

JOURNAL

OF THE

SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

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NEW MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

MEMBER.

WOODRUFFE, MISS ADELAIDE, 3, Prince's-mansions, Victoria-st., S.W.

ASSOCIATES.

ALLEN, C. F. EGERTON, B.A., Heywood College, Tenby.

BUCKLE, W. T., M.B. (Lond.), 5, Vicarage-villas, Willesden, N.W.

CHATCOCK, ARTHUR P., University College, Bristol.

GRANTHAM, F. W., Trinity College, Cambridge.

MARSHALL, MRS., 50, Eaton-place, Brighton.

NEILD, FREDERICK, The Yews, Fernhurst, Sussex.

RITCHIE, MISS, 131, Clapham-road, London, S.W.

WITHERS, J. J., B.A., 2, Museum-chambers, Bury-st., Bloomsbury, W.C.

ASSOCIATES OF THE AMERICAN BRANCH.

The first two as Hon. Associates.

ALEXANDER, MRS. KEZIA E., Birmingham, Mich., U.S.A.

WILTSE, DR. A. S., Skiddy, Kansas, U.S.A.

CRAIG, J. W., Box 291, San Bernardino, Cal., U.S.A.

GILES, MRS. GRACE M., 19, Baltimore-block, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A.

HASLETT, O. C., 452, Spear-street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

HURLEY, A. M., Corner of First and Monmouth Streets, Independence, Oregon, U.S.A.

LEONHARDT, J. S., M.Sc., M.D., 1452, O-st., Lincoln, Nebraska, U.S.A.

MILLER, MRS. H. F., Hotel Langham, Washington-st., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

SAWIN, REV. T. P., The Manse, 120, First-street, Troy, N.Y., U.S.A.

TAYLOR, EDWARD WYLLYS, 43, Hancock-street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.

A Meeting of the Council was held on the 5th of December, the President in the chair. The following Members were also present:—
Professors W. F. Barrett and Oliver J. Lodge, Dr. A. T. Myers, and

Messrs. T. Barkworth, William Crookes, Walter Leaf, F. W. H. Myers, F. Podmore, H. Babington Smith, and R. Pearsall Smith.

One new Member and eight new Associates were elected, whose names and addresses are given above. The election of ten new Associates of the American Branch, two of whom had been elected as Honorary Associates, was also recorded.

A minute was made at the request of Professor Lodge, transferring his name, after the current year, from the list of Associates to that of Members.

The names of three Associates were at their request transferred to the American Branch.

The decease of Dr. Muirhead, of Glasgow, a Member of the Society, was recorded.

It was agreed that the names of several persons who, from various causes, had virtually ceased to be Members of the Society, should be struck off the list.

Various matters of routine and other business having engaged the attention of the Council, it was agreed that its next Meeting should be at Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, the 30th of January, 1891, at the close of the Annual Business Meeting, which has been fixed for 3 p.m. on that day.

CASES RECEIVED BY THE LITERARY COMMITTEE.

L. 853. A Pⁿ Visual. Child Percipient.

From Mrs. Bishop.

July 8th, 1890.

I venture to recount a strange incident which occurred between 8 and 9 years since to one of my children.

Without entering on unnecessary details, I must mention that my husband was taken seriously—and, as it proved, hopelessly—ill, when our little daughter, to whom he was passionately attached, was two and a half years of age, and he was ordered by the doctors to travel. It is necessary here to mention—for on this hangs the strangest part of my tale—that up to this time my husband cultivated only a moustache, which was *exceedingly fair*, but on leaving home he allowed his whiskers and beard to grow, and they came on *very dark*.

On the 18th December, 1881, when he had been away from home six months—during which time he never saw either of his children—he had a stroke of paralysis. I was with him in Surrey, whilst my little girl and my boy, aged 7 years, were left at our home in Kent, in charge of an aunt, a nurse, and female servants. On the afternoon of the 19th, the two children were playing in the nursery, when, unobserved, the little girl ran out of the

room, and all in the house were presently startled by her calling from the hall to her brother, in most delighted and excited tones, to come into the dining-room, for "poor papa" had come home. My aunt, the servants, and my little son all ran to her, when she seized the boy by the hand and eagerly drew him into the room. Her surprise and disappointment to find it empty were great. She then told how she had drawn a chair to the sideboard (and there it stood) that she might get to the biscuit-box (a very usual proceeding of the little creature's) when, turning to mount it, she saw "poor papa" sitting in his armchair, that he put out his arms for "baby to *tiss* him, but baby wouldn't 'cause he looked so funny, he had black whiskers all round here" (pointing to her cheeks and chin). The child was at that time within a few days of three years old. She had not seen her father for six months; she had naturally never been told he was growing a beard, and had she been, would not at her age have realised it, nor have known the colour. She was questioned and cross-questioned, but never varied her tale in one single particular. On comparing notes with my aunt and the servants, we found that this apparition appeared to my little daughter during the unconsciousness which *preceded* her father's death. She was at the time in perfect health, and is now a bright, healthy girl. She has now no recollection of this event, nor do we remind her of it.

