

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

VOLUME XXXV

(CONTAINING PARTS XCIII, XCIV, XCV & XCVI)

1926

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PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY BY
ROBERT MACLEHOSE & COMPANY LIMITED
UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW
1926

Agents for the sale of publications:

LONDON: FRANCIS EDWARDS, 83 HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE, W. 1.
GLASGOW: JACKSON, WYLIE & CO., 73 WEST GEORGE STREET
AMERICA: THE F. W. FAXON CO., 83 FRANCIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

PART XCIII.

JUNE, 1924

INTRODUCTION TO THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN'S
RECORD OF EXPERIENCES WITH D. D. HOME.

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

PART I.

THE so-called "physical phenomena" of Spiritualism have hitherto attracted but little scientific attention in this country: and even as regards popular attention they have been less welcome than the more purely mental or psychic communications which seem to have a bearing on human destiny and survival. Physical phenomena of this peculiar and unusual kind labour under certain disadvantages. They are rather easily imitated, for one thing, or at least they attract the attention and arouse the ingenuity of skilled conjurers to see how closely they can be produced by normal means. And since very few of those who have had an opportunity of observing them have had a laboratory training or been accustomed to learn from actual experiments; and since most people, including physicists, are aware that conjurers under their own conditions are able to deceive them; there has usually been a doubt as to the actual occurrence of any abnormal physical phenomenon apart from conscious human contrivance. And this uncertainty has prevented a very whole-hearted attempt to bring such things to book and ascertain their laws.

For laws, of course, they must have; though inasmuch as the activity of live things is involved, those laws are

bound to be complicated by the general difficulties inseparable from the activities of life. Live things are usually excluded from a physical laboratory. The observer excludes even himself during extremely delicate weighings or temperature determinations; he may have to read a scale through a telescope from the other end of a corridor. And even in ordinary experiments, a buzzing fly or a spider's web would be more than a nuisance in a scientific instrument. Charwomen and mischievous students could play havoc with a simple meteorological observation. A physical experimenter always proceeds on the assumption that vital activities have been excluded, or he takes precautions to exclude them. Experiments on spontaneous generation were for a long time vitiated by the unwanted but overlooked incursion of living organisms. But—in contrast with all that,—in the particular class of observation with which psychical research is concerned, a living organism of some kind is bound to be introduced, or nothing happens. Everyone admits that. The question is, what sort of a live agency is operating? Is it an ingeniously fraudulent one, or is it of an unknown and unsuspected kind?

We may say that in the purely physical world nothing supernatural ever happens. And even in the psychic world there is no question of superseding the laws of Physics and Chemistry: we must assume that they can only be supplemented. There should be no suspicion or suggestion about suspending Gravitation, for instance, or upsetting the Conservation of Energy. It ought to be assumed that all well ascertained laws are rigorously obeyed, whether by animate or inanimate nature. But it is a familiar fact that live things introduce a supplementary element, a guiding or controlling element, an infusion of will and of intelligence, something not suspending but supplementing the ordinary processes of nature. Everyone knows how perturbing a kitten or a barrel-organ or a mosquito can be: their action is entirely commonplace, and in the case of the kitten may be attractive, but they introduce a perturbing element because of the spontaneous and incalculable character of

their movements. I do not suppose that even Laplace's Calculator could predict the orbit of a fly, or predetermine the vibrations of air caused by an itinerant vendor. So also live people can lift stones that would not otherwise have been lifted, they can light or extinguish a fire, can penetrate mountainous obstacles, divert the course of rivers, unite oceans, amend unhealthy climates, and do many other things; not by suspending but by modifying and perturbing the direct incidence of the laws of nature. Moreover, apart from perturbation, living processes are well known to produce curious results, such as birds' nests, honeycombs, pictures, and cathedrals. Physics and Chemistry are therefore insufficient in the examination of vital phenomena: they must be supplemented by Physiology and by Psychology. Furthermore, if it should turn out that any unknown intelligent agencies exist, even though they be only of the animal or savage order, they might conceivably produce results akin to those suggested above; but their incursion would make scientific examination difficult, and would inevitably have a deterrent influence on an investigator, so long as the agencies were unknown.

In Psychological Research we set out with the intention of *not* excluding unknown activities; we are engaged in examining the behaviour of specially endowed living people. Even in experiments on the purely mental side we have to introduce "a sensitive," that is someone with exceptional faculties, often called a "medium." And the precautions necessary to ensure the honesty of such a person, though necessary, are inevitably distasteful. Nevertheless, on the purely mental side, precautions are fairly easy; accordingly such things as Telepathy and Clairvoyance, and the action of the subconscious generally, have been seriously tackled; and some progress has been made. There are still some die-hards, but few responsible people now doubt that there are genuine phenomena to be investigated; and though we are well aware that we have, as yet, no adequate theory to cover the ground completely, we can proceed by the method of working hypothesis, we feel at liberty to suggest an experi-

mental theory, to be amended or modified as experience grows.

On the physical side of these phenomena, however, we in this country, and presumably in America also, have made less progress.

The Society for Psychical Research has not ignored the subject, but its experience has been in some respects unfortunate; and accordingly some of its skilled investigators, who are quite entitled to their opinion, do not share my views, or at least might express their present convictions differently. It would be safe to say that several members of Council are still in a state of doubt about the occurrence of psycho-physical phenomena in general; hence nothing I say need be taken as representing any view held by the Society as a whole. The Society as a whole preserves an open mind and would welcome good opportunities for investigating abnormal physical phenomena. Some of the members imagine that the positive results obtained by others are due to a lack of adequate precaution against trickery! Others conjecture that so-called precautionary measures may be pushed to such excess as to frustrate the object in view and to inhibit the occurrence of genuine phenomena. It is better to err on the side of excessive caution than of over-credulity, but it is difficult to form an opinion on purely negative results. The subject has been seriously attacked in Europe by physiologists and qualified medical men, as well as by a few others of different or more general training; they have endeavoured to ascertain something of the laws of the phenomena, and responsible publications embody some of their results. In this country,—apart from some laborious and cautious reports by Officials and Members of the Society for Psychical Research, *e.g.* a long report by Messrs. Feilding, Baggally and Carrington, in Volume XXIII. of the Society's *Proceedings*,—that branch of the subject has hitherto been left mainly to amateurs, whose testimony to odd and inexplicable occurrences is voluble and extensive, but has for the most part been recorded in such a way as not to attract the attention of men of science, or at any

rate not to attract it in a favourable manner. And many of the asserted phenomena have been more or less closely imitated, with considerable ingenuity, on the conjuring stage.

To this statement about scientific aloofness there have been some exceptions. Every now and then a medium has arisen possessing abnormal faculties to so great an extent that a few scientific men have felt it their duty to examine and report; chief among them being Sir William Crookes. Such men have suffered for their temerity. Their testimony has not been widely accepted. Their efforts to induce others of their fraternity to come and verify the facts have usually been unsuccessful. And so the effort has exhausted itself in a kind of sterility, leaving no group or school of investigators to carry on the work. In time this recurrent barrenness must terminate, either in the discovery that all these observations are ill-founded and that no such phenomena occur, or—as is much more likely—in repeated confirmation of the fact that the phenomena are real, and can gradually be subjected to the reign of law and order.

Scientific men on the Continent have seriously taken the subject up. Institutes have been founded for the prosecution of the enquiry, and devoted experimenters are sacrificing their careers and incurring odium and ridicule in their endeavour to explore, verify, and enlarge this nascent and puzzling branch of science. It can only be by the combination of a number of workers of different aptitudes and knowledge, all possessing first-hand acquaintance with the disputed facts, that anything like a satisfactory treatment can at length be achieved. One of the first things that a would-be investigator has to do is to make himself acquainted with the first-hand testimony of responsible and trustworthy predecessors, especially those who have had an opportunity of examining the more powerful mediums who from time to time have arisen in the past.

Assuming any of these wonder-workers to be genuine, that is to say assuming that they are not consciously or maliciously producing their effects, it is safe to say

that they understand them as little as anyone else. While they are being produced, the ostensible producers are for the most part unconscious or only semi-conscious: their organism is not wholly under their own control. The appearance is as if it were utilised by other intelligences,—intelligences it may be of a low order, possibly not even human,—superhuman or infra-human. So, as in cases of multiple personality and other pathological phenomena, the investigation must be conducted, not by the patient, but by the qualified practitioner who examines and reports on the case. And inasmuch as the qualified practitioner cannot be always present, and cannot himself observe all the phases of the disorder, he must make such use as he can of the testimony of friends and relations, or of those who have been most closely associated with the individual during the access.

The physical mediums who have quite recently been examined and reported on by trained observers are known in this branch of scientific literature by such names as Eusapia Palladino, Miss Goligher, Eva C., Willy S., Kluski, Guzik, etc. And although it may be casually and hastily thought that everyone of these has been exposed or exploded, that is not really a considered and reasonable and legitimate view. We have to be on our guard against deception, but it is not really reasonable gratuitously to suppose that an individual starts out on a career of that kind, and subjects him or herself to all the minute and repulsive precautions which have to be taken, without any kind of foundation in reality.

To those who resolutely shut their minds to evidence, and decide beforehand that they know what is possible and what is impossible, neither this record nor any other book on the subject will have any interest. But to those who, preserving an open mind and not coming to hasty conclusions, are impressed with the fact that these things have been asserted for very many years by many different people,—some who have attained distinction in other branches of knowledge and who have suffered for their conscientious testimony to what they conceive to be truth,—this book will be a useful compendium of direct

first-hand observation with an exceptional medium, unpretentiously and contemporaneously recorded.

It has long been known to psychical researchers that such a record; privately printed, was in existence. And many of them must have seen and perhaps read a copy. But the copies were not accessible to the public, nor indeed in any convenient way to enquirers. Existing copies are few in number, and only to be found in special libraries. Consequently when the present Earl of Dunraven told me some years ago that he thought it was perhaps his duty to make accessible the diary which he wrote at the request of his father, to whom he reported daily, I heartily welcomed the suggestion.

There were difficulties about carrying out the proposal; but Lord Dunraven thought he owed it to the memory of his father that this contemporary record of observed phenomena should not be lost to Science, especially now that the subject was being seriously investigated and similar experiences testified to by others, so that there was some chance now of taking it out of the sporadic unintelligible stage of mere observation, and bringing it gradually into the realm of organised science. This may be a slow process; but a beginning has been made. Some of us are beginning to think that what "telepathy" has proved to be to the more psychic side of the enquiry, "ectoplasm" may prove to be on the more physical or physiological side.

A discussion of that, or any of the theoretical aspects, is beyond my intention now, and beyond the scope of this book. What we are concerned with here is a record of the facts themselves. And all that I want to do in this Introduction is to state that facts of a similar kind have been observed both before and since, and to give brief references to samples of those observations. This I will do in the Second Part of this Introduction. I will conclude this First Part by briefly saying, what appears more fully elsewhere, that the late Earl of Dunraven was at one time keenly interested in Home's phenomena, and that his son, the present Earl, then Viscount Adare, filially shared in this interest, to the extent of partially

living with Home, keeping a record of the odd things that happened in his presence, and transmitting them regularly to his father. It is of this calm and collected record, made without decorations or exclamations of astonishment or any other perturbing emotions, that the book consists.

I ought also to say that the more striking things occurred when Home was in trance, apparently under control by some other intelligence, and speaking of himself in the third person as "Dan." Whether the usual 'control' himself had any ostensible name, I do not know; nor does it matter. But, to understand the record, it must be known that Home under control called himself Dan, his name being Daniel Dunglas Home. In this state he was probably unconscious of his actions; and it was clear that his body or physiological organism in the controlled state possessed unusual powers and properties. It could stand fire, for instance: it could be levitated: it could even seem to be elongated, and be made to do other things which in its normal state were impossible. It could apparently be made to do things which most people only dream they are able to do, such as float in space.

One obvious quasi explanation will be, as it often has been, suggested,—that the observers were under hypnotic control, that they suffered from hallucination, and, so to speak, only dreamed the things. Well, that is one of the hypotheses that has to be met. There may be instances to which it applies. But I am convinced that to the great bulk of the phenomena known to me it does not apply. And this opinion was shared by the high authority of the late Lord Rayleigh, who, in testifying to such experience as he had had of supernormal physical phenomena, condemned the hypothesis of hallucination in his case utterly: and I entirely confirm and support his statement. One is no more hallucinated than when making observations in a laboratory. One must be on one's guard against seeing things because we are told of them, or would like to see them, but that is a commonplace of scientific training. In his Presidential Address

to the *Society for Psychical Research* the late Lord Rayleigh speaks about his old experience, in and about the seventies of last century, as follows :

“I was not disinclined to believe that what was, or at any rate had recently been, orthodox opinion might be quite wrong, and accordingly became interested in what I heard from friends of the doings of Home and other so-called mediums. Some of the stories could, as it seemed, be explained away only on the supposition of barefaced lying, or more charitably as the result of hallucination, whether self-induced or due to the suggestion and influence of others. The possibility of the latter view cannot be left out of account, but I have never seen anything to show that it has the remotest application to my own experience or that of the friends with whom I have co-operated.

“The interest that I felt was greatly stimulated by the appearance of Sir W. Crookes’s ‘Notes of an Enquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual during the years 1870-73.’¹ I was acquainted with some of the author’s scientific work, and knew that he was a skilful experimenter and likely to be alive to the precautions required in order to guard against sense illusions.”

After quoting a few phenomena testified to by Crookes in this article, Lord Rayleigh continues :

“The two mediums whose names are mentioned in the article, and with whom most of the observations were made, are Home and Miss Fox, afterwards Mrs. Jencken. A highly desirable characteristic of Home’s mediumship was the unusual opportunity allowed to the sense of sight. Home always objected to darkness at his séances. ‘Indeed,’ says Sir William Crookes, ‘except on two occasions . . . everything that I have witnessed with him has taken place in the light.’ [And Lord Rayleigh continues :—]

“I found (and indeed still find) it difficult to accept what one may call the ‘knave and fool theory’ of these occurrences ; but failing that, it would seem to follow that one

¹ *Quarterly Journal of Science*, Jan. 1874.

must admit the possibility of much that contrasts strongly with ordinary experience."

He then mentions experiments of his own with Mrs. Jeneken, Home not being available, and emphatically says :

"In common, I suppose, with most witnesses of such things, I repudiate altogether the idea of hallucination as an explanation."

But the whole address should be read, in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research*, Vol. XXX., pp. 275-290.

PART II.

Summary of the Phenomena.

When, many years ago, Crookes lent me his copy of the privately printed record now about to be published, he said as he handed it to me, "You will get most out of this book if you allow yourself, for the time, to imagine that things happened as narrated." I doubt if I was able to follow his advice then ; for at that time my experience of supernatural phenomena was small, and my faith in scientific orthodoxy strong. First-hand experience has now done what second-hand testimony could not : it has gradually shaken my beliefs out of their formal mould and enlarged my perceptions of the possibilities and realities of existence.

The phenomena testified to in this book may be classified roughly and incompletely as follows :

(1) *Movements of objects without contact*, that is without obvious and perceptible or normal contact. This is an extremely frequent occurrence with practically all physical mediums. Many observers, including myself, have testified to the fact that it truly happens. (See, for instance, *Journal S.P.R.* Vol. VI. pp. 354-357).

(2) *Luminosities and scents*. These also are common phenomena, to the occurrence of which I can personally testify. Sir William Crookes testified that he was not

imposed on by phosphorised oil or other chemical means, and that nevertheless, under the strictest test conditions,

“I have seen luminous points of light darting about and settling on the heads of different persons; I have had questions answered by the flashing of a bright light a desired number of times in front of my face. I have seen sparks of light rising from the table to the ceiling, and again falling upon the table, striking it with an audible sound.” (*Researches in Spiritualism*, p. 91. Reprinted from *The Quarterly Journal of Science*.)

See also his summary of many other remarkable and typical phenomena on pp. 88-96 of the same book.

(3) *Levitation*. The levitation of ordinary objects is only a special case of movement of things without contact. I have not myself seen the levitation of a human body; but it is no more difficult to understand than the raising of any other piece of matter.

Most of the levitations of untouched objects that I have seen have been in a dim light; but with D. D. Home they are said to have occurred in daylight. And my son, F. Brodie Lodge, while on a visit to Professor Richet at his Château de Carquéiranne, saw such a levitation in the presence of Eusapia Palladino. The object raised was a heavy table, specially made for the purpose, without a flange, and with sharp pointed feet. The top of the table was continued vertically downwards for about six inches, so that when hands were on the top, there was nothing to grip on, and it could not be raised normally by a standing person. It weighed 48 lbs. (22 kilos), and was purposely made awkward to catch hold of. This table was at the time standing out of doors, in the full blaze of sunshine. And after it had gone up in the air, they all stood away from it; and to Richet's delight, it remained up. My son's testimony (from memory) is as follows:

“It was only one incident among many at that time—August or September 1898. I was eighteen, and next month started in business with Alfred Booth & Co. in Liverpool; so I am sure of the date.

“ At all the successful sittings with Eusapia that summer, objects of various sizes were moved about, sometimes visible, sometimes not, according to the illumination that Eusapia allowed at the time. That day she must have felt in particularly good form, because it was out in broad daylight, with nothing overhead. But I was getting pretty well used to the idea of table-lifting by then; only I was struck by Professor Richet’s joyous chuckle and triumphant challenge ‘ *En pleine lumière!* ’

“ I used to keep a diary during those days on the Mediterranean. The incident occurred on the drive in front of the Château de Carquéiranne, just to the left of it as you stand facing its front. We all started as usual round the table—the special heavy wooden one you know of, with sharp pointed feet, which surely none of us alone could lift, and which had been specially made for tests. When it was well up, about two feet I should judge, (Eusapia being held as usual), we all, including Eusapia, stood back and away from it; and Professor Richet passed his hand under it and over it and all round it. Then we did the same, some of us, and we were all quite satisfied that there was no physical support of any kind.”

(4) *The playing of an accordion*, either unsupported or supported at the keyless end (page 193). This was also observed later with the same medium by Sir William Crookes and Sir William Huggins, when the accordion was surrounded by a wire cage, so as to protect it from interference (see *Researches in Spiritualism*, pp. 12 to 14, with illustrations. Also pages 92 and 94). I have myself heard notes from an apparently untouched piano, and have heard an accordion play under conditions reported in *Journal S.P.R.* Vol. VI. p. 350.

(5) *Withdrawal of scent from a flower* (page 136). A rather similar effect was perhaps the one and only physical phenomenon achieved by Mrs. Piper, as testified to by Dr. Hodgson. Mrs. Piper’s fingers were moved near the flower, as if withdrawing something from it; and in a few hours it had withered.

(6) *Pencil writing by itself.* The phenomenon of "direct writing," that is with no normal contact with the pencil, is unusual; but I have had experience of it under good conditions. It is, after all, only the intelligent movement of a piece of wood—the intelligence having some linguistic acquirement, which is an additional feature. The intelligent and responsive movement of various objects above a dining-table in full light has been forcibly attested by Crookes. (See *Researches in Spiritualism*, pages 90 and 93).

(7) *Direct voices.* These also I have heard with more than one medium, and have verified their genuine character. On one occasion the tone of Raymond's voice was recognised, though that is unusual. The incident was subsequently referred to by him during a sitting with another independent medium in an evidential manner. (See *Raymond Revised*, pp. 173, 174, 177.)

(8) *Elongation of the human body.* This I have never seen, and am only acquainted with verbal testimony of Sir William and Lady Crookes to the same phenomenon with the same medium Home. Nor can I be sure that there was anything beyond levitation.

(9) *The fire test.* That is, the handling of red-hot coals or the putting the face into the fire. This I have not had experience of. But it is testified to by Crookes, Huggins, and several other people; including Madame de Crespigny. I quote Crookes's evidence from Sir William Barrett's book *On the Threshold of the Unseen*, (page 75):

"At Mr. Home's request, whilst he was entranced, I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing-room. He [the influence controlling Home] said: 'We want you to notice particularly what Dan [*i.e.* Home] is doing.' Accordingly I stood close to the fire, and stooped down to it when he put his hands in . . . Mr. Home then waved a handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it above his head, and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion. Putting his other hand into the fire, he took out a large lump of cinder, red-hot at the lower part, and placed the red part on the

handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying, 'As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer it will burn.' He then put it on his hand, and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated."

To this Sir William Barrett adds :

"Not only have we Sir W. Crookes' evidence, but a former President of the Royal Society, the late Sir W. Huggins, O.M., witnessed the same feat with Home and gave me a detailed account of it. So also did Mr. S. C. Hall who was present on another occasion, when a white hot coal was put on his head and his white hair gathered over it, but he told me he felt no heat and his hair was wholly uninjured.

"Various other eye witnesses have informed me that they have seen Mr. Home handle with impunity red hot coals; among others a shrewd and able solicitor, the late Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, writing to me from Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, states that in the winter of 1869—

" 'I saw Mr. Home take out of our drawing-room fire a red-hot coal, a little less in size than a cricket-ball, and carry it up and down the room. He said to Lord Adare,—now Earl Dunraven,—who was present, *Will you take it from me? It will not hurt you.* Lord Adare took it from him and held it in his hand for about half a minute, and before he threw it back in the fire I put my hand close to it and felt the heat like that of a live coal.' "

Madame de Crespigny's much more recent experience was published in *The Daily Express* (of date to me unknown). I asked Madame de Crespigny to send me a statement; and she says that it was in 1917.

"We met in an empty house in St. John's Wood, ten or twelve of us, including a newspaper reporter from the *Daily Express*. The medium was Mrs. Annie Hunter. A large fire was burning in the grate and the reporter

went down into the cellar and brought up a log of wood. This was put on the fire and turned round until it was red hot.

“The medium then went under control (her control was said to be a Persian fire-worshipper). She lifted the red hot log from the fire, after talking in an excited way in a foreign language, and carried it about the room, putting it back in the fire now and then to keep it at red heat. She approached the reporter, who shrank away, and his hair was singed. She then offered it to me. I argued that as physical law told us flesh must burn if in contact with a red hot log, and her flesh was not burning, another law must be superimposed. I had learnt of an ‘occult’ law which was supposed to prevent contact, and concluded it must be in operation, and that if the log did not burn her, it would not burn me. So I put my hand out without a qualm, and she laid the red hot log across it, leaving it there for some seconds. When she removed it, there was not a mark. I should not have cared how long it remained. I knew it would not burn me.

“The man next me said that if conditions had been normal I should never have used my hand again.

“A man present, encouraged by what he had seen, allowed her to put the log near his head, without any bad results.

“I believe that had I had any fear, the vibrations would have broken up the protective sheath.

ROSE CH. DE CRESPIGNY.”

(10) *Objects remaining on a slanting table.* This also is testified to by others. (See page 63 of Barrett’s *On the Threshold of the Unseen*, and also page xvi. of the Biographical Introduction to the Memorial Edition of Stainton Moses’ *Spirit Teachings*.)

The late W. Stainton Moses, a master at University College School, and one well known under his pen name “M.A. Oxon,” was not only a medium for automatic writing and various intelligent communications about things in general and for edifying teachings purporting to come from the other side, but was also a physical medium

of no mean order. The phenomena testified to as frequently occurring in his presence are,—raps, some of them of great intensity, lights and luminous vapours of various kinds, the production of scents, of musical sounds, like bells, stringed instruments, and clarionets; also direct writing without anyone touching the pencil; movements and levitations of heavy objects; the introduction of objects from other rooms into a closed and locked room—a phenomenon which is frequently testified to, but which I have not myself securely observed;—the direct voice, that is to say, a voice in the air at a distance from the medium, when precautions are taken to prevent or to observe separately the medium's own articulation; and other very numerous phenomena.

Remarks on the Attitude of Orthodox Science.

This brief summary, with these few illustrative examples, must suffice to show that abnormal phenomena have been testified to again and again, and that Lord Dunraven's experiences with Home are only striking instances of things which occur with less facility and less frequently through mediums of smaller power. In the years 1870, 1871, a serious attempt was made by Crookes to examine some of these things in a very simple form and in a careful metrical manner, in the hope that they might be observed and testified to by the very distinguished chief Officers of the Royal Society. In the attempt to interest those representatives of science he did not succeed; for they objected that some of the phenomena were impossible in any mechanical or known manner;—which of course was Crookes's own contention, and exactly what he hoped would arouse their interest sufficiently to cause them to utilise the exceptional opportunity of acquiring new knowledge by coming to witness what occurred. One of Crookes's simple arrangements for the hoped-for demonstration was a long registering lever, on the fulcrum of which the medium's hands were placed, with the result that the far end was forcibly depressed. The deprecatory excuse of an eminent man for not coming to see the

experiment, was that it appeared to him contrary to all analogy that a force acting according to physical laws should produce the forcible depression of a lever by acting on its fulcrum. To which Crookes replied that he entirely agreed; that was the whole gist of the experiment and the only reason he regarded it as worthy of attention.

The episode illustrates one of the difficulties which is bound to be encountered by investigators of novel physical phenomena. If a new kind of force is exerted, the experiments are almost bound to be surprising and, so to speak, incredible. We are now inclined to suppose that the force in these cases is due to the mechanical intervention or employment of an invisible unknown material, probably emanating from the medium, in the form of what we now call ectoplasm,—a form of substance which was then not recognised by anyone. Nothing but direct observation and instrumental confirmation can establish such things as realities. A theory need not jump into existence at the same time as new facts are observed; but until there is *some* guiding theory or clue, the facts seem detached from organised science, and are rebutted and disbelieved on theoretical grounds. Disbelief is only natural, and its foundation in common sense is rather like a modified version of David Hume's argument against miracles, viz. that it is more likely that a witness should lie than that a miracle should happen; because the one is consonant with human experience, and the other is not. That is quite true; but if the thing really does happen, and if it can be shown contemporaneously to happen, the argument has no force; the facts, when proven, are themselves an expansion of human experience; and they clearly establish the need for overhauling and enlarging our theoretical foundations. Things that are unlikely may nevertheless be true. Our knowledge of nature is not so extensive that we are able to say beforehand what is possible and what is not possible in a novel region of enquiry. The history of science is too much disfigured by the premature rejection and contempt with which novelties have often been received. They are accepted, in the long run, by some

subsequent generation; but the responsible generation living at the time does not rise to the height of its opportunities. Contemporary men of science unfortunately write themselves down, as not only ignorant, which was inevitable, but as blind and prejudiced and sadly bigoted: though it is true that in their lifetime their contemptuous attitude gains them credit for robust common sense and sanity. They are wise therefore in their day and generation.

It is singular, and perhaps depressing, that the obscurantist attitude of Theologians in the past has been so amply imitated by the pontiffs and high priests of science in the recent present. They still oppose their admirable theories and great knowledge of the universe to resist the incursion of fresh information; they oppose observed facts on *a priori* and utterly inadequate grounds. No one ought to consider his knowledge of the universe so complete and final as to be competent to negative careful testimony based on critical and responsible experiment and observation, especially if the observer has already proved his competence in more recognised branches of knowledge. Explanatory hypotheses may be criticised severely, but the facts demand attention.

General Lines of a Hypothetical Explanation of Abnormal Phenomena.

Returning to the more general aspect of the subject, I would point out that both on the physical and on the psychical side—or in what Prof. Riehet calls the objective and the subjective variety of metapsychics,—the principal phenomena have a character which could be attributed to the action of unknown and hitherto unsuspected Intelligences, live things or live people. For they simulate a life-like interference with the world of matter through the agency of a borrowed human organism; some of the things done being such as we ourselves could do, and some being beyond those powers. This is undoubtedly their appearance, and I incline to think that it is also their reality. I think that these phenomena are mainly

surprising because we do not otherwise know of the agents who accomplish them. If we did, they would become comparatively commonplace. Their value lies in the demonstration of the existence of these, what we may call, "other people."

The fact is we have been living on an island planet, apparently completely isolated, and not in touch with anything higher than ourselves. Religious people have always supposed otherwise; but scientific people, except in so far as they were also religious, have never had occasion to postulate anything of the kind. Consequently they feel great repugnance to beginning. They would prefer to exhaust all known categories before introducing any new ones; and in this they are manifestly right. But the time will come—has come already in my view—when the known part of the Universe is insufficient to account for the facts. We shall find ourselves like a race of Pacific islanders, who have known nothing about other people in the world, and who begin to be afflicted with indications of unaccustomed phenomena, coming at first from a distance,—wireless waves, if any are sufficiently sensitive to feel that influence, shot and shell for those who are insensitive. Such islanders, if they were critical, would receive testimony to these sporadic occurrences with incredulity and general suspicion. At length there comes a shipwrecked sailor, who may be seen by a few before he is rescued, but who is disbelieved in by most. Then others arrive, and inexplicable phenomena begin to happen.

The parallel is not very close, because the visitants belong to the same sphere of existence as the islanders. The chief analogy is that the strange visitors are endowed with what seem to be supernormal powers and extensive knowledge, which for the most part they are unable to communicate, or the islanders to receive. Even if one of the islanders were taken to a modern city, he would not be able, on his return, to convey anything but the haziest idea of the achievements of civilisation. While another, who had been taken to visit some other city in a different country, might give a rather differing account;

wherefore both would be disbelieved,—differences being emphasised, and similarities overlooked.

The perception or realisation of other Intelligences in the Universe than our own, who are able under certain conditions to communicate with us, may or may not be welcome or invigorating; and yet it may be true. That is the only question for science.

The question of human survival, or persistent existence—which appears to be demonstrated by several of the more psychic occurrences—is of a higher order, and more momentous to humanity. Psycho-physical phenomena appear to be of a lower grade, and seem to be a contribution from fairly low-scale intelligences, who by long practice have learnt how to manipulate matter by interfering with accessible nerve-muscle mechanism and other organised material. It is customary to attribute these odd powers to the activity of the sub-conscious; that is to a submerged modification or variety of ordinary human intelligence such as may be evoked by hypnotism; and this view, that the intelligence concerned is an emanation from the subconsciousness of the medium, though surely inadequate as an explanation of all that occurs, is deserving of respect. Yet these phenomena, in spite of their presumably low grade, are not so entirely dissociated from discarnate human activity that they can be ignored or disregarded, even by those who would prefer to limit their enquiries to the purely mental or subjective side; nor can they reasonably be contemned. We are not in a position to condemn any fact in the Universe. We never know what the bearing may be of any scientific discovery, nor what applications it may have. Our sole business as scientific men is to explore and ascertain the truth. If the truth, when ascertained, seems to us and to posterity to be commonplace and unimportant, that will be rather an unprecedented occurrence. Anyhow it would be one for which we are in no way responsible. Important or unimportant, welcome or unwelcome, we are bound to be loyal to what we conceive to be truth, be the consequences what they may.

March 11, 1924.

OLIVER LODGE.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE occurrences that are recorded in the following pages took place some sixty years ago. During that period a great deal of attention has been paid to psychical matters in general; and spiritualism in particular has been critically investigated by the Society for Psychological Research and by other Associations. Many men eminent in the sphere of science have studied the subject. A vast number of facts must have been accumulated, investigated, sifted and tabulated; and phenomena observed and recorded more than half a century ago are presumably out of date. Whether they are, or are not, I am not in a position to judge, as I have not kept in touch with the subject since those distant days; but I am told by those who have, and who ought to know, that the experiences of my father and myself are in some respects unique; and that, in the search after truth, they ought to be made available to those who desire to study them.

I came across Mr. D. D. Home long ago in Paris, I forget under what circumstances, but they had nothing to do with spiritualism or with his mediumship. My meeting him again in 1867 was fortuitous. Circumstances in the shape of rheumatism, or rheumatic gout, led me to Dr. Gully's hydropathic establishment at Malvern and there I became acquainted with Mr. Home, who was staying with Dr. Gully as a guest. I was attracted by some phenomena which took place immediately. I liked Mr. Home. He had the defects of an emotional character, with vanity highly developed (perhaps wisely to enable him to hold his own against the ridicule and obloquy that was then poured out upon spiritualism and every one connected with it). He was liable to fits of great

depression and to nervous crises difficult at first to understand; but he was withal of a simple, kindly, humorous, lovable disposition that appealed to me. I struck up an intimate friendship with him, and spent a great deal of time during the next two years in his company, with the result that the phenomena, which are here recorded, occurred at all times and seasons, under all sorts of conditions—in broad daylight, in artificial light, in semi-darkness, at regular séances, unpremeditatedly without any séance at all, indoors, out of doors, in private houses, in hotels—at home and abroad, and it is probable that to that extent these experiences are peculiar. They were printed by my father in order to preserve them, but for rigidly private circulation which was obviously necessary at the time. Nearly all the persons mentioned have “joined the great majority.” Those remaining with us with whom I have been able to communicate have no objection to publication; neither have I, though the records allude to matters very personal to myself. And as, in the opinion of those who have studied the subject, publication would be in the interests of science, I have agreed to it.

I came to certain conclusions at the time, but I do not allude to them here, preferring to leave readers to form their own conclusions on facts placed before them without comment. But some little explanation is necessary on one or two points. I can, of course, speak only of the period during which I was closely connected with Mr. Home, but it is perhaps right to say that during that time he never took money for séances, and séances failed as often as not. He was proud of his gift, but not happy in it. He could not control it and it placed him sometimes in very unpleasant positions. I think he would have been pleased to have been relieved of it, but I believe he was subject to these manifestations as long as he lived. It may be asked why did I abandon research after an experience which, it will be admitted, was at least interesting; and it may be assumed that something in Home's character or in the manifestations themselves must have repelled me. That assumption would be quite

erroneous. My belief in the genuineness of the phenomena remained unshaken, and my friendship with Mr. Home did not diminish or change. The simple reason is that having satisfied myself that the facts were not due to trickery or fraud, I found that I made little progress after a certain point. Phenomena were all of the same character, mainly physical, designed apparently to prove that some force or forces other than physical, as we understand it, could be made to operate upon inanimate objects. I had no inclination to investigate the nature of these forces. Study of the occult was not congenial to me. I was only twenty-four and I had my ambitions and plans for my life. I loved sport and an active "out-of-doors" life. All my instincts were to deal with the physical world and the material aspects of life, and I did not feel myself competent to deal with anything else. I thought that in some cases absorption in the subject tended to weaken the sense of self-dependence and of the necessity of submitting everything to reason; and I found that séances for physical manifestations were physically very exhausting to me. So having had my experience I came to the conclusion that I was neither by inclination or natural character designed to spend my time in pursuing the subject, and I completely abandoned it.

Much of the narrative in the following pages appears inconsequential and confused. It is not really so. Many of the communications, comments, and remarks were of too intimately private a character to be stated in full at the time; but the allusions were perfectly understood by those concerned.

It will be noted that on one or two occasions statements of a prophetic character were made, and opinions are expressed, or are alleged to be expressed, by a spirit on physical science which, I take it, are entirely erroneous. On that I have nothing to say except that the narrative states that the communication was very confused. But in fairness I must comment upon séance 6, described on pp. 62-63. That séance was obviously held on the eve of my departure to join the Abyssinian Expedition. It is stated that the spirit of an Abyssinian chief was chosen

to look after me; that he would save my life on two occasions, and that though I could not then remember his name I would later hear and recognise it. It is, of course, impossible for any one to say that under such circumstances, or, indeed, under any circumstances, his life was not in imminent danger; but it is right I should state that, so far as I was and am aware, my life was not on two occasions, or on one occasion, in special danger; and that though I was much interested in the Abyssinian tribes—their manners, customs, and history, and talked with many chiefs, I never recognised the name mentioned at the séance.

I regret that the séances and occurrences were not more methodically arranged and that headings may be erroneous—as, for instance, in the case of Séance No. 41, and that details concerning the localities in which séances were held, and the circumstances attending them, were not more specifically stated; but it must be remembered that my records were embodied in private letters to my father written at a time when no publication of any kind was contemplated; and that the book was compiled and printed for strictly private circulation among those who knew all about the circumstances mentioned.

The name of the narrator is not always mentioned. It may be taken for granted that the letters or notes were written by me, except in those cases to which my father's name is appended. One or two accounts are mentioned of occurrences of which I was not personally cognisant. Obviously they were included because they were explanatory of, or referred to, occurrences at which I was present.

It is also to be noted that when Mr. Home spoke in the trance state he alluded to himself as "Daniel" or "Dan," and in alluding to others always used the first name except in respect of my father and myself. He mentioned us as "Dunraven" and "Adare." It will be remembered that in those days I was "Adare," and my father "Dunraven."

It is desirable that the supernormal phenomena herein mentioned should be co-ordinated and compared with

phenomena of a similar character which have been recorded during the last half century and more. They should be viewed in the light of knowledge acquired since they were printed. The experience requires supplementing in that direction, and Sir Oliver Lodge and others have been so good as to undertake that work. But this publication is not based on recollection of events that took place many years ago. Its sole merit consists of the fact that the phenomena were noted and recorded at the time, and the original text has not been altered in any way.

I was very young at the time. I was devoted to outdoor sport and was not trained in scientific observation. All that I desire to say is that, to the best of my ability, I scrupulously examined certain strange phenomena, which came under my observation, and faithfully recorded the facts. My father's case was very different. The whole bent of his mind was towards science. He was trained in science and was an acute observer. He was a devout Roman Catholic and a very liberal minded man. His remarks are valuable and his preface is retained. My little preface, written at the time, is without value, and I have omitted it.

DUNRAVEN.

It may be of interest to reproduce the Introduction which my father wrote in 1870 to the volume printed for private circulation.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY THE LATE EARL OF DUNRAVEN

THE subject of Spiritualism was first brought under my notice about fifteen years ago, by reading two or three accounts of the occurrences which were taking place in America. To some extent I was prepared for the fair consideration of very strange and startling phenomena, from having previously examined fully into the subject of mesmerism. The result of this enquiry, carried on for several months, under most favourable circumstances, was a thorough conviction of the reality of the phenomena of mesmerism, from the simple sleep up to clairvoyance. At that time, scientific men in general, and the medical profession in particular, were loud in condemnation of what they considered sheer imposture; and one of the most eminent of the profession, the late Dr. Elliotson, lost a considerable portion of his very extensive practice by his bold and uncompromising assertion of the truth of mesmerism and its great importance as a curative agent. Since then a great change has taken place in the opinion of the public on this subject. Judging by the literature of the day, as well as by the remarks current in society, the general phenomena of mesmerism are widely accepted as true; and even those who believe in the higher phenomena, including clairvoyance, are no longer necessarily considered to be the victims of imposture.

When table turning became one of the amusements of the day, I witnessed and tried various experiments which clearly demonstrated the inadequacy of Professor Faraday's explanation of the manifestations by involuntary muscular action. I was also present at a *séance*, where Mrs. Hayden was the medium, and an attentive examination of what took place sufficed to satisfy me that the subject was worthy of careful examination, to be made whenever an opportunity should occur for a full investigation into a class of phenomena, opening a new field of research of a very strange and startling description. This opportunity has been afforded by Lord Adare's acquaintance with Mr. Home, which commenced in 1867. I soon perceived from his letters, that the manifestations were so remarkable that they deserved to be duly chronicled and preserved. At my request he has carefully noted, as fully as could conveniently be done, the occurrences of each day, and has permitted me to print the whole series for private circulation. Publication is out of the question, as much that is interesting and a valuable portion of the record, relates to private domestic affairs, and to near relatives or intimate friends.

Even after the unavoidable suppression of some curious and instructive details, it was not without much reluctance that we made up our minds to give even a very limited circulation to this series of *séances*; but, after full consideration we have deemed it best to print—as nearly as we possibly could venture to do—the entire record; notwithstanding the pain, to ourselves and others, which necessarily accompanies the mention of communications professing to come from those whose memories call up the deepest and tenderest feelings of our nature. It is obvious that the chief value of such a record must depend upon the trustworthiness of the narrator. Fidelity of description is very rare, even where honesty of purpose is undoubted. I believe that in the present case scrupulous accuracy, a retentive memory, and an unexcitable temperament are combined in an unusual degree, forming just such a combination of qualities as is indispensable for one who undertakes to record phenomena of this exceptional and startling

character. In several of the latter *séances*, portions of them have been written by both Lord Adare and myself, and then carefully compared; some were looked over by more than one of the persons present: thus everything has been done to ensure the greatest accuracy. In addition, each of those mentioned as present at the *séances* (except a few who are not within reach) has received a copy of the printed account, and replies have been received from all, affirming the accuracy of the reports. A list of these names will be given further on, and thus the following pages, it is hoped, will be found to contain the fullest and best authenticated account of the phenomena of Spiritualism which has as yet appeared in this country.

It must be borne in mind that an actual record of facts, and not the adoption or refutation of any particular theory, is the main object in view. Spiritualism will, therefore, in the ensuing remarks, be regarded chiefly in its scientific or phenomenal aspect, and I have purposely avoided expressing any decided opinion on questions so complicated, and about which at present such conflicting opinions prevail, as upon the character of the phenomena, the source from which they proceed, and the tendency of the teaching to be derived from them.

The whole subject of Spiritualism is one which must soon command the attention of thoughtful men in this country, as it has very fully done in America, and to some extent in France and other countries of Europe. In America, the belief in Spiritualism may be considered as a *fait accompli*. Its adherents are said to be reckoned by millions; varying from three to eleven, according to different accounts; but, even should the lowest calculation be beyond the exact truth, as is probably the case, there can be no doubt that a considerable portion of the people of the United States, including many men eminent in science, literature, politics, &c. (among whom was to be reckoned the late President Lincoln), believe that a means of communication is now open between the inhabitants of this world and intelligent beings belonging to a different state of existence; thus affording a new and astounding

evidence for the reality of another life, and of a spirit-world. It is remarkable that this new source of evidence should be discovered at a time when materialism, and the denial of a future state are on the increase, apparently in all parts of the world, and are said to prevail to an alarming extent in America, the country, be it remarked, where first these manifestations occurred on a large or striking scale. The timidity or apathy of men of science in England on this subject is to be deplored. A remarkable example of the former was seen in the case of the late Sir David Brewster. He was present at two *séances* of Mr. Home's, where he stated, as is affirmed on the written testimony of persons present, his impression that the phenomena were most striking and startling, and he does not appear then to have expressed any doubt of their genuineness, but he afterwards did so in an offensive manner. The whole discussion may be read in Mr. Home's book entitled, "Incidents in my Life." I mention this circumstance, because, I was so struck with what Sir David Brewster—with whom I was well acquainted—had himself told me, that it materially influenced me in determining to examine thoroughly into the reality of the phenomena. I met him one day on the steps of the Athenæum; we got upon the subject of table-turning, &c.; he spoke most earnestly, stating that the impression left on his mind from what he had seen, was, that the manifestations were to him quite inexplicable by fraud, or by any physical laws with which we were acquainted, and that they ought to be fully and carefully examined into. At present I know of only three eminent men of science in England, who have gone fully into the subject; and in their case the enquiry has resulted in a conviction of the genuineness of the phenomena. I allude to Mr. De Morgan the mathematician, Mr. Varley the electrician, and Mr. Wallace the naturalist, all, as is well known, men of high distinction in widely differing departments of science.

