JOURNAL

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

CONTENTS.

NEW MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

HONORARY ASSOCIATE.

Beilby, J. Wood, Beechworth, Victoria, Australia.

MEMBER.

Carpenter, William Lant, B.A., B.Sc., 36, Craven Park, Harlesden, London, N.W.

ASSOCIATES.

Browne, Mrs. Walter P., Bidston, Alleyn Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E.

Bullock, Mrs., Cedars Lodge, Mitcham, Surrey.

Evans, Kirkham, Adelaide, South Australia.

Fraser, Lt.-Col. Alexander Thomas, R.E., Department of Public Works, Madras Presidency.

Grant, Arthur J., B.A., Carentan House, Underhill Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.

Holt, Mrs., The Cottage, East Sheen, Mortlake, Surrey.

Stuart, Morton G., East Harptree, near Bristol.

Symons, Miss Jessie H., 11, Doughty Street, London, W.C.

Tylden, Mrs. Osborne, Cumberland House, Chilham, near Canterbury.

MEETING OF COUNCIL.

A meeting of the Council was held on the 2nd inst., Professor H. Sidgwick being in the chair. The following members were also present: Messrs. A. Calder, Edmund Gurney Richard Hodgson, C. C. Massey, F. W. H. Myers, and F. Podmore.

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The Minutes of the previous meeting were read and signed as correct.

Mr. J. Wood Beilby, of Beechworth, Australia, was elected an Honorary Associate.

One new Member and nine new Associates, whose names and addresses are given above, were also elected. Two of the latter, Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser and Miss Jessie H. Symons, joined as Life Associates.

The Council recorded with regret the death of Mrs. Lawson Ford, a Member of the Society, and also of Miss M. Walker, an Associate.

The usual cash account for the preceding month was presented, and the needful accounts passed for payment.

The Council will meet in the afternoon of May the 3rd at 4.30.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GENERAL MEETING.

The next General Meeting of the Society will be held at the Rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, S.W., on Monday, the 3rd of May, when Mrs. Sidgwick will read a paper on "Results of a personal investigation into the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, with some critical remarks on the evidence for the genuineness of such phenomena." The chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

II.

Before attempting to develop further the speculations with which these papers are concerned, I must naturally make some allusion to Mr. Noel's criticism in the *Journal* for January. I am grateful for that criticism, and I should be very glad to receive any others which readers of the *Journal* may be good enough to send me. Criticism is a necessity to nascent theories, if they are to struggle into any kind of valid life; and when complex speculations have been set forth in a brief and tentative manner, it is specially important to note the ways in which they are likely to be misunderstood, and the trains of thought through which the reader's mind is likely to pass in approaching the new problems. Mr. Noel's paper is helpful in this way; and since many of the difficulties which he suggests were already in my mind as needing fuller discussion, I think that I shall best subserve our common object,—the puzzling out of the truth on a very obscure topic,—by continuing my own course of exposition,—if exposition that can be called which is little more than a collocation of *ἀπορίαι* so arranged as to point to possibilities of ultimate solution. In thus proceeding I shall of course bear

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carefully in mind Mr. Noel's remarks,—even where, to avoid an air of continued controversy, I do not explicitly reply to them.*

But first I must briefly notice one or two passages which seem to me to suggest comments of wider application than to the present controversy alone. Mr. Noel compares the sentences which I have already extracted from him to plums snatched by a child from amid lambent fire. In extracting a few more of these semi-solid morsels from their vaporous environment, I will try and select those only which have a kernel which we may crack with mutual profit.

I. Perhaps the most important of these points is the use which Mr. Noel has made of the word "intuition,"—which seems to me to illustrate with singular aptness the danger of which I spoke in my former paper "of using words as mere metaphysical counters, not as definite representations of observed facts." Mr. Noel (*Light*, p. 543) had spoken of "the influence of angels" as "what intuition discerns," and I had remonstrated against what I thought a somewhat too facile mode of proving a phenomenon which has eluded ordinary tests. And now Mr. Noel, after impressively asking me whether I believe that physiology *explains* perception,—he might have asked me at the same time whether I believe that the moon is made of green cheese,—goes on to inquire, "But what makes us admit the existence of a world external to ourselves? Why, only common-sense, instinct, that very intuition, about which Mr. Myers expresses himself so contemptuously." (p. 161.) This is a bold, a heroic argument. Because I hinted that Mr. Noel's individual "intuition" that angels were influencing him was not so good a security as Science might desire, I am accused of scoffing at the "intuition" which leads all human beings to admit the existence of an external world! A metaphysician whose personal intuitions are equivalent in certainty to the *judicium orbis terrarum*,—to the immemorial agreement of the whole human race,—is indeed an invulnerable antagonist. I should hardly venture to assail him further, were it not that he proceeds to throw the same ægis of infallibility over a class of persons with whom I may match myself with less presumption. "Now I argue," continues Mr. Noel, "that the same common-sense, intuition, or instinct, assures the dreamer, or the madman, that he also is in presence of a world external to himself." I have often envied the

* In another long letter in *Light* for February 27th, from Mr. Noel's fertile pen, he says: "I do wish I could make my argument" (about the Newnham case) "more intelligible than, alas! it appears to be!" I would assure him that I find his train of thought quite intelligible, and that the only reason why I do not deal with it at once is that, instead of meeting his bare assertion that a particular form of coincident consciousness is *not* possible with a bare assertion that it *is*, I prefer to endeavour to lead him and other readers to perceive its possibility by dwelling first on certain analogous facts, some of which have not as yet, I think, been sufficiently considered. In the meantime I may refer the reader to Mr. Massey's able and luminous letter in *Light* for March 5th, where he supports, on metaphysical grounds, much the same conclusions as those to which I have been led by the mere study of recorded cases.

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practised metaphysician his power of wielding the two terms, "intuition" and "common-sense." There is a sort of lofty claim about "intuition,"—as it were, "Heads I win!"—and then, if there is a doubt whether heads are going to turn up after all, plain straightforward "common-sense" clinches the matter with "Tails you lose!" Yet I have never seen these potent words employed with such Napoleonic directness as here. I have never yet been peremptorily checked by an appeal to the dreamer's intuition and the madman's common-sense. And Mr. Noel does not flinch from the consequences. "To speak," he says (p. 170), "of a morbid excitement in part of a madman's brain making him fancy he sees and hears devils, is to pay oneself with words. The 'morbid excitement,' like alcoholic blood-poisoning, may *enable* him to see and hear them—that is all it can do."

These words are enough to make the stoutest tremble. What with the common-sense of madmen "holding a fretful realm in awe"; what with the "blue devils" actually swarming around us,—unseen only till we have "enabled" ourselves to discern them by sufficient potations of brandy,—the "high priori road" seems to have led us into a fearsome world. The "transcendent squib" which, according to Mr. Noel, is still influencing me, was nothing to this. And I cannot even feel sure that madmen will exercise their "common-sense" only in summoning up devils whom I am not "enabled" to see. I have met a madman whose "common-sense" informed him that *he* was—say the Archangel Michael—and that *I* was a devil myself. But I must not "pay myself with words," or try to get out of this by any talk of "morbid excitement" in that maniac's brain. I must face the truth, and admit that there *was* a devil,—who had got unpleasantly mixed up in some way with myself. Or may I, in this desperate strait, return to my original thesis, and hope that we have got into all this trouble by using the word "intuition" as a kind of counter? by ignoring the fact that it means a *practical reality* when it is the intuition of all mankind, and a *private opinion* when it is the intuition of a single philosopher, and a *frenzied hallucination* when it is the intuition of the maniac howling in his yard?* I do not want to introduce more novel words than need be,—and I admit that I am driven to do so oftener than I could wish; but sooner than call all these three things by the same name, I would invent a new word for each,—were it as long as the title of

> "That gigantic dish beginning γαλεο-
> λεπαδο-τεμαχο—and the Lord knows what,
> You'll find it all in Liddell and in Scott."

* To avoid misapprehension I ought to add that I do not mean to ascribe the confusion to Mr. Noel's use of *terms alone*; rather (as it seems to me), the confusion of terms springs from a deeply-lying confusion in the way in which Mr. Noel's idealism is conceived. This, however, is a pure matter of speculative opinion, on which it would be unfitting to enter here. The question of the distinct and accurate use of *terms* is the only one germane to the present discussion.

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II. The next point is one on which it might seem punctilious to dwell, had it not indirectly a more than personal application. Mr. Noel says that he "cannot pretend to be a physiological expert of the same calibre as [his] friends, the English authors of these psycho-physiological hypotheses."