I should much like to hear how this incident can be explained, for, naturally, there was no imagination at work, as the fact of her refusing to kiss what she supposed to be her living father, because of his having grown a beard, proves that she saw him as he *then* was, not as she remembered him in the flesh. She evinced no fear, only delight, and afterwards disappointment.

Mrs. Bishop writes later :—

I have delayed writing to you again, until I could send you the report of my sister-in-law, which I have just received. I did not communicate with her personally on the subject, but asked a mutual friend to do so, that there might be no suggestion of my having refreshed her memory. My boy writes me that he thinks his recollections of the occurrence are more from hearing it since spoken of, than from any distinct remembrance of his own.

Miss Bishop's account is as follows :—

July 17th, 1890.

My brother, being an invalid, left home for the benefit of his health. He was a fair man and wore a moustache only, till he had been away a short time, when he grew a beard, which, unlike his moustache, was very dark. He never returned home, and in about six months died. The day of his death (December 19th, 1881), for a brief moment he appeared conscious and to know those around him, but subsided once more into unconsciousness, and, I noticed, died about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On returning home the same night the following strange incident was told us :—

My brother's little girl, aged nearly 3, was very partial to biscuits, and had a habit of going on her own account in search of them, in the dining-room, where she would find them in a biscuit-box on the sideboard,

On the afternoon of the day I have mentioned—at the time my brother was dying—my little niece thought she would go and get her dainty, leaving the nursery unnoticed. Her brother, her great-aunt (who was taking charge of them), and the maid were there. In a few moments she called to her brother, “Come into the dining-room, boy, poor papa has come home, and he held out his arms for baby to go to him—but baby wouldn’t because he has black whiskers all round here” (meaning the beard which she had never seen). This alarmed the aunt and the maid, who knew there was no one in the house beyond themselves, and searched high and low but found no one. We questioned the child as to what she had seen, and she told us exactly the same tale over and over again without deviating one degree from her original statement.

It is my firm belief that my brother’s spirit was constantly with his child, for she was frequently complaining that someone was “blowing on her,” which ceased the day and moment he was buried. L. T. BISHOP.

Mrs. Bishop says she had quite forgotten the little girl’s complaining of the “blowing on her” till reminded by Miss Bishop’s account. She wrote on November 28th, that she had, after some difficulty, found the nurse who was with them at the time. This nurse, she says, remembers the circumstances, but is an illiterate person, from whom an independent account would not be of much value.

The next three cases are from Mrs. Wickham, who is known to Mr. Myers, and who has related the occurrences described verbally to him. It is an interesting instance of more than one veridical experience occurring to the same percipient, and of such experiences being shared by other members of her family. The three incidents related are connected with two gentlemen, whom we will call Mr. A. and Mr. B. Mrs. Wickham has had a few other experiences, in at least one case shared, but not coincidental.

L. 854. Ad P^s

On the evening of March 13th, 1879, I was dressing myself to go to a dinner party at Admiralty House, Vittoriosa, Malta. I had accepted Admiral and Mrs. ———’s invitation, much against my will, as a dear friend was lying seriously ill at Brighton. However, the latest accounts had been so cheering and hopeful that I had allowed myself to be persuaded by my husband into going. An eerie feeling was creeping over me in an unaccountable manner, but I tried to throw it off and succeeded in doing so to a certain extent; still, something made me turn my head round and stare into my husband’s dressing-room, which opened into mine. I distinctly saw a hand waving backwards and forwards twice. I rushed into the room—it was empty. Soon afterwards, my husband came upstairs, and I told him what I had seen, but he put it down to “nerves.” As we crossed the water the cool night air seemed to revive me and I began to laugh at myself for letting my imagination play such tricks. Arrived at the Admiral’s, the same weird feeling, that something was near me, crept over me again. I felt sure that if I

were to turn round I should see something. All through dinner this idea remained fixed in my mind—and my host, by whom I was seated, teased me about my preoccupation and want of appetite. I was glad when we came away ; had the horrible tension continued much longer I must have screamed, I think. It was only by the most powerful effort I could assume the semblance of composure. We got home, somehow, and I dragged myself upstairs to my room, and commenced undressing. Whilst taking down my hair I distinctly felt a hand pass over my head and neck as if someone was assisting me. I told my husband—to be again laughed at. I knelt to say my prayers. Instead of praying (as I had been used to do) for God to make my friend well, I, without any will of my own, prayed that he might be taken out of his misery. I went to bed. Something came and lay beside me. I clung to my husband, who tried to calm me, assuring me there was nothing there to hurt or frighten me. A cold mouth seemed to freeze on my cheek, and I distinctly heard, “Good-bye, Sis, good-bye,” in my friend’s well-known voice. Still my husband declared he could hear nothing. I said, “I am sure Mr. A. is dead.” My husband said I was hysterical and overwrought, drew me towards him and held my hand till I fell asleep—for I suppose it was a dream and not a vision I had. Be this as it may, I saw my friend come into my room ; a livid mark was across his face. He was dressed in a night-shirt, and his feet were bare. He came and sat beside me—told me he was dead—that he had left me some money, and before he died had wished to make some alteration in his bequest, but the end had come so soon, he had not time to do so. He repeated his “Good-bye,” kissed me, and disappeared.