In investigating this subject, the greatest patience is required. As in the somewhat analogous case of clairvoyance, the recurrence of similar phenomena is most

uncertain, owing partly to the varying physical conditions of the medium, partly to the physical state of one or more of those present, or even to the state of the atmosphere; partial or even total failures must, therefore, occasionally be expected. I remember at a *séance* held to witness the clairvoyant phenomena of Alexis, how the effect of the presence of one lady sufficed nearly to obliterate his power; she, fortunately for us, left the room in disgust at what she designated as humbug, as Alexis's power returned almost immediately after her departure, and we had a most interesting and beautiful *séance*. A very analogous example in the case of Spiritualism will be found at p. 192 of the following *séances*. Great caution must, therefore, be observed, and great allowances made wherever a *bonâ fide* desire to arrive at truth is the real object of the enquirer.

Taking a general view of the subject, there are five hypotheses, three of them widely accepted, for explaining the so-called spiritualistic phenomena. The first, adopted by the world at large, maintains that they are the result of tricks or clever contrivance; in other words, that the mediums are impostors, and the whole exhibition humbug. According to the second, which is advocated by some scientific and medical men, the persons assisting at a *séance* become, then and there, the victims of a sort of mania or delusion, and imagine phenomena to occur, which have no real objective existence. The third maintains that the manifestations are referable to cerebral action, conscious or unconscious. This theory is evidently incapable of embracing the whole of the phenomena, and is not very widely advocated. The fourth, adopted almost unanimously by Spiritualists, is that the manifestations are caused by the agency of the spirits of departed human beings; and, generally speaking, by those who profess to be present. According to the fifth, which is held chiefly by believers in dogmatic Christianity, and also by many of the Low Church and Calvinistic school, the phenomena are supposed to be due to the agency of evil spirits or devils, personifying departed human beings, who have obtained this new power apparently for the purpose of undermining

that conception of Christianity which has hitherto been almost universally received.

No amount of written or oral testimony seems to be sufficient to carry conviction on this mysterious subject to the minds of the vast majority of persons; yet a candid enquirer, reading a record such as that contained in the following pages, embracing so great a variety of phenomena, witnessed under varying circumstances and conditions, and attested by so many persons, can hardly avoid, without putting aside the narrator's testimony as utterly untrustworthy, admitting the possibility that some of the occurrences here recounted are the work of an agency beyond that of the persons present. The examples are so numerous that it would be difficult to make a selection for illustration; but the reader's attention may be called to those instances where Mr. Home had never before entered the room in which the *séance* was held; as for example, at *No. 5, Buckingham Gate*, mentioned in p. 57; or where, as in *Séance No. 1*, and indeed many of the others, he had no possible opportunity of making any preparatory arrangements. It is perhaps as well here to mention, that we have not, on a single occasion, during the whole series of *séances*, seen any indication of contrivance on the part of the medium for producing or facilitating the manifestations which have taken place. The larger has been our experience, and the more varied the phenomena, the more firmly have we been convinced that a large portion of them are but explicable on the hypothesis that they are caused by intelligent beings, other than the persons in the room; the remainder being probably due to the action of physical laws as yet unknown.

The phenomena may be divided into two classes: Physical manifestations; and communications or messages. The former are divisible again into those which are solely or partly due to physical forces acting by a law—not yet ascertained—and those which imply a power exercised by an invisible and intelligent agent. To the first division of the physical manifestations, certain movements and vibrations of the table, or other articles of furniture may be

referred ; and perhaps the cold currents of air so often felt at the commencement of *séances*. As an example of the second may be mentioned the case of the table rising above our heads, described in page 218 ; but a more decided illustration is afforded at page 227, where a table was raised (no one touching it) and placed most carefully upon another table ; also may be cited those occasions on which the aceordion was played, when not held or touched by mortal hands. One very curious example of vibration of the table will be found at the end of *Séance No. 51*, p. 179, where the manifestation can only be referred to an intelligent agent, or to fraud on the part of some one present. I was so struck by the synchronism of the vibration with each stroke of the clock, as indicating an intelligence at work somewhere, that I examined closely but failed to detect any indication that it was caused by any one of those sitting at the table.

The communications may be divided into six classes ; those which come through the alphabet ; through the planchette ; writing by the influenced hand ; direct spirit-writing ; audible spirit-voices ; and, lastly, by the medium in a trance. The first and last methods are those employed in the following *séances*. Those delivered by the medium in a trance are obviously unsuited to convince persons of the existence of spirits ; generally they afford no actual proof of the utterances being other than the thoughts of the medium ; there are, however, exceptional cases, as where a communication is made to some person present, detailing circumstances unknown to the others, and of which the medium is almost certainly ignorant. Generally, but not always, these examples may be referable to the powers of mind-reading, similar to that manifested by clairvoyants. A genuine message, spelled out by the alphabet, is best suited to produce conviction that a communication is really from a spirit, especially where the raps, indicative of the letters which compose the words, are made at a distance from the medium, or are of such a nature as to have rendered it impossible for him to have caused them. The most striking cases are those where the mode of marking the letters is unknown to the medium or

to any one present, except the person addressed. Examples will be found at pp. 193, 194, and 206, where the letters were indicated by my being touched on the knee. Not only are the two modes of communication of very different value as to their power of producing conviction in the reality of the phenomena, but likewise as to the reliability of the messages sent; and this must be carefully borne in mind when judging of the tendency of the communications, or teaching derived from them. When Mr. Home speaks in a trance, there is no certainty whether his utterances are those of a spirit alone, or how far they may be mixed up with his own ideas or principles. Sometimes the communications are striking, at other times vague, sometimes trivial. Messages through the alphabet, on the other hand, carry at least a strong probability that they convey the thoughts of a spirit; although even they too in some cases exhibit indications of being affected by the medium, and are therefore not quite reliable.

The foregoing remarks will suffice to shew that in my opinion the first of the five hypotheses is utterly untenable. The second is disposed of by such cases as are detailed in pp. 227, 232. In the first example, the table, lifted up and placed upon that at which we were sitting, remained in the same position after the *séance* was broken up. In the second, the traces of the snuff which had been poured out on the shelf under the window were visible after supper. The third hypothesis requires no particular comment, being held by a very limited number among those who believe in the reality of the phenomena. Only two, therefore, need occupy the reader's attention, namely, that by which the manifestations are supposed to be caused by deceased human beings, or that which affirms them to be entirely due to the agency of lying spirits or devils. It is worthy of notice how the majority of the communications can be pressed into the service of either hypothesis.

The probability of the latter of the two theories being the correct one, extravagant and repulsive as this must appear to so many in the present day, results from the difficulty of reconciling the announcements of Spiritualism

with the belief in certain doctrines hitherto uniformly maintained by all portions of Christendom. The necessity of a sacrificial atonement through Christ to obtain our salvation; the separation of mankind at death into two classes, the saved and the lost; the former destined to live for ever in union with God and in happiness, the latter in perpetual separation from Him, in punishment and misery; and the existence of a personal devil, and of fallen angels, whose unceasing efforts are directed to procure the loss of men's souls, are beliefs or doctrines which have been universally held by all churches. Now, the first and most important of these doctrines, one which has been regarded almost as the basis of Christianity, is seldom if ever alluded to in the following *séances*, while the two others are absolutely denied by Spiritualists in all countries. Thus, too, the miracles of the Old and New Testament are referred to natural laws, as exemplified, p. 144, in the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea; and in p. 157, where the phenomena which occurred on the day of Pentecost are imitated. More might be cited having the same tendency, as for example the views put forward in p. 119; but, as has been already stated, the principal object here is to place on record a series of actual occurrences and communications, and then to indicate very slightly such points as are most worthy of the attention of an enquirer into their bearing upon the prevailing opinions of the day, on questions of social and religious importance. It should, however, be borne in mind that the majority of the statements here alluded to were made by the medium in a trance, and cannot be regarded as so probably the sayings of spirits, as if they were derived from messages through the alphabet. I must also observe that I have read many communications received through writing and drawing mediums which are distinctly Christian in their teaching, they are full of reference to our Lord and to his office as the Mediator of mankind; but all, as far as my knowledge extends, have a latitudinarian character about them. Most fearful pictures are drawn of the consequences of sin, and of the way retribution must be made for evil done in this world.

Many Spiritualists affirm that communications coming from these sources are of a higher kind than those conveyed through the ordinary physical means, such as raps, table tiltings, &c.

In other important particulars there is an apparent contrast between Christianity and the tendency of Spiritualism. In the New Testament, submission to authority and child-like obedience are inculcated as qualities peculiarly appertaining to the Christian believer, whereas the teaching of the spirits, as here recorded, seems rather to bring everything to the test of our reason. The spirit of Christianity has generally been antagonistic to the spirit of the world, and frequently to what may be called the spirit of the age. Latitudinarianism; opposition to ecclesiastical rule and authority; and dislike of forms as well as dogmas, are characteristic of the present day; and these principles are in accordance with the general teaching of Spiritualism, which is decidedly latitudinarian, and in harmony with the spirit of anti-sacerdotalism as opposed to that of dogmatic Christianity.

The reader of the following pages will not fail to perceive that a high and pure morality is taught in them; that the love of God, the value of prayer, and the importance of cultivating a truthful spirit are strongly inculcated; the terrible effects of sin, and the necessity of leading a good life in this, in order to occupy a high place in the next world, are forcibly pointed out. But what must perplex an orthodox Christian reader of these *séances* is the startling fact, that all reference to our Lord's office and work, as the sole passport to heaven, is practically omitted, and that He, whom all Catholics and most Protestants recognize as the sun of their religion, and the centre of their worship, seems to form so small a part of the thoughts or teaching of the spirits that here speak to us from beyond the grave.

That every variety of religious opinion, and all forms of Christianity are taught by spirits, is fully shown in an excellent book on Spiritualism, designated by rather an ill-chosen title, "*Planchette; or, the Despair of Science.*"¹

¹ *Planchette; or the Despair of Science.* [By Epes Sargent.] Boston, 1869.

This, however, is quite in accordance with the general belief of Spiritualists, namely, that spirits hold various views because they retain in the next world their complete individuality, and to a certain extent their ignorance; they do not therefore know for certain that one system is better than another. They teach immortality; a living Providence; the possibility of communicating with us; that God has condemned no one to an eternity of punishment; and they usually imply that a good life in itself, rather than as springing from our union with Christ's merits, is the passport to a happy position in the next world. If what Spiritualists affirm be true, that the spirits are really those of departed human beings, and not demons, no harm can be done by narrowly scanning the tendency of some of their announcements in an opposite direction; and on the contrary, if they are demons or devils, the importance cannot be overrated of warning those who are interested in the subject, lest they find themselves implicated in the adoption of a system, which must on that hypothesis be looked upon as a very formidable conspiracy against the Christian religion, as hitherto believed in all countries.

It must, however, be evident to a thoughtful peruser of these pages, (and still more should he extend his reading to larger works on Spiritualism; such, for example, as the "Life of the Seeress of Prevorst,") that the evil-spirit or devil hypothesis is surrounded by such formidable difficulties, that hasty judgments and rash conclusions cannot be too strongly deprecated. Not to go so far back as the opposition made to Galileo and others, when their discoveries appeared to militate against the letter of Scripture; how many of us remember the sensation caused, and the alarms expressed by pious and learned persons, when the discoveries in geology demonstrated the impossibility of the world being created in six days, a few thousand years ago, but that it has existed and been peopled with animals for millions of years. Again, the universality of the Flood, so clearly declared in the words of Scripture, is found to be incompatible with the results of careful observation of the actual state of the surface of

the earth. Among the beliefs exploded by geological research, may be mentioned the doctrine that pain and death, not only in man but in animals, are the result of Adam's sin. The fact being that the remains of animals, fitted to prey upon and kill each other, are found in strata formed millions of years ago, and in many cases the smaller creatures which were devoured are found within the stomachs of those by whom they were killed and eaten. Later still, the short amount of time during which man has existed on the globe, as deduced from even the longest Scripture chronology, is irreconcilable with recent researches in geology, in archæology, and in philology; the accuracy of which is every year more and more confirmed by additional observations, clearly indicating that man has inhabited this world for a period, not to be reckoned by thousands but by tens of thousands of years. This subject might be pursued much further, and additional illustrations given, tending to inculcate the necessity of modifying preconceived opinions on questions of great importance. To mention only one—that of miracles;—certain phenomena which have been universally considered as miraculous, or, to use the current expression, supernatural, are identical with those which are manifested by clairvoyants. How far this may extend cannot at present be known, but sufficient is established to render it advisable to pause before denouncing those who deny that certain phenomena are miraculous; some of which are, and others may be, referable to physical laws that have only recently been included within the domain of natural science, and which are as yet only partially understood. I would also point to the wonderful healing powers of certain mediums, as affording a subject of most serious consideration and reflection, but which need not be entered upon here as not bearing upon the following *séances*.

Arguing by analogy, it need not surprise us to find, as must be the case should the announcements of Spiritualism be true, that the conceptions hitherto held by Christians of all denominations, of the state of existence in the next world, may require considerable modification. We are informed that the spirit-world is very analogous in some

respects to this ; that it is one of continued progression ; that we are not suddenly brought to the full knowledge of religious truth ; that the belief we hold here we shall in all probability, at least for a time, retain there, in proportion as we are more bigoted in this life, and consequently more difficult to teach in the next. We are told, p. 95, “*There is a contest*” going on, “*same as on earth*” ; but, “*purity when freed from the mortal is strongest, as truth overcomes error.*” At different epochs of the world, the same subject is regarded from very different points of view. For example, the idea of the punishment of hell being a material fire was for many ages almost universal ; it certainly is not so at present, even among the most orthodox believers in the doctrine of eternal punishment.

A difficulty of another kind, one not easily got over, stands in the way of the adoption of the evil-spirit theory, namely the fact that conversions have been made by the agency of Spiritualism, from Atheism and from simple Deism to Christianity. To take one instance ; Dr. Elliotson was a strong materialist, and unbeliever ; he was converted, through Mr. Home’s manifestations, to Christianity. In accordance with this fact we have a message from a spirit purporting to be his, (*vide séance No. 10*) “*I now know that my Redeemer liveth,*” &c. Again others, among whom are four or five of my own acquaintance, have been led by the same means from Unitarianism to a belief in the divinity of Christ. Still more striking are the cases where persons have been brought into the Church of Rome, several examples of which have occurred in America and a few in England. The case of Dr. and Mrs. Nichols (Americans) affords a most remarkable instance in point ; and it would be strange could any of these individuals be brought to believe that their advance from a lower to a higher religious creed was due to the agency of the devil ; nor can the express testimony be overlooked of some pure-minded, earnest persons, as to the elevating effect of the belief in Spiritualism upon their hearts and souls. Take for example the interesting and striking account of the closing years and death of a very beautiful character, the late Mrs. Home, as described by Mrs. Howitt and Mrs.

S. C. Hall,¹ where the happiness and the blessings which Spiritualism has produced, not only in her case, but in their own, are portrayed in a tone strikingly earnest and yet quite free from anything like excitement or exaggeration. To ascribe such peace and joy in believing, such love of our Lord, and resignation to His will as led the Bishop of Perigueux—who administered the last sacraments to Mrs. Home—to remark, “Though he had been present at many a deathbed for heaven, he had never seen one equal to hers;”—and she a professed Spiritualist, and the wife of one of the most noted mediums in the world!—To ascribe, I repeat, such results to the agency of the father of lies and the arch enemy of mankind, must appear as impossible to many, as it must be revolting to the two gifted writers whom I have quoted, and who bear such strong testimony to the blessed influence which Spiritualism has exercised upon their own lives and faith. Attention should also be called to the *séances* at Homburg, especially Nos. 19, 21, 22, where the action of the spirits was decidedly exercised in various ways to promote bodily health and comfort, and also to inculcate and reiterate the advantage of good practices, such as examination of conscience at night; still more striking was the evident anxiety on their part to prevent and counteract grievous sin, as must be quite clear to those who read these accounts with attention. Remarks upon this subject might be considerably amplified; but enough has been pointed out to indicate some of the difficulties which surround the adoption of the evil-spirit hypothesis. Indeed the only answer which can be given, by those who maintain this view, is that Satan is allowed an unlimited power, of which he makes copious use, of transforming himself into an angel of light.

Setting aside the religious question, and admitting even that the spirits are those of departed human beings, the difficulty of identification renders the whole subject in its present stage rather unsatisfactory. This opinion, I know, is to a considerable extent shared in by persons who have been for several years believers in Spiritualism. Among

¹ Vide Mr. Home's "Incidents in my Life," chap. xii.

those who took part in the following *séances*, some seem to find little or no difficulty in believing that the spirits in communication with them are the relatives or friends they professed to be. I confess in this confidence I cannot share. To take an extreme ease, the idea that the former possessor of Adare Manor should be present at a *séance*, and yet only manifest that presenee by shaking his son's chair (*No.* 57, p. 199), seems as improbable as absurd.¹

Whatever view be taken of the source of the phenomena, the subject is one deserving serious treatment, and careful investigation. The tone of levity which prevails in some amateur *séances*, and the fashion now prevalent among young ladies of playing with planchettes, cannot be too strongly deprecated. A power, which practically may be looked upon and treated of as new, has almost suddenly been developed among men; a power which may be fraught in many cases with serious consequences. Are we in a position at present to pronounce from what sources this power proceeds? The veil which separates this world from the next is partially raised; can we say why this partial unfolding of the future is permitted; or to what extent it may be developed, or what is the main purpose for which this unexpected source of knowledge, or deception as the ease may be, is revealed? A partial but decisive answer may be given to some of these questions. A proof, derived from a physical and material source is opened to men of an existence beyond the grave. The tendency of the present age being materialistic, and sceptical, the evidence of the senses is required as a ground for belief, to a degree far surpassing what has hitherto been the case; that evidence is now afforded for the most important of beliefs, namely, that of a future existence. The true answer to those who require the *cui bono* of Spiritualism would appear, therefore, to be, that through its instrumentality an incontrovertible proof is

¹ Since these *séances* have taken place, communications have been made to Lord Adare (*vide* p. 261) which, if genuine, would account for and explain why none were given at the time from the source mentioned; the probability, however, of identity is scarcely strengthened, in my mind, by the tenor of these later communications.

afforded to all who will fairly, fully, and patiently investigate a world of spirits. This teaching stands out clear and unmistakable above any conflicting theories as to the kind of spirits who are the source of the communications.

That Spiritualism is not unaccompanied by danger is allowed, even by its most earnest believers. This chiefly springs from the great power of deception which may be exercised by spirits, while the power of identification remains so unsatisfactory as it is at present. For example, messages are sent, or communications in the trance state given, purporting to come from deceased members of a family, commenting on family affairs; it is obvious that this may be a source of serious mischief. If, as is allowed by all Spiritualists, bad and lying spirits can and do communicate, what is to secure one from being deceived by them in a particular case? A friend of mine believed that a spirit present at a *séance* was a gentleman who had been lately poisoned; he asked if B—— was concerned in the matter and was answered in the affirmative. This he appeared to believe, and thus B——, who lives in his parish, to some extent lies under the imputation of being concerned in a murder; and this on the declaration of a spirit whose identity seemed to me to rest on no solid ground.

One of the most remarkable features in these *séances* is the frequency of Mr. Home's trances. This peculiar phase of his power has become much developed of late; while others, such as his being raised in the air, have comparatively diminished. To those who are familiar with mesmeric trances, the genuineness of Mr. Home's is easily admitted. To me they are among the most interesting portions of the manifestations which occur through his mediumship. The change which takes place in him is very striking; he becomes, as it were, a being of a higher type. There is a union of sweetness, tenderness, and earnestness in his voice and manner which is very attractive. At first sight much might appear to be skilful acting; but after having so frequently witnessed these trance states, I am fully convinced of their truthfulness. Sometimes his utterances are most impressive; the language beautiful, con-

veying his thoughts in the most appropriate words. That he is possessed by a power or spirit, not his own, and superior to himself, a very little experience will suffice to render manifest. I can most fully endorse the statement in Lord Adare's preface—of the very imperfect conception of the impressiveness of some of these *séances* as conveyed by our meagre reports. They are, as it were, mere skeletons, as for example, *No.* 55; no one could imagine the beauty and interest of that *séance*, from the very inadequate account given there of what occurred. To be appreciated or realized they must be witnessed, and that under favourable circumstances. Those who have been present will, I am sure, agree with me that some of them are very touching and beautiful. A pure, lofty, and religious tone more or less pervades them. The solemnity which is always manifested at the name of God is remarkable. After reading Mr. Chevalier's pamphlet¹ I was anxious to apply the test of using the invocation of the Trinity. I never mentioned this to Mr. Home; but it was unexpectedly suggested by him when entranced during the *séance*, *No.* 59, and with a totally opposite result, as the reader will see.² The effect produced upon Mr. Home by Pressensé's "Life of Christ" was very striking. I have never seen such reverence paid to the Bible in real life; it reminded one of the devotion exhibited by a Catholic to the Blessed Sacrament.

Another very remarkable feature and well worthy of attention, is the account given by the spirits of the mode by which they are able to make manifestations, as is detailed in pp. 117, 212, and other places; also the extreme difficulty experienced in making them, and the slight causes which interrupt the power. In fact, when one considers the number of favourable conditions necessary in order that manifestations should succeed, the wonder is

¹ *Experiences in Spiritualism; or the Adjuration of Spirits. . .* By a late member of Mr. Home's Spiritual Athenaeum [*i.e.* J. O. Chevalier]. London, 1867.

² Mr. Chevalier states that when he asked the spirit who it was, using the names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the word "*Devil*" was spelled out.

that they do not oftener fail. Nothing can be plainer than that the power of spirits over matter is one of degree, varying each night, and indeed almost every minute. This is the answer to those who are constantly remarking "If they can do this, why cannot they do that? If a spirit can raise an object an inch, why not a yard? If Mr. Home could float in the air last week, why can he not to-day?" and so forth. The causes of failure are well exemplified in the last *séance* at Garinish, No. 63, when apparently, numbers were present, and evidently they had intended giving us a series of manifestations as a wind up to the *séances* in Ireland; but this design was partly frustrated by the state of the weather and Mr. Home's health, as well as our own rather unfavourable condition.

A very common misconception on the general subject ought to be here pointed out. The idea seems very prevalent that Mr. Home invokes or evokes spirits. This notion is totally destitute of foundation. Neither Mr. Home, nor any medium, as far as I know ever professes to call up spirits. Several persons sit round a table, and Mr. Home, while deprecating levity, desires to promote cheerful and social conversation on general matters, without any premeditated design or wish expressed that particular things should happen or particular spirits be present. Some Spiritualists begin every sitting with prayer, and generally with a chapter in the Bible. I was at one lately, where, as soon as the presence of spirits was announced by raps, they were asked, should we begin by reading a chapter; "Yes," was the reply; and they were then asked, what chapter it should be, and they rapped out, "*Acts, xi. chapter, verses, 5 to 18.*" One more appropriate could not readily be selected.

Before concluding these introductory remarks, I would remind the reader, that the primary object of this little work is to place on record a series of observed facts upon a very mysterious and startling subject. It is only by such means, pursued under varying circumstances, as to time, place, and mediums, multiplied by different observers, that a conclusive answer can be hoped for to the question, *Will the result of Spiritualism be good or evil?* is the

tendency of the movement as a whole to the glory of God, and the happiness of mankind in the next world, or, is it a great system of deception, carried on by the powers of darkness, and fraught with danger to our souls? Setting aside the great majority of the world, who refuse all enquiry into a subject which they consider to be imposture, or ridiculous nonsense, unworthy of serious thought, many shrink from it as the work solely of evil spirits; others, from a fear of the danger derived from the difficulty of identification, and the consequent deception which may be practised; and others again from an instinctive dread of communing with the departed, and from an intense pain caused by the idea that the state of those whom they have loved should be so widely different from, and apparently so much lower than what they have fondly believed in, through the traditionary teaching under which they have been brought up. Nor can we omit in fairness the opinion of many of the opponents of Spiritualism who maintain, that the examples of its being productive of good effects are exceptional, and that the system must be judged by its general results, which, as developed in America, are, they say, drifting away from anything like orthodox Christianity. This statement I am not in a position to be able to pronounce upon one way or the other.

Without attempting to conceal my own state of doubt as to the source from which the phenomena of Spiritualism proceed, and my decided impression of the danger which in some respects seems possibly to accompany its pursuit or adoption, I have been most desirous not to bias unduly those who are anxious to investigate a very interesting and most curious subject of enquiry; especially as Lord Adare takes a more favourable view than I can at present conscientiously hold, of the points about which such opposite opinions are entertained by men of earnest and truth-loving character. Why then, it may be asked, take any part in enquiring into a subject, the tendency of which seems so difficult to determine? The answer is simple:—Chiefly, to examine for my own satisfaction; next, to enable others, who may consider a similar spirit of enquiry

advisable or interesting, to have the benefit of the experience derived from the following *séances*; and also, to shew to those who are already struck by, or much occupied in, the pursuit of this mysterious subject, the dangers by which it is surrounded, through the possible tendencies of its teachings, or the deceptions practicable by bad or mischievous spirits. I maintain that we are entitled to investigate all the physical phenomena which may come before us, provided we do so earnestly and with a desire to arrive at truth. Acting upon this principle, I enquired into the remarkable phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance, when the propriety of so doing was doubted by some for whom I entertained the highest respect. Upon the same principle I now avail myself of the opportunity which Lord Adare's acquaintance with Mr. Home has afforded, of investigating the still more interesting and startling phenomena of Spiritualism; content that time will clear up that which is at present so perplexing, and enable honest enquirers to decide whether the subject is one which they can with propriety continue to pursue, or one which they feel themselves bound, as sincere followers of Christ, and for the safety of their souls, to abandon.

NAMES OF PERSONS PRESENT AT THE SÉANCES.¹

[All the persons present at the following *séances*, with the exception of three or four to whom access cannot be obtained, have received a copy of the account of the *séances* which they witnessed, with a request that if the report coincided with their own recollection of what took place, they would kindly allow their names to be appended, as testifying to its accuracy. Every answer has been in the affirmative as to the correctness of the accounts; but a very few have, for prudential reasons, preferred that their names should not appear. By accuracy is meant, that nothing has been inserted that did not occur, or has been exaggerated. A great deal has necessarily been omitted.]

Mr. H. JENCKEN, Barrister-at-Law, Temple.

Mrs. HENNINGS, 9, Thicket Road, Norwood.

Mrs. SCOTT RUSSELL, Norwood.

Miss GALLWEY, 7, Lower Belgrave Street.

Mr. S. C. HALL, 15, Ashley Place.

Mrs. S. C. HALL, " "

Mr. H. T. HUMPHREY, 1, Clifford's Inn.

Mr. HAMILTON, Sundrum, Ayr.

Mrs. HAMILTON, " "

Miss HAMILTON, " "

Mrs. COX, Stockton House.

Miss BROOKS, " "

Mr. ION PERDICARIS, 2, Heathcote Villas, Twickenham.

Mrs. MAINWARING, Ashley House, Victoria Street.

Countess DE MEDINA DE POMAR, Grafton Hotel, Albemarle Street.

Mrs. HONEYWOOD, 52, Warwick Square

Dr. GULLY, Malvern.

¹ This list has been given exactly as it appeared in the original (private) edition, 1870.

Mr. JONES, Enmore Park, South Norwood.

Mrs. MACKDOUGALL GREGORY, 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.

Lady FAIRFAX, 45, St. George's Road.

Major DRAYSON, 6, York Crescent, Woolwich.

Mr. HART, 30, Duke Street, St. James's.

Mr. SARL, 45, Cornhill.

Mr. J. COLLINS, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

Miss SMITH, Adare Manor, Ireland.

Miss BERTOLACCI, Vine Cottage, Fulham Road.

Miss E. BERTOLACCI, " " "

Hon. F. LAWLESS, Maritimo, Black Rock, Ireland.

Capt. CHAS. WYNNE, Lissadell, Sligo.

Mrs. C. WYNNE, " "

Mr. B. DE C. NIXON, 1, Queen's Gate Gardens.

Mrs. B. DE C. NIXON, " " "

Mr. JAMES GORE BOOTH, R.E., Aldershot.

Sir ROBT. GORE BOOTH, Bart., 7, Buckingham Gate.

Miss GORE BOOTH, " " "

A. SMITH BARRY, M.P., 26, Chesham Place.

The Hon. The MASTER OF LINDSAY, 9, Grosvenor Square.

Major BLACKBURN, 35, Beaufort Gardens.

Mrs. BLACKBURN, " "

Mrs. WYNNE, Corris, Bagnalstown, Ireland.

Miss WYNNE, " " "

Mr. J. BERGHEIM, 34, Hill Street, Knightsbridge.

Mr. H. A. RUDALL, 17, Langham Street.

Mr. F. FULLER, 12, St. James's Place.

Miss DOUGLAS, 81, South Audley Street.

DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S, 4, Princes Gate.

Mr. CHAS. BLACKBURN, Park Field, Didsbury, Manchester.

Capt. GERARD SMITH, Scots Fusilier Guards, 13, Upper Belgrave Street.

Mr. STANLEY J. MACKENZIE, 32, Bernard Street.

Mrs. STOPFORD, 7, Grosvenor Gardens.

RECORD OF SÉANCES.

No. 1 Séance.

Malvern, November 1867.

YESTERDAY, Mr. Earl, a total disbeliever in Spiritualism, Home and I, went to spend the evening with Mrs. Thayer, an American lady, a friend of Dr. Gully's. We were shown into the back parlour, a small room, the furniture consisting of a heavy round mahogany table, without any cover, with one leg in the centre, and of a piano and several ordinary chairs. The room was lighted by a fire, a large lamp standing on the piano, and two wax candles on the table.

After Mrs. Thayer came in we sat and talked for a few minutes by the fireside, until at Home's suggestion we sat round the table, which was in the middle of the room. Home was on my left, Mrs. Thayer opposite me, and Earl on my right. The room was perfectly light. After talking on ordinary subjects for perhaps ten minutes, raps were heard by us all in various parts of the room, on the table and on the floor and walls. Home requested the raps to be made in various places and it was done. He asked that they would rap under my feet, and I not only heard the noise, but distinctly felt the jar while the raps were taking place. I repeatedly looked under the table, as did also Mr. Earl, to satisfy ourselves that, however they were done, it was not by any movement on Home's part. It was quite impossible that Home could have made them, for while they were distinctly audible, I looked under the table and could have detected even the slightest movement of his legs or feet; Mr. Earl watched his hands and arms. Similar raps were occasion-

ally heard during the whole *séance*. At the commencement of the *séance* we all felt cold currents of air passing over our hands. The table began to vibrate with the greatest rapidity, and was then moved about and tilted up in various directions. Mrs. Thayer had previously to this placed a pencil and writing paper on the table. The table was repeatedly tilted up at an angle I should say greater than 45° . The surface was smooth polished mahogany, yet the candles, paper, and pencil did not move. Home asked that the candles might slip (as they naturally would), and they did slide down the table until near the edge, when at his request they remained stationary. While the table was tilted up very high, Home said to Earl, "Take a candle and look under the table." He took one of the candles on the table, and in lifting it said, good gracious, how heavy it is! I afterwards tried the same thing, and found that when the table was tilted up there was a difficulty in removing the candle from the surface that made it appear very heavy. The table was moved up against my chest, and as I pushed back my chair, it followed me up until the back of my chair was against the window, and I could go no further; the table was then pushed close up against me. I now felt cold currents of air passing across my face and hands, and a chair that was standing against the wall, at a distance of perhaps five yards, came suddenly and quickly out from the wall, and placed itself beside me at the table. The effect was startling. There was a lady's cloak on it, which was pulled off under the table. Mrs. Thayer said, "She could see a shadowy form standing between Home and me." I saw nothing, but I was touched lightly on the head, and distinctly as with a sharp tap of the finger on the knee. I do not think it possible that anybody at the table could have touched me. I could see all their hands, and had it been done by a foot I must have perceived the difference of touch, and have seen the motion. Some time previously to this Mrs. Thayer had sent out the servant to ask a friend for an accordion, and it had been placed upon the table. The alphabet was called for (by five raps) and the following words were spelled out (I am

not sure that I remember the exact words but they were to this effect):—“*I could not come the other night because of H——. Yours ever, Fred.*” Mrs. Thayer understood the meaning of this message it having reference to a previous *séance*, the first one, I believe, at which she had been present. After a few minutes the alphabet was again called for, and the following words were spelled out:—“*My boy I am near you.*” I naturally referred this to my mother.

After this, the accordion was moved about on the table. Home took it, holding it by the lower part, with the keys hanging down over the edge of the table. It is manifestly impossible for a person so holding an accordion either to touch the keys, to inflate the bellows, or to expel the air from it. Almost immediately the keys were touched in an uncertain manner, and then the accordion began to play. It played something resembling a voluntary on the organ: the melody was perfect, and the expression beautiful. I am sure that if I had heard it so played anywhere, under any circumstances, it would have occurred to me how like the music was to what I had often heard my mother play, when running over a few chords on the piano. While the accordion was being played, I looked at it two or three times under the table. Home was on each occasion holding it as I have stated, and the instrument was pulled out horizontally from his hand. I could see the bellows drawn in and out, and the keys move. At one time it was pulled violently under the chair at my side towards me. Home asked me to name some air. I wished to think of one that might help me to identify whoever was playing the accordion, but I could not. Earl asked for “*The Last Rose of Summer.*” It was beautifully played: first, the air quite simple, then with chords and variations. After this Mrs. Thayer took the accordion, and Mr. Earl also, but it did not play again. During what I have narrated, the table was occasionally moved, and raps were now and then heard in different parts of the room. All manifestations ceased when the accordion stopped playing. My hands during the whole time were as cold as ice; when the manifes-

tations ceased they became suddenly warm. I said, "Dear me, my hands have become quite warm!" Home said, "Oh, then I am afraid there will be nothing more." We waited perhaps five minutes; and, finding there were no more manifestations, we got up and moved the table over to the fire. Home began reading to us some poetry. The last thing he read was descriptive of the passing away of a poor old widow; and, after a passage speaking of the love of Christ for her, strong raps of approval—that is, three raps in succession—were heard on the floor behind him. We then said Good-night to Mrs. Thayer, and went back to Tudor House. I turned into the dining room and sat down by the fire alone. A few minutes after, Home came in and sat down by me, and we talked about ordinary subjects. We heard a sound that I thought was the door creaking. He said it was not that, and asked that the sound should be repeated, and it was. He then asked that it should rap where I usually sat at dinner; and it did so right at the end of the table. We were both sitting with our backs to the table. Then came a noise as if furniture was moving. I turned but saw nothing move. Home looked and said a chair had moved up to the table. I looked again at the other side of the table, and saw that a chair was standing against it; all the others were against the wall. I did not see it move. We then heard a sort of whistling sound flying up and down the room; then a sound as of something rushing up and down, and then, laughter, unmistakable but not pleasant sounding laughter. After this one of the servants came in, and nothing more occurred. When in the dining room, Home asked whether the spirit that was there in the room was one that loved me. It answered "Yes." By "answered," I mean that three raps were given, which means "Yes." He asked if the spirit would like me to have another *séance* with him in London. "Yes," was answered.

No. 2 Séance.

About a fortnight after this I had occasion to go to London. I went down to see Home at Mr. Jencken's, at Norwood. We had a *séance* in the evening. There were present, Home, Mr. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, and myself. Nothing very remarkable occurred; at least, I do not remember anything. The usual manifestations took place, such as the table moving, and raps were heard; the table, a light eard table, was lifted off the ground completely. During the first part of the *séance* the manifestations seemed all directed to Home, afterwards the table was in the same way as at the first *séance* moved up against me. The accordion was played in Home's hand. The last thing that occurred was that my chair began to vibrate rapidly in the most violent way; it gave me a curious tingling sensation up my arms to the elbow, and up my legs as though I was receiving an electric shock. Knowing that this vibration almost invariably preceded any movement, or lifting of the table, I thought that I was going to be raised into the air, and most unwillingly I became very nervous and frightened. If I had not done so I think some phenomenon would have occurred; but as soon as I became alarmed, the vibration of my chair ceased. That was the last thing that occurred that evening.

No. 3 Séance.

This day week I again went down to Mr. Jencken's to see Home. After tea we had a *séance*. There were present: Mr. Jencken, Mrs. Jencken (his mother), Mrs. Hennings, Mrs. Scott Russell, Miss D—— R——, another lady whose name I forget, Home and myself. We sat round the card table, all except Mrs. Jencken, who sat in her arm chair in another part of the room. We had a very beautiful *séance*. Miss D—— R—— had never been present at one before, and was most of the time engaged in looking under the table, and investigating what took place. Very few raps were heard. The manifestations

began by the usual vibration of the table, the floor, and our chairs; and by the cold currents of air passing round the table over our hands. The table moved, and we followed it until it was in a corner close to the wall. Home had his back to the wall. On his left, at a little distance, was a small square table, with a vase of flowers on it; and on his right was a small round table, on which stood a large vase containing a fern.

The chief part of the manifestations consisted in the movement of these tables. They were brought close to Home, and then were sometimes raised in the air and inclined towards him; sometimes simply tilted on one leg, so that the flowers touched his face. The flowers were in like manner also, as it were, presented to Mrs. Hennings and Mrs. Scott Russell. Before moving the small round table up to us, it was necessary to clear a space for it, as the table at which we were sitting was close to the window. Our table moved a little back, and we then saw the window curtains drawn on one side out of the way. This table was repeatedly raised in the air to the height of 4 or 5 inches, Miss D—— R—— placing her hands between it and the floor; and it was also frequently inclined at such an angle that the vase must inevitably have fallen off under ordinary circumstances. The flowers on the square table and the fern on the round table were frequently agitated and moved, but were not broken off or plucked. On placing the ear against the small table, it was found to be full of minute raps, like a current of small electric sparks.

The phenomena connected with the movement of these two tables occupied some time, during which we talked about various matters and subjects. Miss D—— R—— and Mr. Jencken were talking about Spiritualism, and he got rather excited, and was saying something to the effect that he lost his patience when people said it was all trickery and conjuring, and that instead of that it was a great and real blessing and dispensation vouchsafed to us by God for our comfort. Approving raps occurred at this, and he said "Is it not to shew us without doubt that it is so," or some words of that sort. Assent was

signified to that remark so emphatically that it made me laugh. It seemed so energetic—first, “Yes” was rapped on the floor and walls, then the small tables tilted themselves three times, and then the table we were sitting round tilted itself up towards each corner in turn three times, and lastly, being raised right off the ground, was moved up and down three times in the air, and then came down with an emphatic bang that shook the floor. During this *séance*, it was remarkable how the spirits joined as it were in our conversation, two or three times signifying approval in the most emphatic way. I noticed a remarkable circumstance in connection with the small round table. When it was inclined at a considerable angle I saw the vase move, but instead of slipping down the slope, it moved up against it.

As I before mentioned, the small table with the fern was raised in the air, and presented as if in greeting to Mrs. Hennings, Home, and Mrs. Scott Russell. After this had been done several times the alphabet was called for, and the following message given (the exact words I cannot answer for): “*We would do more to shew our love; these (referring to the flowers) are emblems of God’s love.*” The letters were indicated sometimes by the small table tilting, sometimes by raps on the large table. Soon afterwards the alphabet was again called for, and the following message given:—“*Sit alone in a corner with Adare.*” Accordingly Home and I left the table, and sat in another corner of the room at the small round table, having previously removed the vase; immediately the table was raised up and tilted against my chest. The table had one leg terminating in three claws, one of them just touched my toe, and the letters were indicated by the claw tapping my toe. The following message was thus given:—“*My own boy, I go with you, fear nothing, God will give a mother power to protect her own boy. I will yet speak to you when alone.*” The table was then raised off the ground, presented to me close to my face, two or three times, and replaced on the floor. Home was not touching the table; but during all this time was sitting beside me in an arm chair, and I distinctly felt—and so

did he—some one standing between us. We then went back to the large table and Home took the accordion in his hand. He asked some questions, which were answered in the affirmative by three single notes on the accordion. Home in asking these questions became very much affected—I do not know why—and his voice was quite broken; he asked whether the spirit holding the accordion was the same that brought the chair to me at Malvern?¹ Whether it had not stood between me and him when we were sitting in the corner? The accordion then played something like a voluntary on the organ. The peculiarity being that the last few notes were drawn out so fine as to be scarcely audible—the last note dying away so gradually that I could not tell when it ceased. I do not think it possible for any human hand to produce a note in that way. Sometime before this we had all heard a whistling over Home's head, similar to that which I had heard in the dining room at Tudor House. It is a curious sound, something between a bird chirping and the whistling produced by birds' wings rapidly moving. After it ceased we all heard sounds as of a voice, but not articulate. Home then asked if a spirit was endeavouring to make the voice heard, and was answered "Yes," and he asked if it would be repeated, and was answered "*Perhaps.*" It was not repeated until we left the table. During the time the sounds were heard Home was talking, which I was glad of, as I wished to feel sure the sounds were not the result of ventriloquism on his part. I believe I may also safely say that we were all engaged in conversation at the time, so that the sounds could not have been produced by any accomplice among us. I did not, however, observe any of the others so closely as I did Home.

After the accordion had played I took it in my hand but immediately after I had done so the alphabet was called for and the words were spelled out, "*We can do no more now.*" All the manifestations then ceased. We waited a few minutes, and Home asked if the spirits

¹ There is no answer recorded to Home's questions, but I believe the answer to have been in the affirmative.

were gone. No answer was returned, so we left the table. I had particularly noticed three things.

1st. That the commencement of each *séance* appears the same, namely, currents of cold air passing over the hands of those at the table as if some sort of chain was being formed. Any abrupt breaking of which by some one suddenly leaving the table will stop the phenomena.

2nd. That if the attention be too much concentrated it prevents the phenomena. They take place best when those at the table are keeping up a general conversation. If anything occurs, such as a table moving, and everybody stops talking and looks at it, it is almost sure to stop. In the last *séance*, I noticed that when anything of that sort was being done, if every one turned to look at it and stopped talking, the table or some other piece of furniture moved as it were to attract attention. I forgot to mention that Home at the last *séance* was thrown into a trance. He remained entranced two or three minutes, but said nothing. We foolishly all stopped talking to look at him, and I think that broke the trance, as he awoke, passed his hand across his forehead, and remarked how quiet we all were.

At the commencement of a trance Home generally tells the spectators to go on talking; not to fix their attention on him too much at first. I think that as negative a condition of mind as can possibly be maintained is almost a necessity to ensure strong manifestations. This is not however the case, I believe, with all mediums. The presence of dogs in the room, or much tobacco smoke, will entirely prevent manifestations with Home as medium. The effect of these things is, no doubt, upon the medium, not upon the spiritual influence.