Now here Mr. Noel is courteously according to me, amongst others, a distinction to which I, at any rate, have no right. I take it that an "expert" is a man who has given such proof of his mastery of a given subject that his bare opinion, without argument given thereon, carries appreciable weight. Now I certainly cannot claim this position with regard either to physiology or to any other science; and I think it important that we who are engaged in puzzling over these new problems should not speak as if our researches gave us any rank among the masters of the accredited sciences. Our shares, if I may so say, are not yet quoted on the Stock Exchange, though they are beginning to be dealt in by regular brokers. I have sometimes seen in print the words "an expert in Spiritual Science,"—and I have hoped that the eyes of a Philistine reviewer would not encounter that particular page. Nay, have we not a Theosophical witness, who, matching his acumen with Madame Blavatsky's—*impar congressus Achilli*—described himself as an expert in conjuring chiefly because he had once seen Pepper's Ghost?

III. Mr. Noel has justly pointed out an apparent unfairness in my allusion to his theory of memory, viz., that our memory of any thing or person is maintained by the permanent influence which the transcendent reality of that thing or person continues to exercise upon us. This view should not be represented as dependent on a *physiological* misunderstanding alone. I regret the phrase, which was the result of an excessive compression of my argument. I must not, I fear, stop to enter here on any discussion of the theory either from a metaphysical or from a physiological point of view. But to justify my implied remonstrance at Mr. Noel's statement that he had "elsewhere shown" that this theory was true, I ought just to ask whether any metaphysician of eminence has accepted, or even seriously considered it? and whether it is usual to speak in so decided a tone about a speculation of one's own which has not carried cogency to other minds?

Passing over other points—which might have called for further insistance in a formal controversy, but may readily be dropped in a "friendly suit,"—I think that I may now continue my discussion as to the nature of consciousness. Thus, as I have already implied, shall I have the best chance of gradually removing the natural misconceptions to which my brief essays have given rise, and of evolving a somewhat clearer notion of the relation of the totality of our being to the parts of it of which we are cognisant at any given time.

In my former paper I began an inquiry into the meaning of the

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words "conscious" and "consciousness" by a brief review of some cases where a conscious and an unconscious stream of mentation seem obviously to co-operate in the service of the same identity. What is called *genius* seemed to illustrate on a striking scale a sensation common to all of us—the inrush into consciousness of an idea which has already acquired a degree of force or elaboration such as usually results only from a perceptible effort of thought.* We compared this with the sudden invasion of a fixed idea in cases of incipient monomania; the difference being that in the case of the man of genius the group of cells which contributes to the orator the brilliant metaphor, to the mathematician the flash of insight into the inter-relation of formulæ, is working *under the orders* of the conscious centre, while in the insane case the group of cells which suggests to the nursery-maid "kill the baby!" is working *independently* of the conscious centre—is hypertrophied into a self-assertion which ill befits its essential incompleteness and irrationality. In each case we have a servant who first acts independently and then reports himself to his master; but in the first case the servant has done his duty with unusual skill, in the second case he has (so to say) got drunk and then thrust himself unbidden into his master's presence. In each case there is unconscious cerebration, but in neither case is it carried to the point of duplication of consciousness.

Let us now consider the case which comes next in complexity, the ordinary phenomena of sleep and dream. I shall discuss these, of course, very briefly, and only with the object of further analysing our notion of consciousness. For here it is that duplication of consciousness begins, and these experiences of every night present to us suggestive analogies to the possible action of our spirits in a totality of consciousness to which this waking life may bear somewhat the same relation as is borne by night's fleeting visions to the comparatively permanent perceptions of the day.

But here again I am met in *limine* by a theory to which Mr. Noel obviously attaches much weight.

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* I surely need hardly answer at length Mr. Noel's objection that there cannot be a "transference of ideas from the unconscious to the conscious mind" because there can be no unconscious ideas, and because when "the unconscious brain pours, if I may so say, a stream more than usually nutritious into the conscious channel," to Mr. Noel "that can only mean a conscious stream of this character from surrounding intelligences," &c. Now I will keep clear of any illustration drawn from *genius*, for fear of getting entangled with the "influence of angels," "the Divine creative universal ideas," and similar disturbing forces; and I will merely take the case of a schoolboy doing a paper in algebra. He puzzles over an equation for some time in vain. He leaves it and answers other questions; then he returns to it, and suddenly the true way of solving it "flashes into his head." What I mean here is surely obvious, and the fact of its occurrence undeniable; whether we speak of "ideas" or "mental processes" as having been thus unconsciously matured is not important. The word "idea" is a coin which has been rubbed in so many pockets since Plato's day that I should not have thought that it retained enough sharpness of outline to exempt it from the service to which I have put it here.

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In my former paper I had spoken somewhat summarily of Mr. Noel's theory that in ordinary dreams "the dream-personages who converse with the sleepers are verily spirits;" thinking, in fact, that he might perhaps prefer to drop this particular thesis. But in his new article he returns to the charge and says, "I scarcely see the force of his [my] caveat that my suggestion about dreams and madmen . . . is a reversion to the crude explanations of a pre-scientific age. For if many dreams are admitted by Mr. Myers and his friends to be due to the telepathic influence of spirits"—influence of other *minds* is what we *do* say, but let this pass—"I fail to see why it [my knowledge] should have so much more to say against a suggestion that all dreams may possibly be due to a similar cause." That is to say, because in a few cases, baffling to the ordinary theories of dream, we have adduced strong evidence for the admission of an unrecognised cause, we might as well extend the action of this cause to cases where there is *no* evidence for it, and where the ordinary theories will plainly suffice! If I say "*some* A is B," "I am to assert further that "*all* A is B;" if I prove that some men are killed by lightning I may as well admit that all men are killed by lightning. I speak with diffidence, but my impression is that the severe logician would treat this as a fallacy.

Nevertheless it is quite true, as Mr. Noel afterwards re-asserts, (p. 170), that this is not a mere isolated opinion of his own—that his opinion as to the nature of dreams can count numerous and convinced partisans. I can no longer escape from argument by saying that I am dealing only with the isolated opinion of a single philosopher. And difficult as, for various reasons, it may be to reach some of the remoter branches of Mr. Noel's school of thought, the attempt, so far as it lies in me, must be made. The Dyaks, for instance, on the authority of Rajah Brooke, are said to believe "that those things which have been brought vividly before their mind in dreams have actually taken place." Well! if Borneo enters the Postal Union, the Dyaks shall have an opportunity of reconsidering this tenet. The Iroquois and Chippewa tribes share the same view; but if this paper is translated into the Iroquois or Chippewa tongues these thinkers must at least admit that their theory is not admitted everywhere without something of protest. Canon Callaway has collected many Zulu dogmas to a similar effect. I shall not be sorry that the Zulus should see that some of us are not content with passively accepting their destructive criticism on the Pentateuch; that we can carry the war of opinion into the very sanctuary of their own ancient creed.

For, indeed, among the "crude inductions made upon insufficient data" with which science is disturbing the "old theories" to which Mr. Noel frankly clings, I must venture still to maintain the induction that some dreams—most dreams—are but the kaleidoscopic rearrange-

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ment of fragments of past thought and sensation, revived either by a partial continuance of activity in the brain itself, or by some organic or external stimulus; the accompaniment of such cerebral activity by *sensation* remaining, of course, a problem as inexplicable as in waking life.*

The personages who appear in our ordinary dreams are, in this view, mere products of our own dramatic faculty; puppets whom we animate without being aware that it is ourselves who pull their strings. Baron du Prel in his "Philosophie der Mystik"—soon, I trust, to appear in an English translation of Mr. Massey's—has described the achievements of "Dream the Dramatist" with admirable ingenuity and care. We can, indeed, all of us trace for ourselves the gradual creation of our dream-personages, sometimes by actual observation, sometimes by obvious inference. First, as to actual observation.

No moment of our day, perhaps, is more instructive than the moment when drowsiness is merging into sleep. Nor am I speaking only of specially favoured individuals, such as M. Maury, who can count on definite *illusions hypnagogiques* as the prelude to every casual nap, but of ordinary persons, who will watch with a fair amount of attention the commmon hypnagogic phenomena. Let us suppose that we are composing ourselves to sleep; having either engaged a friend (as M. Maury does) to wake us at intervals of two or three minutes, or having selected some suitable locality (as the Underground Railway), where the frequent arrest and renewal of motion will answer the same end. A habit, which can be easily formed, of counting the respirations during advancing somnolence, will supply us with a useful measure of time. We will note the stages as they succeed each other in our brain.

I. First, before we close our eyes, is the period of *fatigued attention*. We can still "concentrate our minds" on the newspaper, but there is a concomitant feeling of exhaustion; a lack of resilience, so to say, in the strata of thought immediately subjacent, which warns us that the brain needs repose.