I told my husband of my dream and marked the date. Five days afterwards a letter with a deep black border came to me from my friend’s brother, telling me his brother had passed away at 10 o’clock, March 13th. Allowing for the difference of time, Mr. A. must have come to me either just before or just after his death. The legacy left me was as he had stated, also the fact that he had intended to make a change as regarded it, but though the lawyer was sent for, he came too late. ECGÉNIE WICKHAM.

Mrs. Wickham’s husband, Colonel Wickham, corroborates as follows :—

Certified to truth of above facts,

G. H. WICKHAM (Lient.-Colonel late R. A.).

August 11th, 1890.

L. 855. A^d Pⁿ Collective. Visual.

A friend of mine, an officer in the Gordon Highlanders, was severely wounded in the knee at Tel-el-Kebir.

His mother was a great friend of mine, and when the *Carthage* hospital ship brought him to Malta she sent me on board to see him and make arrangements for bringing him on shore. When I got on board I was told his was one of the worst cases there. So badly was my poor friend wounded that it was not considered safe to send him to the Military Hospital, and he, together with an officer of the Black Watch, was admitted to the naval one. By dint of much entreaty, his mother and I were allowed to go there and

nurse him. The poor fellow was very ill, and as the doctors considered he would die if an operation was performed, they did not amputate his leg, which was the only thing that could give him a chance of life. His leg mortified, but the parts sloughed away, and as he still lingered on, sometimes better, sometimes worse, the doctors began to think he might, perhaps, recover to a certain degree, though he would be lame for life, and must eventually die of decline. For nearly three months and a half he lay on his bed of agony. About a month before his death the head doctor said that the presence of a young woman always near him excited him and retarded his recovery, so I went away to my home on the other side of the harbour, going over frequently to see his mother and learn from her how he was. As he would never take food or medicine, excepting from me, I was troubled to think what the poor boy might do. At last the doctor sent for me, begging me to go back as he was literally dying of starvation, refusing to take food or medicine until I returned. When I went to him he put out his hand to me and said: "They have let you come back to me now that it is too late. I've eaten nothing." He lingered about a fortnight after this, and a few days before the end I pinned the Order of the Osmanli on the front of the poor dying boy's night-shirt. It was very cold, and the hospital draughty, my lungs were delicate, and I got a fearful cough and kind of fever from the impure air of the room, for I sat in an armchair by his bed all night, as he slept better holding my hand.

One night, January 4th, 1886, no immediate change being apprehended, his mother made me go home to have a night's rest, as I was by this time very ill indeed, not being strong at the best of times. He had been in a kind of lethargy for some hours, and as the doctor said he would probably sleep, being under the effects of morphia, until the next morning, I consented to go, intending to return at daybreak, so that he should find me there when he awoke. About three o'clock that night my eldest son, who was sleeping in my room, woke me with the cry of: "Mamma! there is Mr. B.!" I started up! It was quite true. He floated through the room about half a foot from the floor, smiling at me as he disappeared through the window. He was in his night-dress, but, strange to say, his foot, of which the toes had dropped off from mortification, *was exactly like the other one.* We (both my son and myself) noticed this. Half an hour afterwards a man came to tell me that Mr. B. had died at 3 o'clock, and I must go to his mother who had sent for me. She told me that he had been half conscious just before he died, and was feeling about for my hand, after pressing hers and that of his soldier-servant who had remained with him to the last. I have never forgiven myself for going home that night.

EUGÉNIE WICKHAM.

Mrs. Wickham's son, who was, as she informs us, nine years old at the time of the occurrence, signs the account as follows:—

I certify to the above fact.—EDMUND WICKHAM.

G. 640. Collective. Visual and tactile.

In the summer of 1886 I was living at Stuttgart, having taken my family there for educational reasons. We were all seated at the tea-table, talking

and laughing, when I felt an extraordinary sensation as if someone was leaning heavily on my shoulders. I tried to turn round but literally *couldn't* do so. My head was stroked, and my cup, which was full, was lifted up, and put down half empty. Looking across the table I found my daughter's eyes fixed, and staring with a scared look in them I never wish to see again, at the back of where I sat. I said nothing at the time, but when we were alone together in the drawing-room I asked L. what had made her stare at, or rather beyond, me so.

