently talked of electro-biology, second sight, and similar subjects leading to these. Now, as to your last remark. "Names"! I am quite sure it would be highly distasteful to my family to have my name published in reference to these dreams. I should not *like* it, but were I alone I would have consented to it, were there any good to be derived from it, and I can understand that cases of this kind furnish more aid if names and addresses can be given.

The next case seems also to be a "reciprocal" one, though we do not learn whether the impressions which suggested to each of the parties the other's presence were always simultaneous. The narrator is a clergyman in Yorkshire; he desires his name not to be published.

L.—1573—Aⁿ Pⁿ

January, 1885.

The following experience took place nearly 25 years ago, but there is no doubt of its correctness in every detail. I became acquainted with a young lady in London, who, I may say without vanity, fell violently in love with me. There was a strange fascination about her which attracted me to her, but although very young, I was far from

reciprocating her affection. By degrees I discovered that she had the power of influencing me when I was away from her, making me seem to realize her presence about me when I knew that she was some distance away; and then that she was able, when I saw her, to tell me where I had been and what I had been doing at certain times. At first I thought that this was merely the result of accident—that some one had seen me and reported to her—until one day she told me that at a certain hour of the day I had been in a drawing-room, which she described, when I knew there had been no chance of collusion, and that no one could have told her of my visit to the house.

She then told me that when she began intently to fix her mind on me, she seemed to be able to see me and all my surroundings. At first she fancied it was only imagination, until she saw by my manner that what she described had really taken place. I had several opportunities afterwards of testing this power, and found she was correct in every instance.

I need scarcely say that when I had satisfied myself of this I kept out of the way of such a dangerous acquaintance. We did not meet for about 10 years, and had drifted so widely apart as to lose sight of each other. One day I was walking with my wife on the West Cliff at Ramsgate, when a strange feeling of oppression came over me, and I was compelled to sit down. A few minutes afterwards my old acquaintance stood before me, introducing me to her husband and asking to be introduced to my wife.

We met several times while they stayed at Ramsgate, and I learned that she had been married for some years, and had several children; but I have seen nothing of them since, and have no wish, even if I had the opportunity, of renewing the acquaintance. No reference whatever was made to the past, and I did not learn whether she had still the strange power she formerly possessed.

L.—1574.—A^s P^a

From the Rev. W. E. Dutton, Lothersdale Rectory, Cononley, Leeds.

January 30th, 1885.

I am not quite clear as to the exact date, but about the middle of June, in the year 1863, I was walking up the High Street of Huddersfield, in broad daylight, when I saw approaching me, at a distance of a few yards, a dear friend who I had every reason to believe was lying dangerously ill at his home, in Staffordshire. A few days before, I had heard this from his friends. As the figure drew nearer, I had every opportunity of observing it; and, although it flashed across my mind that his recovery had been sudden, I never thought of doubting that it

was really my friend. As we met, he looked into my eyes with a sad longing expression, and, to my astonishment, never appeared to notice my outstretched hand, or respond to my greeting, but quietly passed on. I was so taken by surprise as to be unable to speak or move for a few seconds, and could never be quite certain whether there was uttered by him any audible sound, but a clear impression was left on my mind, "I have wanted to see you so much, and you would not come." Recovering from my astonishment, I turned to look after the retreating figure, but it was gone. My first impulse was to go to the station and wire a message; my next, which was acted upon, was to start off immediately to see whether my friend was really alive or dead, scarcely doubting that the latter was the case. When I arrived next day I found him living, but in a state of semi-consciousness. He had been repeatedly asking for me, his mind apparently dwelling on the thought that I would not come to see him. As far as I could make out, at the time I saw him on the previous day he was apparently sleeping. He told me afterwards that he fancied he saw me, but had no clear idea how or where. I have no means of accounting for the apparition, which was that of my friend clothed, and not as he must have been at the time. My mind was at the moment fully occupied with other matters, and I was not thinking of him.

I may add that he rallied afterwards, and lived for several months. At the time of his death I was far from home, but there was no repetition of the mysterious experience.

W. E. DUTTON.

February 3rd, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your question I have never had, so far as I can remember, any other experience of the nature described in my narrative, and do not think I am a subject for such impressions. This makes the solitary experience all the more mysterious to me.—Yours faithfully, W. E. DUTTON.

The following is a well-attested specimen of a collective hallucination.

L.—1575

From the Rev. W. Raymond, Ballyheigne, Co. Kerry.

December 18th, 1884.