II. On closing our eyes our situation is not at once improved. We have, indeed, checked the focussing effort,—or directed it into a purely introspective channel. But we thus become aware of an importunate crowd of fragmentary thoughts and images which dart to and fro through the head. This is the stage of *conscious incoherence*. A little attention

* I welcome a "Note" of Mr. Noel's in the February *Journal* as indicating a considerable approximation of view. He still holds, however, that some influence from another intelligence is needed to originate or to determine all our dreams. But if I dream of a person in a situation in which he does not seem to himself to be, this "*may* correspond," Mr. Noel thinks, merely "to a passing thought of the person himself or to a forgotten dream of his." Well! if I dream that a Chinese philosopher calls on me and tells me that he is the wisest of men, this "*may* correspond," no doubt, to the forgotten dream of a philosopher in China. One could wish that this question as to the contents and efficacy of the forgotten dreams of unknown persons had been put to the prophet Daniel, in the heyday of his special powers.

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shows us that the vividness and persistence of these incoherent thoughts is proportioned, not to the brain's *freshness*, but to its *exhaustion*. After a day's mountain-walking, for instance, these subsidiary ideas will probably be faint and transient; but after a day of exciting and anxious business they will be distressingly intrusive. In such a case we may sometimes note an involuntary re-concentration of the mind. Disjointed scraps of the day's business are whirling about in our field of consciousness, when suddenly one explosive thought, such as "How foolish of me to make that promise!" detonates with such vehemence that it opens our eyes, and perhaps jerks us back into sudden erectness;—it "rouses us with a start." Somewhat similarly, after a mountain-walk which has been beyond our strength, sleep will be delayed by aches, tinglings, &c., consequent on muscular or cutaneous overwork, and sometimes the sudden cramp of a large muscle will "rouse us with a start" into a re-concentration of attention upon that specially exhausted limb. And we may note also, — as illustrating the pregnant truth that "the pathological is merely an exaggeration of the physiological,"—that this hypnagogic stage of conscious incoherence marks the parting from sane life of the road where madness lies.

> "Hic locus est partis ubi se via findit in ambas : . . .
> Hac iter Elysium nobis ; at læva malorum
> Exercet pœnas, et ad inpia Tartara mittit."

The stage which we are traversing on our way to the Elysium of sleep is one which, indefinitely prolonged, is madness itself. For this incoherence is not *restful;* the ideas, though they are no longer voluntarily summoned or actually controlled, are still sustaining themselves (so to say) at the expense of the conscious self—still belong to the same plane of consciousness as waking life. If this state be prolonged —if sleep be kept off by noise or inward discomfort—these tumultuary ideas become not less but more urgent. We keep retracing, vividly though brokenly, some disturbing incident, until at length we perhaps reach a state of nervous irritability in which it is almost impossible to remain still; we are prompted to mutter words, to make gestures, &c. Now this is as close a likeness of *madness* as ordinary persons will have the chance of experiencing. Let us make the most of it; let us realise the incipient *dissolution of personality;* the anarchy of competing groups in the absence of a ruler. Let us note the point of nervous degradation at which it seems difficult to go either back or forwards,—impossible to merge the confusion into sleep, but hard, too, to regather the scattering runlets into a single channel of thought. The intensification of this state would become, I repeat, a form of insanity; the madman, too, feels this incoherent invasion of ideas, which he cannot guide or master, and the momentary toss or muttering to which we give way is the analogue of his noisy shouts, his homicidal explosions.

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This state of prolonged and painful wakefulness,—the state of being too much exhausted to sleep,—deserves more attention than it seems yet to have received. I should anticipate that a man thus situated might often believe himself to be two persons, through some lack of concordant action of the two hemispheres. But the only case just of this kind which I have come across is an account of Sir Charles Dilke's in *Greater Britain* (quoted by Dr. Hughlings Jackson).

"This evening, after five sleepless nights, I felt most terribly the peculiar form of fatigue that we had experienced after six days and nights upon the plains. Again the brain seemed divided into two parts, thinking independently, and one side putting questions while the other answered them; but this time there was also a sort of half insanity, a not altogether disagreeable wandering of the brain, a replacement of an actual by an imagined ideal scene."

III. Let us pass on, however, to consider the stage which normally follows when this conscious incoherence has lasted, say, from two to ten minutes. There is a sort of momentary *blur*; a kind of motion of translation seems to pass across the conscious field; the clashing ideas are not at once wholly stilled, but their relation to the self appears to change; they become *unfatiguing*, and as it were unable to reach one's tranquillity. Similarly a boy who is bathing and engaged in a splashing-match, may be deafened and blinded by the flying spray, but if he ducks his head under water and continues splashing with his hands, the sound which still reaches him seems something aloof and undisturbing Usually we note nothing after the first blur; like negligent observers of an eclipse we suffer the period of occultation to commence without photographing the phenomena of entry. But I am supposing that a friend's kind offices arouse us just as our doze deepens; or we may train our own attention to start into activity at the critical moment, as decorous church-goers learn resolutely to wake themselves during the sermon. If this is done, then in favourable cases we observe a very remarkable thing. We feel that much the same kind of fragmentary remarks are passing through our mind (though fewer of them), but that they now seem to be centripetal instead of centrifugal,—they seem to be borne in upon us from without instead of being generated from within.

Some of these remarks will be merely grotesque—developing themselves from a confusion of thought which has just begun in the stage of conscious incoherence. I have been playing chess, we will say, and in the exhaustion of wakefulness, my mind has begun to represent my trifling plans or projects as though on the *cadre* of a chess-board,—with an irritating sense that I am only a pawn, and can move but one square at a time. After the kindly *blur* of drowsiness I hear as it were an inward voice saying quietly, "One more move, and you will be a queen." Now here there can hardly be said to be *personification* of an interlocutor, though there is a nascent separation between myself and some

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informing voice. But at another time the case will be different. I have (let us say) been vaguely imagining myself as asking a friend to dinner and *fancying*, though hardly *dramatising*, his reply, "Not on Saturday. I have a standing engagement." Then comes the blur, and *then* I hear his characteristic voice in his well-known manner saying in continuance: "Sunday will do, for I can eat three dinners on Sundays."

A long argument could scarcely lead up to an incident more apparently paltry than this. Yet I believe that we have here the first, the pregnant indication of a *self-severance* which we shall hereafter trace far down into "the abysmal deeps of personality." Here, for the first time, we have a fragment of our own mentation presenting itself to us as a message from *without*; we have the rudiment of what seems a second individuality entering into communication with our own. And note that there is usually a two-fold change in the dream-voice as compared to the merely *imagined* replies which we put into our friend's mouth in waking reverie. The dream-voice seems more dramatically real,—a better simulation of the friend's tone and manner; but the substance of the message is usually no longer rational. Our unconscious dramatising faculty has a thousand unconscious impressions of our friend's voice and manner to draw on; but it has not the power of shaping a reasonable remark to fit the immediate occasion. And herein also we shall find that this rudimentary message, this germ of externalisation, is a significant precursor of deeper secrets in the fissiparous multiplication of the self.

F. W. H. Myers.

(*To be continued.*)

MESMERIC RAPPORT.

The following accounts refer to some experiments in mesmerism made by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, who states that he has known the phenomenon of "community of taste in the mesmeric sleep" to have occurred several times in the case of Mr. S.

Account by Mr. C. Kegan Paul.

May 27th, 1884.

I lived at Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, from March, 1851, to May, 1852. When there the following circumstance occurred, but I am not able to fix the month, further than to say that I think it was in the late summer of 1851. [No. I am now convinced that it was in April, 1852.]

I had been in the habit of mesmerising frequently Mr. Walter Francis Short, then an undergraduate scholar of New College, who was, without any single exception, the most "sensitive" person of

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either sex I have ever known. He usually became what is called clairvoyant, but this always tired him, and I seldom made protracted experiments in this direction. On several occasions I found that a community of taste was established between us, but only once made any experiment with more than one substance, such as a biscuit, or glass of water.

At Great Tew, with his consent, my two sisters alone being present besides ourselves, I carried the matter further. We had dined in my only sitting-room, *and the dessert was still on the table.* [I think I am right, though my sister F. doubts.] I put Short to sleep in an arm-chair, which I turned with its back to the table, and Short's face to the wall. There was no mirror in the room. I asked Short, taking his hand, if he thought he could taste what I took in my mouth, and he said he thought that he could. I, still holding his hand, shut my own eyes, and my sisters put into my mouth various things which were on the table. I remember only raisins, but there were four or five various substances tested. These were all quite correctly described, except that I think there was an uncertainty about the kind of wine. Short, however, had of course been aware of what was on the table, but he could not know, nor did I know the order in which I was to be fed with these things.