"I saw Mr. A. and Mr. B. standing, one on either side of you ; they had one of their hands on each of your shoulders, and they changed places once," replied L.

"How were they dressed ?" I asked.

"Mr. A. was in his grey suit ; Mr. B. in Highland uniform."

"Did either of them drink out of my cup ?" I asked.

"I don't know. My head was fixed as if in a photographer's rest, and I could not take my eyes off their faces."

"Were they sad-looking ?"

"No ! They were both smiling down at you. I could not see lower than their waists clearly ; there seemed to be a kind of haze, but their faces were *quite* clear."

Both these young men had appeared to me previously—at the time of their deaths. [See two previous accounts.] They were much attached to me, and very fond of my little daughter. When first meeting these two men they *both* told me they had seen me before—that I was in the habit of sitting in a chair by their bedside and staring at them. Strangely enough, when going to tea with one of them, accompanied by his mother, I made the discovery that he was living in the same room that had formerly belonged to my dead friend [Mr. A.] as I found my initials cut on a pane of glass in the window, also on a stone by the side of the fireplace. Who or what it was these two young men saw I cannot tell.

The following is Miss Wickham's account of her share in the experience at Stuttgart:—

During our stay in Stuttgart, as we were sitting at tea one evening, I suddenly felt my head seized from behind as though in a vice, and my attention immediately became attracted to two shadowy forms behind my mother's chair. These figures moved, as it seemed to me, occasionally changing their places from my mother's right hand to her left, and they put their hands on my mother's shoulder. One of the shadows appeared to be dressed in grey (as indeed he had been when I saw him last), and the other in a Highland uniform.

L. WICKHAM.

L. 856.

The experiences related in the following narrative are remote, and not at first-hand from the percipient, but are, nevertheless, interesting. We give the account here as having a certain resemblance to Mrs. Wickham's, in that more than one veridical experience appears to have

occurred to the same percipient, and that a family tendency to such experiences seems to have been shared by Mrs. Harris's grandfather and his two daughters.

From Mrs. S. Harris.

389, Beverley-road, Hull. *November 26th, 1889.*

My husband wishes me to write you just what I remember of my mother's dream concerning the sad death of my brother, who was drowned many years ago. We have no written record of it left, although my brother Alfred made a note of it at the time, and found that, allowing for the difference in time in the different longitude, my brother Fred's death occurred about the time when mother dreamed he was drowning.

(I. Ad Ps.) I remember one night I was sitting reading in my bedroom, when my mother came into the room and asked me if I had called her, for she had heard, as she lay in bed, someone call "Mother" quite loudly. I had heard nothing, so concluded she must have been dreaming, although she said she was awake at the time. The next night she came again, and said she heard the cry again, but louder, and she thought it was Fred's voice. The following night she lay in bed talking to my father; she seemed to drop off to sleep in an instant, and directly afterwards she almost sprang out of bed shrieking, "Oh, Fred, Fred!" My father lifted her in, and said: "You are dreaming, dear," but she could not be convinced that she had been dreaming, for she said it was so real; she saw Fred walk over the side of the ship and drop into the water; she strove to save him, but could not get a firm hold, as he had only his shirt on at the time. She was very much troubled about it, and was afraid something had happened to Fred, and it proved so, for the next news we had was from the owners of the ship, which my brother had been the captain of, saying that he was drowned; he had been ill with the fever, and had got up and left his cabin, his mate, who was sitting up to watch him, having fallen asleep. That was at Bombay. When the ship returned to Liverpool, my father and Alfred went up to get his effects; they brought home a sketch of the ship, which my mother, when she saw it, said was the very one she had seen Fred go over. My mother was a very practical woman, and led a very busy life. She was not given to fancies, but she had another very singular experience in dreams, some years before the other, which may, perhaps, interest you.

(II. Reciprocal.) Many years ago, my mother had a very severe illness. I do not remember this, for I was too young at the time, but I have often heard mother tell the story. She had been so ill that they were very doubtful of her recovery. One afternoon she went to sleep, and slept very soundly. When she awoke she said: "I have had such a real dream, I dreamt I was at the gate of your grandfather's farm, and I walked down the long field, but when I got to the garden gate I saw father sitting smoking in the room, and he got up to come to me, but I never got the gate open, but awoke before he reached it." Well, that same afternoon my grandfather was sitting by the fire, and, looking out of the window, thought he saw my mother coming down the field. Knowing how ill she was, he started up in wonder, saying to his wife, "Why, yon's Hannah," and went out to meet her, but before he reached the

little gate she was gone. Then they both thought she must be dead, and her spirit had come to them; so grandfather saddled his horse and came off to Hull at once, never doubting that she was dead, but instead of that she had taken the turn to getting better. She used to say it was so odd, they must have had strong sympathy with each other, and dreamt together.