3rd. That the name of God is always treated with peculiar reverence. In spelling out a sentence, if you guess an ordinary word, they say "Yes"; and go on to the next. But though you may guess it, they spell out each letter in the name of God, and instead of indicating the letters quickly, as usual, it is done in a slow manner that impresses the mind with an idea of great reverence.

No. 4 Séance—London, November 21st—Recorded by
my Father.

Mr. Home came to my house, only Miss Gallwey and Adare being present. We sat round a small table in my study. We talked about different subjects, which Mr. Home says is preferable to silence, or to thinking or wishing too much on the one subject. Soon slight raps were heard, followed by slight vibrations of the table. We all agreed that the noise in the street was very disagreeable, so we adjourned to the dining room, which Mr. Home had never been in. I took in the table, and, placing it near the fire place, we sat round it. Raps soon came again, and slight vibrations. Some one remarked that the table was rather creaky, when Mr. Home observed, "I have taken a dislike to this table; let us sit at another. Here, this dining table will do." "What," I said, "surely that huge table will not move!" "Oh, I daresay it will," he replied. The table was very large, above seven feet long and five feet wide, and very heavy, requiring considerable force to move it at all. Under it is a Turkey carpet; there were also quantities of Adare's things upon it. Mr. Home and I sat opposite each other at the sides, and Adare and Miss Gallwey at the ends. Raps were heard at different parts of the table, and near the fire place, and on the round table we had brought in. Presently the table vibrated very strongly—this was a most strange phenomenon, the vibration was so uniform and powerful. The table then moved at *right angles* to Mr. Home. I may remark that there was a green cloth on the table, and when pressure was used, the hand would simply slip on the polished mahogany. The table moved towards Adare about a foot; and it soon moved towards Miss Gallwey, that is, in exactly the opposite direction. She said, "May I stop it?" "I don't think you can," Home replied. "Yes I can," she said, as she pressed her hands forcibly against the edge; then suddenly withdrawing them from the table, it made one move, or rather spring forward, of nearly one foot in length, thus shewing the

great strength of the pressure which must have been exerted by some mysterious power. We heard sounds from the little table, and I saw it moving by itself. It had advanced more than a foot towards Mr. Home; and it came still nearer afterwards. He sat rather back from the table, with his hands laid lightly on it.

I expressed a hope that the power would become stronger. These messages were given:—“*We would fain do more if we could; did love give strength, we should be strong indeed.*” And then “*God bless you all!*” The indications for “God” differed from the others, being three strong vibrations of the table. After this we heard or felt nothing more. As to collusion or contrivances, none such could have taken place; the change of room, and our close observation, rendered this impossible. The idea of our hands being able to move such a table is simply absurd. The table, too, moved at right angles to where Home was sitting. The vibration was very singular; the candles shook, and other things trembled visibly. Once the candles very decidedly diminished in brightness for a short time.

No. 5 Séance—November 23rd—Recorded by my Father.

A *séance* was held at Norwood. Present: Mr. Home, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jencken and his mother, Mrs. Scott Russell, Adare, and myself. We sat at an ordinary card table in the middle of the room, with two candles on the chimney piece, and a bright fire. After about ten minutes, raps were heard: the table vibrated a little, and soon moved in the direction of Mr. Home, and towards the piano. We followed, and were soon close to the broad end of the piano. Raps were heard on and about the table, and on a small table a few feet distant. Our table gradually tilted up, at an angle of about 30 degrees or more. This was done more than once. The narrow end of the piano moved from the wall two or three times, and altogether about one foot, and pressed Mrs. Scott Russell between itself and the table.

The floor vibrated strongly ; this was very striking. The five raps were heard for the alphabet, and the following sentence was spelled out :—“ *You are over anxious, and not sufficiently prayerful.*” Different movements of the table occurred, and then the following sentence was given :—“ *On (? in) seeking for physical facts you lose sight of God.*” It was very remarkable that the indications for the word “ God ” were made, not by common raps, but by the table giving sudden movements, whilst it was either partially or wholly off the ground. At the end it was clearly so ; and it made the sign of the cross by moving forward and backward, and from side to side. Before this the little table moved of itself, and I went close to it, and I saw it move again slightly. It vibrated slightly when Mr. Home did not touch it, but more strongly when he did. We then got the accordion, and Mr. Home held it just under the table. After a little while it moved about and at last played, but apparently at first with effort, a sort of plaintive melody, very pretty, but nothing I had ever heard. I looked under the table more than once while Mr. Home’s hand held it, and I saw it playing. At one time it was held up without his aid, for he put both his hands on the table, and I was then watching it. It stretched from Mr. Home towards Mrs. Russell, who took it, and it played, but faintly. Home took it back. Alphabet then called for, and the following message came :—“ *It was A. who touched the keys.*” After this the accordion stretched nearly horizontally towards me, and I took it,—and held it a long time, but it did not play, though it was moved about strangely, and distinct raps were made on it. Before this Mr. Home said he distinctly saw a spirit between Mrs. Scott Russell and me, and before he spoke, she said she was touched in the side—I was conscious of nothing. The cold currents were very sensible to-night. After this the manifestations became feeble, and while remarking this, the alphabet was called for, and the following given :—“ *Daniel is not in a good state.*” We waited longer, but nothing occurred. Mr. Home on one occasion said, “ There are curious influences

to-night"; and he then said his feet were moved about in a strange way, and he was touched more than once. Just before the *séance* began, Mr. Home was called suddenly away to see a man on business, and this rather disturbed him. When the floor was vibrating strongly some one said it could be felt in the next house; and it was proposed that one of us should go in there, and note the time. Raps of approval were given twice; but, somehow, Mr. Home said nothing, and no one went. I forgot to mention that when the sheet of paper was on the table, Mr. Home touching one corner, the other end was lifted up more than an inch, just at the time when Adare felt the cold currents very strongly, as might happen if a bellows were blown near it. The paper was also rather curled up.

No. 6 Séance.

We had a *séance* the other night at Mr. Jencken's, at Norwood. Home went gradually into a trance; his eyes were quite shut; he got up, moved one or two chairs, walked up and down the room, then sat down again and began to speak. Mr. Jencken had been telling us how one of the servants, Mally, was ill, and had been seeing phosphorescent balls of light in her room at night. Home being in a trance, said, "It was Hans made the lights in Mally's rooms; if you all go presently into the next room, he will show them to you. Mally's mother will pass away within, (I forget the exact time mentioned), Mally must not be told this." After a pause, he turned to me and said, "Do not let Daniel leave your house on Saturday, as he wishes to do, because your friend is coming; we want to let you hear music in your room, and we wish Daniel to stay." He then said, "Adare's mother and Caroline are here." After a pause he said again to me, "Daniel will be able to see you from time to time when you are away." After sitting a little time in his chair, in an attitude of prayer, he got up and

walked round the table to me, and stood behind me with his hand raised as in prayer, and then proceeded to make passes over me; I felt nothing. He held his hand out, made a hollow of it as if to hold a fluid, and went through the action of pouring out something upon my head; he then walked behind me, and apparently prayed for some time, then placing his hands upon my shoulders he drew me back towards him and pressed his head firmly against my back; I felt a strong current of heat flow out of his hands into my shoulders, and out of his head into my back. It was very hot indeed. He then went back to his place and sat down, then raising his hands, as if praying, he spoke as follows:—(Mr. Jencken took notes as well as he could of what was said, but as Home spoke rapidly without any stop, it was impossible to put down more than the heads of his address.)

“Father of light, we, thy children, do approach thee in all humble reverence and confidence. We do beseech thee, Father of love, to grant us patience, charity, love, that we may love others who are less fortunate than ourselves. We pray that thou mayest remove the veil that shrouds the eternal life from our sight, and that knowledge not of earth be given us. Grant that we may be purified in heart and body: that we may lay aside our grosser earthly body and existence, and assume the robe of our eternal being. Grant that hope be given us, hope! that is the star that guides us; guides us who know so little of the great world of spirits beyond the grave. (*after a pause*) We, children of God, linger near you, the spirits, guardian angels, hover around you, and guard and aid you in your hour of trial and suffering. To us the spirit-land of higher spheres is like a beautiful planet, luminous, shining forth as our goal—and spheres higher and higher still, brighten as we advance in the vista of everlasting progress. We cannot tell you all we know, for it is the desire of more and more knowledge that impels you onward and upward. As men see a star and desire to know about it, and know that others are beyond it, and

invent instruments, and spend their lives in scientific research and in seeking after truth, so it is with you; it would not be good for you to know all, for there would be no object for improvement and research. We know all your sufferings and shortcomings, and what you have to contend with, for have we not too been mortals, have we not wearied on the roadside, and had our times of agony and doubt; but God, at the evening of our day, brought us home, and called in the weary travellers. God called us into his fold and brought us home, that we may be nearer to thee, O God. Our Father in creating beautiful things on earth, created them for ever and ever, for all eternity, though they may fade to our sight; so beauty, poetry, sunlight, and all that is harmonious are garnered up for ever. Even sound having left the influence of this earth, goes on for ever down the everlasting corridors of space. Thus summer is again and again refined into autumn, toned and softened down, softening down the wintry sky of the future, so too, purer impulses, nobler aspirations, leave their impress for ever upon the waves of eternity—like a wave of sound, the impulse moves on for ever. All of you have to grope your way in the dark paths of life, but we hover near you, carry your minds upwards from earth, whisper to your heart that it may learn to aspire to God. Hope and love are component parts of the Godhead. Truth is God; waves may rise mountains high, but the great beacon truth shines forth over all the waves to guide us, lighting us on our way. From the eternal source goes forth the eternal light to which we aspire. From this great source emanates the small particle of light called our soul, dwelling in this body we live in—The great God who is light itself, for ever light us through all eternity.”

Home now spoke in a language none of us ever heard, then said “Oh, how very wonderful, how extraordinary!” and turning to me, he said “A spirit has been approved to go with you, sent by a higher spirit, one who has charge of your past, your present and your future, your high guardian spirit. He knows the country and has been a chieftain in it. On earth he wore a large cross

of iron round his neck, it is brilliant and shines; he was a good soul on earth, but was in a bad soil, tended by bad gardeners; too bad was the soil to develope his soul. He speaks two languages, he is not far from you. He lived near—Oh, I cannot get the name of the place; no matter, he has been where you are going, and is charged to take care of you. He will save your life on two occasions, you will know his name.” Here Home spoke two strange words. I said to Mr. Jencken, “Have you written that down, for I have already forgotten it.” Home smiled and said, “You cannot write it down and you cannot remember it, but you will recognize it when the time comes.” “Guardian spirits are given to those who go to foreign countries, to guide and aid them, whereby they benefit themselves; charity brings good to those that use it, more charity is gained by charity. Nothing prevents you going, he has breathed on you once, he will again, and once again, when you return, then never more; he will accompany you if nothing occurs to prevent your going; he is very strong.” Home now got up, walked round to me, kneeled beside me as in prayer, and again drew me back by the shoulders, and pressed his head against my back, and I felt the same current flow from his forehead as before. Home stood up and said, “He is very strong and tall,” and standing there beside me, Home grew, I should say, at least, six inches. Mr. Jencken, who is a taller man than Home, stood beside him, so there could be no mistake about it. Home’s natural height is, I believe, 5 feet 10 inches. I should say he grew to 6 feet 4 inches or 6 feet 6 inches. I placed my hands on his feet, and felt that they were fairly level on the ground. He had slippers on, and he said, “Daniel will shew you how it is,” and he unbuttoned his coat. He was elongated from his waist upwards, there was a space of, I suppose, 4 inches between his waistcoat and the waistband of his trowsers. He appeared to grow also in breadth and size all over, but there was no way of testing that. He diminished down to his natural size, and said, “Daniel will grow tall again”; he did so, and said, “Daniel’s

feet are on the ground," he walked about, and stamped his feet. He returned to his natural size, and sitting down, he said, "Daniel is coming baek now, sit down, and do not tell Daniel at once what he has said." In a few seconds he awoke. After sitting a few minutes, he said, "What ean it mean, I hear a voiee saying 'Go into the next room, go into the next room'?" We all went into the drawing room; it was quite dark. Home sat at the piano, and played a few notes. Mrs. Hennings sat near him; Mrs. Jeneken a little way off; Mr. Jeneken and I stood near the piano. Soon we observed the light that we had been told we should see. A small luminous ball flitting about, sometimes very brilliant; the chords of the piano were swept, but the keys were not touched. The piano was lifted off the ground about 2 inches. I had my hand underneath, and it was again lifted about 2 inches, and then without any effort, I should say 8 inches higher. It was not tilted, but lifted bodily. We now heard loud raps, the alphabet was called, and "*Good night*" spelled out. Nothing more occurred.

No. 7 Séance.

We had a *séance* at No. 5, Buckingham Gate, the other night. Soon after sitting down the table began to shew evidenee of some powerful influenee about it. Mr. Jeneken had unfortunately to go away by the ten o'clock train. After he left, we went into the dining room, and sat at the small round table. We had paper and a peneil on the table, and when the table was tilted the paper slipped off, which it does not generally do. I had been mentioning to Brinsley the faet that things on the table generally remain stationary, though it be raised to a great angle; and we were all remarking how curious it was that it would not do so now. The next phenomena that oocurred were entirely in eonnection with making the paper stay upon the table. Home said in all his experience he had never seen the same sort of

thing. His hand and arm were taken possession of, that is to say, they became perfectly rigid, and were moved quite independently of his will; his fist was so firmly closed that his fingers could not be opened; and the muscles of his wrist and arm felt like iron. He got up, and altered the position of one of the candles on the large table a few inches, and removed all our hands from the table; he then commenced to mesmerise the paper, pointing at it with the first and middle finger—the others being clenched—making rapid passes over it, and making circles round it on the table with great rapidity. The table was rapidly tilted up till its edge touched the floor. Being a table with one central support it was nearly, but not quite, perpendicular—the paper remained without slipping for some little time. We requested that it might be moved. His hand was agitated above it, and the edges of the paper were blown up, apparently by the current caused by his hand. The paper slipped to the ground; he took it and rubbed it round and round on the table, and then tried to leave it on the centre of the table. It would not, however, remain quite fixed, slipping a little. Getting rather tired of this, Home asked if we might not put the table in its place and all sit round it again. We were told “Yes”; and did so. The following sentences were then spelled out: “*We did it to gratify you*”; “*We have power to make the table heavy.*” We tried, asking it to become heavy and light, and it did as we required. A number of messages were then given, all having reference to Miss D—— R——. None of us knew the people they purported to come from, or anything about the circumstances they had reference to. She had some difficulty in believing that an uncle of hers was present as represented, and as a test of identity the following was spelt by someone else: “*He always signed his name ——*,” mentioning a peculiar way in which he signed. All the rest of the *séance* consisted in messages and answers to Miss D—— R——, amounting to a conversation, and having some reference to matters that we did not understand. We were wished Good night at the end. The table was sometimes very violent in its movements.

No. 8 Séance—November, 1867.

My dear Father,—I went down yesterday to Norwood, and dined with Mr. Jencken. I was very much disappointed to find that Home had settled to go up to London after dinner, to hear a lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge. I should much have preferred spending the evening quietly there. We all tried to persuade him to stop, but in vain. However, after dinner he recited us some poetry, and to our great satisfaction he went on until he missed the train. We then talked for some time, and had some music. Mrs. Jencken played us some very pretty little musical airs. While Mrs. Jencken, Home, and Miss D—R— were at the piano there came raps upon it. Mr. Jencken and I were sitting some way off at the table. Shortly after, Home suggested that we should sit round the table. The room was lighted by a bright fire and two candles. Almost immediately after sitting down, we heard raps; and the usual currents of cold air were felt, also the vibration of the table and floor. We had very little of rapping or movement of the table during the *séance*. The table was, however, two or three times raised off the floor, and sustained in the air for a considerable time. We were talking about a gentleman (a friend of the others); abusing him a little for being conceited and unpleasant in different ways. Home said, “Oh, don’t let us talk about our neighbours now.” However, they went on talking about him, not in what one would usually call an ill-natured way; but still, cutting him up a little. The table was moving slightly all the time, and at last the alphabet was called for. The four following sentences were spelled out, with short intervals between them: “*There is one God, He is the Father of all.*” “*God is tolerant—he bears with our shortcomings.*” “*Love and charity—God gives the one and expects the other.*” “*We are all but mortals.*” After such a beautiful rebuke as that, I need not say that we did not talk any more about the shortcomings of our neighbours.

I should say that Mr. Jencken had, soon after the

phenomena commenced, put out the candles. The fire-light was, however, in a small room, quite sufficient to show everything clearly. The name of God was, in every case, marked in a manner different to that in which the letters in the other words were indicated; sometimes by the table being raised and waved about. Once, when the table was in the air during the whole sentence, by slow strong vibrations, instead of raps. Home now said he was touched for the accordion, and took it, holding it in the usual way. Almost immediately, without any apparent effort, it began to play powerful, clear, and beautifully harmonious chords.

It played for some considerable time when the alphabet was called for and this was spelled:—" *You are quite correct, it was Augusta.*" I said, I did not see exactly to what the sentence applied. The alphabet was called again, and the words "*The other night*" spelled, making the sentence complete, and referring to what you and I had been speaking of in the train about the message on Saturday night, "*It was A—— touched the keys.*" After this the accordion was again played for some little time most beautifully, the notes being drawn out so fine, that it was only by bending the head and listening attentively, that the harmony could be heard dying away and then swelling again. The accordion was drawn out from under the table, Home still holding it, lifted over his head, and brought round to Miss D—— R——; it was lifted up and presented towards her, the same was done to me, and it was rested on my left shoulder, and while there, close to my ear, it breathed out the softest sounds. There was a noise as of someone breathing behind me, which the others also heard, but, I think, that must have been caused by the instrument. The accordion was in like manner presented to Mr. and Mrs. Jencken, and then went under the table again. A very remarkable thing now occurred, the accordion was seized by some influence that evidently could not play it, and which disturbed that previously acting. It abruptly left off playing, then began again quite differently, playing three or four notes with a powerful

loud touch, and then it broke down altogether. Home, before the change said, "Ah, there is some strange influence at work now." After the discordant notes, the accordion was raised above the table, Home still holding it, he said his arm felt quite paralyzed, and that he was obliged to follow it; it drew him from his chair, and went near to D—— and remained there some time oscillating backwards and forwards, and waving itself about, the accordion then led him back to his chair, after which it went under the table and recommenced playing as before the interruption. Soon the alphabet was called, and the following spelt:— "*We do all we can to shew you that we do not forget*"— and then the accordion finished the sentence by playing "*Auld Lang Syne*," first quietly, then with full loud chords. Home said suddenly, "Oh, this is a very powerful spirit." He stood up, or rather he was raised up, and his hand was violently agitated in the air; he then sat down, and his hand was extended towards the flowers on the small table, the fingers pointing towards them. His hand remained there a few seconds, and was then brought round, and with a motion like sprinkling, east the perfume of the flowers towards each of us in turn; the perfume was so strong that there could be no mistake about it. This was done twice. His hand was then raised a little above my head, the fingers pointing towards me, and went through motions something like mesmeric passes, or as I thought as though blessing me. His hand was then placed upon mine, and stroked my fingers gently, first one then the other; it then was carried to his own face, and passed across it two or three times. His hand was now swung violently to and fro, then remained quiet, and presently it was extended to the flowers again. I could distinctly see it with the fingers pointing towards the flowers, about six inches above them; I am sure it never touched them. His hand became quite luminous, and was brought slowly round and across the table, until it remained with the fingers still extended, over my hand. I raised my hand towards it, and a leaf of sweet-scented geranium fell

apparently from under his hand into mine, the leaf was not held in his fingers, neither could I see it until it fell. (Home said, when his hand was extended over the flowers, that it felt to him, as though it was resting on a solid or semi-solid substance.) At the same moment, the alphabet was called for and this spelled, "*Take it with you, my boy.*" This sentence followed immediately, "*We have done what we promised, look under the handkerchief.*" Mrs. Jeneken had, on the evening they had had such beautiful manifestations, a short time ago, asked that a flower might also be given to her. They had announced that it would be done, and now under her handkerchief there was a piece of geranium; her handkerchief had been on the table all the time, and no one had touched it.

This sentence was now spelled, "*Next for dear D—.*" Home's hand was extended again to the flowers; it certainly was not nearer them than 6 inches; it became luminous, and a flower was given to D— in the same way it had been given to me. The alphabet was again called, and this spelled, "*This is for you,*" and at the same moment, a flower dropped at Mr. Jeneken's hand; none of us heard it broken off, or saw it, but it fell on the table just in front of his hand. "*Our joy*" was now spelled, and the accordion played, and then "*Our thanks to God*" and it played again. The alphabet was called, and "*Weep not*" spelled. Dear old Mrs. Jeneken was quietly crying, not as she said for sorrow, when the words "*Weep not*" were spelled, her handkerchief was gently taken from her under the table, and afterwards replaced upon it. After this, "*Good night*" was spelled, and nothing more occurred.

No. 9 Séance—July 26th, 1868.

Present: Mrs. Jeneken, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jeneken, Home, and myself. Physical manifestations very slight, Home passing almost immediately into a trance, in which he delivered the following address, purporting to come

from the spirit of Dr. Jeneken; to prove identity several tests were given.

Dr. Jeneken, during the last few years of his life, had been quite blind, and was in the habit, when dictating, of going through the form of writing with great rapidity on his knee with his finger; he also had a peculiar habit of clasping his hands together, and speaking with his head bent very low down. Home imitated him in both respects to the very life, and also mentioned some circumstances that had occurred many years before at Mayence.

The first words Home spoke were in a very low voice, telling us to go on talking. He then got up, threw away a silk cushion he had been sitting on, and said, "Remember, Dan must not sit on a silk cushion while this very hot weather lasts." He remained silent for a few minutes, and then commenced speaking with a clear voice, and in a very impressive manner. Part of the discourse was in verse, but owing to the partially darkened state of the room and the rapidity of his utterance, it was quite impossible to write it down. The following notes taken by Mr. Jeneken are for these reasons very imperfect.

"There are laws which govern the approach of spiritual beings to earth, and their organic life, and there are epochs of darkness when the spiritual spheres are far removed from the earth; when the approach of spirits is all but impossible. These epochs have been called by those on earth the *dark ages*; they mark the absence of spiritual intercourse. There are also times of near approach, not unlike your winter and summer seasons. This alternate action is a great law; great principles rule all things. There was such an epoch of easy approach at the time of the Ancient Egyptians. They knew this and understood the laws better than you do. Before that time spirits had not taken sufficient pains to encourage the invention of means for the perpetuating of knowledge. There was no printing, nor mechanical contrivance, in those days. Since then, during the period that their approach to earth was more difficult, they had turned

their attention more to those matters, so that now knowledge can never be so lost again. You are now entering upon a period of very near approach. It is coming like the tide in a river—irresistible, overriding the current, overcoming all; it is coming grandly and Godly. What has already been seen is but the smallest wavelet of the tide that is coming upon the earth. Some of you here present will see it; others among you will have joined us, and will be helping on the great work we have in hand. The echoes of it are coming; they sound like the notes of the organ rolling up the aisles of those grand old cathedrals that men have built—notes signifying the heart-felt prayer of an earnest soul ascending to the throne of God; never lost but echoing on for ever. Spiritual truth must come; truth is a lighthouse, a beacon, a speck, a point, leading onward to realms of love. We have no power, we can do so little, that we often wonder that we are able to do anything for you. Language is too imperfect, we cannot convey to you our meaning; you cannot understand us; our state is so different from your material state, that it is with great difficulty that we can work upon it to make our presence known; not that it is painful to us—no, no, it is a labour of love. But still it is an actual labour to us. The earth is still so imperfect—so undeveloped—that we have much difficulty in dealing with material objects. Why, even such a little thing as the silk cushion that Dan was sitting on, prevented us from making physical manifestations to-night; yet we did succeed in giving you each a token of our presence, though it was very slight. Henry, the floor vibrated under your chair. Adare, your chair was touched. Amelia and Mary, you both felt the current of cold air pass over your hands. You all felt something.

“The earth is as yet very immature, but progressing. A period of very near approach is at hand; after that there will be one, probably two epochs of darkness. We are entirely dependent upon atmospherical conditions. Now, to-night, the atmosphere is so surcharged with electricity, that it appears to us quite thick, like sand.

It is so unlike our own, that it is almost impossible for us to get near you. We feel like men wading through a quicksand—slipping baek as fast as we advance. At other times, when your earthly atmosphere is in a natural state, it is more like our own, and we have no diffieulty in being near you. You wonder if we wish you to be better than you are. You are all good. The germs of good are in all. We can see further than you can; and know all your trials, all your doubts and diffieulties. Were we not oonce mortals as you are? We see the troubles and the thorns that beset your path. Stretch forth your hands—thrust them through the brambles—draw them not baek or the blood will flow—stretch them out and let them remain, there shall they find rest. We know not of time; to us, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow are all one. Had we hours, days, years, even ages, like you, we should say time passes slowly, or time passes fast. We never tire; we are eternity. Happiness is not idleness. Labour is joy, the labour of love. Even on earth it is not the spirit that wearies of a labour of love; it is the poor weak body that tires, that faints, that falls to sleep. We have work to do, to elevate ourselves, and to draw you onward and upward. We constantly watch over you, and sympathize with all your eares. We never weary; we do not judge you; we were as you are. God alone is the Judge. You ask why we always speak of love; it is love that brings us to you. God is Love. Spirit messages are always breathing love for God. God is Love.

“Henry, your father is pleased that you are engaged upon his works, he too has his work to do. He was aided in writing, and knows now that higher spirits aided him. Do you remember at Mayenee, how he was affected? (Here Home imitated his peeuliar mode of writing upon his knee, and manner of speaking.) An inferior spirit had got influence over him. I see him now, he had great self-esteem and was very opinionated, and only wanted his own ideas to become prominent; this is very dangerous, and must be guarded against. Truth, truth—worship truth: partiele by partiele build up the

temple of truth; be consistent, for God is Truth. Here we have no narrowing creed, no four church walls, with a cushioned pew for the rich, and a plain board for the poor man, to limit the worship of truth. The great four walls of eternity; the blue ether, set with sparkling stars, gems made by the hand of God, ever lustrous diamonds of the heavenly orb, pccc-holes of heaven; it is there we worship, and through them we peer in our search for truth.

“One great objection made to Spiritualism, is, that we do not disclose all the truth—if true, why not tell all? Are you capable of perceiving the truth? The man has not yet been formed upon the earth fitted to know the whole truth. Immortality is before you! Immortality gleams upon earth—gleams like a lighthouse, like a beacon to you. The future is not even understood by all of us,¹ but we draw nearer and nearer to God, for here there is no one to hold you back, to say you are mad; peals of angel voices call you onward and upward; cheer you in your struggles, and aid you.

“There are great laws of development that draw the organic and the inorganic together; you on earth witness the onward course of all things in the organic world, rising to higher conditions, as, for instance, the development of the child into manhood. Onward is the progress; onward and upward. Search,—search for truth,—be true, be brave, be prayerful; ye are all children of God created by Him.

¹ The meaning is obscure. The words, “The future is not even understood by all of us; but we draw nearer and nearer to God, for here there is no one to hold you back—to say you are mad,” evidently refer to spirits, and the sentence should stand: “For here there is no one to hold us back—to say that we are mad.” Substituting the words “us” and “we” for “you,” which is evidently improperly used. It is an open question whether the remaining lines belong to the same sentence or not; the context would rather lead me to suppose not. If the lines constitute one sentence with the same train of thought running all through it, then the word “you” should be altered to “us” in the last two lines also, which should read thus: “Peals of angel voices call us onward and upward; cheer us in our struggles and aid us.” But it appears to me more probable that the reference to the state of the spirits concludes with the word “mad,” and that the remaining lines are an aspiration or prayer that “peals of angel voices may call you” (that is, mortals) “onward and upward; cheer you in your struggles and aid you.”

The time is rapidly coming for a great change in spiritual life; we are nearing the cycle, so near that some of you here present will witness the change, others will have gone to their home, to their rest, to the blessed. Are you weary of life? weary of the earth? The soul tires not, it is only the body. (In answer to question by H. J.) You are right, Henry; your father is clearer in his views now, more to the point, sees things clearer than he did when on earth. Oh, how much he wished to know Daniel; had he but known him! You remember how anxious he was about him."

No. 10 Séance.

Last Monday I was at a *séance* at Mr. Hall's. There were nine present: Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Home, the Misses Bertolacci (mediums), a cousin of mine, two gentlemen whose first *séance* it was, and myself. Almost immediately we felt the sort of phenomena that usually take place first, such as cold currents of air passing over the hands, table vibrating, &c. These ceased, and for some time nothing occurred. Some one suggested that the young ladies should try if anything would be written. They did so with the planchette, both placing one hand upon it at the same time. These words were written, "*By patience, and in the name of Christ.*" We were also told by the same means to sit down again in the same positions we had occupied before. After a time very strong manifestations took place, the table vibrating, tilting, and being raised about a foot off the ground; raps were heard on the table, on the floor, on our chairs, &c.,—nearly everyone was touched. I felt a hand between my leg and Home's: I was sitting next to him. There was evidently some very strong influence about Home. After a time a message was given by raps: "*I now know that my Redeemer liveth: have patience and bear all. Daniel, I owe you many thanks.—John Elliotson.*" After this, in answer to some question (I forget what), the table was tilted three times in the four opposite directions, and was

then lifted three times in the air. Home's chair was once drawn away a little from the table, and raised off the floor, but certainly not more than one inch. His chair was also turned completely round, so that his back was towards us, his feet during the whole time the chair was moving being off the ground. An arm chair moved of itself a distance of about a yard up against the back of my chair. Home's hand and arm became cataleptic, and were moved about quite independent of his will. His hand was sometimes thumped and beaten violently against the table, but without causing him any pain. His hand was moved to the back of my neck, and pushed me forward in my chair. He then began to thump me violently on the back, and to rub me across the back, commencing at the right side. His hand also stroked and patted my head, and was also moved to my cousin sitting at the opposite side of the table, and stroked and patted her hands and head.

The following message was written by Home's hand, his fingers being so strongly clenched, it was with difficulty that the pencil was inserted between them. "*We know all your discussion about A—— W——; we are the best judges, it was a bad influence. F—— and F——.*" The paper was then pushed across to my cousin to read, neither of us could understand what F—— and F—— meant, although we ought to have guessed, as the same words had been used about the same subject, in a message given us a few days previously. Seeing that we could not make it out the words "*forget and forgive*" were written. Other messages were written through Home and one of the ladies present. Mr. Holt, a gentleman whose first *séance* it was, became much affected; soon after sitting down, his hands were taken possession of and violently agitated, sometimes on, and sometimes under the table; occasionally his arms were drawn back behind his chair, his hands being all the time violently agitated; a pencil and paper were given him, but though his hand moved over the paper with the greatest rapidity, nothing but scribbling was the result. So strong was the influence over him, that he went and sat alone upon the sofa at some

distance from us, to try and diminish it; when he left, the power about the table became sensibly lessened; he continued to be slightly agitated the whole evening. We were all anxious to know who was endeavouring to make him write; two Christian names with the word “*uncle*” between them were written through Home. Home at one time said he felt convinced that a spirit was near him who had passed from this life by being drowned. Some little time after, Mr. Hall was telling us how one of his brothers had been mysteriously drowned at sea, he being a very good swimmer; Home’s hand was taken possession of and wrote the word “*Shark*” upon a piece of paper, and then pushed it to Mr. Hall. Home and one of the ladies present went into a trance at the same moment; for some time they sat in their places, occupying themselves with putting their fingers upon the sheets of paper on the table, and then waving their hands about, the paper adhering to their fingers; Home then got up and walked about the room; he took a large sheet of paper off the table, doubled it up and placed it on the piano in the next room; the young lady also got up, and sat down upon the sofa, at the other side of the room.

Home sat down in his chair, and began to talk to Mrs. Hall in a whisper. I could not hear the exact words he used, but they were to the effect that during their occupation of that house, there had been a bad influence present during *séances* twice only. He mentioned who one of the spirits was, and said that the same influence had that evening turned Home round in his chair, and had brought the arm chair up against mine. He also told her that in the house to which they were going, nothing but what was good and holy would come near them. Home was elongated to the extent of, I should say, 6 inches, four times; he walked about, stamped, and shuffled his feet, to shew that he was standing fairly upon them. He went round to Mr. Holt, one of the gentlemen present, and made him place his hand upon his waist that he might feel how he became elongated and contracted. Mr. Holt said that he held

his hand flat against Home's side ; that the lower edge of his hand was resting on his hip bone ; that he felt Home's lower rib pass under his hand, until it was some inches above it ; the whole flesh and muscle apparently moving and stretching. On the contraction taking place, he felt the lower rib come down until it pressed against the upper edge of his hand and moved into its proper position. Home said that the young lady had also been elongated, and would be again. She was then standing near the table in a trance, and began swaying herself from side to side ; she was palpably elongated to the extent of, perhaps, three inches. About this time a loud knock came at the outside door. Home said, "He must come in—it is the Master of Lindsay." Home then opened the room door, went out into the entry, and took the gentleman by the hand ; he led him into the room ; made him shake hands with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with the young lady who was in the trance, and with me, we being all perfect strangers to him. Home then said to him, "You must go out of the room until Daniel awakes, for if he was to awake and find you here, he would be frightened." Shortly after this they both awoke, and the party broke up.

I arrived at home about half an hour before Home. Soon after we had gone to bed we both heard the hall door loudly slammed. I said, "Oh, Dan, you have left the door open, and some one has come in!" He declared he had locked it, and put the chain up ; however, we both got up and went down to see what was the matter. I found the hall door locked and the chain up, and the study and dining room doors both wide open. I went into the study and heard raps, I then went out to where Home was standing in the entry, and we heard raps on the floor. He said, "Oh, I am sure it is dear old Dr. Elliotson," "Yes," was rapped. I then said, "In that case I suppose no burglars came in and we may go to bed again?" "Yes," was rapped. We went up stairs, Dr. Elliotson following us rapping on the banisters and

stairs. After we had got into bed again we heard heavy footsteps walking about the room, and raps in various places. Home carried on a conversation with Dr. Elliotson for a little time, asking questions and receiving answers to them by raps.

He (Dr. Elliotson) told us that he had not suffered pain in passing away, and that he had found the other world very much what he had expected it to be; that he had not intended to frighten us by making a sound as of slamming the door, and that he would be more careful not to make so much noise in future; but that as yet he had only imperfect control over physical manifestations; that he had followed Home to the house, and was glad to be near him, &c. Home and I talked about him for some little time, he joining in our conversation, assenting or dissenting by means of raps.

Two days after this as we were getting up, about 10 o'clock, a bright sun shining into the room, loud raps came upon the floor, &c., and a long message of a private character was given to Home.

No. 11 Séance—July, 1868.

Having missed the last train to London I was very glad to accept Mr. Jones's kind offer to remain all night at his house. Home and I carried a sofa upstairs to his (Home's) room for me to sleep on. I did not leave the room after bringing in the sofa. My clothes I placed upon a small round table near the foot of the bed. On a chair by the sofa I placed a pocket handkerchief, two eye glasses, and a snuff box.

During the *séance* in the evening it was said that I should hear music without any instrument that night. Home turned off the gas previous to going to bed. A certain amount of light entered the room from the street, so that it was not perfectly dark. I could easily distinguish Home when he sat up in bed; and could have seen anybody moving about the room.

We had not been in bed more than three minutes when both Home and myself simultaneously heard the music; it sounded like a harmonium; sometimes, as if played loudly at a great distance; at other times, as if very gently, close by. The music continued for some minutes, when Home got up to ask Mr. Jones if any one was playing the accordion. Mr. Jones returned with him, and we all three then heard the music. The usual phenomena of raps and vibrations of the floor, sofa, &c., occurred very frequently and with great power; the raps sounded all over the room; on the floor, walls, even on Home's bed; on, under, and in my sofa. My sofa occasionally vibrated very strongly; the bed clothes on Home's bed and on the sofa were frequently pulled and moved about. We both several times heard sounds such as would be caused by some one in a muslin dress moving about the room, although we could see nothing.

After a short time I heard the chair close to my sofa moving, and a finger touched one of my hands that was hanging over the side of the sofa, the next moment I felt the snuff box on the chair touch me, and found that the chair was moving, I said that I thought some one had touched me, but that probably I had been mistaken, and that it was only the box; the spirits said by the alphabet that I had been touched. The chair then moved to the foot of the bed, and we heard the various articles upon it being stirred about. I was sitting upon the sofa, with one hand resting on the edge, suddenly I felt something brush across my hand; this was repeated, and I became aware of something swinging in the air. I then heard some object brushing backwards and forwards against the back of the sofa, inside; on putting my hand to the spot, my eye glass was placed in it. I took the glass, and in drawing it away I felt, by the resistance offered, that the cord was attached to something; while feeling the resistance a hand and arm holding the end of the cord became visible. This I saw distinctly for a second or two, it then disappeared.

I now heard a sound near the foot of the bed as if my double glasses were being opened and shut, and I

distinctly saw a figure, apparently draped, standing over the foot of the bed; it held something, I believe the double glasses, and I could see the hand and arm waving backwards and forwards; I could hear the eye-glass swinging in the air, but could not see it; the figure stooped down towards Mr. Jones, and disappeared. A message was then given: "*The figure is not the same as the one that touched you.*"

About half a minute after, I distinctly heard something moving along the side of the sofa, and immediately my double eye-glass was placed upon the back of my hand; I felt the hand that held it push it on, and then stroke and pat my fingers; I took three fingers of the hand in mine, and held them for some seconds; as I increased the pressure upon them, they appeared to withdraw themselves from me; I was again touched, and my hand stroked and patted, the fingers were like a delicately formed human hand, the skin feeling perfectly natural to the touch.

A message was now given: "*We place it there to shew you that we do not wish you to contract a habit, pernicious, and that can be of no possible use to you.*" While wondering what this could mean, my snuff box came right across the room through the air, falling against my leg, where it remained. Home saw it pass through the air in front of him. I asked who had thrown it; and was told "*Grandfather Goold.*" Mr. Jones asked if the snuff had been taken out, "*No,*" was immediately rapped in various parts of the room.

Mr. Jones wished that something might be done for him, and he was slightly touched. He asked also that the chair might be moved round to him. The chair began again to move, but there was not room for it to pass between the foot of the bed and the round table. The table was raised off the floor and moved out of the way, the top becoming slightly luminous. While moving, it suddenly fell to the floor and rolled over. My clothes tumbled off, the money in the pockets rolling about the room. I said, "I wonder how it happened; it is so unusual for them to let anything fall." They answered, "*It*

happened by mistake." I observed, "How kind it is of them to answer questions like this." They answered, "*Would you not do the same for us.*" Mr. Jones said that he supposed the spirits in the room were friends of mine. They answered "*Yes.*" I asked how many of my own family were present. They answered "*Six.*" I asked if they had not come to welcome me home from abroad. They answered "*Yes,*" by rapping three times all over the room.

A message was now given: "*We wish to give you the —.*" Here it broke off; and though Home repeated the alphabet three or four times, nothing more would come. While we were wondering at this unfinished sentence my pocket handkerchief dropped through the air into my lap. I took it up and found there was something hard in it. It turned out to be my latch key that I had left in my trowsers pocket, knotted into one corner of the handkerchief. The remainder of the unfinished message was then spelled out: "*Key to the mystery,*" making altogether, "*We wish to give you the key to the mystery.*" Mr. Jones had been telling me that the spirits were anxious to prove to me that there was an actual intelligence at work, and that the phenomena were not the result of mere animal magnetism.

After this, "*Good night*" was spelled out. The last sound I heard was that of the jingling of the money while being picked up about the room. I put my eye-glass, handkerchief, and snuff-box on the floor. Mr. Jones left the room, and I very soon went to sleep. In the morning I found the things on the floor in the same position that I had left them in, the key being still knotted to the handkerchief. The chair was near the foot of the bed, a blanket that I had thrown off my sofa entangled round it. The table was lying on the ground—my clothes on the floor. All my silver I found in the pocket I had left it in; the gold, consisting of four pieces, I found on Home's counterpane.

These phenomena could not have been caused by any mechanical contrivances. In order to produce the violent vibrations and the raps on the sofa, it would have been

necessary to attach some complicated machinery to it; that was impossible, as I assisted to carry it up from the drawing room, never left the room after we had brought it up, and was lying down upon it within three or four minutes after we had placed it in the room. It would have been also necessary to attach machinery to the chair and table. Articles were taken from the chair, and conveyed to me without any human agency, for I must have seen anyone moving in the room, and the chair was too far removed from Mr. Jones and Home to have been reached by them by any means.

No. 12 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate, August 3rd, 1868.

One day last week Home complained of not feeling at all well, and of being in very low spirits. I did not feel well myself, and lay down on the sofa, where I presently went to sleep. When I awoke, Home told me that there had been raps on the tables, &c., but that instead of cheering him they made him feel more uncomfortable. They had given him answers to several questions. He asked why it was that he felt so low and ill. The answer was, "*There is nothing Spiritualistic in it; it is rather a tinge from the thoughts of Adare.*" This puzzled me very much, as I was quite unaware of anything having taken place that could give rise to unpleasant thoughts. I sat down at the writing table and heard raps on various parts of it. They again said that they showed their presence to "cheer Dan." Home had said that he felt a desire to smoke a cigarette, a thing I have never known him do before. He smoked one, owing to which, I think, a fit of coughing was brought on. Home coughed up a quantity of blood and seemed relieved by it; he then lay down on the sofa. The raps continued for a short time, and I asked if Home's indisposition was anything serious. They answered, "*No.*" I asked if he would be all right soon. They answered, "*Yes.*" This occurred about 3 p.m. in broad daylight.

No. 13 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate.

Two or three days subsequently, Home and I having gone to bed after a *séance* here, at which we felt a few movements of the table, we had manifestations in the bed room, consisting of our beds vibrating strongly and of raps on the furniture, doors, and all about the room. Home's bed was slightly moved out from the wall. We both heard something on the dressing table being moved about, and at the same moment we both saw in exactly the same spot, a perfectly white column, it can scarcely be called a figure, as the shape was indistinct. It moved from the dressing table towards Home's bed. Home said he saw a white object about the size of a child floating near the ceiling above his head. I saw it also, but it appeared to me to be in mid air, half way between the bed and the ceiling: it was floating about in a horizontal position; it was like a small white cloud without any well-defined shape. I saw it descend close to Home, who then lost sight of it, but I perceived it come within about two feet of his head. It then slowly floated to the foot of his bed and disappeared. I afterwards saw the same appearance near the door. Home saw it intercept the light coming in from the window against the opposite wall; I did not. We had three messages given us: First, "*We love God best by loving you and seeking to influence you for good.*" Second, "*Seeing that you have been troubled to know what we meant by its being rather a tinge from the thoughts of Adare, we wish to tell you it was owing to something in a letter received from his father.*" The manifestations continued for some time when the third message was given: "*Now sleep.*" After this we heard and saw nothing more. There was sufficient light in the room to distinguish candles, books, &c., on the table.