To carry the experiment further, one of my sisters left the room, bringing back various things wholly unknown to me, which she administered to me having my eyes shut. I remember spices, black pepper, salt, raw rice, and finally soap, all of which Short recognised, and the last of which he rejected with a splutter of great disgust. The experiment only ended when we could think of nothing more to taste.

I had at that time already left Oxford; Short did so soon after, and our various occupations seldom allowed our meeting. I rather think this of which I have spoken was the last time I ever mesmerised him. [No.] His conviction of my power over him was such that he begged that I would never attempt to place him under mesmeric influence when I was at a distance from him, on the ground that as he was rowing in the Oxford boat I might do so when he was on the river. I had once affected him at a distance, under rather singular circumstances, and of course willingly gave the promise.

C. Kegan Paul.

[My sister F. is right in remarking that our four selves were the only persons in the house. My only servant was a woman in the village, who lived close by, and came and went at fixed hours, like an Oxford scout.]

Letter to Miss Paul.

. . . In talking with my friend Henry Sidgwick over my

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experiments in mesmerism many years ago, I mentioned one with Short at Tew, when you and M. were present. He has asked me to write it down, and get if possible your recollections on it.

The particular experiment was one in which Short, being in the mesmeric sleep, was able to taste what was put into my mouth.

If you recollect the circumstance at all, I want you before reading what I have said, enclosed in another envelope, to write down a statement of what you remember as much in detail as possible—time, place, persons present, things tasted, &c.

Then to read my narrative and to write *also* how far your recollection, thus refreshed, tallies with mine, and preserve both accounts, even if you find them contradictory.

Then to send my account and your account and remarks enclosed to M., together with this note, asking her to follow exactly the same plan, and return my statement, yours, and her own to me *together with this note.*

* * * *

C. Kegan Paul.

I should like you also to say that you have observed my order of proceeding as indicated above.

Account by Miss Paul.

On Thursday, April 29th, 1852, my sister and I went to stay with my brother at Great Tew, in Oxfordshire, and Mr. Short joined us at Oxford, and went with us to Tew.

As he returned to Oxford on Saturday, May 1st, the mesmeric experiments, which I well remember, must have been on Friday, April 30th, and they were after dinner in the evening.

My brother mesmerised Mr. Short, and when he was quite asleep he tried some experiments.

My brother drank some wine (I think it was port) and we saw Mr. Short's lips and throat moving as if he was swallowing it, and on my brother asking him what he was drinking he at once said what it was.

The wine had been taken from a cupboard and poured out where, even had he been awake, Mr. Short could not have seen what it was before tasting it.

[I think my own account is the more correct.—C. K. P.]

My sister then got some black pepper from the kitchen and put it in my brother's hand, and on his putting some in his own mouth Mr. Short at once tasted it, and on my brother asking him what he had in his mouth, he said it was very hot and unpleasant, but was not quite sure what it was.

My brother held Mr. Short's hand all the time.

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The only other thing I remember is that on my brother's removing his hand after, and substituting my sister's, Mr. Short looked as if in pain, and said the change was unpleasant.

No one else was in the little cottage at the time.

F. K. PAUL.

May 27th.

Since writing my account I have read my brother's, and think it very accurate, as now I am reminded of the soap, &c. I can faintly recollect it, but not clearly, as I do the things I have written down.

Also I think the dessert had been put away, and the wine taken out again on purpose.

I remember the date, as I have always written down very shortly the events of each day.

My brother went from Tew to Oxford on May 4th, for two days, and I remember he told us on his return that he had while there mesmerised Mr. Short, and I think that was the last time he did so.

FRANCES KEGAN PAUL.

Account by Mrs. P.

In the year 1852 or 1853, I believe at Bloxham [Certainly Tew.—C.K.P.] I remember my brother trying experiments on a friend, Mr. Short, whom he was in the habit of mesmerising. One evening I saw him mesmerise Mr. Short, and while he was in that state my brother asked for a glass of water or wine, and drank it. Mr. Short appeared as if he was drinking, and swallowed, and made a reply when asked what it was, but the experiment I remember best was, after my getting some pepper, and giving it to my brother, he put some into his mouth, and Mr. Short looked as if in pain, and said "hot." Then I took his hand, and his face changed, and I think he said "nasty." I know he seemed to dislike the change from my brother's touch, but although I know there were other experiments, it is so long ago that I cannot quite recall them.

M. E. P.

May 29th, 1884.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have read my brother's narrative, which is, I think, substantially correct.

(Letter from Mrs. P. to her brother, Mr. Kegan Paul.)

May 29th, 1884.

. . . . I received the enclosed to-day, and I have written what I remembered at Bloxham. I may be wrong, but I don't remember seeing Mr. Short at Great Tew, but remember your mesmerising him at *Bloxham*. Also from there you went to Oxford, and on your return you told me Mr. Short in a state of clairvoyance had seen me on the ladder

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or steps you had for your bookcase, and I remember feeling angry about it, thinking it unpleasant. It was in the *dining* room at *Bloxham* you mesmerised him. . . . .

P.S.—Fanny's *date* would make it too late for Tew, but she *says* Tew. I think I did not go to Tew until I drove there with Uncle W. and Auntie, but I cannot quite remember it all.

[Mrs. P. is certainly wrong about *place*, not that it matters much. The visit of which she speaks with my uncle was in the summer of 1851, *before* the circumstances described. My sister, Miss Paul's, diary, which she has always kept with great care, is conclusive on this point.]—*Note by Mr. Kegan Paul.*

Account by Mr. W. F. Short in a letter to Mr. Podmore.

The Rectory, Donhead St. Mary, Salisbury.

June 12th, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—Stock tells me you would like my account of some mesmeric experiences of mine at Great Tew in the year '52. You are very welcome, but 32 years may have impaired my memory for the details, and I should like Kegan Paul to see the account before any use is made of it.

I had come up to New College by accident a week before the time, and finding college empty accepted an invitation to pay Paul, then curate of Great Tew, a visit. One night, I think the Thursday following, he mesmerised me, and made, I believe, some successful experiments in the "transference of taste"; but of these, as I was in a deep sleep, I can say nothing. When I was in due time awakened, he said, "We tried to get you to visit New College, but you said it was all a guess, and would tell us nothing." I answered, "I seem to have dreamt of New College Junior Common-room, and to have seen B. and G. sitting at a small round table drawn near the fire, with the lamp on the large table near them, playing at cards." It was agreed that I should test the truth of this on my return to Oxford on Friday (one day before men in general came up). On entering college I met B. and said: "You up? Are there any other men come?" "Oh, yes; half-a-dozen. G. and so-and-so," &c. "Were you in Common-room last night at 10 (?)?" "Yes." "Who else was there?" "Oh, the whole lot of us. No, by 10 everyone was gone but I and G." "Where were you sitting?" "At a small table close to the fire, it was so cold." "With the lamp on the big table near you?" "Yes, drawn close to us." "Then I tell you what you were doing. You were playing cards." "How odd! We weren't playing cards, but G. was showing me tricks on the cards."

I have always thought this a thoroughly good case, too exact to be a mere coincidence, and I think tolerably accurate even in the words

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used, but those who do not like myself believe in clairvoyance will probably set it down to a happy guess.

I have not for many years had any experience of mesmerism, but after this, for some years, I saw a great deal of it, and have no more doubt of its reality, even in its higher phases of inducing clairvoyance, &c., than I have of my own existence.

I doubt whether B. would remember this (I don't think G. ever heard of it), but I would write to him if you like it, only I am rather overworked just now.—Believe me, yours very truly,

W. F. Short.

P.S.—Did not we use to meet at "the Lodge," at Oxford, when I was tutor of New?

P.P.S.—I should say that in old days Scholars as well as Fellows at New could come up at any time during vacation, but could not go down without leave.

Additional Statement by Mr. C. Kegan Paul.

June 16th, 1884.

I am sorry to say I do not remember much about the clairvoyance part of the experiment with Walter Short, though I remember the community of taste vividly, and have described it to Mr. Sidgwick.

Short became clairvoyant on several occasions under my mesmerism, but I do not recall the details with certainty.

On the evening in question I only remember that on trying some experiments Short said he was tired, and wished to be wakened. I do not remember his mentioning his "dream" or that I heard afterwards how nearly correct it had been.

It is probable that he did mention the dream, but that I paid little attention to it, being full of the first experiment, and that as I only saw him occasionally, and we did not exchange letters, I never heard the verification.