(III. Ad Pa.) My mother's sister had also a strange experience. One of her daughters got married, and almost immediately afterwards started with her husband to go to Canada. They sailed from Hull in the ship *Aurora*, which was wrecked on the coast when she had only been two or three days gone. Some of the passengers were saved in the boats, but my cousin and her husband were drowned, went down with the wreck. As the last boat pushed off, she gave her Bible to a man she knew, saying, "Give it to my mother." At the very time that the *Aurora* struck, my aunt was standing ironing by the window, when she saw her daughter enter the doorway, which opened into the kitchen, and go upstairs. My aunt followed her, but when she got up there was not anyone to be seen. My aunt told me about it herself.

We next give four accounts of apparent thought-transference between persons in close proximity to each other.

L. 857. Aⁿ P^a Thought-transference.

Mrs. Barber says that such instances frequently occur among her children, and gives the following extracts from her journal. Her account of a similar incident in which the same child was percipient was included in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. I., p. 236.

"December 26th, 1886.

"Last week E. came to see me before I was up and I began to speak to her about what her Christmas money should be spent in, and when I said, 'I'll tell you what I've been thinking you'd like to do with your money . . .,' she burst in excitedly with, 'I know! I know what you're going to say!'

"'Do you?' I said, amused. 'What makes you so sure?'

"'I know,' she said, 'it came into my mind just now. You're going to say that I might spend it in buying toys to teach a class of Miss Headdon's!'
(Precisely what I was going to say.)"

N.B.—The child had keenly shared my interest in Miss Headdon's work, but as the thought with respect to the money had been an entirely new one to me, which I was taking the first opportunity of communicating to her, it was impossible that she could have heard of it in any way.

"On Wednesday J. went to London, and on getting his breakfast at a little inn in C—, he found a blacklock (*i.e.*, cockroach) floating in his coffee. He fished it out and supposed it was all right, but on pursuing the coffee he got one in his mouth! Next day, at breakfast, he said, 'What's the most horrible thing that could happen to anyone at breakfast? I don't mean getting killed or anything of that sort.' E. looked at him for a moment and said, 'To have a blacklock in your coffee!'"

She was asleep in bed when her father returned the night before, and they met at the breakfast-table for the first time the next morning, when the question was asked quite suddenly. When asked how she came to think of it, she said, "I looked at the bacon-dish and thought a blackclock in the bacon,—no, he would see that—it must have been in the coffee."

She has a special horror of blackclocks, so the incident may merely have been one of the numerous instances of her unusually quick wit.

CAROLINE BARBER.

L. 858. Aⁿ Pⁿ Thought-transference.

Received from Mrs. H., through the American branch of the Society
Mr. Hodgson is well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. H.

March 30th, 1889.

Mr. H. came home one afternoon [recently], and said to me, "I saw Mulliken to-day (I do not know him and his name meant nothing), and whom do you think he has seen?" I replied instantly, "Edward S. R." Mr. H. looked astonished and asked me how I knew?—if I knew Mulliken?—if I knew he had been in Brazil? I said, "No," that I did not know why I said it, the name came to my lips without conscious thought. He said it was very strange, but Mr. Mulliken had been in Brazil; had been telling him of his travels, and of meeting Mr. R.

F. S. H.

G. S. H.

L. 859. Aⁿ Pⁿ and Aⁿ P^m Thought-transference.

Also through the American Branch. From Mrs. D.

The rattlesnake incident, of which my brother, Dr. Abbot [an Associate of the American branch of the S.P.R.], spoke to you, happened, I think, about three years ago. I met in the horsecar a friend who had just come from Texas, where she had been passing the winter in a very lonely place, miles away from any other ranche. I asked her if anything strange or startling had happened to her in that wild place. "Yes," she said, "I killed a big rattlesnake with twelve rattles, and you can't guess what I did it with." "A flat-iron," was my instant answer, and my surprise was as great as hers when she told me I was right. The snake was near the house, and she caught up a flat-iron, which was placed against the door to keep it open, and throwing it at the snake nearly cut his head off.

January 3rd, 1889.

You ask if I had ever previously thought of a "flat-iron" as an instrument of attack upon anything obnoxious. When a young girl—at least fifty years ago, I had a great fear of burglars, and often threatened to keep a flat-iron in my room, with a string attached to it, that could be dropped upon the head of any burglar who should pass through the front entry of the house and be accommodating enough to stand still in the right spot, and let me carry out my pet plan of defence.

I did not consciously remember this when I answered my friend's ques-

tion so promptly, but shortly after it all came back to me, and my brother reminded me of it the other day when we were speaking of the letter received from you.

M. C. D.

If the coincidence of the flat-iron resulted from the re-awakening of an unconscious train of thought, the same explanation cannot be applied to the dream of the same percipient given below. Mr. D. is no longer living, so that his corroboration cannot be obtained.