No. 14 Séance—August 6th, 1868.

Present: Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jencken, Home, and myself. Very few physical manifestations, Home's hands were taken possession of, and were strongly

agitated,¹ he took the accordion and played with considerable feeling, his hands moving and touching the keys independent of his will, during this he went into a trance, got up, walked to the piano and played a piece of music with considerable execution; he then sat down and spoke as follows: (Dr. Elliotson speaking through him the greater part of the time).²

“Henry, do you know that your father met Dr. Elliotson to-day, and for the first time, and much pleased him; they are charmed with each other, he (Dr. Elliotson) is very enthusiastic. Those that are longer away from earth lose their intense interest in it, they have other calls upon them. He, like your father, sought for development and truth, though often wrongly guided; he did not look up to the great sunlight, but doubted and erred. These two have, as I said, met to-day, just now, according to your mode of computing time. Dr. Elliotson is so delighted to meet your father. ‘Why have we not met before?’ he says, ‘we ought.’ ‘That was your fault, Dr. Elliotson; not mine.’ Then he turns back, shakes your father by the hand and tells him he is so glad to know him. In the state that we live in there are no restrictions; men are drawn together by mutual sympathies. Here is no deception, no saying ‘I am glad to see you, my dear fellow,’ when the heart does not mean it. Thoughts are seen and read, and those suited to each other are naturally drawn together.

“Dr. Elliotson is full of plans how to operate better, he wants to invent some sort of mechanism to act with the brain, some more powerful battery, he wants to convince the whole world; he is very enthusiastic. There are some Physicists with large brains who strain and wear

¹ I have frequently seen people’s hands taken possession of and agitated during *séances* in a somewhat similar way. The same thing has occurred to myself. In my case, my hands were moved about sometimes violently, sometimes gently, without any act of volition on my part; and yet in a manner not entirely beyond my control. In Mr. Home’s case the muscles became perfectly hard and rigid; and I fancy he can neither direct nor prevent the movements.

² The following account of what occurred during Home’s trance is compiled from the notes taken by Mr. Jencken.

themselves out with over work. The brain becomes weary, loses its elasticity, disease sets in, preponderosis. This was the case with Elliotson, but it was particularly painful for him, as every morning on awaking he knew what he was, and was aware of the state into which he had fallen, but afterwards his brain failed him and could not act. He is now so delighted,—delighted in studying nature; he is particularly engaged in studying how illness is generated by mere presence without actual contact; he has a theory also of winds carrying diseases, and has found that the south wind carries disease further than any other: he finds that the winds have curative powers, and that the geographical position of winds is important, the currents having different effects at different altitudes.

“We can see all physical changes, and from out of them, the moral changes resulting from them, for instance, the heat and abnormal condition of the atmosphere will in a short time produce a fermentation in the human mind and changes will follow. It affects the human race and must find a vent, in the same way as a heated condition of body will result and find relief in boils and eruptions.”

Home here threw himself back in his chair, rubbed his hands together as if very much pleased, and said, “Now, if you wish to ask any questions I am ready to answer them.”

Question (Henry Jencken).—How do you make us see spirit forms?

Answer.—At times we make passes over the individual to cause him to see us, sometimes we make the actual resemblance of our former clothing, and of what we were, so that we appear exactly as we were known to you on earth; sometimes we project an image that you see, sometimes we cause it to be produced upon your brain, sometimes you see us as we are, with a cloudlike aura of light around us.

Question (H. J.).—Do you use actual garments?

Answer.—Purity is our clothing. We have no need of garments; but are enveloped in a sort of aura, or cloud of light. Other spirits, more impure and gross, dwelling nearer earth, have need of garments.

Question (H. J.).—How do we appear to you ?

Answer.—Mostly in pure light.

Question.—Can you see our light ?

Answer.—We can see all lights ; sunlight, and every colour that it is composed of. We see the most beautiful combinations of light. Everything has its light. We see the progress either of growth or decay that is taking place in everything. The table that you are sitting at was once growing. We could see every particle expanding and increasing ; now it is decaying ; and though it is so gradual that to you it is not apparent, yet we can see the change taking place in every particle of it.

Question.—In moving among us, do we present an obstacle to you ? Do you avoid us ?

Answer.—We do, and must avoid you. For your ether bodies and the atmosphere that surrounds you is, in many cases, as solid and impenetrable to us as granite is to you. We can see both the light of your spiritual bodies and of your material bodies.

Question.—Are not the sun's rays composed of something more than light ?

Answer.—Of light only, and an elastic wave of electricity that precedes the light.

Question.—I suppose it is not possible for you to visit the sun ?

Answer.—Most certainly we can. Why should we not ?

Question.—Does it take time for you to travel ?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—I suppose you move in the same ratio as light ?

Answer.—We can travel faster than light.

Question.—What is the appearance of your form or body ?

Answer.—Exactly like your material body, only slightly smaller in every respect.

Question.—How do you produce material forms ?

Answer.—You produce them with and through us.

Question.—But have you no field for action ?

Answer.—You cannot understand us ; the material is to us as it were spiritual. Suppose I want a fruit, I cannot create it by thinking of it ; I must go and fetch it from where it is : so if I want an idea I must travel

into higher spheres, and seek and find it as an actual created thing. Many things are more real than you suppose; thoughts, are they not almost realities? Try and think of a house you knew long ago; you will invariably enter it by the door; you go in by the door in your imagination; were you to enter by the windows or the walls, you would not understand or recognize it. That will tell you that there is something of material reality in the idea of a house in your mind.

Question.—Are then your flowers and fruits as actual and real to you as those growing upon earth are to us?

Answer.—They are as real to us as an apple or pomegranate is to you.

Question.—Have you animals in your spheres?

Answer.—There are animals that give pleasure such as horses and dogs; nearer earth are baser animals, and those that cause pain; some saints and holy men, being in an ecstatic state have at times caught glimpses of what is going on near them, animals and men, strange and curious forms all mixed up together. The only way I can at all describe it to you is to look at a drop of muddy water under the microscope, and observe the strange forms; you will see the tail of one protruding from another, and so on, hence the old ideas of satyrs and creatures half man, half beast, hence the notion of devils with horns and tails, and of a material hell. Other men have seen higher and brighter spheres. All this is but the imperfect imagining of those who see visions: as in Dante's Frozen Hell, he saw the frozen zone and spiritual forms moving about, and mixed them up all together. Bodily suffering produces mental suffering; and mental suffering afflicts the body; need you be told this? Instanee, a ease where fright may produce paralysis; or where pain, insensibility.

In answer to some question.—The spirit is always sane; the body makes insane. We can see the spirit like—what shall I say—well—like, to use a very homely simile, a jack-in-the-box; we see the empty, useless casket, and the spirit hovering above it, the spirit bounds forth as soon as liberated by death—by sleep.

In answer to some question.—Some spirits are removed to other planets, in the course of formation, not necessarily as a punishment, but that by trial they may develop and return again at some future time purified. Spirits very often go voluntarily to other planets, until they can fit themselves to be of use to those on earth, or to dwell with other spirits in higher spheres; tell this to Dan when he awakes, as he has often wondered why some of his friends have not returned to visit him?

In answer to a question.—Actual substances are thrown off from the earth and get entirely beyond its attraction; and actual substances are brought from the sun to the earth by means of the rays of light, substances that can be weighed—aye, and that will be weighed some day.

In answer to a question as to punishments.—Why and how are you punished? You punish yourselves if you have broken a law of nature; for no natural law can be broken without amends being made for its violation. Cut a vein and the blood flows, because you have violated a natural law.

Question.—Do you like making manifestations?

Answer.—It pleases us to come to you, and to make manifestations. We get so charged by remaining any time in the earth's atmosphere, that it is a positive relief to make sounds. There is a spirit now come into the room; he is what we call naturally charged. (Quantities of raps heard on the table.) Now he cannot help doing that, and it is a positive pleasure to him. (Speaking to me) Elliotson did not want to frighten you the other evening at your house; he does not know yet how to manage manifestations, hence the noise he made the other night. He wanted to see Daniel and you too, but he did not intend to frighten either of you.¹

Question (H. J.).—As to a law of predestination?

Answer.—Yes, there is a law of predestination which is quite true, only you could not understand it.

Question.—Infinite possibility gives freedom of action?

¹ This sentence has reference to certain things that occurred at No. 5, Buckingham Gate—mentioned in pp. 77, 78.

Answer.—Yes, infinite possibility, harmonizing with predestination is the law. Oh, I wish so much some spirits from other planets could come to you, but that is very rarely allowed. When Malle (Mrs. Jencken's servant) passed away, a spirit from another planet passed by the open window, that was all, and yet the room was filled with perfume for days; if you had thought of it, and had gone out into the garden, you would have found the perfume stronger there than in the room.

“Henry, your father was inspired when he wrote his works, remember this (grasping H. Jencken's hand). Act! Do something! it is so very glorious to assist in the search for truth. There are so many stubborn men to be convinced. It is your duty to say that which you know to be true, to utter it. (Taking my hand) Oh, my lord, do something! Act! Aid the many beings yet in darkness. There is the truth, it is only hid, it is there nevertheless shining forth in all its splendour.”

Dr. Elliotson, through Mr. Home, now spoke at some length on the subject of mental and bodily disease and imperfections, insanity and crime. He said, “It's very wrong to allow persons to marry who are not properly fitted to perpetuate their race. By allowing perfect freedom of marriage, crime and disease become perpetuated, and the lower and imperfect form becomes too permanent. Such as are imperfect should be put aside, cared for, pitied, but not allowed to perpetuate by marriage. Angels standing by at very many weddings, where all is rejoicing, weep and mourn—for they see the poor form that must go out and suffer,—the outcast, the criminal, and the murderer. But, when the soul is released, then a shout of joy goes up to heaven that a spirit has been set free.” He then addressed us about the universal justice of God, saying, “You hold up one book, the Bible, and you say that all those who differ from you shall be damned, yet other nations have other books and scrolls, and in their turn say that all those who believe not in them, must equally be damned. There is no damnation in that sense—man is his own damnation; it is the evil that lies in the little troubled heart of ambitious man, whose acts are

after all but as the gurglings from the neck of a bottle, signifying naught."

He then spoke of the great mistake parents make in teaching their children religion without appealing to their reasoning powers, and giving them something they could hold on to. "Therefore is it that men are driven to take refuge in a cold barren philosophy. I doubted and told myself that all was not so, that there was no future—no God, then there came this (rapping with his fingers on the table, and being answered by some spirit on the other side of the table), one, two, three four, nothing more—and all was changed, and the scales fell from my eyes, and the broad light of immortality shone upon me. I felt that I was immortal; by a few gentle raps only was all my scepticism dispelled." Towards the close of this sentence Home got greatly excited. Suddenly throwing his hand up to his forehead he said, "Oh, Dannie!" in quite a different tone of voice, and fell back in his chair; he presently added, "Do not be frightened, Dan will be all right presently, but we have made too much use of him; take his hands but do not touch his feet, and let him stretch himself out." We held his hands and he became perfectly rigid all over, stretching his legs out to their full length. After a minute he fell back in his chair, then started up and taking Mrs. Hennings' hands said (Dr. Elliotson speaking through him), "They tell me I have been too violent with Dan, but my dear lady, I must just tell you this. You remember many many years ago you brought me a little girl, a clairvoyant, and I was not good, and would not be satisfied with the tests. I was influenced by the other two girls; they were very jealous. You are not angry now, are you? You know I meant no harm. I mention this to satisfy you of my identity. You have had many such tests,¹ and are now satisfied."

¹This scene occurred some 30 years ago at Dr. Elliotson's studio, where Mrs. Hennings attended with a remarkable clairvoyant named Ellen Dawson. Dr. Elliotson behaved very abruptly on this occasion, and punctured and injured the child, whilst in the mesmeric state; no one present knew of this incident, and it had even escaped Mrs. Hennings' memory until reminded of it.

After this, Home threw himself back in his chair and awoke, he said, "I am wide awake, but I cannot move at all." In a few minutes he recovered, and said that he was quite well; that he did not know what he had been doing; but that he felt as though he had been very happy.

No. 15 Séance—5, Buckingham Gate, August, 1868.

My dear Father,—While staying at Dunraven the other day I saw announced in the paper the death of Adah Menken, the American actress with whom both Home and I were slightly acquainted. On the following morning I got a letter from Home, saying that she had been to visit him, that she appeared very restless, and that she was very anxious to come when he and I were together. On returning to London, Home, at my request, came to stay at No. 5. All the evening he complained of being very nervous and in an unpleasant state, which he attributed a great deal to her influence. I felt just the same, but put it down to having been out at two fires and not home till six o'clock the previous morning. Almost immediately after we had gone to bed and put the lights out, we both heard music much the same as at Norwood but more powerful and distinct. Home said that the music formed words; that, in fact, it was a voice speaking and not instrumental music. I could hear nothing but the chords like an organ or harmonium played at a distance. Home became quite excited because I could not distinguish the words, thinking that if I could not hear them, it must have been his imagination. He asked the spirits if possible to make the words sufficiently clear for me also to hear them. They said "Yes" (by raps); and the music became louder and louder until I distinctly heard the words, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord; praise the Lord God Almighty." It was no imagination, or the result of anxiety on my part to hear the same as Home did. Every now and then I could not distinguish words, although he said he could; but I repeatedly heard

the words above mentioned as plainly as possible. I cannot in the least explain to you how the voice articulated; the words were not separately spoken, neither did it resemble a human voice. The sound was slightly reedy and metallic, not very unlike the *Vox humana* on an organ. If you can imagine an organ pipe of some rather reedy stop speaking to you, it will be as near it as anything I can describe. Home said he heard the words, "Adah Isaaks Menken" pronounced; I did not. The music or voice gradually died away. We asked if it was Menken's voice, and they said not hers alone. There were loud raps at different times upon the floor and walls, and some article of furniture was moved: I heard the movement, but could not see what it was.

The room was dark, the blind being nearly down over the window. We both saw as it were a luminous cloud about the middle of the room over the table, and another luminous cloud-like body floating in the air. Occasionally, I saw a luminous form standing at the foot of Home's bed which he did not see, and he at one time saw a similar appearance at the foot of mine which I failed to perceive; we distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress moving about the room. Home and I had called on Menken at her hotel one day last year, and she then had on a very heavy silk dress, it appeared as though she caused the rustling of this dress to be heard by us. At one time I heard some one moving, and looking over on towards Home's bed, I saw her quite plain (as did also Home) as a white slightly luminous body, I could clearly see the folds of the drapery. In passing between him and the window Home said she obstructed the light. She moved up from near the foot of his bed where I first saw her, making as loud a rustling noise as a living woman in a heavy silk dress would do, to the head of his bed, bent over, put her hands upon his head, and disappeared.

Presently Home said that she was slightly taking possession of him, and I heard his hands moving about on the bed clothes in the curious way that they do under those circumstances. He then sat up in bed involuntarily,

and said she was taking possession of him, and asked me not to be frightened at anything he might do. I felt rather nervous at this; and asked him, if possible, to tell me before he did anything. He said nothing, but lay down in bed again. In about a minute, he said in quite an altered voice, "I am coming over to you now," and I saw him get out of bed. I did not feel sure whether he was asleep or awake, and I said, "Can you see your way?" He said, "Ah, I want no light to guide my steps." I then perceived that he was in a trance, and that Menken was speaking through him. He walked slowly over to my bed, knelt down beside it, took both my hands in his, and began speaking.

I shall never forget the awfully thrilling way in which she spoke; the desolation of the picture she drew of her feelings at first. The words I do not recollect—the effect of them I shall always remember. She went on to speak of the wonderful mercy and goodness of God; of the hopeful state she was then in; of the very little we know of the next world, saying that she had thought she knew something of it. She spoke a great deal about Home, of his character, &c., &c., and a good deal about herself, and mentioned a curious fact. She said that at the time Home and I called upon her together, she felt then what she was. "Yes," she said, "what was I but an animal? Yet I felt and knew that I ought to aspire to higher things, and I longed sometimes for it." It appears as if our having called together upon her, had some curious effect, as she said she could not well say what she wanted, till we were together again. She spoke of the intense desire of the spirit sometimes to communicate with, and do good to, those on earth. She spoke in such an humble yet happy manner, of her having been permitted to come that night into a house where so many pure and holy beings had been. She spoke with the greatest pleasure of having been allowed to go into my mother's boudoir, and said that her greatest happiness, since she passed away, had been that evening—in being permitted to make her voice audible to us in praising God. She went on to say, how much she wished to be sometimes near me and

near Home to watch over us; and assured me again and again that she would do me no harm or hurt. She then kissed my hand and said, "I must go now; I must not make too much use of Dan." Home then got up and walked slowly away, turning round twice, and raising his hands above his head in an attitude of prayer or of blessing. As he went away from me, his clothes became slightly luminous.

He got into bed and I could hear him breathing regularly as in ordinary sleep; in about five minutes he awoke and asked me if I was asleep, he said he had been asleep and wanted to know whether we had been hearing beautiful music, or whether we had been dreaming. I told him nothing about his having been in a trance until next day. Home said he felt remarkably happy and calm,—probably some reflection of the more calm and soothed condition of Menken when she left us. I was in a queer state, my fingers and feet tingled as if I had pins and needles. Every time I dropped off to sleep I heard, or fancied I heard, the same strains of music. However I slept very soundly.

Now all this is to me far more wonderful than what took place at Norwood. I was, to all intents and purposes, actually conversing with the dead; listening, talking, answering, and receiving answers from Menken. Home's individuality was quite gone: he spoke as Menken, and we both spoke of him as a third person at a distance from us. Menken said something (what I cannot remember) about her having been a Jewess, and that events were tending gradually towards a greater unity of different creeds.

No. 16 Séance—Homburg, August, 1868.

At Cologne we slept in a double-bedded room. As Home was going to sleep, he said, "How odd." I asked him what he meant; and he said he had heard Menken's voice say, "That is right, Dan," in reference to an observation he had just made to me. She also told him

that she was with us that morning when we were talking about the probability of dogs being able to understand each other; that they could communicate with each other by magnetism, by touch, and through the eye; but not at all by sound. She added that she was going with us, and that we should hear her voice.

At Frankfort, Home came into my room in the morning; and on my asking him some question as to how he had passed the night, said that after he had gone to bed he heard Menken's voice say that his sheets were damp, that he had found that they were so, and had slept in a railway rug.

On Thursday night, at Homburg, we both heard strange raps about the room. I then felt and heard little gentle taps upon the foot of my bed, by which I recognized the presence of my mother. I asked if it was so, and was answered "Yes." I said to Home that I was glad my mother was there, because I thought that she had not been near me for some time. This message came: "*You must at times be allowed foreign influences; but I do not leave you—I love you too much for that.*" We were talking about this sentence; and Home was saying it was unselfishness that induced my mother to give way to other spirits sometimes, who were very anxious to communicate, when this message was given: "*The love of our great Creator is unselfish.*" We then began speculating as to whether there was a continual contest going on in the next world between good and bad, and I was answered by a message saying that "*there is a contest the same as on earth.*" I made some remark that on earth it was a great deal a matter of physical force, and that a good weak man could not turn a bad strong one out of his house, when this message was given: "*Purity, when freed from the mortal, is strongest, as truth overcomes error.*" Home presently said, "There is a spirit standing in the corner, can you not see it? I can see it as a faint light increasing and decreasing in brightness." I looked, but could not make it out; but I saw a faint light on the other side of the room, and called Home's attention to it. As we looked in that

direction, the light in the corner shone out suddenly, like a flash of lightning. It was an instantaneous perfectly bright flash of light, lasting perhaps nearly a second.

No. 17. *Séance.*

On the 30th of August we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr. Home, myself, Mrs. Hamilton, her daughter, Lady Fairfax, and Mrs. Gregory.

Very soon after sitting down, a strong influence became apparent, and raps were heard upon the table. My hands were a good deal agitated; I felt the cold air very plainly. Home's hands were taken possession of, and he was caused to get up. He went behind Mrs. Hamilton and began tapping her very rapidly with both hands on the ears and back; while doing so, he went into a trance. He continued to tap her ears and to make passes over her. He then walked up and down the room, leaning his head upon his hand as though thinking deeply, and making gestures quite strange to him in his natural state. He went behind Lady Fairfax, stooped down, and holding her shoulders with both hands pressed his head against her back. He then stood behind her, pressed his hand to his side on the region of the liver, and looked as though he was suffering great pain or inconvenience; he then opened the door and went into the other room. From there he said, "Mary (Miss Hamilton) and Adare, come in here." We went in and found Home on the sofa, leaning his head upon his hand. He said, "Adare, take a pencil and paper." I did so, and wrote down what he said. Home said, "Mary, the drum of your mother's ear is surrounded by wax; the nerve is not paralyzed. Take some plain sweet oil in a phial, place it in hot water until the oil is warm, and drop one drop into the ear every night. After some time a discharge will take place, that is, the wax will become softened and come away. It is untrue that the nerve is paralyzed; there is nothing wrong with that, or it would have been cured at once. You

may remember once that the hearing came back; that was because the wax broke away slightly. Lady Fairfax has an over secretion of bile—the liver is inactive; this causes irritation of the nerves, great loss of appetite—in fact, a complete loathing of food. Take in the morning, every other day, one drop of tincture of digitalis.” Home then came to my chair, sat down beside me, and pressed me close against him. He sat down again upon the sofa, and said, “You must prepare some little powders composed of as much cayenne pepper as will lie upon the point of a penknife, the same quantity of ipecacuanha, and twice that quantity of carbonate of soda: take it immediately after meals. You could have it made up into pills if you like, but the powders are best. You suffer from indigestion—the bile is faulty; that causes nervous irritability, which extends to the brain, and causes sleeplessness and other results. You should avoid heavy suppers and strong drink late at night; but this, of course, must be left to your own good sense. We have no remedy for that: lead a plain natural life.”

Home then got up, told us to go back to the other room, and not to tell him when he awoke what he had been doing. We sat down again, and he placed himself in exactly the same position behind Mrs. Hamilton as he had occupied when he became entranced. He then awoke and said, “Is it not funny, all the power has left my hands!” and sat down. We then had some physical manifestations; the table was moved, tilted, and raised off the ground; my chair was a little moved, as was also Home’s. “*Good night*” was then said. While he was in the trance, some one asked whether he could see. I said “No”; but, as if to prove he did not use his eyes, he took out his handkerchief and blindfolded himself, and did not remove it until just before he awoke. He was also elongated while in the trance.

Mrs. Hamilton has been deaf for some time; the doctors have declared that the nerve is injured. Mrs. Hamilton told me that Mrs. Weldon, of London, being in a clairvoyant state, told her that her deafness was

owing to a secretion of wax, and recommended oil. Lady Fairfax is very unwell, and I had been suffering from sleeplessness, unpleasant dreams, and nervous uncomfortable nights.

*No. 18 Séance—Homburg, Monday, September 7th, 1868.*¹

Last Tuesday, the 1st, we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's, but nothing whatever occurred. Home was not well. On Wednesday morning Home picked up a wonderful specimen of the death's-head moth, and brought it home, put it in a drawer and thought nothing more about it. That night I suddenly awoke, Home said to me, "A very curious thing has just occurred. I was fast asleep, and so were you, all at once I turned round, awoke, and saw a spirit—a man, standing by my bedside. He said 'You are on no account to part with that death's-head moth, it is your good genius, you are to give him two louis to-morrow, and he will play with them according to his impressions at a quarter-past twelve, and with the money he wins you will get a medallion to put the moth in. That window must be shut.' The spirit also said something to me about Mrs. Lyon, but I cannot remember what. When the spirit had finished speaking, he moved a step towards your bed, stretched out his hand, and immediately you awoke." Home having a bad cold on his chest, I got up and shut the window. (The night before this—Home being much oppressed by difficulty of breathing—a spirit told him through the alphabet, to lie on his right side, he did so, and found relief.) Neither of us could go to sleep after this, and after some time I said "I wish as the spirit awoke us, that he would send us to sleep again." Soon after I felt a most curious influence, my eyes kept shutting involuntarily,

¹The date of this heading refers to the date on which the record was made, not to the date of the *séance*. This will be found to be the case with many other of the headings, and attention is called to the point because in one instance (see below, p. 151) the system followed has led to some confusion as to the time and place at which an important *séance* was held. [Ed.]

and squeezing themselves together so tightly that I could not open them. My right leg and arms became occasionally quite rigid; the sensation was not the least uncomfortable. I was quite conscious and heard Home go to sleep, but could not sleep myself for a long time.

On Thursday, the 3rd, I had fever, palpitation of the heart, and felt very ill. Soon after we had gone to bed, we heard raps, and a spirit said, "*You have both caught cold in that gambling room, sitting at the table in the large room near the door, there is a strong current of cold air there.*" I asked if it had not something to do with Count Ronieker, they said, "*Yes, his influence is too strong, let him make a few passes over you and you will conquer it.*" I asked, should he mesmerise me and send me to sleep, they said, "*No.*" They then said, "*We have already calmed you,*" which was the case. Home then went into a trance; he got up and came over to me and sat down on my bed; he sat for some little time holding one of my hands in his and pressing the other against my heart. I felt very calm and quiet; he then joined his hands in prayer and began praying, but I could not hear the words. I said, more to myself than him, "I will unite my prayer to yours." He took my two hands, joined them within his and we prayed together; something affected me so much that I burst out crying, and the tears ran down my cheeks. After a minute or two, he passed his hand across my throat, and stopped the crying immediately; he then made passes over my head and down my side, took my hand and kissed it, kissed my forehead and said, "Good night; sleep, sleep—when you fall asleep you will not awake." He then got quietly into bed again; in about half a minute the clock (a very noisy disagreeable one) struck eleven. He got out of bed and went into the next room where he awoke and nearly fell down; he was so much astonished at finding himself standing opposite the clock. The clock stopped at that moment,

though I do not believe he had touched it; in fact he could not have reached it without getting on a chair. In a short time I fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning Home gave me two louis to play for a medallion for the moth; I went in at a quarter-past twelve and put one on red—red won; I then put the other also on red—red won again; making therefore six louis. Something seemed to say to me six is enough, and I put out my hand to the rake to take the money; however, when I had my hand almost on the rake, I felt a disinclination to take it. I allowed the money to remain on red, and so lost. I left the table to look for Home to tell him the money was gone; when half way down the corridor I involuntarily stopped, turned round, and walked back again. Something seemed to say, you must use two louis of your own, and take them back afterwards. I did so, and won a small sum. I took back my two louis and handed the remainder to Home.

No. 19 Séance.

On Friday, the 4th [September, 1868], we had some raps in the room, and a spirit said, "*Are you good?*" We both thought, but could not discover that we had done anything particularly wrong that day. I asked, "Is the question for me?" No answer. "Or for Dan?" No answer. "Or for both?" No answer. I said, "Is it not for me?" Two raps came, meaning "*Partly,*" or "*Perhaps.*" After a pause, they said, "*We do not wish to reproach you, but at the close of the day it is always well to review all that you have done, so as to be able to avoid repeating the same things, if wrong, another day.*" The same night we both saw a luminous hand waving in the air at the foot of Home's bed.

On Saturday, the 5th [September, 1868], Home was not well, and a certain circumstance annoyed him. In the

evening, I took him up rather sharply about it; telling him it was absurd letting his imagination run wild, and supposing all sorts of nonsense. At night Home was very ill; it was about eleven o'clock, I was undressing, he was in bed. Count Ronicker came in and sat down. Home became cataleptic or something having that appearance; his fingers were turned back, his arms and his neck twisted round, and his whole body became as rigid as iron—for about five minutes he did not appear to breathe. Count Ronicker magnetized him, and did him a great deal of good. Home completely forgot English, and said he could only speak Russian to the Count. He spoke about me, but I do not know what he said.

After a time he got better, and went into a trance and spoke English; but so low that I could scarcely hear. I asked him to speak louder, he said, "We cannot—oh, do try to hear, we cannot keep Dan long in a trance as we would wish, he is so ill." He said, "When Dan told you to-day that he felt a disagreeable influence, as it were, trying to separate you, he did not tell you all; he ought to have done so; you were too sharp with him; you were too hard upon him also about playing; remember he is very differently situated to you; remember always that his nature is very sensitive, very different from yours. You must arrange your worldly affairs together." He then sat up in bed, and began to talk in French, still in a trance; he smiled and beckoned to some one at the other side of the room. "Ah," he said, "there is such a sweet gentle spirit here; I will tell you her name directly." He described her, and said she had most beautiful eyes; that when she smiled, she smiled with her eyes also. He described the colour of her hair, eyes, &c., minutely. "There is a little child with her—ah, there are two! One passed away at its birth; the other is older." He then shuddered and said, "There is a spirit here who committed suicide. Oh!" he said, and began making passes before him, and drawing himself back as if in horror. Soon he went on in French, and said, "Daniel is very ill: his brain is very bad; the influence about him is mixed to-night."

At four in the afternoon he began to be ill, and his friend did not talk to him or understand it, and afterwards his friend was a little cold and hard upon him; he has also undergone a very great trial lately, we cannot cure him of the effects at once. We tell you that you may understand the state he is in." He then lay down, and said to the Count, "It was Sophy who made the raps on the wall of your room last night. She is your guardian spirit, and is always about you and caring for you." The Count asked "Which Sophy?" He said, "Both the younger and the elder." After a minute he sat up again, turned to the Count, and said, "Where then was your faith when you prayed to God on your knees for death? Where was your faith?—you should then rather have wished to live." He talked for some little time in French to the Count, and told him some facts which he (the Count) swore positively to me could be known only to himself and the spirit that Home had been describing; he then said, "When Daniel awakes we will try and make some manifestations for you; but Daniel is so ill we cannot do much. You will take a chair; but not too near Daniel, your influence is too strong. Adare will put the candle out." After he awoke I put the candle out, and we heard distinct raps on the floor, walls, door, &c., and the Count felt his head touched. The Count then went away. Soon after he had gone, the same spirit that had told us the night before to review our actions said, through the alphabet, "*How about to-day?*" Soon after, he said, "*Are you happy?*" I then heard that Home was getting some message; but I do not know what it was. I heard him say, "I cannot do it—oh! please don't; you know I am so ill?" Directly after he turned his head round towards me, and said that when he had told me he felt an unpleasant influence as though trying to separate us, he had not told me all, and he went on to explain about a very extraordinary case of second sight that had occurred to him that day.

After he had done so, he said that he felt quite comfortable and happy. We talked for some time about

second sight, and he was explaining how one could tell by the appearance of his eyes when it was likely to occur to him. Suddenly he said to me, "I am in the Kursaal, in the playing room; I will tell you what I see." All the time he talked quite naturally, and knew that he was in bed; at the same time he declared he was actually standing on the floor of the room, and could observe all that was going on there. "Oh!" he said, "it is horrible! Oh, it is dreadful! My God, it is so horrible that, if it lasts long, I can never go into that room again! I see the table, and I see crowds of hands all about it, flying about all over it,—young hands, old hands,—hands of men and women,—they are dashing about over the table, sometimes catching hold of each other, and then throwing each other off. Oh, there is a hand with blood upon it! There is an old man's hand, and a woman's hand that seizes his, but he dashes hers away from him! Oh, it is too terrible. It is changed now. I will tell you what I see directly. There are a number of young people sitting round the table, all young, pretty and pleasant looking; nearly all of them are women; they are playing, but laughing, talking and thinking of other things also, not intent upon the game; the others are all driven back from the table; they are in a varied confused sort of crowd, there is a regular solid barrier that I can see before them. Some are leaning over and trying to get across, but they cannot; now the table is covered with roses: I see that they are playing with roses. A sort of leader among them, a woman, is getting up and says, 'Well, I suppose we must take away these lovely roses with us; it is a pity, but if these poor people prefer money to them, why we must take them away.' Now it has again changed. The table is covered with little children, they are sitting on the table, and most of them look thoughtful; they are such pretty, sweet little children. The crowd is still kept back by the barrier, but some of them look as if they wanted to caress the children. There is one man who is stretching out his hands so eagerly towards such a rosy, pretty little fellow, and wants to shake hands with him, but the

child is saying, 'I cannot shake your hand, because we have all just been washed and dressed, and your hands are so dirty from the money that I must not touch them.'" After this he saw nothing more and went to sleep, and awoke the next day wonderfully well, considering how ill he had been.

On Sunday, the 6th [September, 1868], we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. There was a strong influence; there were raps on the table, chairs, &c.; our chairs were violently vibrated; Home's chair moved, and there were no messages. The table was tilted, not lifted. Count Ronicker was present, and his magnetic influence was so strong that it made us all more or less ill, and I think stopped the *séance*.

No. 20 Séance—Friday, the 11th [September, 1868].

Last Wednesday night, soon after the lights were put out, a spirit asked if our actions during the day had been as they should be? Soon after, he said, "*The atmosphere of this house is not good for either of you; it is very damp.*" I said, "Is that the reason I always awake in the morning with a sore throat?" The spirit replied, "Yes." We asked where we should go; the answer was, "*The Hesse is the highest.*" We accordingly moved into the Hotel de Hesse. The house in which we lodged was, as the spirit said, in a very low and damp situation.

No. 21 Séance—Sunday, 13th [September, 1868].

Last Friday, we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr., Mrs., and Miss Hamilton, the Baron de Veh and his wife, the Princess Karoli, Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Gregory, the Count de Mons, General Brevern, Home, and myself. We had physical manifestations, currents of cold air, vibration of our chairs and the table, table-tilting, &c. Home's chair was moved slightly; Mrs. Watkins, who was sitting near him, was moved also.

Mrs. Watkins had suffered severely from rheumatism, and was quite bent double by it. Home's hands were taken possession of, and he was moved to get up. He placed himself behind her chair and began tapping her on the back and grasping her shoulders; he then sat down and presently went into a trance. We recognized by his manner the same spirit that had prescribed for Mrs. Hamilton, and Lady Fairfax, and myself, on a previous occasion. He walked up and down the room two or three times; then placed his head against Mrs. Watkins's back, and held it firmly there for a minute or two. He then walked into the next room; beckoned to me and made a sign as of writing. I got a pencil and paper, and went in. He was sitting down, and said, "We wish you to have a compress made—a sort of plaster of tar spread upon a cloth, and covered with muslin, to be placed upon the back; it will give strength to the spine. There is want of action, and no proper re-action; the blood is very acid—that is the cause of the rheumatism; that will do now." I went back to my place; he came in and sat down, and began to speak of the different spirits present, telling their names, and describing them, so that their relations present recognized them. He said that with one lady there was a sweet little girl who wanted to play with him, and he went through the form as if playing with a child. He then stood behind the Count de Mons; addressed him as his father; lent his head against his, and spoke to him for a long time in a most affectionate and touching manner. He said he could become a medium and be able to draw. Mrs. Gregory had been very sleepy for some time. Home turned to her and said, "We wish to take this influence away from you; it is purely physical—nothing spiritual about it; you live very much with Lady Fairfax; she is very ill; that is what affects you; you must not be too much with her; you are not strong enough to bear it." He then made passes over her hands for a few minutes. Home then began talking to Madame de Veh, and spoke to her for some time in a most kindly manner; the words I forget, but they

were to the effect that she was on no account to let her heart grow faint; that the future would be brighter than the past; and that there was a new development coming to her (she is a writing medium); what it was they would not tell her, but it would cause her great happiness. Home spoke to several others and then said, "Daniel must now come back, as we want to make some manifestations."

Soon after, he awoke. Although we sat for some time longer, we had only slight manifestations. Two or three people got up soon after he awoke, which perhaps was the reason of it. During his trance, Home spoke sometimes in English, sometimes in French. When he was describing the spirits present, he seemed not to be quite certain about the name and relationship of one of them, and said he must go and find out. He rose up, went into the next room, and stood there a short time by himself, and then came back and told us about the spirit in question.

September 15th [1868].

Last Saturday night I was very wakeful. Late at night, Home being asleep, I heard raps on some part of the floor near his bed. They were tolerably loud and monotonous, going on with a regular beat, like the ticking of a clock, until I fell asleep.

At dinner last Saturday, Home pointed out to me a young man sitting at the end of the table, and said "I feel impelled towards him—I have something, I know not what, to say to him, or to do for him." After dinner Home went up and spoke to him, and asked him to come the following evening to Mrs. Hamilton's.

No. 22 Séance.

Last Sunday we had a *séance* at Mrs. Hamilton's. Present: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hamilton; Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Spearman, Mr. A——, Home, and myself.

Soon after we sat down, there were vibrations of the table, the chairs, the floor of the room, &c., and we felt cold currents of air. However, it soon ceased, and we sat for some time without anything occurring. Some one suggested that we should have tea, and try again afterwards. We accordingly did so; and after the things were cleared away, sat round the table again. We felt the cold air and vibrations of the table. Home suddenly said that he had distinctly seen a figure pass before the window outside. Before coming to the *séance*, Mr. A—— had told us a curious occurrence that happened to him the previous night. He was waiting in a garden to meet a friend of his, a lady; and he saw her, as he supposed, walking towards him. He got up and went to meet her; but when quite close, he looked on the ground for a second, and on raising his eyes the figure had disappeared. He was very anxious to know whether what he had seen was a delusion; and if not, whether the figure that passed the window was the same or not.

Soon after, Home went into a trance, and sat for a little time making passes over his own eyes and head. He then went and stood behind Mr. A——, and looked at him for some time. “Ah,” he said, “you are like the simoon—like a wild wind of the Desert.” He talked to him for some little time; I cannot remember his words. He then said, “You have many spirits about you who love you, and many who do not. Your atmosphere is very varied; it is like your character, changeable, wild, uncertain. You are pursuing a phantom.” Home also said something about marriage, but I forget what. He then sat down. Mr. A—— had been wishing to hear something about the apparition he had seen the previous night, but had said nothing aloud. Home turned to him, and said, “Yes, it had to do with what you have in your mind. You understand very well what I mean. When I said you were pursuing a phantom that ought to have been sufficient answer to you. You will have a vision at a moment when you least expect: it will be a pleasant one. Take care that you profit by it, or you will see one other vision which shall be

terrible." Home then got up, went close to Mr. A——, clasped his hands together, and said, "Ah, do think of what you are doing; do reason about it." He then walked up and down the room, raising his hands and letting them fall again, as a man would who had done all in his power and could do no more, and saying, "The ways of God are inscrutable—the ways of God are inscrutable." He then sat down and began explaining to us how God's creatures could only act according to His will; and how spirits, though they could frequently see events coming on in the future, yet could not avert them. "We can see," he said, "the rocks in your path, and can sometimes strew them and cover them with flowers, but we cannot remove them; so, though we may see misfortune—though we may see blood will be shed about it—we cannot prevent it: we can only influence, and sometimes warn." Turning and pointing solemnly to Mr. A——, he said twice, "There is danger in it—there is danger in it." He then turned to Mrs. Mainwaring, and spoke to her to the effect that she was never to allow her mind to dwell on a certain subject that had occupied her three times during her life, once for a whole day. "You have got rather a low influence about you," he said, "because you are always expecting and wishing for spiritual interference in the every-day affairs of life. You should take a higher view of it than that. You wonder why the spirits do not help you. Are you not a spirit? You are all spirits, only you have the earthly envelope about you. Rouse yourself, do all you can to rouse yourself, and help yourself; do not expect others to help you if you do not act yourself. It is a common thing for people to say, 'If spirits are about us, why don't they manifest themselves?' Is not God everywhere? Is He not about you? Why then does He not manifest Himself? Yet do spirits interfere in a thousand ways that you little dream of, and never notice. God has so ordained, that though many of you spend your lives looking for evidence of His existence, yet every day you pass by unnoticed the most wonderful and beautiful evidences.

“Do not suppose for a moment that you can do anything in secret; have no false modesty or false shame, and think not to do that in private which you would not do before the world. If it be not enough for man to know that God is everywhere, and sees all his actions, then let him remember also, that his father, mother, brothers, sisters and all those most dear to him, are continually about him; do nothing therefore in private that you would be ashamed of doing openly.” Turning to Mrs. Spearman, he said, “Louisa, when your mother suffers from those acute pains in her limbs, she should foment them with an infusion of hops, just pour boiling water on the hops, and use it as hot as she can bear. Hops are very good; they not only act as a sedative, calm the nerves and mitigate the pain, but they also strengthen and act as a tonic.” He then, after listening apparently at Mrs. Hamilton’s ear, said, “The oil is too heavy against the drum of the ear, that is why your deafness was increased.” Turning to Miss Hamilton, he said, “Mary, you have used more than we ordered; we prescribed one drop only, you ought not to have used more; for the future, drop the oil on a bit of cotton and use a little ether with it.”

Home then got up, walked round the table, taking our hands one after the other. He was then twice elongated and shortened to less than his natural height. He made Mr. A—— put his foot on his feet, and place his hands, one on his chest, the other just above his hips, in order that he might be sure that he was standing fairly on the ground, and that he might also feel the elongation and contraction taking place. He then sat down and turned to me, laughed, and speaking in quite a different tone of voice, said, “A. M—— says she will come to you to-night. She says she was with you last night, and made those monotonous taps that you heard; she wanted you to sleep and thought that might send you to sleep. She says she made those slow regular sounds, like as it were the rocking of a cradle, as a sort of lullaby to soothe you. She says she will be able now sometimes to make sounds like that, even when you

are alone. When Dan said last night something about having been praying for you, it was she who spoke through him; it was not Dan who spoke at all himself. You had better tell him this as he has been rather worrying himself, thinking that his mind must have been wandering in his sleep. Dan will come back now; sit for five or ten minutes, and we will try and make some manifestations; we want John to see some." Home then awoke, and we sat for a little time, but had scarcely anything more. We then broke up and a most extraordinary thing occurred. I was standing in the balcony, the rest were about the table; all of a sudden the gas went out and the room was in darkness; the gas was not turned off, but went out. They all declared that no one was near the burner; three people, Mr. Home, Miss Hamilton, and Mrs. Mainwaring, said that they distinctly saw a hand and arm stretched out over their heads upon the jet of gas and that at that moment it went out. They said it was so distinct that their first idea was that some one had gone suddenly crazy and must have burned themselves.

Mr. Hamilton told me next morning that he had investigated it, and found that at the same moment eight jets of gas went out in the house, namely one in the room in which we were; two in the next; three, I think, on the landing and stairs, and two in the kitchen. The meter had not been turned off, the meter does not communicate with the street gas, but has a separate pipe leading to the gasometer.