C. Kegan Paul.

Additional Statement by Mr. W. F. Short.

February 18th, 1886.

My friend B. remembered nothing of the circumstances (naturally enough) though I feel pretty sure it took place.

I am afraid I cannot remember the other occasion which Mrs. P. mentions.

I was, I fancy, many times clairvoyant, but of course my memory is almost, if not quite, entirely of things others told me I had seen in trance, and these, after more than 30 years, are not very clear or well fixed in my mind. . . . .

W. F. Short.

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CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

(*Continued.*)

[*The Literary Committee will be glad to receive well authenticated evidence of phenomena belonging to any of the following classes, specimens of which are from time to time recorded in this Journal:*

L. *Phantasms of the Living.*

G. *Phantasms of the Dead.*

M. *Hypnotism, Mesmerism, and Clairvoyance.*

P. *Monition and Premonition.*

S. *Miscellaneous phenomena of the kind sometimes described as "Spiritualistic."*

Personal experiences of "sensory hallucinations" of any sort will also be welcome.

Communications intended for the Literary Committee should be addressed to Edmund Gurney, Esq., 26, Montpelier-square, London, S.W.; or, to Frederic W. H. Myers, Esq., Leckhampton House, Cambridge.]

G.—181.

The following case of haunting in an old Elizabethan manor house, is one of which an abstract was given in Mrs. Sidgwick's paper on "Phantasms of the Dead," in Part VIII. of the *Proceedings*, at pp. 117-119. Though there is still probably much to learn about the history of the house, and the experiences of its inhabitants, we have already obtained information from a larger number of occupiers than we have in most cases been able to do, and one remarkable fact is noticeable, namely, that the character of the phenomena has changed from time to time, varying apparently with the tenants. The legend supposed to account for the haunting has also varied.

It is now apparently eighteen years since any abnormal sights or sounds have been observed there. Whether the alterations which the house underwent in 1875 have contributed to this cessation of the phenomena we cannot of course be sure.

We give the accounts of different witnesses in the chronological order of the events to which they refer. The first is from Mr. C. C. Massey, whose father and mother at one time occupied the house.

[*May 27th*, 1885.]

I met last week an old lady (75), a cousin of mine, who was staying with my father and mother at J. House in the year 1834 or 1835. My father had to go away for a day or two on business, and my cousin slept with my mother on account of the apprehensions both were under from the reports of disturbances.

They left the door open. While awake they both heard a sound

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as of the clashing of chains, followed by a rustling, as of a silk dress, passing along the corridor.

My cousin had heard, and believed, that the house was used by a gang of coiners, and an underground passage was supposed to exist. She attributed the noises to the attempts of these people to frighten the inmates.

Some time after, she received a newspaper report of a trial of coiners, in which J. House was mentioned. But she does not recollect particulars. Mentioning these circumstances lately to Colonel L., whose family once owned the house, he denied the coiner story, and maintained that many facts known to him were inconsistent with this explanation, in which, however, the old lady still believes.

C. C. Massey.

In another letter, dated 19th February, 1885, Mr. Massey states that his father "never considered that his occupation had been disturbed by anything at all inexplicable, and discredited the reports. But I can say positively that I heard, long before 1860, of J. House as reputed to be haunted."

Account of J. House by the Rev. Darrell Horlock, formerly resident therein, and now S.P.G. missionary at the town of Kamloops, British Columbia.

[This account was written, at our request, in the spring of 1884, by Mr. Horlock, and has lately been revised by him in the proof sheets.]

In the summer of 1861 this old Elizabethan manor house was rented for a term of three years as a hunting box by Mr. Darrell Horlock (son of the Rev. Dr. Horlock, then Vicar of ——, a village situate about three miles therefrom, and of the old Gloucestershire family of hunting notoriety), from the then owners of the estate, the family of L.

Mr. D. Horlock was then a young man of 25. He had been married about two years. Mr. Horlock was a man utterly free from all superstitious tendencies, and of great physical courage. His life was entirely devoted to field sports and athletics, and he was well known as a fine rider to hounds, a good shot, &c.

Before he rented J. House he had heard many reports that it was haunted. These were of a general character, there being no description of any appearance. It was simply a well known legend of the neighbourhood, and was utterly disbelieved and despised by Mr. Horlock. Indeed, it was absolutely forgotten when he arrived at the house to take possession and to prepare for his wife, whom he had left in Surrey, one summer evening in July or August.

Mr. Horlock brought with him servants, horses, carriages, dogs, &c., and it was his intention, after seeing these comfortably established, to walk over and spend the night at his father's house.

Shortly after the arrival an old woman from a neighbouring cottage came in to see the servants about securing the washing of the family. Mr. Horlock going into the kitchen found all the women in tears. They protested that they had been informed that the "house was not fit to live in," and refused to stay the night there unless Mr. Horlock remained.

Mr. Horlock, after trying argument and persuasion in vain, gave them the option of leaving altogether or remaining the night, whereon at that they

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consented to remain, and on the following morning on his returning to the house he found they had not been alarmed or disturbed in any way. He now took up his residence there, and the following night an attempt was made by some of the workmen or neighbours, it never transpired which, to play the ghost on him. The judicious use of a pistol put an end for ever to all such tricks. Mrs. Horlock shortly arrived, and for some days the house was entirely undisturbed.

Then extraordinary noises began to be heard at night, and the servants complained that not only were they very much terrified by rumblings, opening and shutting of doors, whistlings, clankings, &c., but that their clothes and the furniture of their rooms were found in the morning in very different positions from those in which they were placed at night. Mr. and Mrs. Horlock, although they heard the noises constantly, simply attributed them to natural causes and laughed the servants' fears to scorn, forbidding them also to mention them outside.

The noises seemed to grow and increase, and at last Mr. Horlock made a thorough examination of certain unused attics and broke open several walled-up rooms, ascertaining that no natural cause could possibly exist which could account for them.

He became now perfectly accustomed to those noises, and ceased now to notice them. Mrs. Horlock, on the contrary, began to become nervous in a curious way—not afraid, and not believing the least in their being caused by anything supernatural, but a certain indescribable something weighed upon her which caused her to shiver and shrink and feel involuntary dread at something she knew not what. In the meanwhile Mrs. Horlock's sister, Miss S., a lady of great nerve and sterling common-sense, came to stay at J. and Mr. Horlock asked her privately to endeavour to combine with him in reasoning her sister out of these "absurd fancies." Miss S. slept in what was called the haunted room. She heard some noises but was not disturbed or in any way frightened by them.

During her stay, one night in the spring or summer of 1862, Mr. Horlock had retired to rest at his usual hour and had fallen asleep, his wife also being fast asleep by his side, when suddenly he awoke with an icy cold shiver from head to foot. (The room contained four windows, each opposite each, and two doors.)

It was a fine moonlight night, and every object in the room was distinctly visible. At the corner of the foot of the bed, standing in the cross-light of two windows, and in front of a large wardrobe, stood the figure of an old lady. She was attired in a black poke bonnet, which extended far over the face, and in a dark gown and a grey shawl. Her eyes were hollow and shrunken, and her face was wrinkled, but otherwise there was nothing hideous or the least alarming in the sight. At first Mr. Horlock thought he was dreaming; the cold shiver passed and he did not feel the least fear. Only such a sensation of awe as everyone more or less experiences at the sight of a dead body. He sat up in bed very quietly for fear of awaking his wife, and calmly studied the figure.

"Can this be the ghost they talk of?" he said to himself. "Well, if it is, it beats me how anyone can be afraid of one."

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As he gazed he noticed one very extraordinary circumstance. The figure draped in dark appeared to be opaque, and yet *through* it he could distinctly see the knobs of the drawers of the wardrobe. He was almost uncontrollably anxious to address the lady, but feared to do so lest he should awake his wife, feeling sure that in her peculiarly nervous state the sight would probably kill her.

The figure stood still for two or three minutes gazing steadfastly at him and then suddenly disappeared. Mr. Horlock immediately rose from his bed and made investigation of doors, windows, and every object in the room, first of all without, and then with a candle. All the doors and windows were securely fastened, and there was no possible combination of light or shade which could have produced this or any other phantom. Mr. Horlock was more particular to thoroughly satisfy himself on this point on account of a circumstance which had happened to him some year or so before in his former house in Surrey :—

Mrs. Horlock was away from home. He awoke in the night, a brilliant moonlight shining through the window, and there, by the door of the room, stood Mrs. Horlock, attired in hat, cloak, and all her usual attire.