January 6th, 1889.

In an early morning nap, about ten years ago, I dreamed that a servant rushed to my room in a state of great excitement, telling me that Mr. S. had sent me a present of a pair of lions! They had been shut up in one of the parlours, and were rushing wildly about, trying in every way to escape. The start and fright woke me, but the whole scene had been so real that I could not at first believe it was only a dream.

At dinner I said to Mr. D., "Mr. S. sent me a present of a pair of lions this morning"—not speaking of it as a dream, and you can imagine my astonishment when he quietly said, "Mr. S. ought not to have sent you those. They belong to Park. He bought them for you, and they have been in the store for some days, waiting to be sent out!"

It seemed that Mr. S. and my son had recently been sent to a small factory in the country to examine accounts, and had found there some very funny-looking hearthrugs, representing all sorts of strange animals, which had taken the fancy of the people about, who were buying them up eagerly. My son bought one as a curiosity, meaning to send it out to me, and, as I said before, had forgotten to do so. It came the next day after my dream, and although the lions were very queer-looking animals, they had really been made and meant to represent the "things of the forest."

Mr. S. was a salesman in Mr. D.'s employ, who was almost a stranger to me. I had not seen him, nor heard him spoken of for months. I had neither been reading nor thinking of lions or any other wild things, and heard not one word of the expedition to the country factory, nor what was seen there.

M. C. D.

January 11th, 1889.

Your letter has suggested to me a possible explanation of the cause of my dream.

In the last 25 years of Mr. D.'s life he was a very early riser, getting up at half-past five o'clock and breakfasting at half-past six. That quiet morning hour, he has often told me, was the only time in the whole day he could really call his own. He had a pleasant dressing-room, which he always enjoyed, and he liked to move about at his leisure, thinking over and planning the work for the day. After breakfast he was driven into town, and the first thing he did there was to give to the coachman any articles which had been sent to the office the day before which were to be brought out to the house. These packages were always carefully arranged by him the last thing before he left the office in the evening.

While my husband was planning in his room I was having my morning nap in mine, the nap in which the strange dream came to me, and I believe that he thought of that queer rug, which had been lying within his sight for several days, waiting to be sent to me, and that he felt annoyed at my son's neglecting to attend to it. Such little acts of carelessness always troubled him, as his own habits were very methodical.

My son, Park, does not remember much about it, as it made little impression upon him.

M. C. D.

L. 860. A^s P^s Simultaneous Dreams.

From Miss M. Bidder, Ravensbury Park, Mitcham, Surrey.

June 9th, 1890.

I was sleeping last night with my sister, with whom I have shared a room all my life. I was sleeping soundly, and my dreams, of which I now retain only the vaguest recollection, took their most usual form of a confused repetition of all the events of the past day jumbled together without meaning or sequence, and without even much distinctness. The whole scene of the dream was hazy and confused until I became suddenly conscious of the figure of a skeleton in the foreground, as it were, which disturbed me in my dream, with a sense of incongruity. I first made a half-conscious effort to banish the figure—which struck me with great horror—from my dream, but instead of disappearing it grew more and more prominent and distinct, while all the rest of the scene and the people in it seemed fading away. The figure of the skeleton, which I can perfectly recall, presented one of the most vivid impressions I ever remember to have received in a dream. It appeared to stand upright before me, with what seemed to be a dark cloak hanging about its limbs and forming a kind of background as of a black hood behind the skull, which showed against it with extreme distinctness. It was on the skull, which was facing me full, that my attention was chiefly concentrated, and as I stared at it, it slowly turned sideways, showing, to my horror, the profile of a very long, sharp nose in place of the hollow socket. The feeling of terror with which I perceived this (for the first time) was so intense as to awaken me, nor could I even then entirely banish it. So unpleasantly strong, indeed, was the impression of some horrible presence which still remained, that it was with difficulty that I resisted the desire to rouse my sister that she might help me to shake it off. Some movement of mine did in fact presently awake her, and I at once began to tell her of my horrible dream. Before, however, I had described it to her, she interrupted me to tell me of a dream which she had had, and which she said she had thought so amusing and so certain to amuse me that when she first awoke from it she had almost roused me then and there to tell me about it, and had lain awake for some time wishing I would show signs of stirring, until she presently fell asleep again. The dream, as she described it, was that she had been completing the excavation of a certain very ancient skeleton which we had found (among many others) in a field of ours, and concerning which she and I had been making observations together about a week ago. She had found, in her dream, a new plan of removing the earth in such fashion

as to show the skeleton lying there undisturbed and completely cleared, and had been immensely excited by discovering in the skull the remains of a snout.

MINNIE BIDDER.

June 10th, 1890.