About 30 years ago Miss Mildred Nash, my mother's aunt, died in my mother's house, at the advanced age of 82 years. She had been blind for some years, and an orphan cousin of mine had been much in attendance on her. My aunt lived and died in a room on the ground floor in the front of our house, which was situated in a retired street of Tralee. A few days after her death my cousin and I were sitting, on

a summer evening, at the window of the room over the room in which my aunt had died. I heard distinctly the words "Rosy, Rosy" (my cousin's name) apparently from the room beneath, and in my aunt's voice; then I heard my cousin answer to the call, she also heard the voice. I, struck with the strangeness of the circumstance, at once threw up the window to see if it were a voice from the street, but there was no one visible, and there could be no one there without being seen. I then searched the house all around, but there was nobody near except ourselves—my cousin and myself. The tale ends there; nothing afterwards happened in connection;—merely the unaccountable fact that two persons did independently hear such a voice as I have mentioned. I heard both the name called, and the answer.

WM. RAYMOND.
Rector of Ballyheigne.

January 9th, 1885.

I send you, as soon as I was able to get it, enclosed statement in corroboration sent me by my cousin. She mentioned an item that helped to fix the facts in her memory (and which, shows the superstition of the people here) that her neighbours all said she should not have answered, but, as she says, no harm came of it. This was my only experience of auditory hallucination.

W. RAYMOND.

Tralee, January 8th, 1885.

My cousin, Rev. William Raymond, has asked me if I remember about the voice we heard at the time of the death of old Miss Nash, his aunt. I do remember that a few days after her death he and I were sitting, one summer evening, in the room over the room where she died, that I heard my name called, apparently from that room and in her voice, and that I answered the call, and that we searched and could find no one about who could have spoken.

ROSE RAYMOND.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Raymond states that this is her sole experience of an auditory hallucination.

L.—1576—A^d Pⁿ

From Mrs. Harnett (great aunt to Miss Porter, who vouches for the accuracy of the account).

Hollybank, Kenley, Surrey,
December, 1884.

Having been requested to write down the particulars of an event which occurred in the lives of my parents, I do so.

In 1820, my father and mother, both being under 50 years of age,

and in perfect health, were staying in Liverpool (their residence being at Whitehaven, in Cumberland), names, Joseph and Ann Mondel.

One night, the latter, sleeping peacefully, was awoke by the former calling out :—

“ Ann, I feel sure Anthony Mathers is dead.”

“ What makes you think so ? ”

“ He has just been at the bedside, and laid an icy-cold hand on my cheek.”

“ You must have been dreaming.”

“ Oh, but my cheek is still cold.”

The old and much-esteemed friend was, at the time, sojourning in one of the West Indian islands. The season was known to be more than usually sickly, so the thought of his danger might have engendered morbid feelings. My father, as well as my mother, was content to rest in that hope during the weeks that must elapse ere the news of that night's occurrences in Jamaica could reach England. News did arrive, and stated that on the night referred to Mr. Mathers succumbed to a sudden and most severe attack of yellow or other West Indian fever.

As a child, I first heard the tale, but often in my presence was it repeated or referred to, later in life, without any change or amplification of detail.

JANET HARNETT.

L.—1577—A^t Pⁿ

From Mrs. Bettany, 2, Eeking-on Villas, Ashbourne Grove,
Dulwich.

November, 1884.

When I was a child I had many remarkable experiences of a psychical nature, which I remember to have looked upon as ordinary and natural at the time.

On one occasion (I am unable to fix the date, but I must have been about 10 years old) I was walking in a country lane at A., the place where my parents then resided. I was reading geometry as I walked along, a subject little likely to produce fancies or morbid phenomena of any kind, when in a moment, I saw a bedroom known as the White Room in my home, and upon the floor lay my mother, to all appearance dead. The vision must have remained some minutes, during which time my real surroundings appeared to pale and die out ; but as the vision faded, actual surroundings came back, at first dimly, and then clearly.

I could not doubt that what I had seen was real, so, instead of going home, I went at once to the house of our medical man and found him at home. He at once set out with me for my home, on the way

putting questions I could not answer, as my mother was to all appearance well when I left home.

I led the doctor straight to the White Room, where we found my mother actually lying as in my vision. This was true even to minute details. She had been seized suddenly by an attack at the heart, and would soon have breathed her last but for the doctor's timely advent. I shall get my father and mother to read this and sign it.

JEANIE GWYNNE-BETTANY.

We certify that the above is correct.

S. G. GWYNNE,
J. W. GWYNNE.

In answer to inquiries, Mrs. Bettany says:—

(1) I was in no anxiety about my mother at the time I saw the vision I described. She was in her usual health when I left her.