His first feeling was a terrible fear lest some fatal accident might have befallen his wife, and her spirit have been allowed to appear to him as a warning thereof. He immediately, crushing down the fear, got out of bed and walked to the figure, when he found that Mrs. Horlock's complete walking attire was hanging to the door, and on returning to his bed marked with interest the peculiar manner in which the rays of the moon threw it out into bold relief, giving it, even after he knew what it was, the exact appearance of a living figure.

But to resume :—

Some days after the appearance of the ghost, Mr. Horlock, under the pledge of absolute secresy, confided the account to Miss S., causing her to give a solemn promise that she would never even divulge a hint of the story until she received his permission to do so, and this promise it is well known was most religiously observed.

Mr. Horlock after this never saw any other visible appearance. The effect on his mind was inconsiderable. He believed now what he did not before, that the spirits of the dead were allowed sometimes to appear to the living. He believed that the house he occupied was allowed to be the scene of such appearances ; and he believed that this fact might account for noises and sensations which to him before had always been unaccountable. But not the least sensation of fear was produced by this knowledge— on the contrary, a feeling of confidence that the sight of a spirit did not terrify and could not harm. His chief wish was to behold the same being again when alone and to question it, and for this purpose he slept alone at various times in different rooms in the house, but never saw anything. He began now, too, to suspect and to investigate two circumstances which had occurred before, which at the time excited no question in his mind.

One was with regard to his father, the Rev. Dr. Horlock, who had

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slept one night in the house, but could never be prevailed to sleep another.

The other with regard to his old nurse, who had been at one time his housekeeper, but had left him long before he came to J. to undertake the same duties for his father. The old woman had been in the habit of constantly visiting him at J., staying a night or two at a time. At last there had come a day when no persuasion would induce her to spend a night under his roof. She always had a good excuse, so good that he had never suspected anything—she would often come to spend the day but always left before nightfall.

Without divulging anything he had seen he himself set to work to cross-examine both these persons, but was entirely unsuccessful in gaining the least clue from either for several months, when at last, under great pressure, Dr. Horlock admitted that during the night he had spent at J. he had been kept awake the whole night by the sound of some one being strangled and gasping for breath in his room. That he could discover nothing, but that he had been so terribly unnerved that no earthly power would induce him ever to spend another night in the house.

Dr. Horlock had always been a firm unbeliever in ghosts.

The old woman, Mrs. P., was as yet utterly impervious to all entreaties. She persistently refused to say a single word or even express an opinion as to ghosts or anything of the sort. I may add here that Miss S. had left J. very shortly after she had been told the story, and had not seen Mrs. P. before she left, and never did see her again till two years after, under circumstances which will presently be related.

The effect of J. on animals was a marked one.

Every cat died in a few months of a mysterious wasting sickness. Mr. Horlock had a particularly sharp, savage Scotch terrier, a noted killer of vermin. This dog occupied a box at night in a back passage. After nightfall the animal always retired to its box and curled itself up in a heap with its head hidden by its paws. No coming of strangers, no noise, no entreaties would ever prevail on it to take any notice. On one occasion when Mr. Horlock turned a live rat loose on its body it allowed the animal to escape without even raising its head. Remove this dog to any other house and it was a different creature. At the slightest noise it would be on the alert. At the coming of a stranger it would tear a door down to get at him, and any sort of vermin it would tear to pieces in a second.

Mr. Horlock describes his sensations in walking about the house after nightfall. Not fear, but a sensation of some one always walking behind you; a sort of expectation that any moment a hand would be placed on your shoulder. On one occasion when he was standing in the dining-room with a candle in his hand, comparing the clock with his watch about midnight, all doors and windows closed and a perfectly still night, he felt a distinct breath on his neck behind, and the next moment the candle was violently blown out, and the room left in utter darkness.

Shortly after the ghost's appearance to Mr. Horlock, one evening the footman brought lights into the smoking-room, which was on the first floor of

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the house, and started violently back on seeing both Mrs. Horlock and Miss S. sitting there. "What's the row?" said Mr. Horlock. "Why, sir," he said, "I just met Miss S. going into the drawing-room, and I told her I would bring her a light in a moment. I was just going to do it."

"Who could it have been? You had better go and see," said Mr. Horlock, "and not bring a lot of silly tales up here."

On another occasion it was a beautifully bright summer moonlit night, not a breath of air stirring. Mr. Horlock was lying awake in bed, the back windows of the room being open. There were five or six dogs each tied to a separate kennel all round the house; while at one angle, about 100 yards from it, was a large kennel containing eight or ten more.

Everything was still as death, not a stir or a sound, when suddenly there came sobbing on his ear a low, clear and sweet musical sigh, like the sound of a far away breeze. It commenced at the south angle of the house, and went slowly and distinctly completely round. As it seemed to pass each kennel, each dog gave one long drawn howl and was silent. As it reached the large kennel every dog howled once in concert, and then, taken up in turn by the solitary ones beyond, it ended where it began. This had a strangely weird effect.

In the spring of 1863, the Horlocks left England for a Continental tour and let J. House to a Mr. D. for the rest of their term. On their return Mr. Horlock took a hunting and shooting box in Oxfordshire, and Miss S. came to visit them. A few days after her arrival, the old woman before mentioned, Mrs. P., came also for a few days' visit. On the evening of her arrival, Mrs. Horlock and Miss S. were sitting with Mr. Horlock in his smoking-room, and the conversation turned on J. and its peculiarities; and then for the first time Mr. Horlock told his wife of the appearance, giving a minute description as above, and before this neither Mr. Horlock nor Miss S. had ever mentioned the subject to any living soul, except to each other.

At last Mr. Horlock said, "Let us have the old lady up and see if we can get anything out of her as to the reason she would never sleep at J." On this question being asked she refused, as before, to explain the matter at all, but on being pressed as to whether she had ever seen anything in the house, and it being represented to her that it could not make any difference now, as the Horlocks had left the house for ever, she said, "Well, I did see something once, and that is the reason I never could sleep in the house again," and she thereon gave a description of the appearance, exactly tallying with Mr. Horlock's in even the most minute detail, before the two witnesses, one of whom had just heard it for the first and the other for the second time, from his lips.

J. House was occupied about two years by Mr. Horlock's tenant, after which, I believe, it remained vacant for some time. It was then purchased by a neighbouring squire and turned into a parsonage house for a new district which was then formed.

There are many ghost stories told of it during the occupation of Mr. Horlock's tenant and others.

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Of the actors in the above story, both Mrs. Horlock and Mrs. P. have long since entered into their rest. Dr. Horlock and Miss S. are still alive and in England. I do not know where the footman is. Mr. Horlock took Holy Orders in 1877, and is now a missionary in British Columbia. He has never seen any spiritual appearance since the event related above. He is still thoroughly convinced of its truth, and he can see at this moment every feature and every detail of the ghost of J. House as clearly as on that night in 1862.

In reply to our inquiries, Mr. Horlock explains, in a further letter, that his tenants, the D.'s, are now dead.

He adds that he believes the blinds were drawn up on the occasion of his seeing the apparition in his bedroom. He has had no other hallucination.

After his account had been written, the account previously written by Mrs. Horlock to Miss Corbet (Associate S.P.R.), of which we append a copy, was sent to him. Mrs. Horlock describes the footman as going into the drawing-room and discovering his mistake *before* he came to the smoking-room to tell his master what he had seen. Mr. Horlock states that his version of the incident is correct.

October 8th, 1873.

DEAR MISS CORBET, . . . I am most happy to write and tell you anything I can about J ——. When I first went there I was an entire unbeliever in ghosts, but after being there a very short time, though I fought against it, and tried to account for the curious sounds and feelings I heard and felt there, I was convinced that the house was different from others. I never saw anything myself, but could not go about the house at night without feeling there was something near me, and I have frequently been awakened at night with the feeling of some one standing by my bed, and could almost hear them breathe. My fancy is that some people cannot *see* ghosts. The very first night we were in the house we heard the noises. At times they were horrible. Moans and cries of distress, then as if people were moving quickly about. In the top story of the house there were several attics very much out of repair, and we thought there might be rats there, so we put down traps and laid wheat there, but we never caught a rat, nor was the wheat eaten. I believe after we left there were a few caught, but I think we brought them. One day I was poking about in the attics trying to find something to account for the noises, when I knocked a wall, which sounded hollow. My husband and I immediately set to work and pulled down a partition which covered a door. On breaking this open we discovered a passage and two rooms; these rooms were in good repair. Until I left the house I did not know *positively* that anything had been seen, as my husband was afraid of telling me. Our footman saw "the Blue Lady" one evening after dinner, when my husband and myself were sitting in the smoking-room, which was upstairs. He said he distinctly saw a lady come down the front stairs, and go into the drawing-room. She had a silk dress on, and he heard it rustle. It was getting dusk, and there were no lights in the room. Thinking it was me, he ran for a light, and took it into the room; there was no one there, and much frightened he ran upstairs, and asked if I