The night before last a curious case of what I cannot but call telepathy occurred between myself and my sister. (We sleep in the same room.) For the last two years the whole family have been very much interested in some skeletons and flint instruments found in a gravel pit in one of the fields. They have never been properly excavated, and about ten days ago my sister and I had been amusing ourselves pulling out, bone by bone, one of these "paleolithic men," as we pleased to call them. He was a particularly interesting one as we found a flint arrow-head in his hip-bone, but we only got to his ribs. On the night in question I dreamt that my father was excavating in a more approved method, taking off the top mould and leaving the bones in their original position in the brown earth so that you could see the form of the man to whom they had belonged. In this way we lifted out the rest of the skeleton at which my sister and I had been working, and behold! when we got to the skull it had a snout. We were delighted to be able to prove this extraordinary fact respecting paleolithic man, and the doctors crowded down from town to see the creature; but my sister was nowhere about, and in my anxiety to tell her of our discovery I woke myself and nearly woke her. I stopped myself just in time, thinking what a shame it was to spoil her night's rest for a dream. Still wishing she were awake to hear, and thinking again of the curious effect of the black earth-filled skull, with its projecting snout, and dreaming of my dream, I turned over and dropped into another. Before I had got well started in this, however, I was awakened by my sister trying to light the candle. "What is it?" I said. "What's the matter?" "I've just had such a horrid dream," she answered; "it haunts me still." But I do not think I need repeat her dream, which I believe she has written.

INA BIDDER.

Additional information about some Cases already printed.

Mr. Hodgson sends the following notes of an interview with Mr. F. G., the percipient in the first case given in Mr. Myers' paper "On Recognised Apparitions Occurring more than a Year after Death." (*Proceedings S.P.R.* Part XV., pp. 17-20.)

St. Louis, Mo. April 16th, 1890.

In conversation with Mr. F. G., now 43 years of age, he says that there was a very special sympathy between his mother, sister, and himself.

When he saw the apparition he was seated at a small table, about two feet in diameter, and had his left elbow on the table. The scratch which he saw was on the right side of his sister's nose, about three-fourths of an inch long, and was a somewhat ragged mark. His home at the time of the incident was in St. Louis. His mother died within two weeks after the incident. His sister's face was hardly a foot away from his own. The sun

was shining upon it through the open window. The figure disappeared like an instantaneous evaporation.

Mr. G. has had another experience, but of a somewhat different character. Last fall the impression persisted for some time of a lady friend of his, and he could not rid himself for some time of thoughts of her. He found afterwards that she died at the time of the curious persistence of his impression.

Mr. G. appears to be a first-class witness.

R. HODGSON.

An abstract of the incident referred to in the corroborative letter given below was published in *Phantasms of the Living*, Vol. II., p. 690, and repeated with additional information in Mr. Myers' paper "On Recognised Apparitions Occurring more than a Year after Death" (*Proceedings S.P.R.* Part XV., pp. 31, 32).

Marahu, Bahia. *March 4th*, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the request in the letter you have enclosed to me from your correspondent, I remember, when you and I were living together at our works near Marahu, that you had a warning, or presentiment, or knowledge (I am not up in these matters, and do not know which is the proper term to use) of the danger or death of the gentleman referred to in Mr. Myers' letter. I recollect also your making sketches at the time, almost mechanically, of an apparently fainting or dying man, with the head sunk downwards on the breast. That the death actually took place at the time of your presentiment was verified later on when the mails of that date arrived from Europe. If my memory does not play me false, I think the feeling of your being likely to get news of the death was strongly excited in you shortly before the arrival of the mail.—Yours faithfully,

EWEN CATTANACH.

John Cameron Grant, Esq.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Charles L. Money writes to us, under date November 24th, complaining that in our report of the General Meeting on July 11th last (which he has only just seen) the ground of his objection to the phrase, "Hallucination of the senses," as used by the S.P.R., was not stated, and expresses a desire,

"to again urge upon the Society my conviction that serious detriment is being, and will continue to be, done to its character and usefulness by the branding of *all* such phenomena as may be or have been exhaustively investigated, indiscriminately and in the face of forcible and authentic evidence, in so many cases carefully weighed and tested by intelligent and impartial investigators, with the condemnatory nickname of sense-illusions or 'hallucinations.'

“Whatever meaning we, as a body, may agree to attach to this descriptive noun, the word has but one signification for the ‘man in the street’—for the outside world, and it appears to me most strongly that—bearing in mind the bitter scathing contempt we have to encounter at the hands of the materialistic Press, the cynical and lofty sneers of the votaries of the ‘Higher Philosophy,’ and the still open hatred and bigotry of religious coteries—it is little short of fatuous self-stultification on our part to dub researches—for which alone (or words have no meaning) the S.P.R. exists—into admitted Facts carefully authenticated, as mere investigations into ‘sense-illusions,’ or, what means the same thing, ‘hallucinations.’