That night we heard raps announcing, I suppose, the presence of Adah Menken; they did not last however. Just as I was going to sleep, Home who was asleep, turned in his bed, and said, "I have been trying but I cannot." He said it in a different tone of voice to his own, and as if he was rather vexed at having failed. I said, "Never mind," which awoke him, and he asked me if he had been talking in his sleep.

No. 23 Séance—Sunday, September 20th [1868],
5, Buckingham Gate.

Last Friday night, after we had gone to bed, we were talking, and I was saying something about how small and trivial our lives on earth must appear after we have passed away. A spirit joined our conversation by saying "Yes," by three very emphatic loud raps. Home presently had a sort of vision; being quite awake, and knowing where he was, and describing to me what he saw, he said, "I am in a desert, that is just at the edge of a great desert—there is a sort of barrier between me and it. The desert is perfectly barren, there is no light of the sun, but a great cross at the far side of it, and the light flowing from the cross is lighting it all up, the cross means truth; there are a number of pigmies all about the cross. Oh, it is so strange, they are all working away as hard as they can, and trying to build up blocks of stone and rubbish and stuff before the cross, but as they build them up, the blocks become transparent, and the light from the cross still shines through them. The pigmies are digging away and working so hard about it, they seem to have made a desert of the place by digging out earth and stuff to hide out the cross." Home suddenly stopped talking, and when he spoke again, was in a trance, he said, "Now that you are quietly at home, we wish to explain to you how it was that Dan was so nervous at Homburg." He then explained some circumstances that had puzzled me a good deal. He went on to say, "After that Dan caught a cold, you also felt the same influence and you caught a chill, then the magnetic atmosphere of that man Roniker was so strong, that it irritated your nerves intensely, and on that night you were on the point of having brain fever, but by the foot bath that we influenced Dan to insist upon your having, and by magnetizing you through Dan, it was prevented. It was Adah Menken that influenced Dan in that matter." I remarked how thankful I was. Home said, "Oh, it was not Adah Menken that magnetized you. She made Dan see that vision he told

you of, she is very often about you." I said that it was very good of her to endeavour to do us good. Ah, he said, "It does her good! Ah, if bitter tears could wipe away the recollection of what has been, and the knowledge of what might have been; well, it was not to be. It was not, therefore, it was not to be. Adah Menken was the most suited of all the spirits about you to interfere in that matter at Homburg that you know of; her life had made her more capable of it, in fact—as she laughingly says herself—'You must set a thief to catch a thief.' She says that the wish you expressed at Homburg shall be gratified. Get her book. She says, 'If I could send it to you or write an order for it I would, you know; but then I cannot.' However, it is very small and not expensive, and you can very well afford to buy it, so if you will get it, she says she will this winter write her name in it for you. You remember saying that you wished to see an instance of direct spirit writing, she thinks that will be a nice way to do it for you; she will do the same for Dan." I said, "Shall I tell Dan?" "By all means. Dan is now coming back to his desert, he will not know anything about this little episode." Having a matter on my mind, I said, "May I ask a question?" He said, "Yes," before I spoke, having read my thoughts and said, "Yes," again, when I asked. I accordingly asked about what I wanted to know, and received an answer and explanation; while he was speaking he laughed, and said, "Some spirits say we should not tell you too much, since this is in the future." Home then awoke and took up the thread of his description of the desert, directly after he said, "It is beginning to fade," the vision then melted away gradually.

No. 24 Séance.

On Saturday we had a *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's. Present: Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Humphreys, the Comtesse Medina de Pomare, her son, a boy of about

14 years of age, the two Misses Bertolacci, Home and myself. Before we sat down there were raps all about the room; immediately after we were seated strong physical manifestations took place, violent trembling of chairs, table, floor, &c., &c.; currents of cold air, very loud raps in various directions; the table tilted, moved, and was raised from the ground; some questions were answered. Home was in a very nervous state, presently he went into a trance and said, "We are doing this to calm Dan; talk." He then got up, walked about the room, sat down and played the piano for a little time; he then arose, went to the boy and placed his hands upon his head, patting and stroking it; he then went to the Comtesse de Pomare, but when he came near her he drew back, shuddered, and looked distressed, "Ah," he said, "there is something here the spirits do not like." Some one said, "It is because you are in mourning, and have crape on your dress." "Yes," he said, "We do not like that at all. He (her husband) has pulled your dress two or three times, as you are aware of, he will try presently and tear a bit of the black crape off to shew you that he does not like it."

We began to talk about the custom of wearing mourning, and the difficulty there would be in breaking through it. Home walked about the room; then sat down and said something to this effect: "If you like to put on some outward sign of woe while those you love are in gloom before dissolution, do so; but to put on mourning after that, when a soul has been set free, and has risen nearer to God—yes, nearer to God—oh, no; rather put on all that is pleasant—all that is pleasing to the eye, and cheerful; but, if you think that soul is not worthy of approaching nearer to God, but must be in darkness and tears, then, if you will, put on mourning; but wear it longer than six months or a year." "Yes," the Comtesse remarked, "but we do not wear mourning because we think that a soul is unhappy; but because we ourselves are unhappy." Home said, "Have you so little confidence in God, that you cannot trust Him to do all for the best?" He then spoke of some of the

spirits present, chiefly addressing the Comtesse. He then turned to Mr. Hall, and told him his sister was present; he smiled and said, "She is standing just there behind you—she has a communication to make to you, but she cannot make it now; she seems so gentle and timid." Then he laughed, and said, "She has such a funny habit of shading her eyes with her hand, as if she was afraid the light would hurt them. Of course, it does not; but she cannot get rid of the habit now and then, and the others are smiling at her for it. She is doing like this now," and he shaded his eyes with one hand, and went feeling about before him with the other (Mr. Hall's sister had been quite blind, and had had the habit of shading her eyes and feeling before her, so that was a good test of identity). Home then turned to me, and said, "There is a spirit standing near you that went through a great deal of suffering before passing away, her name is V—; she and the other spirit (Mr. Hall's sister) seem so much drawn to each other. They both underwent a great deal of suffering, and that appears to draw them to each other. They are talking about it now, and they are speaking of their suffering, as if it had somehow purified them, and as if they were so thankful for it, and considered it to have been the greatest blessing." He told me that we should see lights that night, and then said "Daniel is now coming back." He then awoke. We had some more physical manifestations, and the accordion was played under the table, Home holding it in his hand. It was then suggested to put out the lights, and try if we could see anything; the candles were accordingly put out, and we should, I think, have had a wonderful *séance*, but that the son of the Comtesse de Pomare got so frightened and nervous we were obliged to stop. We had strong physical manifestations, the table being lifted high in the air; the window curtains were moved, one being carried right across the table, and twined round Mrs. Hall; the other was drawn between Home and me, laid over my shoulder, and across my knee. I had hold of the curtain while it was moving, and felt that there was a hand moving it, but when I

tried to touch the hand it slid away. I and several others saw a form moving about behind me and Home, and another form at the opposite side of the room, and we were touched at different times; however the boy got so frightened we had to light the candles, and put an end to the *séance*.

The same night Home had to drop some lotion into his eyes. I dropped it in for him, and then put the lights out. Almost immediately he said, "What a curious effect that stuff has had, I see the most beautiful little lights before me." I said, "That is not the effect of the drops; you said when in a trance that we should see lights." "That may be," he replied, "but, what I see is in my eye," and so positive was he that he came over to me and asked me to look into his eye, and try if I could not see them; of course I could not. He went back to bed, and then I began to see the lights, and he was satisfied that they were not in his eye. I saw the most beautiful little phosphorescent lights moving. I saw as many as three at a time; sometimes there were two together like eyes, sometimes two would come together, and then dart away again from each other. We had no other manifestations.

No. 25 Séance—at Ashley House, October 20th [1868].

Present: Captain Wynne (Charlie) and his wife, Brinsley Nixon and his wife, Home and myself. We sat at a small card table. There were slight manifestations, currents of cold air, vibration of the table and chairs, and raps. The alphabet was called, and the sentence was given: "*Sit at the other table.*" As soon as the influence became pretty strong, the table was moved towards the card table. After a while we got up, and as they evidently wished to alter the position of the table, we moved it ourselves into the centre of the room, and sat down again. We soon felt violent vibration of the floor, chairs, and table—so violent that the glass pendants of the

chandelier struck together, and the windows and doors shook and rattled in their frames, not only in the room in which we were sitting, but also in the next. The card table was moved (no one touching it) up to our table, and the two were pressed hard together. The sofa was, under the same conditions, moved up to our table. A sentence was soon after given: "*We had to overcome the influence of the little table, and we have accomplished it.*" Shortly after we were told to move the table and sofa back to their places. We had raps on both the tables and on the floor, and the spirits joined in our conversation two or three times by rapping "Yes" or "No." The following message was then given: "*We have made these external manifestations to convince you all; Charlie, ask questions, we have a work to do with you.*"

Charlie asked if Augusta would recover; they rapped "Yes" emphatically. He asked if his sister would, and after a pause they answered "*Perhaps,*" by touching him twice upon the knee. He asked if they could bring us word what Augusta was then doing; and afterwards asked for the name of the spirit who had touched him. "*Will*" was spelled, and a "W"; but the power then appeared to cease, as we could get nothing more. After a pause, they spelled "*Father,*" but the power again failed. After an interval they said, "*We have not power to do more now; find violin near,*" referring to the fact, I suppose, that Augusta had her violin near her. We had no further manifestations after this. Both Emmy's and Cadly's dresses were pulled during the evening.

After they had all gone, Home went into a trance. "Ah," he said, "there was nothing wrong; no evil influence to overcome about that little table. It was rather this way; you had been accustomed to sit at the other table; you had eaten off it, and always sat at it, and it had therefore become as it were partially magnetized by you. We were obliged to equalize the power over the room and furniture; and we therefore brought the two tables in contact, and moved up the sofa to inoculate them, as we might say. There was nothing evil about the card table. There is no such thing as evil in your sense

of the word. Evil is but good perverted and distorted, gnarled and twisted out of shape. As a blade springing up through the ground if it meets with a stone that obstructs it, is forced out of its course, stunted and thwarted, so is good changed by circumstances into what you call evil. If evil was as you think, you would have to say that the devil had made the world to answer his purpose, but it is not so; God has made the world to answer his ends. You may not be able to see how all this evil can ever harmonize and resolve into good; but it is nevertheless so. Because the sun rises in the midst of clouds in the morning you do not know that it will be cloudy all day; no; so it is that though all may be dark and cloudy now, it will end in brightness.

“It is wonderful to stand as it were above and outside the world, and to watch the great wheels revolving; the cogs look all black and broken, covered sometimes with blood, and disfigured; but yet they all fit in and work on smoothly, though to you it appears otherwise. Yet a time will come when there will be peace and knowledge on the earth about all those matters that so much distract it now. The world revolves in its sphere, turning on its axis, and will enter upon a region of greater peace and knowledge.

“You do not know the difficulties that have to be overcome in communicating with you. Supposing now we want to make manifestations, four spirits would perhaps take possession of the four corners of the room, and would begin, as it were, to throw across to each other, and weave together their harmonizing influence, so as to get everything equalized and prepared for the adoption of whatever they want to do. One spirit will remain in the midst who will manage and direct all that is to be said—of course, if one of the other spirits wish to communicate he would let him do so, they are not selfish, but one must have the direction of the manifestations to ensure unity of purpose. That is why it is so bad to wish for the presence of any particular spirit; that spirit might come, and the others not being selfish would admit him into the circle, and he not being

in harmony with the others, would destroy the whole thing. You may often notice, especially at the commencement of a *séance*, a whole volley of taps let off, that is a spirit discharging the electricity, to equalize the current; often until the whole is harmonized we cannot stop ourselves from making raps and cannot control them; so that a spirit might at first, if you wanted them to communicate before they were ready themselves, answer "Yes" for "No," and "No" for "Yes." If you put your ear also against the table while communications are being given by raps, you will generally hear a number of little ticks going on; that is, some spirits are discharging the electricity to keep the current in equilibrium, while the others communicate.

"If we did not take all these careful precautions there could be no conversation, nothing but a chaos of sounds and raps. It is this same difficulty—the difficulty of encountering the materialism of all about you, that is the cause of a great deal that you call bad and evil influence. A spirit might be standing near you that loved you very much, that was not the least impure, and that wished to soothe and comfort you; and yet he might only serve to irritate you, and the more anxious he was to soothe, the more he might irritate and distress, because he was not in harmony with you. You can feel that yourselves; you are not always in harmony with your best friends, and sometimes you do not feel as much at ease with them, as you would among strangers, and would have more difficulty in showing off any accomplishment, such as playing, singing, &c., &c., to them than you would to strangers. Now, this case of the lady who is said to have had her hair pulled out by the roots; it might happen that a spirit that loved her very much was standing near, perhaps even her own father wished to soothe her and caress her hair, and it might have the effect of irritating intensely; he could not stop himself, he could not withdraw in a moment the electric current that was set going, and the consequences might be painful; of course all this applies chiefly to undeveloped and partially developed mediums."

Question.—As it is so difficult to influence men are you not constantly endeavouring to do certain things and failing ?

Answer.—To a certain extent,—yes. But spiritual influence has much more to do with the affairs of the world than what you dream of. All inspiration, poetry, improvising as in the case of the old Troubadours,—all that is owing to it—everything in fact, is set in motion by spiritual interference. To those who pray earnestly for and seek for light and truth, light will certainly be given ; our greatest difficulty is the folly of men's hearts, and their blindness. There are thousands of men who pray that rather than that Spiritualism should be understood, men should believe it to be the work of the devil ; to advance themselves one day only, they would retard the progress of the world for ages. Every prayer has its effect, and every aspiration and wish is a prayer ; it is not necessary to go down on your bended knees to pray. Would that you could see as we do the great black cloud (to speak figuratively) of prayers and aspirations that is for ever rising up from a populous haunt of mankind like this great city of London. Aspiration for truth and knowledge will surely bring its answer, and as surely does every prayer to the contrary distort and retard true progress.

Question.—I had a question put to me the other day as regards the comparative truth of different sects, which I answered according to my ability. I should be glad to know if I answered with anything like truth.

Answer.—There is truth in every religion ; even the poor Pagan, who bows down before his idol, possesses the germ of truth, inasmuch as he worships something outside and beyond himself. It is very wrong—oh, very wrong indeed, to say there is only one portal to heaven ; were that the case, there would be few indeed who would arrive there. You are right in supposing that the form of religion which is best suited to a man, though it may contain a smaller proportion of truth than another form, is yet the best for him ; being the most adapted to his character and mind, it is that in which he can expand

and improve himself to the best advantage. A good answer for you to have given would be: ‘Spirits teach individuality of spirit.’ As you leave this world you are apt—oh, very apt indeed—to continue for a long time. Those who seek not to raise themselves, and look not for truth, must continue as they were until they—to use a common expression—find it does not pay; then they will try to improve and will do so. There is this individuality; and a man is apt to get around him an influence agreeing with himself. Like seeks like everywhere—it is a universal law. The crow cannot consort with the eagle, or the magpie with the dove.”

Question.—“Have we not better opportunities here than we shall ever have hereafter of forming ourselves?”
 “Most certainly, this is your time. If you strive earnestly and prayerfully here, you enter your true life in a state fitted for it. Seek for truth and you shall find it.”

Account of Manifestations at Stockton.

Little Dannie Cox died in London last Sunday, the 11th October, 1868; Home, who was his godfather, and very much attached to him, was extremely cut up about it at first. On the Monday morning, Home breakfasted with me at No. 5. I was reading the *Daily Telegraph* over the fire, waiting for breakfast, and he was sitting at the writing table, we heard loud raps on the floor between us; and the following message was given¹:—
 “*We wish you to take the body to Stockton (Mr. Cox’s place in the country) to-morrow; you will place the coffin in the drawing-room; and, at half-past eight we will show you a spiritual funeral. You will take care that all the family are there, and no one else; if I want Mr. Bat (family lawyer) I will send for him. I invite your friend to be present.*” After this we went to breakfast, and the same spirit rapped repeatedly on the table during breakfast, and answered some questions.

¹ Believed to be by the spirit of the late Mr. Cox.

No. 26 Séance.

The next morning the body was sent down; I accompanied Home and Mrs. Cox. The drawing-room was most prettily arranged, everything being covered with white drapery, and quantities of flowers and ferns tastefully placed. The coffin was open, and the little body entirely covered with flowers, all but the face; which looked very calm and peaceful.

At half-past eight o'clock we all entered the room, and sat down, forming a sort of circle, but having no table. Home went into a trance, got up and fetching a chair sat down close to the coffin; he then took Mrs. Cox's hands in his and delivered a most wonderful discourse, taking as it were for his text, the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath *not* taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He went through the greater part of the burial service, explaining and expounding; he then spake in the most consoling manner to Mrs. Cox, bidding her have confidence in God and in His goodness, and not to look upon that as a separation which was not so in reality; told her the little boy would be continually with her, was there even now; spoke of his purity and happiness, told her to be strong and not to give way to sorrow; but now that her husband and other relatives had undertaken the development of little Dannie, she was to devote herself all the more to the education of the two remaining children. He then took Gerrie, the other son, by the hand, and spoke to him for some time in the most impressive manner about his future conduct through life, bidding him be an honest God-fearing man, and to remember that his brother would be cognizant of all his actions and therefore not to do that which he knew would offend or grieve him. He then took the little girl's hand, petting and comforting her, and giving her messages from Dannie about his pet rabbits and things of that sort, and telling her that Dannie would often be in communion with her in her sleep, and that she would dream of going about with him. He then walked round the circle, taking each one's hand

and saying a kind word or two, and standing up in the centre, and pointing to each of us, enumerated the spirits present, saying, "Your mother, your brother, and so on." He then made a sign to signify that they were all standing round him, and raising his hands, prayed in the most beautiful and earnest way for some little time, and then sat down again in his place; he said that little Dannie would make raps, and we heard three distinct little ticks, like electric sparks going off; he said we should recognize Dannie by the peculiarity of his raps. He then said, "We wished to have made physical manifestations, but Dan is spiritually weak and we cannot, but something will occur to-night." After Home awoke, we went into the conservatory, and again heard little Dannie rapping on the floor and on the glass.

At supper, at about ten o'clock, there came suddenly very loud raps all around on the table, walls, floor, &c., &c. I never heard them so loud before. Home was entranced, and taking Mrs. Cox by the hand led her into the drawing-room. When there, she heard something rustling near the coffin, and immediately felt a little hand touch her, and place between her fingers a sprig of *lauristinus*. Home then brought her back into the supper room; and somebody remarked that *lauristinus* meant in the language of flowers—"If neglected, I die." Home awoke immediately.

He and I slept in the same room. Soon after he had gone to bed, he went into a trance; and began discoursing about moral principles, &c. He then said, "You tell his mother in the morning that Dannie gave her that sprig of *lauristinus*, which means, 'If neglected, I die'; because he wanted to show her that if she did anything unworthy of him it would give him pain. Your greatest idea of pain is death; you are wrong there; but that is your idea, and therefore he put it in that way." I made some remark about its being a very wonderful thing his giving her the flower. He said, "We are going to do something still more wonderful for you. A little later, when the house is quite still, you and Dan are to get up; you will take the slippers; we will take care Dan

does not catch cold. You are to go downstairs, and into the drawing-room; Dan will stand at the door; and you are to go alone up to that little box you call a coffin, and lift the lid a little; and then return to Dan—that is all. Little Dannie's colours are purple and white—signs of the greatest purity; purple and white are the most perfect colours; remember that; and after them blue, and so on down to black, which is the lowest." Home then awoke, and presently said, "I feel impressed to open the door." "Well," I said, "do so if you like; it can do no harm." He got up and did so; and, on his way back to bed, I heard some spirit tap him on the shoulder. He said something in answer, and went into a trance; he picked up the slippers, put them on my feet, and told me to get up. "Do not be afraid," he said, "I require no light to guide my footsteps." He took both my hands in his, and then led me rapidly, without hesitation, out of the room, down the stairs, and across the hall, the place being perfectly dark. He conducted me into the drawing-room, and then stood still, saying, "Now walk straight before you to the coffin, and do as you have been told." I did so, raising the drapery, and lifting the lid at the head about an inch. Home said "Raise it a little higher, about as high as would permit a hand entering." I did so, and heard something rustle inside. Home said, "That is sufficient." I replaced the lid, and returned to where Home was standing. He, as before, took both my hands in his, led me upstairs, and into the bedroom, closed the door, and put me down in a chair by the window, still retaining my hands in the same position. He said, "Little Dannie is here between you and the light; can you not see him?" "No," I said, "I cannot." He laughed and said, "Dannie would make himself appear as white; but he cannot just yet; he has so recently come to us. He will try and make himself visible as a dark shadow to you." I still said that I could see nothing. "Ah, never mind!" Home said; and holding one of my hands in his he stretched it out in the dark, and said, "Dannie will let you play with it first." I perceived a strong

scent, as it were, blown over me, and felt a flower touch my fingers and then withdraw itself. Presently, I felt a little soft hand touch mine, and a flower was given me. I then felt a strong tremor run through Home's hands, and he spoke as little Dannie, and said, "You must get into bed quickly; Dan is going to awake; if you would like very much to see what you have got you can make an excuse to light a candle presently." Accordingly, after Home had awoke, I lit a candle, and found I had been given a purple and white petunia that had been placed in one of the little hands in the coffin.

No. 27.—*Séance.*

The next evening we had another *séance*, this time sitting round a table placed against the head of the coffin. The coffin had been fastened down and covered with white drapery, most prettily arranged with flowers and ferns. We had physical manifestations and some messages from little Dannie, the table on which the coffin was placed was moved about, the drapery agitated, &c. We then heard pieces of fern being plucked, we could distinctly hear the branches broken; a piece of fern was given to each person present, their attention being called to it by being touched on the knee, and the hand being then placed beneath the table the fern was put into it. With the fern presented to me, the following message was given:—"Birth has given you distinction, let your life be the more distinguished for a prayerful and earnest search after truth; it is kind of you to have come to the house of joy; truth seekers are brothers and sisters and should share each other's sorrows and joys." Home then went into a trance, and took the lamp out of the room, saying we were to see a manifestation that could only take place in the dark. We presently saw a brilliant little star, it flitted about with an uncertain-like motion—sometimes approaching, sometimes receding from us. We heard raps come from the star which flashed like an electric spark at each detonation. Mrs. Cox suddenly

said that a quantity of Eau de Cologne had been thrown over her from the ceiling. Home carried a small flask containing some which the spirits probably made use of. Home, who was standing at some distance from us, said, we should have the odour changed four times and in effect a totally different scent was blown over us four times on a palpable strong current of air. Home then fetched the lamp back. We heard a knocking at the door, he opened it and appeared to invite some one to come in, but did not succeed; he shut the door, when the knocking re-commenced he opened it again, but was unsuccessful; this was repeated three or four times, at last he went and gathering some ferns and flowers from off the coffin opened the door and held them out; still it was in vain, the knocking again occurred at the door, and this time he took little Ada and led her to the door, when he appeared to succeed in inducing the person to come in. He said, "It is ——" (a little servant girl who had died two days previously). "How very curious, she seems scarcely to know that she has passed away, and says, she does not like to come into the room where there is anybody dead. Every time I opened the door she said, 'No thank you, I would sooner not!' But little Dannie wanted her to come in and rapped, or rather got another spirit to rap for him at the door, every time I shut it. I took the flowers and ferns to show her there was nothing disagreeable about the room, and then I took little Ada with me, and she has come in now and is standing there in the corner. She will move this fern that I have placed here on the table near her." Home placed a fern on the table, and presently we saw it taken up and put down again. He then awoke.

The next afternoon the little body was placed in the ground. During the service a slight shower came on; but just at the conclusion, when we had lowered the coffin to its place, a bright beam of sunshine broke out, flooding us with light; and a beautiful rainbow appeared

in the heavens. On our way home, every one remarked that the burial service, which is in general so impressive, had that day while in church sounded strangely flat and unprofitable. Mrs. Cox asked how it was that the clergyman had not used the words dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth. We assured her he had; but she declared she had not heard them, although standing as near to him as any of us.

No. 28.—Séance.

The same evening we had a *séance*, and Home was entranced—Mr. Cox speaking through him. He turned to Mrs. Cox and said, “I was there with little Dannie to-day, but I did not like to take him into the church; we waited outside. The reason why the service did not impress any of you is, that there was no spiritual presence inside the building—nothing but the bare rafters. We magnetized you to prevent your hearing the words—dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth. Now, if you had been consigning to the earth this day the body of some celebrated mediæval ecclesiastic or great saint, those circumstances of the shower of rain, the bright gleam of sun, and the rainbow, would have been considered miraculous. Of course they were not so; it is unreasonable to think that God’s great laws should be interfered with to give you a rainbow. Yet was it the result of interference in this way. We knew by our superior knowledge of meteorology, and the laws that govern those things, that at that hour on Thursday, there would probably be a combination of circumstances that would produce those effects. We therefore very strongly impressed Dan to insist upon having the funeral on Thursday instead of Friday, which was the day you had fixed upon; and we impressed him to make you all hurry. You remember how he did hurry you all on your way to church. As it happened, you arrived at the right time, and everything occurred just as we expected. That is all the interference there was.” He then spoke for some time

to Mrs. Cox, exhorting her to have patience and courage, and to trust in God. The "Nameless Doctor" then took possession of Home; who after walking about the room thinking, took little Ada's hand in his, and said to Mrs. Cox, "This child's stomach is of more importance now than her brain; do not push her too much in her studies." Dr. Elliotson then took possession of him, and he spoke for some time to Mrs. Cox. Then turning to me he said, "I suppose you have found out, if not you will—I know I did when on earth—that if you try and climb up one rung higher on the ladder of knowledge than others, the world will scream and say you are going to tumble down and break your neck; but when they find you stick there pretty safely, they will try and scramble up after you, and endeavour to get ahead of you. Provided your own conscience does not reprove you, never mind what the world says. As my friend, Mr. Cox said to you yesterday, 'Be constant in a prayerful and earnest search for truth; seek truth, and you will find it.'" He went on speaking for some time, describing different phases of worldly ambition, and warning us against them.

No. 29.—*Séance, November 3rd, 1868.*

In the account of the phenomena that occurred at Homburg, mention is made of Home finding a death's-head moth; of my being told to play with two louis, and with the proceeds to buy a locket with it. I took the moth to Tessier's, and ordered a crystal medallion to be made for it. In due course it was sent home. While Home was sitting with little Dannie Cox, during his last illness, the locket in his pocket was broken by a blow from some invisible hand, or other agency. We speculated as to the reason for this, but came to no satisfactory result. The day before yesterday I asked for the locket, in order to get it mended. When I saw it, I thought that the material was glass and not crystal. I took it to my optician, and found I was correct. I then took it

to Tessier's to have a proper crystal made. Yesterday, while washing my hands before dinner, I said to Home, "I now know why the locket was broken; it was to call attention to the fact that glass had been substituted for crystal." Immediately a spirit rapped "Yes," very loudly, on the dressing table. About nine o'clock I was reading; Home lying on the sofa. He said, "There is a strong spirit standing near you; he is nicely made, and appears to have nice features, but I cannot see them clearly. His hair is cut very short indeed, and [he] has a sort of mark not amounting to a scar, upon his cheek bone." I could not think who it was, when it seemed to flash upon me that it was A—— B——, though I could not recognize him the least by the description. Home said, "His name begins with an A." I said, "No; with a B, if it is the person I imagine." "His name begins with an A," he said, "that is, of course, his Christian name. "Well," I said, "that would be right." "Yes," Home said, "his name is A——; he says he will come to us to-night." Home said it was a case of second sight, and asked me to look at his eyes to try and discover the film that is said to cover the eyes of a person during second sight. I could see nothing abnormal about them, except that the pupils were much dilated; on applying light near them they contracted naturally. The vision had nearly faded when I examined his eyes.

Later in the evening we had a *séance*. Present: C. and E. Wynne, C. and B. Nixon, James Gore-Booth, Home and myself. We sat for about an hour, and scarcely anything occurred. We then went into the dining-room to have a cup of tea, and raps came on the table. We returned to the other room and sat down, but had only very faint indications of spiritual presence. Home said to me, "Let you and I and Charlie Wynne go into the bedroom by ourselves for a minute, perhaps they would tell us the reason why we have no manifestations." We did so, and put our hands upon a small table. The table tilted itself into Charlie's lap; and we had messages

given by tilts of the table, by raps on the table, and on the floor.

Message to Charlie.—“*We are developing you. You heard sounds like drops of rain upon your pillow; you will soon be able to have raps; persevere in sitting as you have done at home: you will be rewarded by manifestations.*” Charlie asked, “Was that shaking of my bed anything spiritual?” “*Yes, like this table is shaken.*” Charlie: “Yes, that is like it exactly; but I do not like to be shaken in bed.” The table was shaken more violently, as if to say that perhaps he would be shaken again. Charlie: “Who shook me?” “*Grandfather William. We took away the pain from Emmy the other night.*” In answer to a question, they said there was nothing antagonistic in any of the party, but that Dan was not in a good condition. We joined the rest again, but had no further manifestations.

After we had gone to bed, Home went into a trance; for some time he spoke with difficulty. He asked me who certain people were. “Who is Willoughby Wynne? Who is Emily?” he then said something about a pretty little child and two Amys; and also there was an uncle of mine there who used to give me apples out of his pocket. I asked “Wyndham?” he said “No, Goold.” “Francis?” I asked; “Yes,” he said, “Francis.” He then began to speak quite clearly, and said “We would often like to tell you who we are, but our opportunities of communicating are so rare and so short, that we cannot generally do so. There are so many difficulties in the way, it is like sending messages along wires that are continually breaking and getting out of order. We could scarcely do anything to-night. Dan ought not to have drunk a second cup of tea, or that second glass of sherry at dinner; the slightest thing is sufficient to prevent anything occurring. Ah, A—— has just come in; he has come bustling into the room; you heard him.” I said, “Well, I heard a noise as if the door had been opened.” “Yes,” he said, “that was him; you will always

know when A—— comes ; he will make a sound like that at the door. He is standing close to you now, looking straight at you. He does not quite understand his position yet, poor fellow. He cannot disabuse himself of the idea that he is going to be punished. He does not think that according to the life that he led on earth he ought to be in the company of those who are here in the same room. He says, ‘I am going to help you out of a scrape, old fellow.’ He has a strange regret at having left the earth ; he was in love ; he will of course soon cease to regret it ; but he does not quite understand himself as yet. He asked us why you had put your glasses there close to you ; and when we told him in case he or any of us made ourselves visible to you, you wished to be able to use them, he could not understand that he could possibly make himself apparent to you. He was a bit of a fop ; fond of being neat and tidy, and very careful of his hands ; he had very nice hands.”

(*In answer to a remark of mine.*) “He says he has nothing to forgive. He has been a good deal with your mother ; she is fond of him ; he is very truthful. He is very fond of his father ; he says that his father is honest in his belief, and that is more than he can say for most people. Your mother and he, and all of us have been consulting about you, as regards a question you promised your father that you would ask. You had better absolve yourself from that obligation, for your mother would not like you to ask her about any single or particular dogma.

“That religion in which God’s created creatures worship him in spirit and in truth, forgetful of self, and casting aside worldly ambition, is a true religion, nor does it matter by what title you choose to call it. There is too much of worldly ambition and love of power mixed up in religion.” Home then spoke to me about some purely personal matters, and then for some time on the subject that atonement must be made for all wrong done on earth. “Ah,” he said, “Many that are very high and mighty when with you, must become very humble indeed when they come to us ; you would scarcely think

that Alexander the Great is yet, as it were, in the position of the lowest servant; he did certain things on earth that he knew to be very wrong, and he was a very powerful man—powerful, I mean magnetically. Every great general, statesman, or orator, is full of magnetism. The power of an orator, the way he draws his audience to him, is mainly due to his magnetic attraction. We sometimes magnetise you, and you are not aware of it. You were magnetised just now, and you heard a spirit shout.” I said, “I am not aware that I did.” “You did not notice it; you did not know what it was, and you did not pay any attention to it; but you heard it. The spirit wanted to come into the room, but he knew he could not. He was not worthy to come into the presence of those who are in the room, no one said anything to him—no one rebuked him; but he felt his own unworthiness, and rushed away screaming, as you would if suffering pain; as you, if some one were telling you some dreadful harrowing story, would cry out to stop them, thus he felt what he was, and fled away. Now some men would call him a devil, but he is not; he will try and make amends, and eventually all will come right. God could not create what you call a devil.”

Home then began talking about dreams. He said, “You may think it a very curious theory, but it is true, that we are sometimes in communion with your spirits when we cannot even see your bodies. In sleep, sometimes, your spirits are, as it were, nearer to us, more open to impression. Of course, as you all know, it is the mortal body only that requires sleep; the spirit is always awake. Now, with you, your stomach is so much out of order, your digestion so hard, and in such a bad state, that any impression upon you in sleep takes a fleeting and painful nature.”

(*In answer to a question.*) “Yes, you can take it with other medicine. Take it for a fortnight, then leave off for a fortnight, then take it again, and in two months or so we can judge of the effect. We can only tell these things by watching the effect.” Home was then silent for a short time. When he next spoke, he spoke

as little Dannie Cox. He said, "Oh! I say! now look here (two expressions Dannie habitually used when on earth). I like you to pray, it does good, and I am fond of you. Never you mind about that fern, you shall have another one. Perhaps you will find it yet, for I am not sure that it is destroyed; at any rate, never you mind about it; if it is, you shall have another. Dan is going to awake now. When he has awoke, if you will go and sit down on his bed for a minute I will come." I did so, telling Home that I wanted to see if we should have any manifestations. We heard a spirit come in and walk about the room; and perceived a light near the ceiling. Little Dannie Cox then came and moved away a pillow that Home had over his feet. He stroked and pulled my feet, and sat on them; and when Home asked him if his mother was asleep, he bounced up and down on my feet, feeling just as heavy as a child of his age would if in the flesh. We also saw the same sort of little star we had seen at Stoekton. He then said, "Now, good night," and stood upon the foot of the bed. I saw him distinctly as a shadowy figure, of the same size as his mortal body, with apparently some loose drapery on. His hand was stretched out towards us waving about. The hand and arm were directly between me and the window, and interrupted the light as palpably as if made of solid flesh and bone.

No. 30.—Séance held at Mrs. Hennings' House, at Norwood.

Present: Mr. Home, Mrs. Hennings, Mrs. Jencken, Mr. Jeneken, Mr. Saal, Mr. Hurt, and myself. The peculiarity of this *séance* was that the manifestations appear to have been conducted with a view rather to convince the spirits present, than the mortals.

Mr. Saal is a medium, but has been accustomed to make a joke of the whole thing; and has latterly been a good deal troubled and annoyed by the spirits. We had physical manifestations—tilting and raising of the table, movements of the piano, currents of air, raps, &c., &c.

A series of messages were then delivered to Mr. Saal. He was told that he should not treat spirits in a manner that he would not dare to exercise towards mortals. Good advice was given him, and he was told to submit all to his reason, for it was given him for that purpose. Suppose, they said, a spirit were to tell you to put your finger in the candle, you would be very foolish to do so; you would be burnt; but if a spirit was to tell you to do this, and then magnetize you, causing you to feel that some substance, as it were, had been placed over your skin, you might reasonably think means had been taken to prevent your being burned, and then you would be right to try. Home then went into a trance. He walked about the room, opened the door, and appeared to welcome a number of people. He then seemed to be explaining to them the different phenomena that had occurred in that room. He showed how the table had been raised, the piano and the furniture moved, &c.; and apparently explained the process of elongation, pointing to certain marks on the wall that had been made on a previous occasion to record the height to which he had attained. He then went to the fire-place; stirred the coals into a blaze, and seemed to recount how he had handled hot embers. He sat for some time on the hearth, and then got up and walked about a little while, and taking up from the other table Glanvill's book on Witchcraft, he appeared distressed. He brought the book to me, and placed my right hand flat upon the cover, supporting it himself underneath; raps came upon the book. He gradually withdrew his hand until the book was supported by one finger only; lastly, he withdrew that also, and the book was suspended in the air, or rather adhered to my open hand. My fingers were not near the edges, my hand was extended flat upon the cover; I could not have grasped and retained the book in any way; it simply adhered to my hand. Home seemed pleased at this, and laughed, and turned round to the (to us) invisible spectators, as much as to say, "Do you see that?" He repeated this experiment, making me place my left hand upon his, which he placed underneath

the book, in order, as he said, that I might feel that his hand left the book. When he withdrew his hand, there was a space between it and the book of, I should say, three inches. The book felt to me as though supported from beneath by a cushion or column of air. He then placed *Glanvill on Witchcraft* on the table, and, leaving the room, brought back with him a large volume on Mythology, which he had taken from a perfectly dark library; he also brought his own book, *Reminiscences in my Life*, and laid them both upon the table. He then walked about the room, and appeared to be expostulating with the spirits, then sitting down he placed the three books before him, in the form of a cross, and began speaking about them. "This," he said, placing his hand on the mythological book, "is pure Materialism; this," touching *Glanvill*, "Religion materialized; and this," taking his own book, "Materialism spiritualized. The first, blood to appease a God; the second, blood to appease mankind; the third, the blood of the soul to appease mankind. Though you boast of your civilisation, and though there are no longer persecutions of fire and blood: yet is there a moral persecution, and, in many respects, your age is as dark as any. Who will dispel this darkness? Who is bold enough to take the broom and clear away the cobwebs? It must come from the material side—from your side—we cannot do it." He spoke for a long time, more than half an hour I should think. He likened different men's ideas of God to the different attempts we would all make to delineate the highest peak of the Himalayas. "None of you," he said, "have seen it; you would all draw a different form and none of you would be right."

He was very sarcastic about the wise men of the day, who, he said, were afraid to investigate for fear of discovering something beyond their own philosophy, and which they could not account for; and yet, not one of them could tell you why one man's hair is light and another's dark. "You are much puzzled," he said, "about many things. Know that the highest angels also are lost in wonder and awe at many things." While talking,

he appeared to become uneasy and getting up, said, "There is a spirit here who will go on arguing with Dr. Elliotson, so that he cannot attend to anything; I must really interfere," and he walked to the other end of the room, where he seemed to expostulate with some one. Coming back he said, "Dr. Elliotson and Dr. Jencken have invited a number of spirits here, they did not know the nature of manifestations, and were anxious to see them. Owing to circumstances not being favourable at first we failed to do what we wished and they are not satisfied, we will try again now." He went to the fire, poked up the coals, and putting his hand in, drew out a hot burning ember, about twice the size of an orange; this he carried about the room, as if to shew it to the spirits, and then brought it to us; we all examined it. He then put it back in the fire and showed us his hands; they were not in the least blackened or scorched, neither did they smell of fire, but on the contrary of a sweet scent which he threw off from his fingers at us across the table. Having apparently spoken to some spirit, he went back to the fire, and with his hand stirred the embers into a flame; then kneeling down, he placed his face right among the burning coals, moving it about as though bathing it in water. Then, getting up, he held his finger for some time in the flame of the candle. Presently, he took the same lump of coal he had previously handled and came over to us, blowing upon it to make it brighter. He then walked slowly round the table, and said, "I want to see which of you will be the best subject. Ah! Adare will be the easiest, because he has been most with Dan." Mr. Jencken held out his hand, saying, "Put it in mine," Home said, "No no, touch it and see," he touched it with the tip of his finger and burnt himself. Home then held it within four or five inches of Mr. Saal's and Mr. Hurt's hands, and they could not endure the heat. He came to me and said, "Now, if you are not afraid, hold out your hand;" I did so, and having made two rapid passes over my hand, he placed the coal in it. I must have held it for half a minute, long enough to have burned my hand fearfully; the coal felt scarcely

warm. Home then took it away, laughed, and seemed much pleased. As he was going back to the fire-place, he suddenly turned round and said, "Why, just fancy, some of them think that only one side of the ember was hot." He told me to make a hollow of both my hands; I did so, and he placed the coal in them, and then put both his on the top of the coal, so that it was completely covered by our four hands, and we held it there for some time. Upon this occasion scarcely any heat at all could be perceived. After having replaced the coal in the fire, he went and held his hand—the fingers being extended downwards—about nine inches above a vase of flowers, "You will see," he said, "That I can withdraw the moisture and scent from the flowers." He came over to me and rubbed my hands, imparting the odour of the flowers to them; his fingers were quite moist as with dew; he also flipped the moisture, and with it the scent from his fingers to each person. He now appeared quite satisfied, and after speaking a little to the spirits in the room, opened the door and bowed them out, and then resumed his seat. "Now," he said, "Do you all realise that you have seen what is called a miracle, yet in reality it is no such thing. All these phenomena only shew our superior acquaintance with natural laws, and our power over material substances. Mankind ought to have the same power over the material world in which he lives; you little know the power that is in you; had you faith, you could do things you little dream of." He spoke some time in this strain, and then said, "Dan is going to awake now, do not tell him what has occurred, but let him wash his hands." When he awoke, he was much exhausted, but after washing, appeared quite refreshed. We examined him closely; there was no sign—not even the smell—of fire about him, neither was a hair of his head singed.

No. 31—Séance.

The other night, having been unwell for some days, I went to bed very uncomfortable, and agueish; I could

not get warm. Home's bed was rocked about, and he said, "I do not know who you are, but unless there is some object in it, I wish you would leave off rocking my bed, for it makes me dizzy. The bed left off shaking and a spirit spelt out "*Adah.*" She said, "*I am here and seek to do you good; can you imagine my inexpressible joy, your angel mother has taken my hand in hers.*" Home went into a trance, got out of bed, wrapped a fur rug round his middle, then warmed his hands at the fire, and commenced shampooing me over my chest, stomach, legs and feet. He then took off my fur rug, warmed it at the fire, and put it on again, and made passes over my head, retreating as he did so to the further side of the room. He then got into bed and awoke. I fell asleep soon and slept soundly.

No. 32.

Last night, the 11th [November, 1868], I had gone to bed about nine o'clock, and Home an hour later. Charlie Wynne happening to look in, he sat down in the bedroom and smoked. We were talking on serious subjects, and a spirit joined in our conversation. Home went into a sort of half trance and spoke for a short time. After Charlie had gone, Home had a second-sight vision. He said that he saw a wonderfully beautiful flower, the stem purple, the leaves the purest white, the flower the deepest crimson, turning to purple, each colour emitting a light of the same tint. As he looked it changed and he said it had reference to what we had been talking about, namely, whether there was change in the next world. It was to shew that there is. "You were speculating," he said, "as to whether spirits could visit planets. They can visit them, planet after planet, star after star, world after world, through infinity, through space. Without change and progression they would not be happy." He then said, "The tobacco smoke is very bad, I was going into a deep trance, but that prevented it; I see it, not as a cloud of smoke, but as material particles."