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had left the room. I had not, and we told him he must have been mistaken. This was the only time I heard of it being seen while I remained at J. but some months after we left my husband told me the story of his seeing it. Our bedroom had four windows in it, two on each side of the room. It was on a bright night in March (not moonlight) he was awakened with the feeling of some one being in the room. He sat up in bed, and saw an old lady in a large poke bonnet and black dress standing between him and the window. She was not at all terrible to look at, and stood and gazed on him some seconds, and disappeared. He said he did not feel in the least frightened, or nervous (he is the last man you could imagine being so). He knows he was awake, and perfectly sensible, and if he had been alone would have spoken to her. Some time after I was talking to our old housekeeper (she had been my husband's nurse, and was more a friend than a servant) about J., and I said, "Now we have left I do not mind telling you that I believe J. was haunted." (We always told the servants it was all nonsense.) Her reply was, "I know it was for I saw the ghost," and she described word for word the same figure that my husband saw. She had not the least idea of his having seen it. She said she felt very restless one night, and got out of bed, and there standing close to her, was the old woman. She was much frightened, and would never sleep in the house alone again. You may rely on the truth of this, and both my husband and Mrs. Phillips seeing and describing, unknown to each other, the same thing, is a most curious coincidence. I will tell you one incident more, but I fear I shall be trying your patience to read so much. I had a little rough terrier who used to sleep in the passage at night, and if we went out to a ball, &c., and were likely to be late, we used to send the servants to bed, and ring them up. The dog was a fiery little thing, and at the slightest noise at night would bark furiously, but a short time after we had been at J. we came home late and rang the bell, and had some difficulty in making the servants hear. I remarked to my husband what an extraordinary thing it was Tiny did not bark, and that she must have been taken upstairs, but on going into the passage I found her in her basket, and no inducement of mine could make her raise her head. I watched her closely afterwards, and I found she would go to her basket directly it was dark, and nothing could make her move though I did everything to make her. When we went into another house she was as noisy as ever. There are lots of other stories about the house, many very silly and quite untrue, for instance, the story of the table cloth. Dr. Horlock slept one night at the house and heard the noises, and nothing could make him sleep there again. We heard them so frequently that, though always disagreeable, we in a way got used to them. I hope, however, I may never have to live in such a house again. I believe the L.'s could throw a light on this subject if they liked . . . . Yours very sincerely,

ALICE HORLOCK.

We append three letters from Miss Saward, who was staying with Mrs. Horlock at the time when the apparition was seen.

Westleigh, Ealing.

June 17th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid that my testimony respecting the manifestations

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at J., reported to you by the Rev. D. Horlock, will not be of much value, as, although in the house at the time, I did not see any of the appearances.

Mr. Horlock, the morning after he saw the apparition, told me of the occurrence, and we wrote down the date, &c., and sealed up the paper. The appearance was never mentioned by me until we left J., but the housekeeper (Mr. Horlock's old nurse) told us that she had seen the same figure one night, but had said nothing about it for fear of frightening the servants. Her account of the figure was similar to Mr. Horlock's.

I was also at J. when the footman, in the dusk of the evening, saw a lady walk down the stairs and go into the drawing-room. He thought it was me, and he spoke, and followed with a candle, thinking I should require a light. Finding no one in the room he came into the smoking-room, where we all were, and asked if I had been into the drawing-room. The man was not frightened, but kept steadily to the fact that he had seen a figure.

I helped Mr. Horlock to take down the boards fastening up the room where the murder was committed, to see if there was any trace of the room being used by people not belonging to the house, and anxious to get rid of us, but there was nothing, and no entrance that could have been used from outside, and the window closely barred. The house was old and wainscoated, and full of noises, which might have been, and probably were, made by rats (though we never found any, and had several terriers loose); the only connected noise I used to hear was that of a ladder placed against the window and people ascending. I have constantly risen to see if I could surprise anyone, but never found anyone about. After I left I connected the noise with the idea that the relations who starved the old woman would be able to watch her in the night by looking through the window at her without being seen themselves. . . . .

B. C. Saward.

June 22nd, 1885.

Dear Sir,—I did not enlarge upon the apparition seen by Mr. Horlock and the nurse, as my knowledge of the circumstance was from others, and did not come from my own observation.

Mr. Horlock told me, the morning afterwards; of that I am certain as he called me away from breakfast into the garden to do so. He was so anxious to speak of it, to someone who was not nervous, my sister being nervous and not strong. His account was that he woke in the night and saw an old woman standing at the foot of the bed (on his side), and looking fixedly at him. He could see her well as a wardrobe was behind, or rather at the side, and threw out the figure, and a window facing her and behind. The room had windows on both sides of it facing each other.

Mr. Horlock sat up in bed and looked at the figure; he was not frightened, but did not speak for fear of disturbing my sister, who was asleep, and easily wakened. The old woman was short, dressed in a black poke bonnet, plain dress and shawl. She gradually faded away while Mr. Horlock looked at her.

The nurse was in a different part of the house when she saw the figure. She woke in the night, got out of bed, and then saw an old woman standing

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by the side of the bed, and close to her. She was so frightened that she got back into bed and covered her face up. She described the dress and height as Mr. Horlock did, although she was not aware that he had seen anything. . . . .

B. C. SAWARD.

P.S.—There was a cross light in the nurse's room, and the figure was seen between the two windows, as in Mr. Horlock's case.

June 24th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say I cannot give you any date fixing the nurse's tale, or when I heard it.

Mr. and Mrs. Horlock went to Brittany from J ——, and were there for nearly two years, and the nurse did not go with them, but lived again with them when they returned. I either heard the account from Mr. Horlock when I went to see them at Morlaix, or from the nurse after the lapse of two years. . . . .

B. C. SAWARD.

We have written repeatedly to Dr. Horlock, the father of Mr. Darrell Horlock, asking for an account of his experiences when staying at J. House, but we have failed to receive any reply to our letters.

Mr. Horlock left the house in the spring of 1863, and it was occupied by his tenants, the D.'s, until some time in 1864, apparently. The house then appears to have remained empty until 1867, when Mr. B. and his family entered on their tenancy.

The following account is taken from a copy made by Mr. H. Wedgwood of some letters and notes sent to him in January, 1882, by Mr. B. The account has been revised by Mr. B. in the proof sheets.

Among the oldest inhabitants of this neighbourhood there is an impression that J. House was haunted. A lady upwards of 70 who had known it all her life, and whose testimony was unimpeachable, averred that she had always heard that supernatural appearances had been seen in it. The present occupier had heard rumours to the same effect but he attached no importance to them. He had not been many hours in the house, however, before his preconceived ideas met with a rude shock. While engaged about 3 o'clock in the afternoon with a servant unpacking a box of books, he was startled by hearing a rustling sound. The room where he was at the time adjoined a passage that led to the upper landing of the old staircase; a door from this room stood open towards the landing for the sake of admitting additional light from the staircase window. The rustling sounded like a lady's dress and train sweeping along the passage to the landing. Knowing that the only lady in the house was then resting in the library after a long drive, he looked up in wonder and amazement to find out what strange lady could be wandering about the house. Most distinctly he saw emerge from the above-named passage what appeared to him a lady in a kind of blue gauze dress, with long hair hanging down her back. She walked across the landing of the staircase, and as her figure disappeared behind the wall of the staircase the train followed slowly after her till all was out of sight.

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Memorandum, June 18th (1868 apparently), 20 minutes to 9 p.m., the first year T. came to live with us.

Mary Ann was in the bedroom (now our sitting-room) shutting up the windows, and suddenly felt a strong wind which made it hard to shut the window, and hearing a rustling noise turned round and saw a figure at the open door, with a hand on the handle. She was looking round at Mary Ann with a sad expression, large earnest eyes, thin long face, sunken cheeks. She had a dark dress with short sleeves ; hands and arms exceedingly white. She gazed earnestly at Mary Ann, and went up the five steps from the door of the bedroom ; Mary Ann saw her go to the door of the little room (where we dine at present) and then she vanished out of sight. MaryAnn did not feel at all alarmed on this occasion, but shortly afterwards coming down the stairs herself from the attics, she beheld the figure going down the five steps again towards the same door where she had first seen her, and her train floated down the stairs after her. On this occasion Mary Ann did not see her face, but such an intense terror and even horror took possession of her, on seeing this appearance for the second time, that she never again could walk about the house alone after dark, and left her situation not long afterwards.

12th July, 1868, to the Governess.