(2) Something a little similar had once occurred to my mother. She had been out riding alone, and the horse brought her to our door hanging half off his back, in a faint. This was a long time before, and she never rode again. Heart disease had set in. She was not in *the habit* of fainting unless an attack of the heart was upon her. Between the attacks she looked and acted as if in health.

(3) The occasion I described was, I believe, the only one on which I saw a scene transported apparently into the actual field of vision, to the exclusion of objects and surroundings actually present.

I have had other visions in which I have seen events happening as they *really were*, in another place, but I have been also conscious of *real* surroundings.

In answer to further inquiries, she adds:—

(1) No one could tell whether my vision preceded the fact or not. My mother was supposed to be out. No one knew anything of my mother's being ill, till I took the doctor and my father, whom I had encountered at the door, to the room where we found my mother as I had seen her in my vision.

(2) The doctor is dead. He has no living relation. No one in A. knew anything of these circumstances.

(3) The White Room in which I saw my mother, and afterwards actually found her, was out of use. It was unlikely she should be there.

She was found lying in the attitude in which I had seen her. I found a handkerchief with a lace border beside her on the floor. This I had distinctly noticed in my vision. There were other particulars of coincidence which I cannot put here.

Mrs. Bettany's father has given the following fuller account:—

I distinctly remember being surprised by seeing my daughter in

company with the family doctor outside the door of my residence ; and I asked "Who is ill?" She replied, "Mamma." She led the way at once to the "White Room," where we found my wife lying in a swoon on the floor. It was when I asked when she had been taken ill, that I found it must have been after my daughter had left the house. None of the servants in the house knew anything of the sudden illness, which our doctor assured me would have been *fatal* had he not arrived when he did.

My wife was quite well when I left her in the morning.

S. G. GWYNNE.

L.—1578—A^d Pⁿ

From the Rev. John Mathwin, Vicar of West Pelton, Co. Durham.

December 19th, 1884.

Forty years ago, or thereabouts, when I was about 20 years of age, a lady friend of mine, a distant relative by marriage—age between 40 and 50—had for some time been in a delicate state of health, though not confined to the house. We frequently had quiet conversations together on religious matters. Neither of us was of an excitable turn of mind. The invalid herself was happy, and I felt a calm and comforting conviction of the truth of Christianity. As well as I can now recollect I last saw my friend alive about a fortnight before her death. She did not seem at that time to be worse than usual, and apparently might have lived at any rate for a few years. However, one night when I was in bed—say about 4 o'clock in the morning—I had what I may call a vision. A figure appeared before me neatly draped, and a certain brightness about it seemed to awake me. I at once felt conscious that someone was near me who wished to make a communication to me. I soon recognised the face of my invalid friend. She seemed to wish to give me time to collect myself—evidently intimating that there was no cause why I should be afraid. As a matter of fact I had no fear at all. My then feelings may perhaps be best described as partaking both of wonder (or expectation) and pleasure. When, apparently, the figure had convinced herself that I recognised her, and that I had satisfied myself that I was under no delusion, she seemed to beckon me cheerfully with one or two fingers of her right hand, and to say to me, "It's all right; come on." She then vanished, and I neither saw nor heard anything more.

Though there was no injunction given to me not to tell what I had seen, I yet felt that the communication was of too solemn a nature to allow me at once to talk of it openly. But I said to my brother at breakfast about 8 o'clock that morning that I had dreamt in the night that Mrs. So-and-so was dead, and it turned out, as we heard about

10 o'clock, that our friend had died during the night. For some years I never mentioned this experience to anyone, but afterwards I felt no hesitation in talking about it to intimate friends.

In answer to inquiries Mr. Mathwin says :—

February 17th, 1885.

To my brother I spoke of what I call the vision as if it had been a dream, but this was because I did not wish to draw his attention very specially to it, although I felt constrained to mention it to him in some way.

He tells me now that he has no recollection of my having spoken to him about it, as I did at breakfast on the morning of the death, but before we knew of the death having taken place. I am not, however, surprised that my brother should not now recollect the remark I made to him at that time.

My own strong impression all along has been, and still is, that I was communicated with by the spirit of the departed. I, therefore, infer that in reference to that special communication I was to all intents and purposes awake. I never had any similar experience before, neither have I had since. I had no reason to expect any communication of the kind at any time.

JOHN MATHWIN.

The following is a rather strong specimen of a weak class. It is an account of a very unusual depression of spirits, followed by a vivid dream. The latter may easily be accounted for as following naturally on the former. The emotional depression, which coincided in time with the death of a near relative, may, of course, have been accidental; but it seems to have been a unique experience in the life of a person of strong mental and physical health, which is in favour of the telepathic explanation.