ADARE: "But it could not be helped, I could not have stopped him."

HOME: "You might, it was only false modesty, Charlie would not have minded."

ADARE: "But if I had stopped him when I saw you were going into a trance it would have been too late."

HOME: "Yes, but you might have prevented it at first, it was at any rate very bad for you." Home was at this time only as it were half entranced, he became quite entranced and said, "Tell Dan in the morning that a Turkish bath will be good for him." He then got up and began blowing as if to dispel the smoke, and agitated the window blinds also, for the same purpose. He said, "You have a stiffness about the head yet." He got out of bed, came to me, and began rubbing and kneading the back of my head, and the upper part of my spine, occasionally extending his hand behind him, and obtaining some moisture upon his fingers. I thought at the time that he was using a phial of spirits of camphor, that had been on the dressing table, but I discovered afterwards that I had been mistaken. He finished by vigorously rubbing my feet and legs; he then got into bed, rubbed his own chest, legs and arms, and soon after awoke.

No. 33.—*Séance.*

Last Sunday we had a *séance* at Norwood. Present: Major Drayson, Mr. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, myself, Home, Charlie Wynne, and a Prussian. We had strong physical manifestations, but none of the higher sort, as two of the party were occupied in investigations. Charlie happened to mention to some one a rather curious reason that a lady of his acquaintance had given for not believing in Spiritualism, namely, that she had lived 50 years in the world without hearing of it, and that therefore it could not be true. A spirit said, "*She forgot that people had lived before her, and would in all probability live after her. Fortunately all have not her organism.*"

About ten days ago we had a *séance* at Ashley House with Henry and James Gore Booth. We had good physical manifestations, which I think satisfied James.

No. 34.—October 27th [1868].¹

Last night I was saying to Home, that it was curious my meeting him in such an unexpected manner at Malvern, and wondering why it was that after having known each other in Paris, we should have remained entirely separated for so many years. I said that there must of course be a reason for it. "Perhaps," I said, "my mother might not have liked my investigation of Spiritualism." Immediately a spirit rapped on a table by my bedside, "Yes," meaning that she would not have approved of it. Recognizing the raps, I asked if my mother was there, and was told, "Yes." Home asked, "But do you now object to it?" Answer, "No, it adds greatly to my happiness." After a pause, "My boy; now more than ever, my own boy." We then heard one of the ornaments upon the wall being moved, and judged by the position of the sound that it proceeded from a benitier that was suspended over Home's head; the benitier consisted of a flat slab of marble, with two guardian angels represented on it, and a vessel for holy water. We heard the benitier removed from the wall. My mother spelled out, "I bless you not with water, but by the pure presence of a spirit;" and I then saw a hand and arm extended over me, between me and the light of the window. The fingers were stretched out, and the hand descended towards me, waving in an attitude of blessing until close to my face, when it disappeared. Home then said, "I see my Saeha (his wife); she is standing near the foot of the bed, and has got the benitier in her hand." I could see neither the spirit nor the benitier. He said, "She is bringing it over to me; it is pressed against my forehead; she is making the sign of the cross with

¹ If this record is correctly dated, it is given out of place, for the preceding *séances* took place early in November, 1868. [Ed.]

it on my face." Directly after I saw the benitier in the air, near me; it came quite close, pressed against my face, and made the sign of the cross. I could see no figure or anything supporting it. Sacha then said, "*I bless you both.*" The benitier was placed on Home's bed, near the foot, and left there. Home said, "Do tell me, Sacha, for otherwise I would not feel comfortable about it; did you take down the benitier because you do not like it to be there?" Answer, "*No.*" "Do you then like it?" "*Yes, because it is a symbol of guardian spirits*" (referring to the figures upon it). She then said, "*And now a fond good night;*" and my mother added, "*God bless you both.*"

No. 35.—Séance.

We had a very pretty *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's, the beginning of last week. They had just come into their new house at Ashley Place. There were only Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Home, myself and one friend present. Home went into a trance, and as it were, consecrated the house. He prayed most earnestly and beautifully at the threshold, at the hearth, at the dining table, and at Mr. Hall's writing table. It was very striking. Dr. Elliotson then spoke for some time through Home, and said, "I am waiting for Dr. Ashburner, it will not be long before he joins us, and right glad I shall be when he does."

No. 36.

Last night Home went into a trance, and spoke about two strange spirits that were present. "Oh, there are a number of men here, they are standing in a ring, and are writing in little books: every now and then they dash them down; but they are compelled to take them up and go on; they are very angry with each other, for each one thinks that he has found out something much to his advantage, and then he is disgusted to find that the

others know it. There is Fred Goodwin and a man called Campbell among them, and there is one who seems in a sort of mist, he says, 'You may put me down for what you please.'"

ADARE: "Why they must be betting."

HOME: "Yes, they are betting, and they must go on although they hate it. There is a regular barrier between you and them, they would be disagreeable to you if they came too close. It seems as though your mother had by her love woven a sort of net between you, so that you may see how horrible it is; but still may not be hurt by them."

I now heard a sound as of a horse galloping in the air.

HOME: "Do you hear that horse? You will always know that C—— D—— is near when you hear that noise. He did not now make it himself; he cannot; other spirits made it for him."

ADARE: "Will C—— D—— have to keep the company of these betting men?"

HOME: "Yes, he will for a time, and it will be painful to him, for he was not by nature coarse; all his coarseness was put on for bravado."

ADARE: "Will he have to attend races?"

HOME: "Yes, he will; and will see all the evil, all the raseality and misery resulting from them. He will not wish to go there; but he will be compelled by an irresistible impulse to do so until he becomes purified, and fitted for better things."

ADARE: "I hope that may not be long."

HOME: "It does not appear to me that it will be long; his nature is good; he was very kind and did many good actions. Many old and poor people to whom he was kind, and some of his friends also who went before him, are very anxious about him, and pray earnestly for him. Altogether it does not seem that it will be long. C—— D—— does not quite understand himself yet; he is eonseious, but he does not know whether he is dead or not. His mother is near him, and will be of use to him. She was a very worldly woman; she would be higher than she is were it not for that." Home was

then silent for a short time, he became much agitated, and said, "Oh yes, I am sure we are very much obliged to you indeed, are we not, Adare? We mortals are very much obliged to you. Oh, please don't; Oh, don't strike him! Oh—(and there came a noise in the corner of the room like a blow struck)—did you hear that? he hit him. Ah, they have all gone. Our mothers would not let them come any nearer—they have gone now—they would have been disagreeable if they had been nearer—they were so very rude and coarse—they were boxers—they made the noise like of a horse galloping, and then they said they had made a cursed row for us, and that we were not thankful enough; and they were angry. One of them said, 'Come away, and let the chaps go to sleep;' but another got very angry, and got him in a corner and hit him; you heard the blow." Home afterwards said, "Of course he could not hurt him; all these things are done to shew you that perfect individuality exists in the other world." Home soon after awoke.

No. 37.—Séance at Ashley House, November 20th [1868].

Last night the Master of Lindsay dined here. About an hour after dinner, the drawing-room being very full of tobacco smoke, we went and sat down at the table in the dining-room. Immediately we had decided manifestations. The table was strongly moved; my chair was rocked about; Lindsay and Home heard a voice; and we all heard a spirit moving about the room. We were told to go back into the other room. Nothing occurred at the table. Home got very drowsy—half unconscious. He said he could see the table covered with light, and light coming from my hands. He said, "How very curious, I can see these words quite plain: 'Some one in a high position will commit suicide. He said he had taken an overdose of medicine and drugged himself.'" After a short time he roused himself, and got better, and presently went into a trance. He said to me, "There are a great number of Roman Catholic spirits about you."

I asked if I knew any of them. "Yes, there is one you knew, a priest, a very tall man. There are a great many of them. It is curious, they seem to be going through some sort of ceremony." He began speaking of the strange and horrible influences about the Tower (Lindsay is quartered at the Tower). He said, "They are very dreadful, but can do no harm; they are obliged to remain at the Tower; they could not even make manifestations, were a *séance* to be held there. There is one among them, could he manifest himself, it would be by a most horrible stench, as of corrupt flesh." He described him as having elevated eyebrows, pointed beard, and wearing a ruffle. We asked if he had been a torturer, or anything of that sort. "No," he said, "but an instigator of those things. His tools and accomplices have all gone. He is left alone—quite alone—walking always round and round." "How unhappy," I said, "he must be." "Unhappy," he replied, "Oh, he bears a weight of misery upon him that would crush mountains. Oh, those who perhaps here have worn upon their heads a crown, when they appear before God and before His throne, have to exchange it for a weight of woe upon their brows that would seem insupportable." He described several spirits at the Tower in most graphic language. At last he appeared to see some spirit that he could not endure. "Oh! go away! Go away!" he said, "You must go away!" He sobbed convulsively; tore open his coat and waistcoat; took off his cravat and collar, and appeared to be suffering very much. Presently he got better, and we enquired who the spirit was; he shuddered, and told us not to seek to know. I asked why these influences were suffered to come about us. He said, "it is good you should know that there are two sides to the picture, for fear that you might bring upon yourselves such suffering as these feel." He then got up; pulled off his boots; took a rose from a vase, and walked into the centre of the room. Presently he came close to me, and apparently spoke to a spirit. "Yes," he said "Thank you." Then turning to me, said, "When Dan went into the middle of the room, they took him

by the throat, and tore this button off his shirt; they threw it at you, and you heard it drop; and then they tried to throw it in the fire, but they had to bring it back to him." I asked, "Why did he take off his boots?" "Just to typify his defencelessness; that is why he took the rose, to shew his goodwill. It is thus that right overcomes wrong. Why, even if a beast were suffering pain, and you went up and threatened it, you could do no good; but if you went soothingly and gently, though at first it might resist, not knowing you, yet it would soon become passive. Ah, the influence is all changed." Turning to Lindsay, he said, "You will have a curious manifestation at the Tower, quite alone." Lindsay asked him about it. "I must not tell you anything about it. Adare, perhaps, may be informed; but if you were, your mind would become too positive, and that would surely stop it." He got up; walked about; patted me on the shoulder, saying, "You are all right, you are going to get quite well soon." He sat down and said, "I see an old man with silver locks; he has on a mantle, covered with stars." "Who is he?" I asked. "Pythagoras. He is much interested about winds and tides; he has been studying the passage of the Red Sea. He says it was quite a natural phenomenon, and has occurred three or four times before the Jews crossed, and once since. It is a curious circumstance, owing to a combination of wind and of tide." I said, "Was it observed when it occurred since?" "He says, No, he thinks not," Home replied, "But when it occurs again, men will observe it." "Are we about correct as to the spot where the Jews crossed?" "Oh, yes, tolerably correct. He (Pythagoras) was correct in his theory, that man should never wear the skins of beasts; there is an influence in them that is never lost. He was right; but he exaggerated. You must, for instance, wear leather for your feet, the influence is so slight and so easily counter-acted by other influences that it does you no harm. Cagliostro is often with Lindsay, because he takes an interest in freemasonry. You may tell Dan that he has not been to him for a long time; but he will come

again to him. C—— D—— is very anxious to come to you, but he cannot to-night. I see a woman, she represents Fate, she has in her hand a rosebud, it contains a worm that has eaten it to the core, she is fastening it to a horse—the horse is galloping off—oh, he looks as if he must break his neck. Ah, the rosebud has fallen off now. Everybody was anxious, before it was fastened to the horse, to get at it, see it, and sniff at it; but now there are only two or three who have a good word to say for it.” “Is this emblematic of C—— D——?” “Yes it is. The same spirit is here that foretold all those earthquakes and convulsions of nature, he is standing a long way off; but he seems anxious to say that there will be a great war, or plague, or some national disaster of that sort before long.” “In Europe?” “Yes.” “In England?” “No; it seems rather that it is to be in France.” “Is it a war between France and Prussia?” “No; it does not seem to be.” Home got up, walked about, sat down again, and turning to me, said—“The doctor is pleased with you, boy.” “What doctor?” I said, “Why, Dan’s silent doctor; he says you will get all right, the sooner you go away for a little change the better; but you must not take a long journey, or cross the sea, it would be very foolish to do so, a chill might strike in again upon your stomach. He says that the other night, when he rubbed the back of your neck, he did not make use of any liquid, as you thought. If Dan’s fingers had been wet, they would have felt rough to the skin; but they did not.” I said “No; they felt oily.” “Exactly; like oleaginous matter; still it was in reality nothing but very strong influence. I cannot explain this to you, you would not understand it. He saved you from very acute suffering, from violent pain in your head; he cut it off from your head, and confined the disease to your stomach.” Home laughed and said, “Some of your relatives think that you have made yourself ill by being at so many *séances*.” “What am I to do to dispel that idea?” “Why, do just what you are doing; get well to be sure, that is the best thing.” Home then awoke.

No. 38.—Séance.

Last Monday we had a *séance* at Mr. S. C. Hall's—which was a failure. We had scarcely any manifestations. At the close, the spirits asked for a decanter of water, they directed Home and the two Misses Bertolacci to stand up and hold their hands in a certain position above and below it; and we were directed to stand round. They held the decanter for some time, magnetizing it, and were then told by the spirits to place it upon the table. The spirits said, “*Adare is to take a wine glass full night and morning, and with the blessing of Christ, he will be cured in six days.*”

No. 39.—Séance at Ashley House, Tuesday, November 24th
[1868].

Last Sunday Home went to Norwood; Lindsay accompanied him. They had a *séance*, but scarcely any manifestations. Lindsay came back here with Home about eleven o'clock. We three sat round the table and had a very curious *séance*, the room being nearly dark. Lindsay and Home saw spirit forms. I did not; but I saw, as did also the others, phosphorescent lights about the room; balls of light would move along the floor and touch us, feeling like a material substance and highly electrical. Adah Menken was there, and spoke to us a good deal. She removed her book from the table, turned a leaf down, and brought it back, putting it in my hand, and telling me that she had marked a certain place. Little Dannie Cox's spirit came and moved a small chair from the wall, and placed it near the table. He lifted the chair (no one touching it), up in the air, brought it to me, then carried it over the table to Home who was sitting at the other side. He tried to materialise his voice so that we might hear it. We heard the voice distinctly, and he articulated the words “*Uncle Dan.*” The spirits gave one message in a curious way. Lindsay was anxious to be touched. They said, “*All in good—*” and then

turning the hands of a clock that was not going, so as to make it tick and strike, finished the sentence, "*All in good time.*" The table we were sitting at was twice raised in the air so high that we could see under it without stooping. It was altogether a wonderful *séance*. We had a number of messages, but I forget them.

No. 40.—*Séance.*

Last week Lindsay called: he said that he had had strong manifestations that evening when alone, and had been told to go to Ashley Place. About 11 o'clock Home came in. We sat round the table and had a most wonderful *séance*. The room was nearly dark. We had physical manifestations. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room for some time, arranging the light, and talking to himself; he then opened the window, drawing the curtains, so that we could see nothing but his head; and got outside the window. This frightened us, and Lindsay wanted to stop him, but did not. Presently, he came back and told us that we had no faith whatever, or we would not have been alarmed for his safety. He went into the next room, and we saw him pour out from a bottle on the table about half a large wine glass of brandy. He brought the glass back with him; then partially covering himself with the window curtains, but holding the glass with the brandy in it above his head, between us and the window, so that we could see it, he was lifted off the floor about four or five feet. While in the air, we saw a bright light in the glass; presently, he came down and showed us that the glass was empty, by turning it upside down; he also came to us and turned it upside down upon our hands; then going back to the window, he held the glass up, and we heard the liquid drop into it. He began talking about the brandy, and said "It is under certain circumstances a demon, and real devil; but if properly used, it is most beneficial." As he said this the light became visible in the glass, and he was again raised in the air; "But," he said,

“if improperly used, it becomes so,” (the light disappeared) “and drags you down, down, lower and lower;” and as he spoke he sank gradually down till he touched the floor with the glass. He again raised the glass above his head and the liquor was withdrawn. He then told me to come and hold my hand above the glass; I did so, and the liquor fell over and through my fingers into the glass, dropping from the air above me. I sat down and asked him where on earth the liquor went to. “Oh,” he said, “the spirit that is making the experiment is obliged to form a material substance to retain the fluid. He might drink it, or hold it in his mouth; in this case he held it in his hand.”

ADARE: “When you say his hand, do you mean his own hand, or that he created a substance like a hand to hold it; was he obliged to be there to hold it, or could he have been at the other side of the room?”

HOME: “Of course he must be there; it was his own hand made material for the moment to hold the liquid, as a hand is made material when you touch or feel it.”

ADARE: “Then that story in Howitt’s book of a spirit drinking a glass of beer may be true?”

HOME: “Oh, yes; certainly it may.”

ADARE: “But could he swallow and retain it?”

HOME: (laughing) “No, he could not retain it long, he must have held the beer for a time, but it must have been spilled outside. If the doors and windows had been shut, so that he could not carry it out of the room, it must have fallen upon the floor.”

ADARE: “He could not then transport it through a solid substance?”

HOME: “Oh dear no, certainly not! If, when the liquid in that glass was retained in the air, you had put your hand there, it would have fallen to the ground.” He then said, “I am going to take the strength from the brandy,” and he began making passes over the glass and flipping his fingers, sending a strong smell of spirit through the room; in about five minutes he had made the brandy as weak [as] very weak brandy and water; it scarcely tasted at all of spirit; both Lindsay and I

tasted it, at the moment, and also some time after the *séance* was over. Home then began to walk about and talked, or rather some spirit talked through him; he turned and said to some spirit, "Well, really I think you had better not, we don't know you, or know anything about you; thank you, yes, that will do quite well." A chair then moved up to the table between Lindsay and me, and Home said that the spirit who had tried the experiments with the brandy was sitting there; Lindsay could see him, I could not. Home, or rather a spirit talking through him, then began speaking about manifestations to this spirit, but in such a low tone, I could only now and then catch what he said. This spirit appeared ignorant of how to raise a substance in the air, and the spirit who was talking through Home seemed much amused at what he said. He tried experiments with my chair, but could not succeed, and Home laughed. He then began talking about lifting him (Home) up, and after speaking for some time in a low tone, apparently suggesting different ways, he said, "Well, then, I will lift him on to the table and sling him right off into the air." "Oh, yes," said the other,¹ "and perhaps break his leg, that will never do." They then arranged that he was to try by lifting him first on to the back of my chair. Accordingly, in about a minute, Home was lifted up on to the back of my chair. "Now," he said, "take hold of Dan's feet." I took both his feet in my hands, and away he went up into the air so high that I was obliged to let go his feet; he was carried along the wall, brushing past the pictures, to the opposite side of the room; he then called me over to him. I took his hand, and felt him alight upon the floor; he sat down upon the sofa and laughed, saying, "That was very badly done, you knocked Dan up against the pictures." Home got up, opened the door, pulled up the blind and made the room much lighter; then sitting down, said, "We will lift Dan up again better presently, and in a clearer light

¹ Apparently two spirits were at this time speaking alternately, through Mr. Home, so as to let us know the meaning of what they were doing with him, and what the subject of their conversation was.

so that you can see better. Always examine well, never forget to use your reason in these matters." He was not however raised again, for some other spirits anxious to communicate came, and those who were experimentalizing gave way. "Ah!" Home said, "There is an unadvanced spirit here; you perceive the earthy smell?" We both noticed it, and asked if he had long left this world. "No, only a short time." We then heard the noise like of a horse galloping, and I knew C—— D—— was there. I said, "Is C—— D—— here?" "Yes," he said "he is." Home got up and said (C—— D—— speaking through him), "I suppose you would think me a brute because I ask for brandy." He took the glass of brandy, walked about with it, and then put it down and sat down, and in answer to Lindsay said, "For some years, with whatever medium it may be, you will always know him by the sound of the horse." Turning to me, "You did not do as much as you might for him. You might have advised him and spoken to him." I said I was truly sorry; I had not thought I could have done him any good. "Well, he thinks perhaps you might, but he is not sure that you could; but you might have tried; he was really attached to you, and is so still. He says as regards all this (Spiritualism), if you had spoken about it, he would have called it all damned nonsense; that is what he would have said then. He wanted to see if he could taste brandy, but the others would not let him." I said, "Has he any desire for those things now?" "Well, he never did care for brandy; he was fonder of champagne. He does sometimes think about those things, but he will soon cease to do so; his desire for them was produced by bodily weakness, and when he finds himself suffering no longer from that feeling, he will not want them. Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow, he is crying; he says he was not what he ought to have been, but he was not as bad as he has been painted. He is unhappy; something is weighing on his mind." I asked questions and received answers, giving me much information as to the cause of this spirit being unhappy. He mentioned facts that I knew to be accurate, thus affording a satis-

factory test of identity; but, it being undesirable that the identity should in this case be known, I refrain from mentioning what passed. I then asked, "Can I be of any use about it?" "He says if the real person is not found out, he will try and manage to impress you—to give you some clue; so that without your name coming forward, you might be of use." (*After a pause*) "Adare, He says, that he would not come back to earth if he could; he feels that he has a better chance of improvement as he is. All will come right, he says, in time; he feels as if he had been ploughed and harrowed, and torn to bits, and may now bring forth fruits. Ah, he is off; restless, very restless. He turns back to say, 'Adare, I would not come back if I could; I know that all is for the best.'" We waited in hopes of Home being lifted in the air again; but the power was expended, and he presently awoke, and we went into the next room. After Lindsay had gone, Home went into a trance for a minute or two, and spoke to me. He said that C—— D——'s coming had prevented them doing what they had wanted. He said, "We were in the room when Dr. Hawkesley was talking to you yesterday, and we much approve of his suggestions. It is the quinine that caused those unpleasant feelings in your head; there was nothing spiritual about it."

*No. 41.—Séance at 5, Buckingham Gate, Wednesday,
December 16th.¹*

On Sunday last, Charlie Wynne and I went over to Ashley House after dinner. There we found Home and the

¹ We reprint this heading just as it appears in the original edition, but it has evidently been misprinted, as reference to the first two lines of Lord Dunraven's report of the sitting will show. The heading should run thus: No. 41 *Séance—Wednesday, December 16th, 5, Buckingham Gate*. The date and place of the heading refer to the date and place at which Lord Dunraven's account was written (compare *e.g.* the heading to *Séance* No. 23, p 111) The sitting itself took place on Sunday, December 13, 1868, at Ashley House, Victoria Street. This is borne out by the Master of Lindsay's statement to the Committee of the Dialectical Society in 1869, in which he speaks of "the limitations in

Master of Lindsay. Home proposed a sitting. We accordingly sat round a table in the small room. There was no light in the room; but the light from the window was sufficient to enable us to distinguish each other, and to see the different articles of furniture. Immediately on sitting

Victoria Street," and by Lord Dunraven's present recollection, which on this point is perfectly clear. It seems worth while to call attention to this mistake, for both the time and place of the sitting are of evidential importance in relation to the famous incident which occurred on this occasion of Home passing from one window to another.

The mistake is reproduced in Podmore's account of the incident (see *Modern Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 255), where he refers to the sitting as having taken place on "December 16th, 1868, at 5, Buckingham Gate," having doubtless been misled by the wrongly printed heading. In connexion with this mis-statement of Podmore's concerning the date of the sitting a further point is worth noting. In discussing the credibility of the witnesses to this incident Podmore points out that in a statement written on July 14, 1871 (two and a half years after the sitting) the Master of Lindsay referred to "the moon shining full into the room," whereas there could only have been "faint moonlight," the moon being on December 16th only "two days old." But, as noted above, the sitting took place on December 13th, on which day, according to a Nautical Almanack of 1868, the moon was new at 13 h. 33.2 m., and could not therefore light the room however faintly!

The Master of Lindsay's account of the incident, written in 1871, does not seem consistent with his account given to the Committee of the Dialectical Society in 1869 (in which, incidentally, he does not seem to have mentioned the moon), but, as Podmore points out (*op. cit.* p. 256), this may be due to inaccurate reporting. The chief point of interest to note here is that in Lord Dunraven's almost contemporary report there is no mention of the moon. He only says that "the light from the window was sufficient to enable us to distinguish each other," a circumstance not difficult to account for when one remembers that there must have been some light coming in from the street outside, the curtains having been apparently undrawn.

The above footnote was submitted to Lord Dunraven and in reply the Editor, Mrs. Salter, received from him the following letter:—

22, NORFOLK STREET,

PARK LANE, W.1.,

6th May, 1924.

DEAR MRS. SALTER,

. . . I have seen a note from Sir Oliver Lodge and your footnote relating to the discrepancies connected with Séance 41, and I have also looked at my copy of the "Experiences." The discrepancy is unfortunate, but it is, I think, easily explained. I frequently stayed

down we had physical manifestations and messages, chiefly from Adah Menken. Lindsay saw two spirits on the sofa, and others in different places. Home went into a trance. Adah Menken spoke through him, to what effect I do not remember; also little Dannie Cox. The latter having in speaking to Charlie Wynne called him Charlie, turned to me and said, "Please tell him that we always call people by their Christian names." Home suddenly breaking off in the middle of a sentence said, "Who is this man, E——? What does he want? Do you know him?"

CHARLIE: "Yes, I knew him, he came to me at Lissadell, and told me a variety of circumstances connected with his death."

at my father's house—5, Buckingham Gate—and Mr. Home often stayed there with me. In my father's and mother's absence the house was, of course, shut up, and my recollection is that I and Mr. Home just had bedrooms there and lived out.

It is plain from the context of the book that we frequently went from Buckingham Gate to attend seances at other places. I take it that the heading in the "Experiences" is copied from the letter which I wrote to my father from Buckingham Gate, and probably on Buckingham Gate notepaper, relating to the seance which took place at Ashley House on the previous Sunday. The correct title should have been, "No. 41 Séance at Ashley House, Sunday, December 13th." The discrepancy applies to the date as well as the address, as the title states Wednesday the 16th and the context commences "On Sunday last."

There can be no doubt whatever but that the seance was held at Ashley House on Sunday, December 13th, and that the notes concerning it were posted by me from 5, Buckingham Gate on Wednesday, December 16th. . . .

As to Mr. Podmore's account of the incidents, at this long distance of time I am unable to give any information. The Master of Lindsay, afterwards Lord Crawford, seems to have given his account of the incident two and a half years after it had happened, and states that there was moonlight. As you have examined the phases of the moon at that date, it is obvious that he must have been mistaken as to the moonlight. In my account, written immediately after the occurrences, I only stated that the light from the window was sufficient for us to distinguish each other. I have no doubt that the Master of Lindsay, writing some time after, attributed the light erroneously to moonlight.

Yours very truly,

DUNRAVEN

HOME : “ He is come about that. Do you object to his doing so ? ”

CHARLIE : “ Certainly not ; I am glad of it.”

HOME : “ Then he will sit down beside you.”

A chair moved of itself from the wall up to the table between Home and Charlie. Charlie said he could feel that there was some one there, but he saw nothing. Lindsay perceived the figure in the chair, and said he was leaning his arm on Charlie's shoulder. The upstart of a long conversation between Charlie and E——, speaking through Home, was that he, E——, would on no account give any information that would lead to the prosecution of That Charlie had been told at Lissadell to let the matter alone ; that he had not given the information at Lissadell ; that other spirits very anxious on the subject had done so ; that they had made some mistakes, and that owing also to the imperfect development of the medium other mistakes had occurred. That some of the information was incorrect he said could be proved by his writing to certain places, when he would find that no person of the name given had been there. He had not been allowed to discover what became of a certain man after his, E——'s, death. God's justice was very different from man's ; and God's justice would find him out. He could not and would not have anything to do in the matter.

ADARE : “ But you do not object to human justice taking its course ? ”

HOME : “ Oh dear no ; it is necessary for the well-being of society that it should do so ; in human affairs let human justice proceed ; but we cannot interfere ; God's justice is so different from man's. It is obvious also that were we permitted to continually interfere in these matters, the result would be extremely bad.”

Home became much agitated ; “ Ah,” he said, “ he has something weighing on his mind ; poor, poor fellow ! ” He laid his head upon my hand on the table and sobbed violently ; two or three tears fell upon my hand.

HOME : “ Do you feel how hot his tears are ? ”

ADARE : “ Yes, I do.”

HOME: "They will leave a mark of blood upon your hand."

CHARLIE: "But at Lissadell he told me he was quite happy."

HOME: "So he thought perhaps at the time; but do you think that a man can be cut off in a moment in that way, leaving his family, who were dependent on him for daily bread, almost totally unprovided for, without a pang of regret and sorrow? Poor fellow, he seems to want to speak about something that has been lost."

CHARLIE: "Is it about some missing papers?"

HOME: "Yes, that is it."

CHARLIE: "Can he tell me where they are?"

HOME: "He says that unfortunately most of them were destroyed, but some were sent to his lawyer. He does not tell me the name of his lawyer, but the family will know; he says you will find several among some receipts and other papers in a small box over the door of his study; there are two or three small boxes there. 'Oh! I wish R—— was here. I could tell him things about my affairs that I cannot tell you, Charlie.'"

ADARE: "If R—— comes to London would you like him to meet Home?"

HOME (excited): "Oh, yes; oh, dear yes. Ah! he has gone, poor fellow; he is rather abrupt in his manner, is he not? He does not brook much delay." Home told me to go into the next room and look if the tears had left any mark upon my hand. I perceived a very slight red mark. When I returned he told me to stretch out my hand. I did so, and Dannie Cox touched it with the tip of his finger and said, through Mr. Home, "You will see the marks plainer in the morning." They were rather plainer, but still indistinct, when I awoke the next day. Home then got up and walked about the room. He was both elongated and raised in the air. He spoke in a whisper, as though the spirits were arranging something. He then said to us, "Do not be afraid, and on no account leave your places;" and he went out into the passage. Lindsay suddenly said, "Oh, good heavens! I know what he is going to do; it is too fearful."

ADARE: "What is it?"

LINDSAY: "I cannot tell you, it is too horrible! Adah says that I must tell you; he is going out of the window in the other room, and coming in at this window." We heard Home go into the next room, heard the window thrown up, and presently Home appeared standing upright outside our window; he opened the window and walked in quite coolly. "Ah," he said, "You were good this time," referring to our having sat still and not wished to prevent him. He sat down and laughed.

CHARLIE: "What are you laughing at?"

HOME: "We are thinking that if a policeman had been passing, and had looked up and seen a man turning round and round along the wall in the air he would have been much astonished. Adare, shut the window in the next room." I got up, shut the window, and in coming back remarked that the window was not raised a foot, and that I could not think how he had managed to squeeze through. He arose and said, "Come and see." I went with him; he told me to open the window as it was before, I did so: he told me to stand a little distance off; he then went through the open space, head first, quite rapidly, his body being nearly horizontal and apparently rigid. He came in again, feet foremost, and we returned to the other room. It was so dark I could not see clearly how he was supported outside. He did not appear to grasp, or rest upon, the balustrade, but rather to be swung out and in. Outside each window is a small balcony or ledge, 19 inches deep, bounded by stone balustrades, 18 inches high. The balustrades of the two windows are 7 feet 4 inches apart, measuring from the nearest points. A string-course, 4 inches wide, runs between the windows at the level of the bottom of the balustrade; and another 3 inches wide at the level of the top. Between the window at which Home went out, and that at which he came in, the wall recedes 6 inches. The rooms are on the third floor. Home presently got up again, told us not to be frightened or to move, and left the room. Adah Menken told Lindsay that they were

going to shew us the water test; but for some reason or other I suppose they were unable to do so, for Home came in again directly, sat down and said "Dan must awake now, he will be very nervous; but you must bear with him, it will pass off." I asked Lindsay how Adah had spoken to him on the three occasions. He could scarcely explain; but said it did not sound like an audible human voice; but rather as if the tones were whispered or impressed inside his ear. When Home awoke, he was much agitated; he said he felt as if he had gone through some fearful peril, and that he had a most horrible desire to throw himself out of the window; he remained in a very nervous condition for a short time, then gradually became quiet. Having been ordered not to tell him, we said nothing of what had happened. We now had a series of very curious manifestations. Lindsay and Charlie saw tongues or jets of flame proceeding from Home's head. We then all distinctly heard, as it were, a bird flying round the room, whistling and chirping, but saw nothing, except Lindsay, who perceived an indistinct form resembling a bird. There then came a sound as of a great wind rushing through the room, we also felt the wind strongly; the moaning rushing sound was the most weird thing I ever heard. Home then got up, being in a trance, and spoke something in a language that none of us understood; it may have been nonsense, but it sounded like a sentence in a foreign tongue. Lindsay thought he recognized some words of Russian. He then quoted the text about the different gifts of the spirit, and gave us a translation in English of what he had said in the unknown tongue. He told us that Charlie had that day been discussing the miracles that took place at Pentecost; and that the spirits made the sound of the wind; of the bird descending; of the unknown tongue, and interpretation thereof, and the tongues of fire: to show that the same phenomenon could occur again. He spoke at length on the folly of supposing that God had long ago written, as it were, one little page of revelation, and then for ever shut the book, and turned away his face from mankind.

Charlie asked questions relative to the nature of God ; the doctrine of the Trinity ; and God's having once been on earth. Home spoke at great length, and with much eloquence. I cannot remember the exact words ; but the substance of it was, that it was impossible for us to comprehend it ; that nearly every man had really in his mind a different idea of God ; that whether our conception of Him was as a unity, duality, or a trinity, it could not be of much consequence, provided that we recognized Him and obeyed His laws. He spoke much of the immensity of God, and our almost utter ignorance of Him and His works. He described the geometrical forms and attributes of a grain of sand, and asked us if we understood anything of that ; and then pointing to a star, he asked us what we knew of that. He commented upon the very slight knowledge that the most scientific men had ; mentioning that not long ago the spots on the sun had been considered to be mountains ; then water ; then faculæ : but that now they knew them to be great chasms. "But what they do not know," he said, "is, that the sun is covered with a beautiful vegetation, and full of organic life."

ADARE : "Is not the sun hot ?"

HOME : "No, the sun is cold ; the heat is produced and transmitted to the earth by the rays of light passing through various atmospheres. As to God's having been once on the earth, He has never left it, but is everywhere."

Charlie also asked about the divinity of Christ, and said he wanted to know the truth about all those matters.

Home spoke to the effect that even if they could tell us the whole truth, our minds could not understand or bear it. He said that spirits had different views on these subjects, and that they could not and might not unfold the truth. "You are taught," he continued, "as much as you can bear. A common theory, speaking figuratively, is that the heavens and earth are two cones ; and that Christ is, as it were, the two apexes, joining and connecting both." He recommended Charlie, if he did or could, to hold the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, in

its usually accepted form, saying that it was better for him to do so, if it led him to a more religious frame of mind; but added, "Follow His teaching and carry out His mission. His mission was one of Peace; do not then cut your neighbour's throat because he differs from you." Home then launched out into a tirade against intolerance and persecution, lamenting over the wickedness of mankind in supposing that bloodshed and persecution could be pleasing to God. He spoke at great length on this subject.

ADARE: "But if, for a time at least the whole truth about such important doctrines as the divinity of Christ is not perceived, do not the differences of opinion among spirits who are much together, lead to bad results? For instance, my mother was very religious; and especially upon that subject of the divinity of Christ. She may be frequently with spirits who do not hold the same views, or hold them in a modified form. Do they still differ? Do they talk about it?"

HOME: "It cannot lead to dissension; they know that they are not perfect, and that they have much to learn. The sort of conversation you have imagined to yourself has actually taken place. A spirit has asked certain questions such as: 'Can you shew me that there was a necessity for it?' 'Can you actually prove it?' &c., &c. And your mother always, as you know, kind and gentle, only says, 'No; perhaps not; but I do not see any reason why I should change the belief I always held about it.'"

Home then turned to me saying, "You have been much troubled and disturbed; you have a difficult and tortuous path before you, and you have thought that if there was anything in Spiritualism it ought to be of use and comfort to you. We know all your doubts and difficulties, and sympathize with you. Be patient and prayerful, and all will be well. Have you had a dream?"

ADARE: "I believe I have dreamt something curious; but I am unable to remember what it was."

HOME: "Adah has been trying to impress you in your sleep. Your mother allowed her to do so; but she has not quite succeeded; she will try again. What you dreamt,

you could not remember, it was this: You thought you were journeying along a tortuous difficult path full of obstacles; at the foot of a mountain you saw two angels; the one very bright and pure, the other rather darker and more earthly. You were in doubt which to choose; but thought the darker one, being most material, would be of most use. You trusted yourself to him; but as you ascended the mountain, the path became more and more difficult, and the angel that guided you became himself weary and confused; could not conduct you any further, and at last you were obliged to stop. You found then still greater difficulty in retracing your steps than you had experienced in going up; but at length, you arrived again at the foot of the ascent; and you then trusted yourself to the other and brighter angel, when the road became at once easy, and he led you up without doubt or difficulty."

*No. 42.—Séance at No. 5, Buckingham Gate, December 20th.*¹

My dear Father,—Last Tuesday we had a *séance* at No. 7. Present: Home, Charlie Wynne and his wife, Augusta Gore, the Master of Lindsay, Arthur Smith Barry, and myself. There appeared to be great difficulty in making manifestations; indeed, the spirits said that Home was ill and therefore that they had no power. We felt strong vibrations of the table, which was moved about. Augusta's couch was moved, (no one touching it) as was the screen, at the head of her couch, (no one touching it). The spirits also answered, and gave messages by rapping on the couch; altogether it was not a bad *séance* for convincing sceptics. Arthur was touched, as was also Augusta, and the latter told me afterwards, that she had seen spirit-forms in the room. Home was taken possession of, his hands and arms became partially cataleptic, and he made passes in this condition over Augusta

¹The same mistake in the printing of the heading has evidently been made in this case as in the case of Séance No. 41 (see above, p. 151). Séance No. 42 appears to have been held on Tuesday, December 15, 1868, at 7, Buckingham Gate. [Ed.]

for some time, then stooping down he made passes under the couch; which Augusta said she felt distinctly.

Charlie Wynne, Lindsay, Arthur and I, adjourned to Ashley House to smoke a cigar. We sat for a short time in the little room, and had manifestations, but Home was too weak for anything very wonderful. He was elongated slightly (I think), and raised in the air; his head became quite luminous at the top, giving him the appearance of having a halo round it. When he was raised in the air, he waved his arms about, and in each hand, there came a little globe of fire (to my eyes, blue); the effect was very pretty; Adah Mencken and Dannie Cox were the only two spirits that I recognized by Home's manner.

No. 43.—*Séance.*

Last Friday, I went to a *séance* at Mrs. E——'s. Present: Home, H. Jencken, Mrs. E——, Mrs. Honeywood, Captain S——, General ——, and myself. This *séance* was in many respects the most wonderful that I have ever witnessed. Home was in a trance the greater part of the time; the information that he gave was of a very private character to Captain S——; it was given in pantomime, not a word being spoken, in order that some of the party should not understand. Captain S——, for whom it was intended, understood it, and I fancy so did I; but as it was quite private, and for some reasons very fearful, I do not feel at liberty to mention about it. I have since found I was mistaken. Home, before he went into the trance, said that there was a very strange influence about me. He partly made him out, but by degrees, and said that his name (surname) was Thomas. Thomas of *some* place. That he had been a friend of my father's and of my grandfather, in fact a greater friend of the latter than of the former; that I also had known him, that he used to have conversations about religion with my father. He said that he was a very strange spirit, abrupt and yet undecided in his manner; "He wants to say something to you, but when

I am going to speak he stops me.” “Ah!” he said, “He is going, he says he will come again to-night.” Besides the strange story that Home in a trance acted for the benefit of Captain S——, he also took Captain S—— and Mrs. E—— (brother and sister) into another room, and spoke to them in private for some time. We had at different times, pretty strong physical manifestations, table lifted, &c., &c. When Home was acting the story, it being most necessary that not a word should be spoken, his jaws were locked and as rigid as steel; I felt them, as did others.

No. 44.

That night I slept in Home's room at Ashley House; we had a very beautiful manifestation. Home had been giving a public reading the day before at Croydon, which had been a failure, and he was much dispirited about it. A spirit (his mother I think), said, “*Do not be cast down, Dan; serve God truly, and his holy spirits will guard and protect you; fulfil your mission in life, and He will not forsake you,—be not cast down.*” We then both heard, as it were, a bird chirping about the room, and the spirit added, “*For He careth even for the sparrows.*” The spirits conversed with us for some little time by raps. My mother spoke more to me than she has ever done before; Home being in a trance. He made use of the same expressions my mother would have done, in a most affectionate manner. He talked of her happiness, partly on account of an immunity from physical pain and weakness, partly owing to the blessed calm and peace of her existence, and her knowledge that the hearts of those she had loved still beat with love for her, and that soon they would all be united again together. He told me not to think that it was through want of affection that she so seldom communicated with me, and gave me certain reasons for it, and recited two verses of beautiful poetry relative to a mother's love. He mentioned a painful peculiarity of a spirit who had taken part at the

séance that evening; a peculiarity that I also have, and told me to take warning, and try and break myself of it. He said that her great wish was to see me lead so pure and elevated a life, that I might make my existence here a stepping stone to a far higher state of existence in the next life. He told me not to be discouraged by failure, but to strive to do what I knew was right. The spirit calling himself Thomas of (name of place unknown), came and began to talk about himself. He said that since he had entered the spirit-life, he had very much changed his views on religion. He broke off suddenly and said he would tell me all about it another time. It was then late, past three a.m., and my mother said, "I will request the other influences to leave you; you should sleep now."

No. 45.

Last night I slept in Home's room at Ashley House. I did not go to bed till past three. Soon after I was in bed, there were evidences of a very strong influence in the room; and we saw lights and heard sounds, as if some one was endeavouring to make their voice audible to us; and we heard a sound like footsteps. We then had a very beautiful manifestation. There is a plaster of Paris crucifix, about one foot in length, hanging on the wall over Home's bed. We heard something being moved on the wall, and presently saw this crucifix waving in the air between us and the window. I could see nothing holding it; it appeared to move of itself. A spirit then said, by raps on the cross, "*It is to shew you that we do not fear the symbol of the cross; we should like you to kiss it.*" The crucifix was then brought, or, as it appeared to me, moved of itself, close to my face and was placed upon my lips. I kissed it, and it was then taken away to Home's bed and placed upon his lips. He did the same. They then said, "*We also will now kiss it.*" The crucifix was moved away some distance, and we heard a sound of some one kissing it three times, but saw nothing.

They then said, through the alphabet, that they had something to tell me next Sunday; and that the same spirit that had spoken to us, through Home, the Sunday before, would come again; that we were not to interrupt him by asking questions, but just to listen to what he said, as he had something of importance to tell us.

No. 46 Séance.—Saturday, December 26th [1868].