17th November, 1868, Captain H., a relative of the family, saw a lady in a blue dress; the hair dressed as in Hogarth's time ; she wore a sack and stomacher, and long train. Very thin, with sharp features and sunken cheeks. Her face appeared extremely sad. As he was going up stairs she was on the staircase before him, and turned round, looking earnestly at him. He walked past her, and thought no more of it at the instant. The same figure in the same dress appeared to him at dusk as he was going up the same staircase. He came up the stairs and went past her, and said "Oh! is that you again, my g——," and she turned her head a little round and gave the same long wistful glance as before, and faded out of his sight.

Dream of Maid.—Autumn, 1873.

S.H., one of the maid servants, had a dream in which she saw a very tall woman with a cap on, and something white over her shoulders over a dark dress—very white hands, the arms covered. She came to the side of the bed and asked S. in rather a loud voice, to follow her down the stairs and passage to the front stairs. She walked rather fast, and her dress dragged as she went along. She went into the library, and walked between the billiard table and after stamping loudly 3 times at the corner of the books, then vanished. She remembers no more but that she woke very much frightened.

Second Dream.—October 15th, 1873.

The appearance came to her bedside exactly as before, dress and appearance just the same. It had a very thin white face, and seemed as if it was full of trouble. It seemed to take hold of her and drag her, but she did not get out of bed. The figure asked S.H. if she had been where she told her to go before, and she said "If you don't go very soon, this shall be a curse to

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you." She then appeared to go out of the room, and S.H. woke up, finding that in her terror she had caught hold of Eliza the housemaid, who slept in the same bed.

Copy of letter from Governess written to wife of occupier.

One Sunday, about 6 o'clock, just as it was beginning to get dusk, I was sitting in the library alone reading, and thinking that it was time to dress for dinner, went up the front staircase to put the book back in the sitting-room, when I turned to go up the three steps, I saw the blue lady approaching from the curtains of your bedroom. In appearance it was a tall, long, thin face, looked as if it had seen a great deal of sorrow ; long black hair hanging round her, and she was robed in a blue gauzy kind of stuff. She glided along, her eyes fixed on Mr. B.'s dressing-room. I saw her naked feet distinctly as she walked down the three steps into the dressing-room, and disappeared. I then ran up to shut the door, thinking to entrap the blue lady, and as I attempted to fasten the door of the dressing-room by a latch I think there is, I saw the reflection of the blue lady in a mirror on the wall. I went to the servants' hall, and Johnson came up with me and undid the door of the dressing-room, but it was gone.

We have succeeded in tracing the governess referred to, then Miss P., now Mrs. Oliver. She writes to us in January, 1884, from 11, Clarence Terrace, Toronto.

On the first Sunday in July, 1868, at the residence of Mr. B., J—— House, near G——, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I was going upstairs from the library, and had reached the bend of the staircase on which Mr. B.'s dressing-room was situated (any one who knows J—— House will understand *exactly* the locality). On looking up, I saw a lady, dressed in blue, who appeared to be coming from Mrs. B.'s bedroom (which had heavy red curtains outside the door), along the upper hall, down the three stairs, and into Mr. B.'s dressing-room. At that moment I could have touched her if I had had courage, she was so near me, yet apparently wholly unconscious of my presence, her face the whole time turned towards the dressing-room, where she entered and disappeared entirely. So human did she look that I closed Mr. B.'s door. In the act of doing so I distinctly saw her image reflected in a mirror which hung opposite the door. I called for someone to come, and until the moment I heard the servant say "Miss P. has seen the ghost," never for one moment imagined I had seen a spirit, and I was so certain that it was a human form that search was made, walls examined, &c., but to no purpose.

I remained with the B.'s some days after this remarkable occurrence, but never saw the blue lady again. Her countenance wore a troubled expression, but very life-like. It struck me at the time that her dress was of *silk* from the rustling it made touching the stairs ; and certainly her feet, which were uncovered, seemed to be of *flesh*. I am certain it must have been *two minutes* from the time I first saw her till her disappearance, so that

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I could *take in* details, and my feelings were those of surprise rather than terror.

This is a true account of what I saw at J—— House.

ALICE G. OLIVER.

[We wrote again to Mrs. Oliver, at Toronto, asking some questions on points of detail; but our letter was returned, Mrs. Oliver having left her former address.]

It appears that Mr. B. left J. in 1875, and that considerable alterations were made in the house before the arrival, in 1876, of the present occupant, who apparently has not been disturbed in any way.

Through the kindness of Mr. G. M. Hutton, of University College, Oxford, we have obtained the following copy of a letter written to him in December, 1883, by the daughter of Mr. B.'s successor.

We should add that we have obtained no verification of the tradition of highwaymen and murders referred to in this letter, and the communication from America, which was sent a few years ago from Canada to the then owner of the house, and a copy of which we have seen, can most easily be explained either as a hoax or as an attempt to obtain money on false pretences.

" . . . I never heard of any one's having seen the Blue Lady except Mr. B. and his governess. A long time ago, perhaps 20 years, some gentleman who came to lodge here for a little while, saw the Blue Lady's mother, an old woman in a poke bonnet, called by the village people Old Betty, standing at the foot of his bed. I believe she was frequently seen at that time. These two well-authenticated ghosts are the more strange because I believe it is a fact that at the time highwaymen lived in the house, they once stopped a coach on the Bath-road and brought back a mother and daughter and their treasure. Being pursued, they are supposed to have murdered their prisoners and escaped to America, leaving the treasure hidden in the house. A man wrote from America a year or two ago (or perhaps more) offering to send [to Mr. ——] the clue to the hiding-place for a certain sum of money. He said that he had helped a very old woman in some way, and that in return she had told him that she was the wife of one of the robbers, and had given him the clue to the treasure. . . . . The initials over the drawing-room fireplace are J. K. and R. K., followed by the date 1657. They are supposed to stand for two of the Kingdons, who built this part of the house, and are not connected with the highwaymen, who are not known to have lived here till about the beginning of this century. . . . . "

In reply to our further inquiries, Mr. Hutton writes :—

December 26th, 1883.

. . . I am sorry I omitted to tell you that my correspondent is now living in J—— House. Her father, Mr. B.'s successor, has been in possession of the house for, I should think, six years now. He has a large family of seven children of all ages, and the Blue Lady seems to object to children,

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for not one of them, as far as I can gather, has seen or heard anything extraordinary during the whole time of their residence there. . . . .

GERARD M. HUTTON.

It may be interesting to add part of an account from one of our correspondents, who repeats "the tale as told" to her, after it had passed through several hands :—

This blue lady is constantly appearing to the inhabitants of the house and as long as they do not see her face it is bearable, but anyone seeing it goes into hysterics or fits, and positively refuses to sleep another night in the house—neither will they describe the face. One clergyman after another left the house in consequence of servants, governesses, &c., being frightened nearly to death.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

DEAR SIR,—The question is often asked in what way the effect of *sight* can be produced on the mind by non-substantial apparitions. Perhaps the following dream-experiences may point to the answer.

I was travelling in the train one night about a year ago, and went to sleep. I dreamed I took out my watch and looked at it ; the time was 6 p.m., much the time that I imagined it to be. I had not looked before going to sleep, because my wraps came in the way of the watch-pocket. I then awoke, without opening my eyes, enough to realise that my watch was out of reach by my bodily hands, but still saw the disc of the watch clearly before my eyes. I knew it was a dream impression, and as I looked it turned blue, flickered, and went out. It was larger than the real disc, as I recognised while looking at it.

Another day I was lying on my bed, in the daylight, and in the course of a short nap dreamed of a friend's face. I awoke, but the impression of her face remained visibly before my eyes with the red background of my eyelids perceptible. I looked for some time (I suppose a moment or two), when something like the head of a white mahl-stick, or a knobbed potato, came between me and the nose and mouth I was looking at : and the whole face faded out.

Is there any improbability in supposing that the effect of a sufficiently strong mental impression of an absent person on the visual nerve would be the same as that of a dream, only longer-continued and not broken by the act of waking, which would naturally usually destroy a dream-image ? Of course this accounts in no way for the impression, but it might explain why some such telepathic phenomena are visual and others purely mental, by differentiating the power of visualising possessed by the observers.—Yours faithfully.

M. BRAMSTON.

41, Dingwall-road, Croydon.

February, 1886. . . .

[The interesting and important point raised by Miss Bramston will be discussed at some length by Mr. Gurney in the forthcoming work on "Phantasms of the Living."—ED.]

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SUPPLEMENTARY LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

The following additions have been made since February.

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* Presented by Mrs. Charles Kingsley. † Presented by the Editor.
‡ Presented by a member of the Society for Psychical Research.

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