“‘A Census of Hallucinations.’ Why, sir, such a description would fittingly apply to the ‘researches’ of a body of Lunacy Commissioners, or the labours of a fraternity of mad-doctors engaged in tabling the brain-vagaries of their distraught patients, rather than the scientific examination of sane and well-balanced evidence, the careful collation and recording of authenticated facts, with a view to their unprejudiced consideration, tending to a closer knowledge and keener study of certain laws hitherto unsuspected, and imperfectly judged, and of occurrences in connection with them which we can only justly at present characterise as unexplained phenomena.

CHARLES L. MONEY.”

It was our impression when Mr. Money made his remarks—and this impression is confirmed by the perusal of his letter—that he had not read either the discussion of this subject in *Phantasms of the Living* or the President’s address on the “Census of Hallucinations,” on July 8th, 1889 (in *Proceedings*, Part XV., pp. 7-11), in which his objection is anticipated and answered. To repeat the arguments there used would occupy too much space; we will, therefore, merely remind our readers that what is required is a word or phrase which will include all kinds of apparitions, whether veridical or purely subjective, or known to have their origin in hypnotic suggestion—apparitions representing living people, dead people, unrecognised people, the percipient himself, fragments of human beings, animals, and inanimate objects, &c. The word must also include auditory and tactual impressions similarly unconnected with the ordinary external world. The expression, “Hallucination of the senses,” denotes all such experiences for the psychologist and, we think, for most educated persons, without any idea of “branding” them with “a condemnatory nickname.” But if anyone will suggest some other word or phrase which will equally well express our meaning, while avoiding the objections which Mr. Money feels so strongly, we shall be glad to give the suggestion full consideration. The word “appearance,” suggested by Mr. Money at the meeting, is clearly at the same time too wide and too narrow. It excludes auditory and tactile impressions, and includes an indefinite number of phenomena with which our investigations have nothing to do.

CATALOGUE OF UNPRINTED CASES.

(Continued from the November JOURNAL.)

Further information improving the evidence in any of these cases will be gratefully received.

B L 48. 2nd hand. Vision or impression.—Captain M. relates that in the winter of 1877-78 Mrs. R. had a "vision" of an accident to a dog-cart and Mrs. W., who was in it, coincidentally with the event. Mrs. R. knew that Mrs. W. was out driving. The accident happened a mile away.

B L 49. Visual. 3rd hand.—Miss Creagh relates, on the authority of her mother, that Mr. W. Creagh (Miss C.'s uncle) saw the phantasm of a sister pass across the room. The sister died exactly at the time, as noted by watch. No dates given.

B L 50. Visual. Borderland. 2nd hand from person cognisant of impression before event.—Lord Emly relates in 1889 that "about 24 years ago" he mentioned to an old family boatman that his (Lord E.'s) cousin was ill. The old boatman at once asserted that she was dead, explaining that, the night before, he had seen Lord E.'s grandfather, and his face was so sad that percipient knew something was going to happen to the family. Next morning news of the cousin's death arrives.

B L 51. Dream. 2nd hand.—Mrs. S. has heard her mother relate that in 1842 she dreamt 3 times in one night that one of her young daughters had fallen out of a window. Next day news came that the dreamer's own sister had so fallen while sitting with the daughter, nearly dragging the child with her. Exact time of accident not stated. Recorded February, 1889.

B L 52. Visual. 2nd hand.—The narrator's mother (now dead) sees tall figure near her, in the house, coincidentally with the death of her sister abroad. Death unexpected by percipient. The figure was not recognised as that of her sister at the time. No dates given. Recorded January, 1889.

B L 53. Dream. 2nd hand.—The same percipient, whilst nursing a sick son, dreams of her husband, then in W. Indies, saying "I need your care so much more." Her husband is at the time taken ill of fever, and dies. No dates.

B L 54. Visual and Auditory.—Mrs. Potts at school is awakened by hearing her name called. She thinks it is her friend and turns round to answer, when she sees a man's figure bending over *another* schoolfellow's bed. She hears next morning that this girl's father died in the night. No dates given.

B L 55. Mr. Edmund Dickson has impression of his wife sending telegram to say that she is ill and cannot keep appointment. His wife at the time intends to send such a telegram, but gets better and does not do so. Experience, January, 1885. Recorded July, 1889.

B L 56. Impression.—A lady narrates in August, 1888, that she had an "impression of something bad happening to her father" at the time he was thrown from gig and injured. No date.

B L 57. The same lady records a similar impression which she had when her mother broke a blood-vessel in 1850.

B L 58. The same lady also records that she had a similar impression when her brother died abroad in 1871. This impression is confirmed by the narrator's daughter, who heard it mentioned before the letter containing the news was opened.

B L 59. Visual. Unrecognised.—Mrs. Sidbottom narrates in 1888 that she once saw a dark shadow gliding by her in the passage and fading away. She did not recognise the figure; but she quite expected to hear of a death in the family. A cousin, much attached to her, died at the time. No date.