Last Sunday, Home and Lindsay went down to Norwood to have a *séance*. They returned about 11 o'clock. Charlie Wynne and Captain Smith came also to Ashley House. After Home and Lindsay arrived, we went into the small room and sat round the table; the room was dark. We had strong physical manifestations; we were all repeatedly touched by hands coming from under the table. Our hands when touched were *on* the table. A hand took Charlie's hand, and the moment he felt it he exclaimed, "This is F——'s hand; I could swear to her peculiar touch." The same hand also touched me; playfully pinching and patting the back of my hand; it felt old and wrinkled. A spirit said by raps, "*Yes, it is F——.*" The hand again touched Charlie; he also remarked the wrinkled feeling of the skin. A spirit then said, "*Yes, it feels to you as it once was; now it is no longer aged;*" and a hand feeling young and soft placed itself in Charlie's hand, taking his in the same peculiar manner, but patting him briskly as if to shew that it was full of life. G—— H——, an uncle of Smith, and H—— J——, told us by raps that they were present. I asked if it were true that uncle Robert was conscious of their presence near him at night, and if he had real manifestations. They replied, "*Yes, it is true, and not imagination on his part.*" I asked them if Emmy had been touched on the shoulder the morning before, or whether it was as I had declared, her imagination. They replied, "*She was touched.*" Charlie asked if what had happened to him in church was spiritual? They said, "*Yes, certainly, it was.*" They

entered a good deal into our conversation. Lindsay fell into a trance; at first he could not speak, but after a time in answer to a question, they said through him, "Yes, he can see sometimes; he will not remember anything of it, we cannot talk through him much yet, he is not fully developed, but he will be in time." Lindsay when awake saw spirit-forms, I saw lights occasionally, faint flashes and sparks. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room apparently settling what was to be done, then sat down, and turning to me, told me to go into the next room, and place outside the window a certain vase of flowers. I did so, putting the vase outside on the ledge, and shutting the window. Home opened the window of the room in which we were sitting. The flowers were carried through the air from the window of the next room in at our open window. We could all hear the rustling, and see the curtains moved by the spirit standing there, who was bringing in the flowers; Lindsay saw the spirit distinctly. A flower and sprig of fern, or something of that sort, was now given to each of us; in some cases it was placed upon the hand on the table; others were touched, and on putting down their hand, the flower was placed in it. I was touched strongly on the knee, and a sprig of box was given me. Afterwards, little Dannie said, "*I will give you another piece of fern in place of the one you lost; but you must take great care of this; it is only a very little bit.*" In answer apparently to some question, Home said, "Oh yes, certainly, give it to him yourself." Home told me to hold out my hand—I did so, rather behind me; and I felt Dannie's soft little fingers touch mine, and pat my hand, and place a little bit of maiden hair fern in it. Home then made some very curious experiments with flowers: he separated the scent into two portions—one odour smelling exactly like earth; the other being very sweet. He explained what he was doing; and how there came to be the two principles, as it were, in the flower. I did not clearly understand his meaning when he spoke; and I forget now what he said. While the flowers were being given to us, Home said, "Listen;" we did, and

all heard the sprigs being broken in the next room. While we listened, the sound ceased. Home said, "You see the effect of the concentration of your thoughts. It is hard for you to understand; but I assure you that the fact of your all directing your thoughts to a certain object there, sent a solid column of polarized light right through into the other room, and completely changed the condition of the atmosphere there for a time, so that they could not continue to do what they were about." As soon as we had all been given our little bunches of leaves or flowers, Home told me to go into the next room, and examine the vase. I did so, and found the window closed as I had left it; I opened it and found that all the tall sprigs of fern, &c., &c., had been taken away. Home never left the room we sat in after I had placed the vase outside the window, so that even supposing that the branches we received had been concealed by Home on his person, still the sprigs in the vase must have been broken off and removed somehow outside the window. Home now left the room, saying, "Do not be frightened; Dan is not going out of the window or anything of that sort." He returned, holding in his hand half a lemon, freshly cut; he handed it to each of us to taste. He laughed and said, "Yes, it is very good, is it not? so refreshing." He then held it up above his head, and said, "We will withdraw all the acid flavour from it." A yellowish light came over the lemon; he held it up for some little time, and said, "Now taste again." He held it out to me; but the room being rather dark, I bobbed my nose against it, and therefore tasted nothing. All the others tasted it, and described it as most disagreeable, having no odour, and the flavour being a sort of mawkish alkali; some described it as like magnesia; others, as like washing soda. Home laughed and said, "We will take the nasty taste away presently." He then described what had taken place, I cannot recollect what he said, but the substance of it was that a purely natural process had been gone through. "If you were to eat the lemon," he said, "or swallow the juice, the same thing exactly would occur by natural decomposition, all the acid

flavour would be freed, and would pass through the pores of your skin into all sorts of forms, &c., &c., while the residuum would be a substance, such as you now tasted. It resembled soda; it is of that nature, and that is why lemon juice is so good for acidity of the stomach and blood. We have done nothing miraculous; by our knowledge of natural substances and laws, we were able to hasten as it were, a natural process, and withdraw at once the acid, instead of its being diffused into various forms: we have retained it in the air, and will now restore it to the lemon." He held the lemon up and a rose-coloured flame, or rather light, came over it. After a little, he gave it to those who had tasted it the second time; they said that it was quite good and fresh, and that all the natural scent and flavour was restored to it.¹

Home sat down and said, "It would be very nice if the same party that are here to-night, could sit occasionally together. You are all sympathetic, and in a very short time you would all of you see not only sparks and flashes of light, but the whole forms distinctly of the spirits in the room. I want also some time or other to talk to you on a very interesting subject, namely, when it is that the soul enters the body of an infant; at what period of its existence it becomes a living soul. It appears a difficult subject to you; it is really as simple as the scent of a flower or its colour." Charlie then said something to him about the origin of man. "Oh, yes," said Home, "that is a subject I want to speak to you about; some day I will, and of the difference in the existences of different creatures. No creature that crawls—that is unable, as it were, to do anything to preserve its life here—has immortality." "Do you mean," I said, "that they have no future?" "Oh, yes, they have indeed a very important future before them; I mean they differ from you as regards their individuality." I said, "Can you tell me where the line is drawn?" "There is no exact line; some creatures are endowed with a greater amount

¹ I believe I am correct in this account of the lemon, but I cannot swear that Home did not leave the room after, as he said, restoring the acid principle to the lemon, and before he gave it to them to taste.

of what you call instinct than others that are apparently much above them in the scale of creation: like, for instance, ants and bees. I cannot tell you about it now. We have not been able to do at all what we intended this evening. Dan must awake now, and you must not sit any longer." Home awoke, and we went into the other room.

*No. 47.—Séance at No. 7, Buckingham Gate, Monday,
December 21st [1868].*

Present: Emmy Wynne, Charlie Wynne, Augusta Gore Booth, Home, and myself. We sat at a large square tea table, one side of it being placed against Augusta's couch. Almost immediately on sitting down, we felt a strong vibration of the table. The alphabet was called for, and the following long message given; the first part having reference to me and something that had occupied my mind; the latter part intended for all of us: "*A perfect submission to the crosses of earth life only works out for you a purer and higher life, when freed from the mortal and nearer the divine. You, my darling boy, did not observe that the little branch we gave you last night was in form a cross. It has a deep significance. There are six leaves at every point; these, too, have a meaning, which you will one day understand. Meanwhile, bear all; God's truth will overcome error. Be patient, my darlings; I am indeed happy that you have been led to investigate.*"

We had all the usual physical phenomena, though not very strongly; the chief feature of the *séance* being the amount of conversation carried on through the alphabet; and by spirits assenting or differing from what we said by rapping "Yes" or "No" upon the table, furniture, &c. Raps came on Augusta's couch, and it was moved about, and the head part raised a little. After these manifestations a message was given: "*Darling, this is G—— H——;*" and immediately afterwards: "*We all wish to see you thus,*" and her couch was again raised at the head, completing the sentence: "*We all wish to see you thus raised up.*"

The table moved about, and was tilted up sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another. A whistle that was on the table did not move when the table was tilted in any direction, except towards Augusta; when it was tilted towards her the whistle rolled. In answer to a question as to the cause of this, they said, "*From a want of influence on that side.*" They told us they did not withdraw any influence from Augusta, as it would weaken her. They afterwards turned the table round, so as to have the side at which Emmy had been sitting next Augusta; the side which had been next to Augusta came opposite to Home. This equalized the magnetic influence round the table. At the same time we were told that they were desirous of showing their presence by messages rather than by physical manifestations. The table was raised in the air about 18 inches, and remained poised for some little time. Emmy's dress was pulled and shaken; Home's chair was moved. Having been told, through the alphabet, to put the white cloth on the table, we did so. We saw, and were touched by hands moving under the cloth. A flower in Home's button-hole was taken away, and carried underneath the table; I heard it moving there. Presently the same flower was thrown from behind Augusta's couch; it touched her face, and then fell upon the floor. It was taken up, and a hand and arm came from behind her couch, and placed it gently against her cheek, and gave it to her. Emmy said, "I saw the hand and arm." A message was given "*A hand, with the flower from K—*." Home also saw the arm; I did not. Some other manifestations were made about Augusta's couch, and the words, "*It was G— H—*," given. We then heard a sharp noise that we took to be the chirping of a bird under the table, and we heard something moving underneath the table. The message was given—" *We hope soon you will not require * * * ;*" and at the same moment a heavy handle, used for winding up the couch, was raised from under the table, and placed in Augusta's hand, implying that they hoped soon she would be able to raise herself. The name "*G— H—*" was given to show who had made the manifestation. We found that the

chirping sound we had heard was caused by the handle of the lever turning while being moved under the table. This chirping was imitated exactly by a spirit at some distance behind us in the centre of the room. We now had a very wonderful manifestation. We were merry about something or other, and we all distinctly heard a spirit voice joining in our laughter; it sounded quite clear and loud. Home asked if it was to shew that they liked to see us happy and were happy themselves; the answer was "*Yes; God is so good.*" Soon after this the message was given—"*Daniel is exhausted;*" and all manifestations ceased. During the *séance* Emmy and Augusta saw shadowy forms, hands, and arms.

After talking a short time we went into the next room (Uncle Robert's study). We were at supper eating, drinking, and chatting very merrily, not talking of, or I believe thinking about, Spiritualism, when there came a knock at the door. Charlie turned his head, and said, "Come in." The door did not open; but the next moment there came knocks upon the table and a chair glided out from the wall to the table (no one touching it), and placed itself in the most natural manner between Emmy and Home; it then moved up close to Home, and the alphabet was called for by the chair tilting (no one touching it). The following message was given—"I like you because you do good to those I love." Home asked who the spirit was; "G—H—" was answered. Emmy's dress was pulled, and dragged strongly under the table, and a hand was twice put into hers beneath the table. Charlie was touched on the knee. Several questions were answered and another message, which I forget, was given by raps on the table, as loud as if some one had struck it underneath with a hammer. The table was moved and tilted, and once raised completely off the ground for a second or two, so slightly that I did not perceive it, but the others did, and the spirits afterwards said that it had been off the ground. It must have required great power even to move and tilt it, for the table was a heavy dining-room table covered with plates, dishes, and decanters. Home was told that Augusta had also had manifestations; and when we returned

to the other room, we found that she had heard raps in her room, while we were at supper in the other. She also heard the raps and the movement of the table in the study.

No. 48.—*February 8th, 1869.*

Last night I slept at Ashley House. Home was at a party, and did not come in until very late. Soon after he had gone to bed he went into a trance for a short time. He was far from well, and the spirits said they could not make any use of him. In the morning, about 11 o'clock, Sacha, Home's wife, said to me, through the alphabet, "*Will you from my part give to Florence something?*" I said I should be delighted. She said to Home, "*Dannie, my broad gold Russian bracelet.*"

No. 49 *Séance*.—*February 9th [1869].*

In the evening of the 8th, Dr. Gully came in. As we were sitting by the fire talking, Home went gradually into a trance. He examined Dr. Gully's heart, gave him some directions as to treatment, and told him that his head and brain were all working beautifully; that his head had not been so clear and in such good order for some time. He walked about the room conversing, sometimes with us, sometimes with the spirits in the room. He asked me to fetch an accordion from Mr. S. C. Hall's rooms; I did so. He then said that Captain Smith was coming, and that he had just then left his house. He became rather impatient at his not coming quicker; he was aware when he did arrive, and told me to go out and meet him, which I did, informing him that Home was in a trance. When Smith entered, Home introduced him in a quaint style. Taking Dr. Gully's hand, he said, "*This is James—James Gully; and this is William—William Smith. You are to shake hands. They call him a doctor—there is some sense in that; and they call you a captain, which means nothing at all.*"

Home said to me, "Turn off some of the gas, it is too heavy on Dan's brain—light is a regular weight upon the brain, that is why a strong light prevents our making manifestations; the brain of the medium cannot act. It is through your brains that the atmosphere we make use of is thrown off. For the same reason, manifestations occur more readily at night, when there is an absence of sunlight, than in the daytime. From a similar cause, a strong light upon the platform, as at Miss Hardinge's lectures that you were speaking of this afternoon is very bad. Light is a ponderable substance. There is much that scientific men do not yet know about the nature of light; there is a material natural light, and a spiritual light. When men know all about material light, they will then turn their attention to the much greater subject of spiritual light. Everything has its light." We now, at Home's request, went into the next room and sat round the table; the room was dark with the exception of the light from the window. Home had that morning given me the bracelet as a present from his wife to Florence;—I had left it in the drawing room.

After we were seated in the small room, the attention of the spirits appeared principally directed to Dr. Gully. Home explained something to him about the muscles of his left side, and they gave him several strong electric shocks. Home seemed much pleased at this. "Oh," he said, "that was so beautifully done, they managed it so well, and it has answered admirably, and done you a great deal of good." Dr. Gully had also some messages from his daughter. I then felt that some one was standing near me, and I heard something moving about my head, and presently felt a substance brushed across my hair, and then placed upon my head. I asked if I might put up my hand and take it. Home said, "Wait a moment." The substance was then taken from off my head and passed across my hands on the table; and finally I distinctly felt a hand place the bracelet given to Florence by Sacha into my fingers. The hand pressed and patted my fingers. Sacha, speaking through Home, then addressed a few most touching and appropriate words to me, on the

subject of marriage; after which we all heard a spirit move from beside me over to the window. Home got up, placed himself close to the window and said, "Sæha will try and make herself visible to you." Her form gradually became apparent to us; she moved close to Home and kissed him. She stood beside him against the window intercepting the light as a solid body, and appeared fully as material as Home himself, no one could have told which was the mortal body and which was the spirit. It was too dark, however, to distinguish features; I could see that she had her full face turned towards us, and that either her hair was parted in the middle, and flowed down over her shoulders, or that she had on what appeared to be a veil. She said, through Home, that she would try and appear to us as white light, and she did so, but the form was not nearly so distinct as when she stood as a dark substance against the window. Captain Smith asked me had I not intended to have been travelling that night; I told him that such was my original intention, but that I had changed my plans some days ago. He said, "I know that, but it was not intended that you should travel to-night. I have no idea why you were prevented, but some day probably you will know. I was obliged (by his hand being taken possession of) the other day, to write down some questions; I sealed them up and sent them to Dan; some day you are to open and answer them, I think you will find something in them about it; I have no idea what I wrote." Home also told me later that the spirits had not wished me to travel that night. Smith began talking to me about the *séance* in which the lemon was used, and said that he had been thinking deeply over it, and believed that there was an allegorical meaning attached to it. Home said, "Yes, there is, and in many things that we do, we frequently symbolise; and are content to know that you will, by thinking for yourselves, find out the meaning: it is better so. We sometimes also do things the meaning or object of which we ourselves do not know; we have our impulses the same as you. What meaning do you attach to the story of the lemon?"

SMITH: "I consider the lemon to have represented

human nature, and the yellow flame that surrounded it our evil passions. The yellow flame devoured and destroyed all that was good in the lemon—the juice and the fragrance, representing all that is good in human nature; and it left the lemon vile and worthless. The red flame that then covered the lemon and restored it to its former excellence represented the Holy Spirit of God, by which alone our human nature, debased and destroyed by evil passions, can be restored to its natural purity and beauty.”

Home appeared much pleased, and said, “Yes, you have read the parable aright: the yellow flame was the fire of evil passions, and the pure bright red flame was the Spirit of God.” He then talked about the various colours in, and virtues of, different crystals, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, &c., and what they symbolized. Adah Menken came and said through Home, “Many would think it horrible of such a one as I am to come to you now; but you, I know, think otherwise about me, and I must speak a word to you relative to the very important step you are about to take.” She spoke a little about my marriage, and said, “I will come again to-night; I want to have a long chat with you, and tell you some curious things that occurred at Adare.” When Home awoke he was rather astonished to find himself sitting in the small room, and Smith one of the party. He was entranced for nearly two hours, and was much exhausted. After the others had gone, my mother spoke to me through the alphabet about my intended marriage. She also spoke about Home going to Adare, one message I remember being: “*Mortals seek for knowledge; but when we give them the fruit of our studies, if it does not coincide with their preconceived ideas, we are classed as devils.*” Home was so weak that she could not make much use of him, and Adah Menken could not say anything that she had intended. The last message was: “*Dan, you are very weak; you must not sit for at least a week. We take away all power from you for that time.*” I forgot to say that on Monday night Home spoke in a trance to me about the difficulties in the way of mediumship and communicating. As well as I can remember, he said: “Very strange occurrences often take

place with undeveloped mediums; and you are naturally much puzzled by them. These things are allowed sometimes as wholesome trials, in order that the person may see how necessary it is to use judgment and reason, and to approach the subject with the greatest care. Mediumship is of very slow growth; people are too hasty, and expect to get everything at once. They are often also told things to make them persevere, spirits are so anxious to communicate, and it is such a joy to find people to communicate through, that they rush in, as it were, and try to encourage the medium by promises that apply rather to mediums in general, than to any one individually; promises also which may take years in their fulfilment, instead of days, as mortals in their impatience suppose. You think too much of the individuality of mediumship. Supposing a person is told that he is to be a great healer, that he is to go forth teaching the nations, and to be as a king among men; that person would consider it all as applying solely to himself: it applies rather to the whole subject, to all mediums. Mediums should be as kings, in the true sense of the word; they have a wonderful gift, a weighty responsibility, and they should, if possible, set themselves apart, and lead pure, simple, unworldly lives, that they may use their gift to the best advantage. This mistake as regards promises, *viz.*: supposing them to apply to a single individual instead of to mediums in general, is an important fact, bear it in mind. The discerning of spirits is important. Now if a dark, cold, low spirit came into the room Dan would know him and he could not stay; he would feel mean and out of place, and would have to go. Another person might not perceive what he was—to use a homely simile, it is something like a man making faces at you behind your back; he would not do so if he knew there was a mirror in which you could see him; when St. Paul spoke of discerning spirits, he did not mean seeing them only, but discerning the differences between them, judging between the pure and the impure. Living in any way in an atmosphere of deceit, holding *séances* on the sly, and having anything whatever underhand about it, is very bad

and is certain to produce a bad influence. Mediums while being developed must be very cautious, very prayerful, very guarded against deceit; very patient, humble, and quietly receptive of what may come to them; very careful and pure in life, for a calm and prayerful state of mind is necessary for the influx of a high spiritual influence, while lower influences can more easily impress themselves—are more in their element, as it were, with natures more disturbed, and less exalted and pure in mind and body. If those who are being developed as mediums will remember and act up to this, they will arrive at a state in which they will know at once the pure from the impure, and be able to judge of the influences about them.”

[The following *séances* occurred at Adare Manor, and at Garinish, a cottage of my father's, on the coast of Kerry. For the sake of uniformity, I think it best to follow the same familiar style, using the first person, as in the previous communications. The *séances* recorded by my father are signed “D.”; those by me, “A.”¹]

No. 50.—Séance at Adare Manor, February 27th, 1869.

Mr. Home arrived yesterday, and this evening our first *séance* took place. We sat in the gallery; the party consisting of my sister-in-law Mrs. Wynne, and her daughter, Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Hon. F. Lawless, Captain Wynne (Charlie), Mr. Home, Adare, and myself. During the *séance* there was a strong gale of wind, with heavy hail showers, and flashes of lightning. After a short time, vibrations and slight movements of the table occurred. Presently Mr. Home and Adare went to the end of the room, and sat at a small table and asked what had best be done. They received the following answer: “*The external atmosphere is not good. We are not sure that this room will be conducive. We wish all who remain in this*

¹The *séances* recorded by the late Lord Dunraven are Nos. 50, 51, 55, 59 and a part of Nos. 56 and 57. [Ed.]

room to be in the circle. Go with your father and Fred Lawless to try another room." As Mr. Home and Adare were walking up the gallery to tell us, Adare said "I wonder if Charlie (Wynne) may come with us?" "Yes," was rapped on a table which they were passing at the moment.

We went to my study, and sat at a small table. Raps were heard, and Mr. Home soon went into a trance, and immediately rose up and walked about the room, seemingly in an uncomfortable state; his eyes were shut. He took the green shade off my reading lamp, and then bandaged his eyes; and after a few turns about the room, he came back to the table. He seemed attracted to Lawless. He placed his hand against the back of Lawless's neck, and pressed it. Lawless felt a sensation as if a hot stream flowed into him. Mr. Home then sat down; and, pointing emphatically at Lawless, said: "You have considerable powers; you have (or ought to have) large healing powers." He again walked about, and seemed very uncomfortable, conveying the impression that there was something unsatisfactory about the state of the room. He said: "The gallery is too large, and full of different influences, the chairs even have different influences; and then this room is too full of business and of figures." He went out into the hall; came back, and then went into the vestibule. On returning he took Adare out, and asked him to come and try the dining room. Adare said: "Why not try the room at the end of the passage?" (his mother's sitting room). They went down in the dark, Mr. Home finding the door, which Adare missed. They entered the room, and immediately Mr. Home said: "This is the room." He then quitted it, returned to where we were sitting, and taking me by the hand, he led the way rapidly back to the other room, and walked into the middle of it, Adare coming with us. It was pitch dark. "This," he said, "this is the room." We heard raps in different places. He then took my hand, returned to my study, and sat down. He addressed me in a loud whisper: "That is the room; you will put some flowers there in the morning, and have a fire in the afternoon. There will be a remark-

able manifestation up stairs; you will not know when it will happen. You may go to that old ruin on Wednesday night, or not later than Thursday. The men only are to go, the ladies would be frightened.¹ When Daniel comes back, go and sit up stairs." Mr. Home soon after awoke. At one time during his trance he was either elongated or raised off the ground, for, while standing close to the table, opposite to me, his head and the upper part of his figure were rapidly elevated several inches; the lower part was concealed by the table; this lasted only a few seconds.

As directed we went up stairs, and sat at the large table in the middle of the gallery. Miss Smith joined the circle; she became slightly hysterical and left the table, but soon returned. Fred Lawless became nearly similarly affected. Vibrations of the tables and chairs occurred, and the usual cold currents of air were perceived. Mr. Home and Adare felt some strong influence between them; the chair of the former was pulled back from one to two feet, and Mrs. Wynne's was half turned round. The table was tilted in different directions, and was at last raised about one foot off the ground. After this nothing more occurred.

D.

No. 51 Séance.—February 28th [1869].

As directed last night, we sat in Lady Dunraven's sitting room. Present: Mrs. Wynne, C. Wynne, Lawless, Adare, Mr. Home and myself. The table was unsteady and creaky; we had very slight manifestations. After some time Mr. Home went into a trance; he seemed uncomfortable, and walked about, altering the position of the different chairs and articles of furniture; he objected to the large stuffed chairs on which we were sitting, and changed them: saying, that the springs in them had a bad effect. He drew down the blinds, and made movements with his hands and arms as if magnetizing about the room. He sat down near the fire, then taking out a coal, partly red

¹ We had been previously talking about going to the Abbey.

and partly black, he brought it and held it between Mrs. Wynne and me, as if showing it to us; then, without making any remark, he put it back in the fire. He held the coal by the black part, which, doubtless, was tolerably hot; yet, still the experiment could hardly be called an example of the fire test, such as was exhibited at Norwood, and is mentioned in No. 30. After this he rubbed and patted several of us on the back, and he pressed his head against me between the shoulders; I felt a warm current flowing from it. He then sat down, and said that the room was now in a much better state. After making a few observations he awoke. Raps were heard, and we were told to go and look for another table; Mr. Home, in order to know who should go with him, pointed to each in turn, and Adare and I were chosen. We went to the hall and the library, trying different tables without any result; on our return through the hall, we heard raps on a table as we were touching it, as we passed; so we took it with us. We sat at this table; but had only slight manifestations. We received this message, "*We are doing our best; we hope you will be patient.*" We asked, "How many spirits present?" and were told "*Nine.*" "How many that we have known?" "*Two.*" I expressed a hope that Dr. Elliotson would come, and we were talking about him when the following was given, "*He will visit the Abbey.*" After a short pause we received this message: "*The influence is against us; we mean the external atmosphere.*" And soon after the following: "*We think you had better try the same table you had last night.*" Upon this we adjourned to the gallery. We were joined by Miss Wynne, Miss Smith and Major Blackburn. The table vibrated, and raps were heard; but nothing remarkable took place.

During one of the periods when the table was vibrating, the manor clock struck twelve; the continuity of the vibration ceased, but at each stroke of the bell a vibration took place. When the last stroke had sounded, the continuity of the vibrations recommenced. Soon after this, the following message was given: "*We have done our best; but find it is impossible. May God bless you all.*" The

word God was spelled by strong vibrations of the table ; we then adjourned. D.

No. 52.—Séance, March 1st [1869].

We had a *séance* at five p.m. Present : Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Wynne, Miss Wynne, Miss Smith, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself. Tolerably strong physical manifestations occurred. No messages were given, but the spirits present occasionally joined in our conversation by rapping " *Yes* " or " *No* ; " and they answered a few questions as to the number of spirits in the room, whose relatives they were, &c., &c., The table at which we were seated was moved, and raised in the air. A good-sized table standing at some little distance behind Home moved of itself ; and a chair behind me moved up to me of itself. Some one asked, " How many spirits are there present ? " Twenty raps were given. Miss Smith, having been requested to do so, asked if any of her relations were in the room. " *Yes* ; " was answered. " But, " she said, " there are no relations of mine alive here ; no one is related to me. " The answer was " *WE ARE the living.* " When leaving the room, Home told me he had a strong impression that Mrs. Wynne and myself were to sit with him alone sometime in the evening ; after dinner, accordingly, we three went and sat in my room round a large and tolerably heavy table. Immediately the influence became apparent by strong vibrations and raps on the table and floor. The room was at this time lighted by a bright fire and one candle. The following sentences were given with short intervals between them, there not being apparently sufficient power to enable the spirits to spell out by raps many words in succession : " *We are pleased to have you thus.* " " Alone ? " I asked. " *Yes.* " " *Emily welcome.* " Home's hands were influenced, and he patted and stroked his chest.

The names were then given : " *Richard,* " " *James,* " " *John,* " " *Robert.* " " Is it Gore Booth ? " I asked. " *No.* " We were speculating as to who these spirits could be, as

only one name was recognized by Mrs. Wynne, and none by me, Home began describing them; but Mrs. Wynne, not knowing that it was of any consequence, interrupted him, and he could not tell us who they were; he said however that we should know later. We now heard persons moving in different parts of the room. In order to be certain that we were not deceived, we asked that the sounds might be repeated three times; it was done as we requested. Home also said he saw various figures, but not with sufficient distinctness to be able to describe them. Raps were constantly heard on the table, floor, and furniture, and the spirits occasionally answered our questions. The table was moved about slightly, and raised off the ground. Home went into a trance, got up and walked about without speaking for some little time; by the attitude he assumed I perceived that "the Doctor" was influencing him. He came up to me and whispered, "Tell Dan not to eat so much sweet." Another influence then came over him; he walked about briskly, and seemed happy and pleased; he spoke in a loud voice somewhat to this effect: "As regards the *séances* you have been holding, it is most difficult for us to succeed. In the first place the external atmosphere is most unpropitious, neither have you approached the subject in a proper spirit and frame of mind. In whatever way you regard the subject, it is a most important one, and should not be treated with levity, but should be approached quietly and with earnest prayer. You are not sufficiently serious. Some are actuated by curiosity, some are wishing for one thing, others for something quite different; the aspirations are so various, it is almost as though you were praying to different gods: the influences are consequently all opposed to each other. You should come prayerfully, earnestly, not hoping for, or expecting, anything in particular; above all without levity. It is a solemn subject if you consider it to be a great discovery, calculated to throw light on hitherto hidden subjects, to overthrow many errors, and to be of great benefit to the human race. If you do not believe that we are what we pretend to be, and even consider us to be evil, still it is a subject

to be treated with solemnity, for you are communicating with beings or intelligences external to yourselves, different from you, and beyond your knowledge or control. The external influences also are very numerous and strange, and are all, as it were, touching and fingering Dan—wondering at him. It is quite new to them; they have never seen anything like it before, and they do not understand it. Some of them are so intensely anxious to communicate, to say something, others again do not at all approve of it, and would wish to prevent anything of the sort.”

ADARE: “That is curious!”

Mrs. WYNNE: “Surely it would be more curious if they were all agreed.”

HOME: (laughing) “Why, Adare, your aunt’s notions are more correct than yours, although you have been at it so long; but then you spoke without thinking. Oh yes, indeed, some of them are very much opposed to it.”

ADARE: “Will you give us any directions about our *séances*?”

HOME: “That is what we have been trying to find out, but it is difficult. You see if we pick out a few, then those who are left out are annoyed, and those who are chosen are sorry for the others who are disappointed, and are affected by their influence. It would be much better if you would settle among yourselves for some to sit one night and the others the next; we can tell you what combination answers best; we would sooner you settled it among yourselves, then there will be no unpleasant feeling.” Home then put out the candle, and told me to help him to move the table; we placed it near the window and sat down. Soon after he awoke. There was a strong influence about the table, it vibrated and was lifted in the air, the cloth was raised apparently by hands moving under it, and I was touched on the knee by a hand; Home said he saw hands and figures. A hand came out from under the table, covered by the cloth and touched my left side, it remained there a few seconds and was then withdrawn. This message was given, “*I took it from my own dear boy to give to you my dear sister, take it.*”

We none of us understood to what this referred, till I noticed that a rose bud had been taken from my button-hole, however I made no remark. We heard something moving under the table, and the cloth was raised, as if by a hand, near Mrs. Wynne. At Home's suggestion, she put her hand down, and the rose was placed in it. A flower in Home's button-hole was then jerked out across the table, and fell by me. I asked who it was for, the answer was, "*For you to give to your father with love.*" This message was then given, "*Your happiness is ours.*" Then this, "*We would fain manifest ourselves more powerfully.*"

While this last message was being given, the table was raised gently off the floor and moved up and down three times in the air, then raised again a little higher, and again moved up and down; in this manner it was, without ever touching the floor, raised six or seven times, a little higher on each occasion, until it was about three feet above the floor. I have never seen a table sustained in the air for so long a time. Mrs. Wynne remarked that it was delightful to have no bad influence present, when we had this message: "*Prayer to God will protect.*" The table then began moving on the floor in a circle, and the following was given: "*The love of God encircling you round and about.*" Subsequently this was spelled out: "*We love the symbol of faith;*" and the table was raised in the air, and twice made the sign of the cross. A perfume, as of dried rose leaves and some aromatic substance, was wafted across us and the message given: "*We must now go.*" Nothing more occurred. A.

No. 53.—Tuesday, March 2nd [1869].

On the afternoon of the 2nd I was seated by the fire in my room reading, Home was writing at the long table. Suddenly the round table, starting from the window, moved a distance of six or eight feet, and placed itself against the end of the long table. We both heard a sound as of a bell tinkling. Home began speaking about the spirit

present, and while doing so went into a trance. He said, "Oh, he is very strange and restless, he is a monk." I asked, "Is that sound of the bell the same as I heard last night?" "Yes; he was here last night, and says you ought to have heard him. He has never been here before, that is, not since this house has been built. The sound of the bell is the same also as you heard outside the house to-day with Dan, only it is more concentrated now." I asked what the meaning of the sound was, "Ah, he was a monk. He seems to have committed some crime and then to have said mass, and the crime weighed heavier on his conscience in consequence." A dagger was then violently knocked off the table to the other side of the room. I was not looking at Home at the moment and cannot say whether he struck it or not. "Oh," he said, "he cannot bear the sight of that." A large pair of scissors were then dashed on to the floor from off the round table, no one being near it. Home said, "He cannot bear anything sharp and pointed; Ah, he is trying to pick up the scissors, but he cannot touch them because they have, as you see, fallen in the shape of a cross. Ah, poor fellow, he says he will not hurt you, he would not stop a minute here, but that he sees you do not hate and despise him; he will do you no harm, but you must not mind his being rough and abrupt in his manner. He does not wish you to speak about this to the others, but he wants you, Charlie, and Dan, to come here to-night; he has something to say; he does not like those *séances* down stairs, he is not pleased. He cannot speak to you himself, he can scarcely make manifestations; he talks old Irish. He is the same spirit that Fred saw,¹ he was stripped of his gown and appeared to have on a blanket."

On the same afternoon, or the day before, I forget which, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself were seated on the bed in

¹ This alluded to Mr. Lawless, having told us, while on a visit here last winter, that he had seen a ghost or spirit in the castle. I did not pay much attention to his statements, supposing it to have been some illusion on his part.

my room; Charlie Wynne was sitting by the fire. We heard raps on the table, and a sound as of a hand brushing on the wall, and the bed vibrated. A.

No. 54.—*Séance, March 2nd* [1869].

Present:—Mrs. and Miss Wynne, Mrs. and Major Blackburn, Miss Smith, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, Home, and myself. This evening we sat at a table in the gallery; very slight physical manifestations occurred, which soon ceased, and after waiting some time, the party broke up. Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wynne, Captain Wynne, Mr. Lawless, and Home went up to my room to try there. I followed them in about a quarter of an hour. Before I arrived they had a message to the effect that the spirits would do more if they could; afterwards we had the usual manifestations, currents of air, vibrations, raps, tilting of the table, which was on two occasions also raised in the air. At one time, Miss Wynne, Home, and I heard a very singular rumbling and rolling sort of sound in the air behind us, which was repeated three times. We saw hands (apparently) moving under the table cloth; and Mrs. Blackburn, Home, and I were touched. Mrs. Blackburn's dress was sharply pulled two or three times, as was also Miss Wynne's; we all saw and heard it. Mrs. Blackburn was slightly under influence, and became a good deal agitated. Home went into a trance; walked about, and described to Mrs. Blackburn two spirits that were standing behind her magnetizing her and causing the agitation she felt. He said, "They will do you no harm, but on the contrary what they are about is for a good object; one of them magnetized you in the same way this afternoon, but there are now two, and it is consequently stronger. The influence about you is very good, but very strong, you could hear raps at night now." Mrs. Blackburn said, "Oh, please don't!" Mr. Home replied, "Oh, no; don't be nervous, they will not do it; they know it would frighten you, and they will never do that; but the time will come when you will not be frightened at it." Going

to Mr. Lawless, he said, "You really must have more command over your nerves, if you cannot control them you must not come to *séances*; you will get more and more hysterical, and it will do you physical harm; you had better go away for a few minutes." Then turning to me, he said, "You did not do what you promised last night. He is here; you know who I mean." I replied, "Yes, I know; but Dan said last night that he had an impression that Mrs. Wynne and I were to sit with him; and I could not do what I promised." Home said, "You might have done so afterwards; however it is perhaps as well that you did not, for you might have attributed Dan's illness to that. He is still here; he is not pleased." I asked, "Would it do as well to-night, or to-morrow?" Home replied, "No; he says he will come unexpectedly again as he did the first time. Oh yes, he knows that you did not forget, he does not blame you, but he is not pleased; he is very much annoyed at these sittings down stairs." Home then opened the window, and appeared to be debating as to whether he should go out or not. He shut the window and said, "You will not let us do it; you have not sufficient faith." He then sat down and awoke. We had a few more physical manifestations, the last being that Home's chair was drawn away from the table.

A.

No. 55.—Séance, March 3rd [1869].

This *séance* was held in Adare's room. Present:—Mrs. Wynne, Adare, Mr. Home, and myself. Soon after we were seated, Mr. Home went into a trance. He got up and walked about, remarking that the influence was good, and that Mrs. Wynne's influence was very pleasant. He went to the door, opened it, and said, "Ah, here is that strange spirit that came to Ashley House—Thomas, your father's friend—he is very eccentric; he says he wants to recall some conversation to your father." I said, "I hope he will do so." Adare observed that if he exhibited the same curiously abrupt and undecided manner that he did

at Ashley House (*vide* No. 44, p. 163), he would probably say nothing, at any rate this night." Home said, "Oh, that was his manner; he is very eccentric." He then walked up to Mrs. Wynne, and made passes over her head, and held it between his hands, and told her that her circulation was bad (which it is), and that her liver was out of order.

He pointed to me saying, "Your influence is very good for physical manifestations; you must not think that you are any impediment to their occurrence." I had been fancying that probably my presence was rather adverse, and consequently I was unwilling to attend the *séance*; but I had not mentioned this to Home. He then gave Adare directions about the table. "You will place it near the window; your father will sit next to Daniel, you on his other side, then Mrs. Wynne, leaving a vacant space next to the window." We then commenced talking about his having had apparently some idea of going out of the window last night (*vide* No. 54), and were discussing as to whether there was any real danger in his doing so; some saying they would be nervous, while others, myself among them, said we should feel no anxiety whatever as to his safety; upon which he remarked, "They will take care and see when the conditions are right; there need be no fear." He then spoke about one of the *séances* which had been held when he was not present, and said, "We do not approve of it at all; it is all wrong; the whole thing is in confusion. That sentence about B—— and the wicked devil is not right; there is no wicked devil in that sense. We do not wish to enter into any explanation, we only tell you that it is all wrong." Turning to Mrs. Wynne, Mr. Home said, "John says he is coming to you to-night, and that he wants to try and put his hand in yours." Soon after this he sat down and awoke. He spoke during his trance in a loud whisper.

We took the table over to the window and seated ourselves as we had been directed. We soon heard a number of very delicate raps, like a continuous stream of little electrical sparks, which lasted for a short time; they were barely audible without placing the ear close to the cloth

which covered the table. We then felt vibrations, and heard raps of different kinds, chiefly on the table, but some dull sounds like knocks, occurred elsewhere. We had extinguished the candles, but the fire gave sufficient light to see near objects well, and distant ones faintly. In the recess of the window was a large box or chest with papers and other things lying upon it; one could see them, without being able clearly to distinguish what they were. The alphabet being called for, the following messages were given, with short intervals between them, during which there were frequent raps: "*God be with you. Your father Thomas Gould. You must not think we fear the cross, we love it, we also love God.*" "*We are allowed to pray for you and watch over you.*" Soon after several loud raps or knocks were heard, and the name "*John Wynne*" was spelled out. About this time there were movements and sounds about the papers on the box, and Mrs. Wynne's dress was touched. Presently we had the following message: "*Could you but know the reality of my identity, and the unaltered and unalterable love I bear you, I well know it would be a source of joy to you. I have not sent you messages, for the reason that you could have no means of distinguishing the certainty of my personality.*"¹ I then said, "To whom is this message sent," and the answer was, "*You, my own.*" I added, "I should like to know the name of the spirit," and was answered, "*Augusta.*" At this point some interruption seemed to occur. Mrs. Wynne's dress was visibly and audibly moved about, and Mr. Home several times saw a hand; the slight sounds about the papers on the box recurred. Presently, Mr. Home's feet were moved and placed upon mine; strong movements of his arms and legs took place; his hands appeared to be drawn about in different directions, and rather violently agitated. After these movements had

¹This message clearly referred to my having several times lately remarked upon the fact, that no message had, I believe, been sent to me on any occasion during the previous *séances* in London or elsewhere, by the spirit who would most naturally under the circumstances have done so—which fact I had used as an argument bearing upon a particular view of the whole subject.

ceased, he said, "I feel a hand on me, pressing against my chest; and now it has, I think, taken the flowers from my button-hole." The idea came into my mind that perhaps these flowers were intended for me; I quietly laid one hand open upon my knee. Almost immediately a flower was placed very delicately in it. I then felt another flower, and tried to grasp the hand holding it, but did not succeed; it seemed to vanish, leaving the flower in my hand. Some curious manifestations now took place. The cloth on the table was lifted up, fully six inches, as by a hand. This occurred along the side next the window several times. Mr. Home saw the hand. Mrs. Wynne became nervous, which was to be regretted, as she might probably have felt the hand as had been told her at the commencement of the *séance*. There were vibrations and tiltings of the table, and various kinds of raps. Presently, the alphabet was called for, and the following given: "*Even should we be taken to a distant heaven, would it not be our greatest joy to fly as the——*" Here the message stopped; and we heard a rustling sound about the box in the window, which lasted two or three minutes. Adare said, "I am sure I know what this means." My hand was on my knee. I suddenly felt something touch it, which I laid hold of, and drew out from under the table; it was an arrow. We then re-commenced the alphabet; and the word "*descends*" was given, thus finishing the sentence: "*as the arrow descends.*" During this manifestation, as also when the flowers were being placed in my hand, Mr. Home was sitting quite still, with both his hands on the table. A sheet of paper was lying on the edge of the table next the window, on which a pencil was placed. We presently saw the pencil moving about on the paper. Mr. Home saw the fingers holding it. Adare noticed it also, more than once, but of an undefined form.

We now heard something moving upon the box by the window, and a heavy substance fell near Adare's feet. Some of us at the same moment perceived a decided smell of brandy. Adare said, "I know what it is." The following message was then given: "*You must not take for your cold stimulants.*" Adare asked if he was to take

none at all. The answer was by two raps, meaning, “*perhaps*,” or “*a little*.” We afterwards found that it was Adare’s flask which had been thrown under the table. On examining it no brandy appeared to have escaped. Soon after this a curious manifestation occurred about the table, just like the sound and motion of the vibration on board a steamer. This was succeeded by the following message: “*We deeply regret, but we have no more power. God abide with you.*” During this beautiful *séance*, which lasted nearly two hours, the table was twice raised up from a foot to eighteen inches. The messages were spelled partly by raps and partly by tilts of the table. I was touched on two occasions, rather delicately, on the knee. The whole *séance* was quiet, soothing, and very impressive.

D.

No. 56.—*Séance, March 4th* [1869].