L.—1579—A^d Pⁿ

From a doctor, who does not wish his name to be published. He is personally known to me, and a man of much intelligence.—E.G.

Dunoon, *March 7th, 1885.*

When a boy, about 14 years of age, I was in school in Edinburgh, my home being in the West of Scotland.

A thoughtless boy, free from all care or anxiety, in the "Eleven" of my school, and popular with my companions, I had nothing to worry or annoy me. I boarded with two old ladies, now both dead.

One afternoon—on the day previous to a most important cricket match in which I was to take part—I was overwhelmed with a most unusual sense of depression and melancholy. I shunned my friends and

got "chaffed" for my most unusual dulness and sulkiness. I felt utterly miserable, and even to this day I have a most vivid recollection of my misery that afternoon.

I knew that my father suffered from a most dangerous disease in the stomach—a gastric ulcer—and that he was always more or less in danger, but I knew that he was in his usual bad health, and that nothing exceptional ailed him.

That same night I had a dream. I was engaged in the cricket match. I saw a telegram being brought to me while batting, and it told me that my father was dying, and telling me to come home at once. I told the ladies with whom I boarded what my dream had been, and told them how real the impression was. I went to the ground and was engaged in the game, batting, and making a score. I saw a telegram being brought out, read it, and fainted. I at once left for home, and found my father had just died when I reached the house. The ulcer in the stomach had suddenly burst about 4 o'clock on the previous day, and it was about that hour that I had experienced the most unusual depression I have described. The sensations I had on that afternoon have left a most clear and distinct impression on my mind, and now, after the lapse of 15 years, I well remember my miserable feelings.

J. D., M.D.

In reply to inquiries, Dr. D. says :—

I most certainly never had a similar experience of depression, or such a vivid dream as the one I tried in my letter to explain. Both the depression and the dream were quite exceptional, and have left a most clear impression on my memory.

I fear I cannot name any individual schoolfellow who noticed my most unwonted silence and quietness on that afternoon, but I distinctly remember their chaffing me for not joining as usual in the afternoon's practice.—J. D.

The following is a similar case :—

1580—Ad Pn

From Mrs. Bull, Mossley Vicarage, Congleton.

January 3rd, 1885.

On the evening of January 28th, 1863, I had met several old friends at dinner at a friend's house near Manchester, in which neighbourhood I had been paying visits. My return home to my father's house was fixed for the next afternoon. I ought to say that between that father and me, his first-born child, a more than common bond of affection and sympathy existed, arising from circumstances I need not mention, and I was looking forward to my return with earnest longing. The evening had been bright and happy, surrounded by friends I

valued. When I was about to leave, my hostess pressed me to play for her a very favourite old march. I declined, on account of the lateness of the hour, and keeping horses standing. She said, "It is not yet 12, and I have sent the carriage away for a quarter of an hour." I sat down laughing, and before I played many bars, such an indescribable feeling came over me, intense sadness heralded a complete break down, and I was led away from the piano in hysterics. By 10 o'clock the next morning I got a telegram, to say my father had gone to bed in his usual health, and at a quarter to 12 the night before had passed away in an epileptic fit, having previously said to my sister how glad he was to think of seeing me so soon, and when she bid him good night, praying God to give them both a quiet night and sleep.—Yours, much interested in your research,

A. M. BULL.

In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Bull says :—

Since reading your letter last night I have carefully gone over the guests of that dinner party, and find them all gone but one, Frank Ashton, Esq., The Laurels, Twickenham, and he is too ill to read or to answer a letter. At the time I speak of, I was the widow of the Rev. J. Lowthian, vicar of Wharton, and the daughter of the Rev. John Jackson, vicar of Over. *I never experienced* a similar feeling. I am not at all naturally inclined to depression, and am *perfectly free* from what is commonly understood by superstition.

L.—1581.—Ad Pn

From Miss Martyn, Long Melford Rectory, Suffolk.

September 4th 1884.

On March 16th, 1884, I was sitting alone in the drawing-room, reading an interesting book, and feeling perfectly well, when suddenly I experienced an undefined feeling of dread and horror; I looked at the clock and saw it was just 7 p.m. I was utterly unable to read so I got up, and walked about the room trying to throw off the feeling, but I could not; I became quite cold, and had a firm presentiment that I was dying. This feeling lasted about half-an-hour, and then passed off, leaving me a good deal shaken all the evening; I went to bed feeling very weak, as if I had been seriously ill.

The next morning I received a telegram telling me of the death of a near and very dear cousin, Mrs. K., in Shropshire, with whom I had been most intimately associated all my life, but for the last two years had seen very little of her. I did not associate this feeling of death with her or with any one else, but I had a most distinct impression that

something terrible was happening. This feeling came over me, I afterwards found, just at the time when my cousin died (7 p.m.). The connection with her death may have been simply an accident. I have never experienced anything of the sort before. I was not aware that Mrs. K. was ill, and her death was peculiarly sad and sudden.

K. M.

Mr. White Cooper, through whose kindness we obtained this account, in answer to a request of E.G.'s writes as follows :—

19, Berkeley Square.

April 7th, 1885.

I have asked Miss Martyn whether she had told anyone about her feeling of horror on March 16th, *before* she heard of the death of her cousin. She told me she had. She was quite convinced, and perfectly remembered telling Miss Mason the same evening, after Miss Mason had come from church, that she had had a peculiar feeling of horror and dread for which she could give no account. I then questioned Miss Mason and enclose what she dictated.


Miss Mason says :—

The Rectory, Long Melford, Suffolk.

April 5th, 1885.

I well remember Miss Martyn telling me that a feeling of horror and an indescribable dread came over her on Sunday evening, March 16th, 1884, while we were in church, and she was alone in the drawing-room. That she was unable to shake it off and felt very restless, and got up and walked about the room. She did not refer to anyone, and could give no cause for this peculiar feeling. I am under the impression that she told me the same evening (Sunday) and before she heard of the death of her cousin, but I am not certain whether it was on Sunday or Monday that she told me about it.

ANNA M. MASON.

 We must remind our readers that the narratives above given have not been finally selected by the Literary Committee for publication; they are merely printed for the consideration of those Members of the Society who may be interested in this department of investigation.

DR. TAGUET'S PATIENT AT BORDEAUX.

To the Editor of the "JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

SIR,—In an article in Part VII. of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (p. 219) reference is made to an observation of M. Taguet on a patient under his care in the *Asile des Aliénés*, in Bordeaux, by name Noélie X., which is recorded in the *Annales Médico-psychologiques*, 1884, p. 325. She is about 24 years of age, and has been treated as insane for some time, but her symptoms are variable, and every now and then in an *accès* she has shown some remarkable capacities, and among them what is termed by M. Taguet a "hyperæsthesia of sight." She will sit at such times facing a dull, blank wall with her eyes shut and her eyeballs apparently upturned in the fashion that often obtains in hysterical, mesmeric and other neurotic states; and in this condition, according to M. Taguet's description, can read apparently on the blank wall or on a sheet of blank cardboard held in front of her face the print, both small and large, of a newspaper held up behind the back of her head, which one could only expect her to see if the blank wall or cardboard were a mirror, or if her eyes were in the back of her head. "Now, Dr. Taguet," says Mr. F. W. H. Myers, in the above-mentioned article, "does not attempt to explain this, further than by calling it hyperæsthesia of vision. But he can hardly mean that she really saw the words reflected in the cardboard. Perhaps the only other solution which suggested itself to him was that she saw the words clairvoyantly, and this solution he did not like to adopt. And there is, in fact, no reason, as the facts are reported, for assuming clairvoyance. Thought-transference would amply suffice to explain the phenomena." Of course, to render an explanation by thought-transference possible, it must first be ascertained that the words read by Noélie were previously known to some one present. Whether this was so or not is not mentioned in M. Taguet's article. I wrote to him, and he very kindly sent me a reprint of his article, but I could learn nothing further on this particular point. I ventured to propose a visit, but unfortunately when I reached the *Asile des Aliénés* I found he was not in Bordeaux for that day. His assistant most courteously introduced me to the patient, Noélie X., with whom I talked a little. She was in fairly good health and good spirits, and her symptoms of mental derangement quite in abeyance. There was no sign of the abnormal capacities peculiar to the *accès*, and no attempt at an experiment was therefore made. M. Taguet's assistant had been present on some previous occasions when the "hyperæsthesia of sight" had been noticed, and did not seem confident of any explanation. I believe I may say that I made the thought-reading hypothesis intelligible to him, but he was able at once to assure me that no one in the room could have been aware what were the words in the newspaper that was presented to the back of Noélie's head until they were looked at to confirm Noélie's reading; so that, in fact, he negated the necessary foundation for a theory of thought-transference. I do not think such a theory had occurred to the experimenters, and I am not sure that their attention had been closely given to the point in question. I wrote again later to M. Taguet, asking him to remark it in any future experiments.—I am, yours faithfully,

A. T. MYERS, M.D.