Present:—Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Miss Wynne, Lawless, Charlie Wynne, Home, my father, and myself. We sat in my room, which was lighted by one candle and the fire. After sitting for some time without any movement of the table or other indication of influence, Home went into a trance. He got up, said in a low voice to me “We have put Dan into a trance to try and equalize the atmosphere, we wish to make manifestations,” and after walking about the room magnetizing it commenced speaking in a singularly soothing tone of voice, his conversation being principally addressed to Mrs. Blackburn. “There are two Elizabeths—who are they? And Isabella—she seems to have taken care of you, John, when you were young. There is a spirit present with whom you were acquainted, he is lame; you do not remember the name now, but you probably will hereafter. Who was Margaret Henderson? (no one answered). Ah, your mother would know. ask her; she will remember about her. Talk, go on talking to each other, your minds are much too positive; the human mind is like a barrier to us. Your minds now are all intent, and it makes such a confusion that I can-

not see and find out what I want; it is like looking through a shrubbery with all the branches in motion: I cannot make out clearly what there is on the other side." Mrs. Blackburn becoming slightly under influence and agitated, he stood behind her and calmed her, saying, "You must not mind it, they will do you no harm; when on earth they would not have hurt you, why should they now? You must have trust; but even if you have not confidence in them, you know that God protects you from all evil—have trust in him. Should it seem unpleasant and even evil to you, remember that God's ways are not our ways; and out of what is apparently evil, much good may come; that which you might at first consider bad, may turn out to be the greatest good to you. It is the influence that came over Dan when we put him into a trance that affected you; it was so strong—that is all." Standing near Miss Wynne he said, "There are two Windhams here, two young men, Windham Gould and Windham Quin." Touching Charlie Wynne on the shoulder he said, "Charlie, Robert says he has not forgotten his promise, he will keep it, but he has not been able to do so yet; he is going to Emmy." Home then walked about the room and said, "When Maria has sufficient faith and is willing to be developed for the good of others, she will go into trances." Mrs. Blackburn requested my father to ask Home if it was necessary that she should be willing. Home said, "Do not be frightened, nothing will be done to harm you, when you have sufficient faith in God's protecting power,—when you can say, 'Thy will not mine be done,'—when you are anxious for it for the benefit of others, and to advance the truth, then it will come to you; until then the fact of your being unwilling, of your mind being opposed, would prevent it. Oh, there is a Mary (or Maria) here, I like her so much. Dear me! she has such a curious way of smiling—she smiles with her mouth only, she is very timid. There is also a man who appears to have been shot; who can he be? Was he your grandmother's uncle? He seems to have been in a naval engagement. Although Mary is so timid, Maria, she is your principal guardian spirit; there is a miniature or

portrait of her, with some peculiarity in the dress, do you know it?" Mrs. Blackburn replied, "No." Home said, "Ah, well there is one, at any rate there is a black cut profile of her. There is an Alexander present." Home went on for some time speaking about the spirits in the room, and then stood behind my father and told us all to talk; while we were talking, he whispered to him, "You should not fast much." He said, "I do not really fast at all." Home added, "Your brain is very active and is wearing the vital powers, and you should take nourishing food—fasting materially would be bad, but spiritually would be good for you." Home soon after awoke. A.

After this we remained sitting for an hour and a quarter without any manifestations whatever. Mr. Home said several times, "I feel a strong influence all about me; it is strange that there are no physical manifestations." At last I proposed that some of the party should leave the room, being certain that something must be wrong. Blackburn and I went away. Mr. Home remarked, "A few moments will shew whether their presence was the obstruction." Still no manifestations. He then said, "Charlie, do you and Lawless go, and send the others back." Lawless went with the greatest reluctance. The door had hardly closed when there were cold currents, vibrations, and raps. I returned, and was scarcely seated, when the alphabet was called for, and this message given: "*We love Freddy, but he is not in a state of mind or body conducive to manifestations.*" Wynne fetched the accordion. Mrs. Blackburn was very soon after touched on the dress, and something became plainly visible moving under the table cloth, along the edge of the table, raising up the cloth several inches, as would be done were a hand and arm [underneath it].¹ The hand was visible on the cloth to Mr. Home, and I once faintly perceived it. It touched Mrs. Blackburn's hand. This manifestation was repeated different times. I was touched on the ankle, and several times on the knee. Miss Wynne's dress was strongly pulled. The

¹ This sentence is incomplete in the original edition. The general meaning is however clear. [Ed.]

table was beautifully raised in the air, by three successive lifts, to the height of eighteen inches or two feet. Mr. Home then took the accordion, holding it under the edge of the table with one hand, the other resting on the table; soon after it began to sound, it played with considerable power as well as great delicacy, something like a voluntary, with airs introduced. Then there were sounds like echoes, so fine, as to be scarcely audible. The accordion was drawn out towards Mrs. Blackburn, but not put into her hand. I expressed a wish that it might be played without being held by Mr. Home, upon which he withdrew his hand, placing it on the table; the instrument was just touching the under edge of the table, where it remained, as it were, suspended. It began playing very gently. He clapped his hands several times to shew that he was not touching it. The playing soon ceased, and he took it again. Some notes sounded out of tune, and I said, "either wrong notes are played in the chord, or the accordion is out of tune." "*Out of tune*" was rapped out on the instrument. It played again very finely, and with the tremolo effect, which struck me exceedingly. I asked, "Will you tell us who is playing"; two raps were given, implying doubt. Presently the alphabet was called for, and the following given: "*Remember that*;" and then "*Oft in the stilly night*" was softly played. When one recalls the words:—

Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me, &c.

how touching the message becomes, and how beautiful the mode of representing it.¹ I then again asked, "Will you not tell us the name of the spirit who has been playing." The letters "*a-u-g*" were rapped out by my being touched delicately on the knee. I guessed the completion of the word, saying, "Is it Augusta?" and I was touched, "*Yes.*" I then asked whether it would be possible for the organ to be played if the bellows were filled, and the reply "*Perhaps,*" was given. I said, "I can identify the player

¹ This air was, long ago, one of my greatest favourites.

from a particular circumstance." Some one remarked, "Is it from what was played, or by the expression?" "No," I replied, when Adarc said, "Is it from the imitation of the tremolo?" "Yes," I replied, "that reminded me immediately of the organ;" upon which the following was instantly rapped out, by my being again touched on the knee: "*You are right my own.*" Soon after this we all heard strong sounds which proceeded seemingly from a large oblong writing table, which stood several feet from us; we could perceive it moving; it stopped within a foot of our table, which then moved up to it. We heard first one and then another drawer opened, on the side of the table farthest from us, and a rustling sound as if stirring papers. After a short pause, the following sentence was given, partly, if not wholly, (I forget which) by tilting the table: "*We must cease, but not before praying God to bless you.*" We then adjourned. During the sitting the table was again lifted in the beautiful manner before mentioned, reminding me very much of the action of the bellows of the organ while being filled; and it is very remarkable that this occurred, as will be seen in the foregoing description, just before the playing commenced. D.

Having left my room, Home and I went down to the smoking room. While he was speaking to me he broke off suddenly in the middle of a word with a violent start and went into a trance. Major Blackburn at that moment came into the room, and witnessed what occurred. Home jumped up, caught me by the hand, beckoned to Major Blackburn to follow, and led us up to my room in a great hurry. On opening the door, he said (apparently to some spirit in the room), "Oh, please do not do that!" He then drew out the long writing table, placed it near the window, put two chairs in front of the fire, and hung a blanket over them to exclude the light; then placed a chair at each end of the table for us, and one for himself at the side of the table opposite the window and the drawers. He drew out one of the drawers and placed a piece of paper and a pencil in it; then sitting down, he said, "Listen!" I listened, and distinctly heard the sound

of a pencil writing on a piece of paper in the open drawer; the word written was finished by three dots. Home then threw himself back in his chair and said, "Oh, she is so thankful that your father has seen what he has!" He began to sob violently, and calling me over to him, he grasped my hand, and said, "Oh, my darling I am so glad that he has seen something; I wish he could have been here now, but the conditions happened to be favourable at this moment, and we could not wait. You will give him the paper on which I have written, and the pencil; the pencil must be kept; it may be used again, but only at Adare. There was a spirit here when you came in, who damaged the conditions a little, and the writing is in consequence not very firm; the pencil point also broke, and the last letters are not quite distinct; the colour of the pencil is typical of my love—pure, deep, and everlasting." The pencil was a red one, and the word written was "*Augusta*." Home, on being asked afterwards about his going so suddenly into a trance, said, "I can remember being in the smoking room, and seeing two spirits enter by the door; rapidly approaching, one of them stretched out his hand towards me, and I immediately lost consciousness." A.

No. 57.

It was now nearly 10 p.m., and my father, Charlie Wynne, Home and I went to the Abbey; we walked up the church, and stood near the altar. Home shortly went into a trance. He took off a white comforter that he wore round his neck, and tied it over his head, and began walking with rapid measured strides up and down the church. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, and by his moaning, he appeared to be in great agony of mind. As he walked he made (with his mouth, I think) a sound that appeared to us closely to resemble that of a man walking in sandals or wooden shoes, upon a tiled or stone floor. His head became luminous, as did also his hands. This occurred twice; the second time more faintly.

An owl flew round the church screeching ; I attributed the noise to Home, but as he passed me he said in a most awful voice, " No, it is not so ;" and as he repassed, he added, " You were mistaken." He kneeled upon the ground occasionally, waved his arms above his head, and appeared in great distress. He came up to us and, in a frightened tone of voice, said, " Oh, come away—come away !" and led us down to the other end of the church. He walked about a little longer, then, taking my father's arm, he said, " Do you see that tomb-stone with the light shining upon it? It would be better, aye, ten million times better, to lie there in the cold dark clay, than to spend years upon years, every moment of which is an eternity, in wandering here." Raising his hands above his head, he added, " oh, I am so weary—so weary !" Soon after this he awoke. He was rather nervous, and said to me, " Who is that man standing by the window? Is it Lord Dunraven ?" He seemed quite astonished when he found we were all near him, and that none of us could see the figure.

During the rest of the time we remained in the Abbey, Home was entranced, I suppose, four or five times, and even in the intervals, when he was awake and knew where he was and what he was doing, he was under a very strong influence. He stood talking to us for a few minutes, and then said, " The figure is beckoning to me. I am quite awake and not the least nervous ; I must go." He accordingly moved towards the window and we followed him at a short distance. He left the church by the choir door, and went beyond the low broken wall, saying that he saw the figure standing against a portion of the ruins, at some little distance from where we were standing. I saw a dark shadow against the wall, and I saw a light flash from it as distinctly as if some one had struck a match there ; Charlie Wynne said he saw the light flash at the same moment that I did ; my father saw the light also, but faintly. Home walked towards the spot where he said the figure was standing, he went behind the wall, and remained out of sight for some minutes ; when he reappeared there was somebody, or something with him, that is to say, I could clearly perceive some substance moving alongside of

him as he walked. Presently we all saw him approaching, and evidently raised off the ground, for he floated by, in front of us at a height which carried him over the broken wall, which was about two feet high. There could not be a better test of his being off the ground, for as he crossed the wall, his form was not in the least raised, but the movement was quite horizontal and uniform. The distance that we saw him thus carried, must have been at least 10 or 12 yards.

He then came back to us and we found he was in a trance. He directed our attention to an old doorway near us, saying, "He is there; he is laying a stone; you will hear the sound of a trowel." We listened and heard indistinct sounds; I cannot say that they resembled the sound of laying a stone. Home then awoke, and said that he remembered that, before he went into the trance, he had been walking about with a man dressed like a friar in a brown gown; that they had been talking together, but that he did not know what he had said to him; that this spirit (the friar) was unable to leave the earth; that he and the spirit had both been raised in the air by some other strong influence. He described the spirit as leaning on his shoulder. He soon left us, and apparently was again engaged in conversation with this spirit. He then returned, and spoke to us. This he repeated two or three times, being sometimes in a trance and sometimes awake when he addressed us. Finally, while in the trance, he led us back into the church, kneeled on the ground, apparently in prayer, two or three times, and then began walking up and down the church, raising his hands above his head, and saying, "Oh, how good! Oh, how good!" He then came up to us, and told us that the spirit would be better and happier for something that he had said or done that night, after which he awoke. He said that he saw a figure in the air between us and the window. Charlie Wynne and I both saw a shadow move across the window. We then returned home.

It is a fact worthy of notice that although the night was perfectly calm, the birds appeared to be in a singularly disturbed state; owls were flitting about, and some

other bird flew several times round the church, screaming harshly. Besides night birds, ordinary birds (judging by the sounds) were flying about; and at one time, just as Home said he saw the figure enter a clump of trees at some distance from us, a bird seemed to fly out, chirping. We heard in the church a sound as of a bird flying round whistling, and Home, being then in a trance, appeared as if following it about, and endeavouring to catch it. I could see nothing, and do not know whether it was a real bird or not.

A.

Accurate as is the foregoing account of this strange scene, it would be difficult, indeed impossible, to convey by any description, a just idea of its solemnity. When we entered the ruins the night was quite dark and very still. We walked quietly up the nave and choir, and stood for some little time near the east window. Scarcely a word was spoken. We had not the least idea what sort of manifestations were likely to occur. While Mr. Home was walking about, what with the deep tones of the voice so utterly unlike his own—the occasional moans and utterances of sounds of pain or distress—his disappearing in the gloom and reappearing again—the light shining around his head and upon his hands, which were occasionally lifted as if in prayer, and were thus visible when the rest of the figure was lost in darkness; his attitudes, sometimes kneeling, at others as if searching for something near the ground—the strange sounds which we heard, particularly a sort of chirping or unearthly whistling, which seemed to proceed from him, and the startling screams made by some bird, but what bird we had not light enough to identify; the effect produced upon us was most thrilling, and one which we are not likely soon to forget. Before leaving the Abbey the light from the moon, just about to rise, enabled us to see objects; the sky too had become clear, and the stars shone out, while an air of calmness and peace pervaded the scene, producing a most soothing effect upon our minds.

D.

We had supper in the hall upon our return. While talking, a curious rushing or rumbling noise was heard that we could not account for, and my father felt his chair vibrating. Home went into a trance, and told us to follow him into the gallery. We did so, and at his request stood near the piano, while he sat down at the instrument. The piano vibrated strongly. Home played a powerful and impressive chant, and then commenced speaking of the joys and sorrows of our life, telling us how they (the spirits) sympathized with us. He described what he was speaking of on the piano, playing discords for the sorrows and trials of life, and harmony for the joys. He said, "There is a merry spirit here who rejoices that you have done good," and he played a lively air. He added, "They made that rushing noise you all heard down stairs, to testify their happiness that you have all done a good action in going to the Abbey to-night," (turning to my father), "It was your father and your brother who shook your chair in the hall." He then began speaking about the immeasurable goodness and greatness of God, and finally rose up, stood in the middle of the room, and delivered a very beautiful prayer in the most impressive and earnest manner. He then awoke. It was past three o'clock.

A.

No. 58.—*Séance, March 5th* [1869].

This evening, one of the ladies who had previously been much interested in the subject of Spiritualism, was seized with a sudden and unaccountable idea that the whole thing was either demoniacal in its origin or imposture, and that it was her duty to denounce it. She did so in such unmeasured terms that she succeeded in thoroughly disquieting the minds of more than one of our party. After dinner we had a *séance* in my room: present, Mrs. and Miss Wynne, Major and Mrs. Blackburn, Charlie Wynne, my father, Home and myself. We had scarcely any physical manifestations, but shortly after sitting down we received the following message:—"The conditions are

not so favourable this evening ;” my father asked if the conditions were affected by any one in the circle, the answer was, “No.” We soon after obtained the following communication, having reference probably to a conversation that had taken place that afternoon on Spiritualism, and its effect upon religion :—“*We do not bid, or even wish, you to have faith in us, we only come to proclaim immortality, and the reality and nearness of the spiritual world.*”¹ Home soon went into a trance, and walked about the room, magnetizing it ; he stood by Mrs. Wynne, and said, “Your brother Windham is near you and wishes to kiss you, his mouth is close to your forehead, but you are nervous and that prevents it ; he will come again presently and will do it if he can.” Home now sat down and spoke somewhat as follows :—“The conditions are not affected by any one in particular in the circle, but by the disturbed and agitated state of your minds ; a good many unpleasant things have occurred to-day and have caused this. The possibility of our communicating with you is much affected by the condition of your minds ; a calm and prayerful state is absolutely necessary for the approach of a high spiritual influence, while in an unsettled and irritated condition you become easy of access to the lower and less pure influences.

“The human mind in its natural beauty is calm, and casts a holy and peaceful influence on all near it ; it is then like a lovely flower, not only beautiful to the eye, but affecting all around with its delicious fragrance. But, when disturbed and terrified by fears and doubts, the beauty of the mind and its fragrance are destroyed, resembling the same flower crushed and unable any longer to shed abroad its sweet and natural odours. The present disturbed condition of some among you has a much wider effect than you would suppose ; as, if you drop a stone into the placid waters of a lake, the ripples will spread out gradually widening and widening until they have passed over a large portion of its surface ; so, in like manner,

¹ Some interruption occurred, which prevented the words after “*immortality, and,*” being written down ; the remainder is supplied from memory, and is believed to be correct.

the waves emanating from your minds have a wide-spread influence upon the atmosphere around you." Home spoke to us for some time very beautifully in a soothing tone of voice; he deprecated the idea that spirits wished to interfere in matters of religion. "Do we," he said, "set ourselves up as teachers, or tell you to love God less, or to be uncharitable? Do we interfere with the every-day walk of life?" He spoke in this strain for some little time, then saying, "the conditions are getting a little more favourable," he arose, went to the door, opened it, and appearing to invite some one to enter, led the person up to Mrs. Blackburn, saying to her as he did so, "He cannot come fast." During the address Mrs. Blackburn had become slightly under influence; Home took no notice of it at the time, but he now stood by her making passes, and calmed her. He spoke to her very beautifully and earnestly on the subject of the power she possessed of being developed as a medium. He entreated her to have trust, not in them (the spirits) but in God; he begged her to repeat after him "Thy will be done," and he seemed much pleased when she did so. He said, "Do you remember to whom these words apply? 'And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief!'" "Yes," she said, "they refer to Christ." "Then; if the highest and mightiest power had this difficulty to contend with, namely, their unbelief, how much more must it affect us. Oh, have faith and trust." Home then sat down and addressed us on the same subject of mediumship, drawing a simile from an account my father had been giving us of a fortnight he had spent in Quarantine, in a place just like a prison. He spoke somewhat as follows: "Dunraven has been telling you how he spent some time shut up, deprived of the society of his friends. Now if you were in prison, knowing that your friends were without, separated from you only by a great impassable wall, would you not yearn—oh, so earnestly—to send them a few words of love; then if you found some one who was capable of carrying a message for you, would you not think it a little hard if that person refused. Although you might know that your message would be distorted and

confused by passing through the hands of a third person, that you could not possibly say all that you would wish; still would you not be intensely anxious to send—if only one word—to testify of your existence to your sorrowing and weeping friends. It is so with us; there is between us and you a great barrier, through the portals of which we have passed; we yearn to send a few words of love to the dear ones we have left beyond it, and when we find some one who could carry that message, is it not just a little hard that they should be unwilling to do so.” (Turning to Mrs. Blackburn), “Do you not love your children? Will you not ever love them, even when you have passed away? Think then of others—be not selfish—God is not selfish in his love for us, trust in Him.” Home got up and whispered to my father, “You ought to have taken some nourishing food to-day,” (the day was Friday). He then came to me and said, “Go to the Castle to-night, we may not be able to make any manifestations, but it will do good; you will go to the Abbey to-morrow night—ah, but it will rain!” he went to the window, looked out and said, “No, it will do, you will go after twelve o’clock, do not have any *séance* before you go; the external influence is not very good for your nerves.” Home now walked about the room making a sound as of kissing some one, he then sat down and awoke. Subsequently the manifestations were slight, and we got the message: “*We think it better to reserve the power till later.*” We then adjourned.

Soon after, we proceeded to the Castle, Home and I walking a little in advance of the others. On the way he became under influence. As we neared the Abbey I saw a whitish shadow pass from the ruin into a clump of trees, Home said, “That is the same spirit you saw there the other night, you observe that he is much whiter.” Home ran forward on the road jumping apparently with delight, and when he came back said, “I was made to do that to shew you that he is much happier.” When we were about half-way between the Abbey and the Castle, Home said, “It all looks peopled, they are more real to me than those,” turning and pointing to the rest of the

party, who were a few yards behind. He now became completely entranced, and said, "Spirits are sometimes compelled to revisit places that they were much connected with when on earth. It may not be exactly a punishment; they may be occupied about many other things, but at certain seasons they are drawn by an irresistible impulse to revisit such places. Now, supposing you had an estate, and the people on the neighbouring property differed from you in opinions or belief, and you gathered your people together and fought against them, destroying property and even life; that would be all very well for a time, but then you know there comes the passing away, and you see clearly all the evil you have done, and the misery you have caused. Such a man was Oliver Cromwell. Of course, where a man errs through ignorance, and acts up to the best of his knowledge and ability, it is a different thing, but so many men are actuated by a desire for renown and singularity; there is as much pride in wishing to appear different from other men as there is in being over anxious to conform exactly to them, the Quaker, who puts on that peculiar costume is in reality as vain as the fop who dresses himself in the height of fashion." We now entered the Castle, and Home led us over the drawbridge into the inner court, being still in a trance. He bandaged his eyes with a handkerchief, saying, "There is too much light." My father observed, "Yes, it is brighter than it was at the Abbey." Home replied, in rather a sharp tone of voice, "Oh, not that sort of light; but there is too much for Daniel's eyes." He walked about, and up and down the steep slope leading to the vaults without any difficulty, and then went into the vault, where it was quite dark. We heard a noise; I was at some distance from him, but my father, thinking that he had tumbled down the steps, and hearing the splash of something in the well, went forward to the door feeling for him, and touched his hand. Home said, "You think that Daniel fell and was hurt, oh, no; he would not be hurt even were he to fall from the top of the tower; they are here, and want to make themselves visible." My father heard raps under his feet which I could not

hear, as I was several yards distant; he also heard a sound like drops of water falling, and on two occasions observing that three consecutive drops fell, sounding like three raps, he said, "That is water." Home replied, in rather a contemptuous tone of voice, "No; does water answer questions." Charlie Wynne asked if Dr. Elliotson was present; and three heavy thumps were heard above, as if on the ground over the vault. Home then came out, climbed up on the parapet wall, and remained there some time, being generally concealed from us by the ivy; when he returned, he led my father a little in advance of us, saying, "He is trying to speak to you." My father could neither see nor hear anything; but I saw a faint light against the wall, and heard indistinct sounds as of some one trying to articulate. Charlie Wynne also saw the light. Mrs. Blackburn asked Home if the spirit was happy. "No," he said; "but unhappy in a way you cannot understand, he is in a kind of way, happy in his unhappiness; he is not exactly going through a punishment, but he has a great work to do—a work that he can—(drawing himself up, and speaking in a proud determined tone of voice)—aye, and that he *will* accomplish; he says he wishes to like you, Dunraven, and to be of service to you; but he does not quite feel as if he was worthy enough." Home now walked about the inner yard and stamped upon the ground all about a particular spot, then calling me and my father, he said, "There must be a well here; I saw a blueish light over it." We stamped upon the place, and it had a hollow sound. Home having awoken we left the Castle, he and I walking on before the others; we passed through the Abbey, but saw nothing. Home went into a trance, and said, "You have been thinking about the lichens on the trees, and you may draw a parallel between the condition of those trees and that of the human race. Those lichens resemble the pernicious influences that check and retard the race from its natural progress towards perfection, as a time comes when the trees are thus affected, so are there ages of advance and ages of retrogression among men. It does as you say seem hard for those who live in a period of retrogression,

but God's ways are not our ways, and the progress though it may be slow and checked, is yet inevitable, and sure to prevail in time; nations may pass, and their civilization fade away, but it will be taken up elsewhere; the creation is but in its infancy, man is very far removed from the perfection to which he ought—aye, and to which he will—arrive. These lichens do not appear to have been caused by the excessive dampness of the seasons, they seem to be a deep-rooted blight that has not originated even, on the earth, but has come over it in some sort of cloud; it is like a contagious disease: thinning, and giving them air would do good. We think that in about two years they will get long, and the wind will blow them away to a great extent—we mean the white ones; the green ones are flatter, and their roots sink deeper; some of us seem to think that a belt of tar round the trees might do good,—the experiment would be worth trying.” Home now awoke.

We had a little supper after we got home, and then Home proposed that we should go up to the gallery. We all did so and sat at the large centre table, the room being lighted only by a glimmer from the fire. Vibrations commenced immediately. Home went into a trance, walked to the piano, and played the same fine chant as on a previous occasion. He called my father over, made him stand near him, and said, “I wish one of you could note down this chant; do you hear the harp?” We all heard the chords very delicately and faintly swept, the harp being covered at the time; Home then removed the cover and my father heard some noise or movement about the harp and Home added, “They are trying to tune it;” they then returned to the table, and Home awoke. We had strong vibrations and raps, and Charlie Wynne asked whether Dr. Elliotson was present. This was answered by three very loud raps. Miss Wynne said to my father, “Did you know him?” “Yes,” was answered in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for, and the following message, evidently referring to my father's mesmeric experiences, was given. “*Be as true in this cause as you were in bye-gone days for another great truth, John*

Elliotson." After this, raps of different kinds were heard, and soon the following message was given by very loud ones. "*I do not ask you to promise, but expect you to be earnest in working for God.*" Some one remarked, "Who is this message for?" "*I speak to you,*" was answered. "But, who do you mean by 'you'?" was asked. "They mean me," my father said, "for I was touched three times on the knee." Charlie Wynne having brought the accordion, it was played in Home's hand in a different style from the previous evening. My father held the accordion, and it was pulled about and played faintly. Home again took it, and the alphabet being asked for by five notes, the following was given—the letters being indicated by notes: "*We will give you a hymn of praise.*" A slow measured sort of air was played. My father was talking about Dr. Elliotson, and observed that he had been very kind to him. This message was immediately given: "*You mean you were kind to me.*" A sofa was now moved near the table, the table also moving towards it, but evidently with much difficulty; which is not to be wondered at as it was very heavy and standing on a thick Turkey carpet. My father's chair was moved nearer to Home, who said, "I can see Dr. Elliotson standing behind your chair, he has both his hands upon the back of it, and is causing it to vibrate." My father's chair was in effect vibrating at the time; he inquired if Dr. Elliotson had been at the Castle. "*Yes*" was answered by three raps or rather thuds exactly similar to those he had heard at the Castle. Soon after this message came, "*We must go soon.*" My father asked, "Will Mesmerism make progress? it appears to be rather in abeyance at present." "*Yes*" was loudly answered; he added "I should like to ask Elliotson some questions about Mesmerism," and this message was given, "*By the sea I will come,*" alluding I suppose to our projected visit to Garinish, on the coast of Kerry. In one of these messages the letters were indicated by touching my father strongly on the knee. Mrs. Blackburn was also touched on the knee. Soon, "*Now, God bless you all,*" was given, the letters being indicated by most beautiful chords upon the

accordion—the name of God being, as it always is, spelled most softly and reverently. This sentence was then given, “*You will sleep all the more peacefully for knowing that you have done good.*” The raps were much gentler and fainter, apparently made by quite a different spirit. My father said “What does this message refer to?” Mrs. Blackburn remarked, “I suppose to what happened at the Castle.” “*Yes*” was answered. Nothing more occurring we left the room. The raps made by Dr. Elliotson sounded as loud as if they had been caused by some one under the table striking it with a hammer. A.

No. 59.—*March 6th* [1869].

Adare dined in Limerick: after the ladies left the room Major Blackburn, Mr. Home and I commenced talking of the *séances* which had been held here last winter. I remarked that probably L—— was connected with the unsatisfactory occurrences that happened, and that I should be very glad if the matter could in any way be cleared up. We heard raps at the north side of the room, and Mr. Home went over to a side table near where the raps had sounded, and sitting down said, “I wish, dear spirit, you would tell us about it.” “*No*,” was answered. He added, “Lord Dunraven would be gratified if you would tell.” The alphabet was called for, and this message was given, “*Don't ask.*” Raps were then heard near the table in the bay window; Mr. Home sat down at this table, calling us to join him, which we did. On the table were three flower pots or vases with flowers, in one was a good-sized azalea; the table vibrated so strongly that the azalea shook most visibly. We soon received this message: “*Place the flowers under the table, near John.*” We put down, as directed, one of the flower pots which contained cyclamens. Raps were heard upon the table. I said to Blackburn, “Get under the table and hold Mr. Home's feet.” He did so, and we heard the raps distinctly over his head. Mr. Home suddenly said, “Oh, look at the

hand near me holding a flower!" Twice he said that he saw the hand. I, somehow, instinctively, put my hand under the table, and immediately felt a flower placed very gently in it. The following was then given:—"The flower is from Augusta, with fond love." Then another sentence was begun, which I could not well make out, and then "a. d." No more raps occurring after this we left the table. On bringing the paper to the candles on the dining table I found that the word I had not recognized was (as written) "Augutsta." I had made a mistake, inserting a t. The a. d. were, I presume, initials.

In accordance with what we were told last night, we had no *séance* this evening, but, as directed, we went to the Abbey. Soon after arriving there, Adare joined us on his return from Limerick. Mr. Home was very lively, and not at all impressed. He remarked that the influence was quite different to-night. He shortly took Adare and me to the kitchen, and after a few turns up and down, he went into a trance. I walked with him, holding his hands. He said he was being touched, and so was I several times, very palpably on the back. He said that there were no spirits belonging to the place present, only those connected with us; we soon turned our steps homewards. Mr. Home and Adare walked together, and before awaking, Mr. Home spoke something to this effect, "You remarked how different everything felt in the Abbey to-night, to what it did the last time we were there. To-night, although the elements were disturbed, and the wind blowing, everything was quiet; no birds were flying about; the whole place seemed peaceful, whereas the other night, although it was perfectly calm and still, yet the birds, not night birds only, but seemingly others, were flitting about, and the whole place seemed filled with an unquiet influence. It is changed now; he (referring to the monk) is in a happier state, he can speak to those about you; he has no objection to your mentioning what occurred in your room when he first came. Oh, he does not the least mind now."

We were sitting in the hall after taking a little supper, when Mr. Home went to the piano and played, and asked

Adare to come and sit by him. Adare now called me to join them. Mr. Home remarked that the piano had been off the ground, which Adare affirmed, stating that he had passed his hand under the eastors; I felt it vibrating very strongly. His playing became fainter and fainter, and he went into a trance. He got up, said to Adare, "Bring Emily," and taking me by the hand led me quickly down the dark passage to Lady D's sitting room, the others following. He placed chairs for us all, drew over a little table, and sat down. It was pitch dark. Immediately a hand was laid on the back of my head. He said, "They will touch you with flowers." Both Mrs. Wynne and I felt them. He said to Mrs. Wynne, "It was John who touched you." We heard at a little distance the sound of flowers being stirred and broken, and immediately some were placed in our hands. Mr. Home said, "Take Daniel's hands, dear Emily, we want you to be able to tell others that you held his hands, and felt his feet." While Mr. Home's hands and feet were thus in contact with Mrs. Wynne's, we all simultaneously felt flowers waved across our faces, heads, and hands. Mrs. Wynne put up her hand to try and grasp them, but failed. Mr. Home laughed, and said, "No, Emily, you cannot catch it—we do not wish you to yet." Flowers were then given to us all; Adare received a white azalea with this message, through Mr. Home, "For Florence." Then another flower was given us, with the message, "This for Augusta, and leaves or a flower for all the dear ones—for all the children. We wish to say one word if you will call the alphabet, Adare." He did so, and "Love" was given, by a flower placed in my hand, the stalk being pulled for each letter. I tried to feel the hand, but the flower was drawn back by the stem, till my arm was stretched out. We all then observed a light, resembling a little star, near the chimney piece, moving to and fro; it then disappeared. Mr. Home said, "Ask them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, if this is the work of God." I repeated the words very earnestly; the light shone out, making three little flashes, each one about a foot higher above the floor than the preceding. Mr. Home said,

“We are able to make it brighter and stronger, because you asked solemnly, and in the name of God.” We then heard a sound of something moving, and a shower of flowers fell upon us. Loud raps announced the presence, as we supposed, of Dr. Elliotson. Mr. Home (or Dr. Elliotson speaking through him), uttered a short and beautiful address, which, unfortunately we cannot recall; but he made use of a simile ending with the words,—“As the sand on the shore.” I felt a little heap of sand laid upon the back of my hand. In his address he said, “You have been baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; be now baptized as a truth seeker.” I then felt a drop of some liquid fall on my head. Mr. Home then said, “Emily, would you like to feel the sand?” Mrs. Wynne replied, “Yes;” and a small quantity was placed on the back of her hand. He then said, “Emily, you will feel a kiss on the brow, and also on the lips.” She felt something, which she afterwards described as more resembling two moist fingers than an ordinary kiss. I asked, “What spirits are here?” Mr. Home answered, “Augusta, Emily’s father, mother, and brother; also others.” Mrs. Wynne seemed grieved at the absence of one very dear to her: Mr. Home in a subsequent *séance*, at Garinish, (p. 212) alluded to this. He then addressed us and those dearest to us in very affectionate terms, and seemed very happy; he ended by saying, “We have been so pleased at being able to make these manifestations. You did not witness much at the Abbey, nor did we promise that you would; what we wanted was to keep you up late enough for this, and it has happened as we wished. And now, darlings, you will return to the hall, and sit by Daniel at the piano; Daniel’s power is becoming exhausted; there will probably be no manifestations to-morrow evening, but we will let him know; he is not very well, but he does not like saying so.” We then got up, went back to the hall, and sat down as directed at the piano; Mr. Home awoke almost immediately. It was half-past three o’clock. I took a candle and returned to the room we had been in; I found the little table and the ground about it strewed with flowers. The table on which the flower pots

stood was about eight feet distant from the other; there was a good deal of sand in the flower pots. Adare and I went up to Mr. Home's room, and smoked a cigarette; Mr. Home was in bed. We began talking about Spiritualism, and I said, "I am quite sure that L—— was concerned in what went on last winter here."¹ "Yes" was suddenly said by three distinct raps in a distant part of the room. I made other remarks, which were similarly joined in by raps; but I was very tired, and cannot sufficiently recall them to insert them here. D.

No. 60.—*Garinish, March 9th* [1869].

While my father, Home, and I were at dinner, we all felt a current of cold air, and the table vibrated. This occurred two or three times, and seemed to be interrupted by the servants coming in and out. At about ten o'clock, Home joined me in the dining room, where I was writing alone, he seemed uneasy and I asked him if he was not feeling well. "Oh, yes," he said, "I am quite well; but there is a strange influence about that I do not know." Shortly after, raps came upon the table, and the following messages were given. "*Owing to conditions, we fear we shall not be able before Thursday; but we will try to-morrow. Humphrey May.*" "*Use this table.*" "*Tell Uncle (word confused) not to be over anxious.*" I took the messages to my father, and he joined us in the dining room, observing how curious it was that Humphrey May should come, that he had never been with us before, that he had never been at Garinish, and that he could not understand why he came. "There is one," he said, "that I should have supposed would have come here before all others, and I should also have thought Dr. Elliotson would have made some communication, because he told us the other night at Adare that he would do so." We began talking about some *séances* that were held at Adare, without Home, alluding particularly to one, the written account of which Home

¹ I subsequently found that the occurrences to which I alluded, chiefly took place before L—— arrived at Adare.

happened to be holding in his hand. The alphabet was called for, and this message given: "*The writing that you hold in your hand is all nonsense.*" Soon after, Home went into a trance; he got up and said, "The light is too strong for Dan." I blew the candles out, leaving a good fire-light in the room, and began searching for a pencil to take notes. He said, "The light will do nicely now, never mind about taking notes, you will be able to record what Dan says better without doing so; we will endeavour to impress you with it to-morrow, and you will remember the substance, if not the exact words; by trusting entirely to us, we shall be able to assist you more than if you took notes, and trusted to them; what I am going to say now is important, you must try and remember it. Certain conditions are necessary for us to be able to make any manifestations; by conditions, I mean not only the state of the external atmosphere, but also the state of your minds and bodies; certain electrical conditions are necessary. Now, it often happens that some spirit—though possibly a perfect stranger to all of you—is possessed of the particular quality that is necessary to supply a deficiency and make the conditions favourable, he would then be called in. Sometimes three or four of them elub together, and by that means supply something that is wanting, or take away some quality that is in excess, and equalize the atmosphere so as to be able to make manifestations. Those spirits that love you best, that are most anxious to communicate, that would naturally be nearest and dearest to you, may not have the peculiar quality that is necessary to harmonize with the condition of yourselves, and of the external atmosphere on any particular day, and they cannot then make communications; it is impossible, for it is all a matter of physical conditions; they are then obliged to communicate through other spirits who harmonize with the existing conditions. That is one reason why Humphrey May came to-night. You often wonder why those you love best do not come to you, it is simply because the conditions are such that they cannot make themselves known. Now the other night the spirit that Emily was anxious about was standing outside the

circle, Emily thought it most strange that she did not say anything to her, but if she had entered the circle it would have entirely destroyed the arrangements, and there could have been no more manifestations; it is surely better to have any communications than none at all. This explains also why it is generally a bad plan to ask questions; after things have been arranged, some spirit steps into the circle to answer a question, and not being in harmony, the whole thing is thrown out of gear. It is like making delicate experiments in electricity; or like photography—to go no further than that, if, when you are mixing your chemicals in a dark room, one single ray of light enters, all is destroyed; so it is where a spirit enters the circle whose physical condition does not harmonize with the state of the atmosphere, and of your minds and bodies. The conditions are very bad to-night; you saw what difficulty we had in giving those messages, the raps were feeble and uncertain (we had observed this), the word ‘*Uncle*’ ought to have been ‘*Dunraven*’; we spelled out ‘*dun,*’ and then the letters became all confused, we could not indicate the right ones. You heard those raps that came afterwards—you would scarcely believe that they were made by Dr. Elliotson, so different were they from those he usually makes; yet so it was. Oh! there has been a curious influence here all the afternoon—an old man, his name is Thomas—Thomas Trench; he has a bald head—a large bald head.” My father asked if he had come with Towny Trench. “Yes, he came with him; he belongs to him. Dr. Elliotson says, that if the conditions are favourable, he wants to make some experiments on Thursday; he is so anxious about it, he wants to invent some more perfect means of keeping up a constant communication; it is very doubtful if he will ever succeed. He knows your mind, Dunraven, and he would like to make his experiments with you; he is very much interested in the matter, and so will you be also when you join us; you will take a great pleasure in experimentalizing.” Home then went to the door of the drawing room, made a gesture of disapproval, and said, pushing the door open as he spoke, “No, you must not do that,

please." We heard a dull sound in the drawing room. Home laughed and said, "That is Thomas, he does not approve of your investigations, and he thought he would make a very terrible noise in there, that would frighten you and put a stop to it all and destroy the conditions; but he cannot do so." I said, "Why on earth does he disapprove; do you not mean Henry Thomas?" "Oh dear no, he is a great experimentalizer in electricity; no, I mean the Thomas I told you of, Thomas Trench." I said, "Why does he object?" "Oh, it is entirely against his principles, and he thought he would make a very weird horrible noise and frighten you, and stop it." My father said, "Will he then seek to influence Towny against Spiritualism?" "Most decidedly he will; oh, most decidedly. There is another reason besides that which I have already mentioned, why Humphrey May came to us to-night. It is true that he was never here; but his brother Arthur has been, and will be here again. Arthur has, or rather had, no real religious opinions; he was not accustomed to pray; his heart was not softened and lifted to God in prayer. When he hears what occurred to-night, it will have an effect upon him. He knows that Dan, I mean Dan Home, could never have heard of Humphrey, that Humphrey was never here, and was probably the last person in the world that any of you were thinking of; and the fact of his coming will strike Arthur the more forcibly; it will be like a little test to him. Besides this, he was very fond of you, Dunraven, and also of Adare." After this, Home sat by the fire making passes, and magnetizing his wrist. He said, "Daniel's wrist is swelling, and hurts him." He then walked over towards the window, and stretching out his arm, we heard a sound as of some one's fingers snapping near it. He said, "That is Dr. Elliotson magnetizing Dan's hand." Home placed his hand upon my head, but immediately said, "No, your father will do better," and placed it on his head. He said, "Listen"; and my father heard raps upon the hand. Home took the sheet on which the *séance* before mentioned was written, and asked us to hold it by the corners with him; we did so,

and raps came upon it; then lifting up the sheet of paper, he said, "It is all black now; there is a good deal that is not right here, there is more in it than you see. Now, do you think that if a person were to participate and help in doing something wrong, and, when the others were suspected, were to keep silence, and let them bear all the blame, do you think that person would be right?" My father replied, "No, I think they would be very wrong." "And so do we," Home said, and throwing the paper down, added, "You see where we have thrown it?" "On the floor," I said. "Yes, just in front of the fire." I was going to put the paper in the fire, but my father thought we had better keep it. Home said, "Oh, certainly, keep it; it is interesting if only as a psychological study; you will, however, lose it some day." Soon after this, Home awoke. Although I had blown out the candles when Home went into the trance; the room was well lighted all the time by the fire.

A.

No. 61.—*Séance, March 11th* [1869].

This evening while Mrs. Blackburn, Home, and myself were sitting reading in the drawing room, raps came upon the table. Soon after, we, that is Major and Mrs. Blackburn, my father, Home, and myself, at Home's suggestion sat round the table that we had been told on Tuesday night to use. We had slight physical manifestations, the table was made light and heavy at request, and was tilted three times towards each of us. The spirits occasionally answered our remarks as to what they were doing, whether they were endeavouring to concentrate the power, &c., &c., by affirmative or negative tilts. Mrs. Blackburn becoming slightly under influence, and a good deal agitated. Home asked if the spirits would take it from her? The answer was by two raps meaning "*perhaps*" or "*presently*." He afterwards placed his hands upon hers, and the shaking left her, and was communicated to him. Home now went into one of those strange trances in which he

is unable to speak; he bandaged his eyes with a handkerchief, walked about the room a little, then brought the candle, two sheets of paper and a pencil, and placing them on our table, sat down; then spreading open one of the sheets he commenced writing the alphabet on it in large capital letters. He proceeded with a firm bold touch as far as the letter F, when his hand became violently tremulous, he went on to the letter L, the shaking of his fingers gradually increasing, when he made a gesture as if he could not proceed, and handed the paper and pencil to me. I finished the alphabet. He then, following the lines that I had made, traced over the letters R, S, T, U, V, W, with the same tremulous motion of his hand, and proceeded to decorate with leaves and flowers the letters A, G, S, T, U. He drew a cross in the letter U, a heart pendant on T, a star or double cross in S, an anchor in G, something resembling a bird in A, and marked the letters A and U with the figure 2. He then got up and fetched a pen, handed me a fresh sheet of paper and the pencil, turned the alphabet towards my father, sat down and gave us the following messages, by indicating the letters with the pen. "*We hope to have great power, God being our helper.*" "*You see what ones they are.*" None of us could understand what the last sentence "*You see what ones they are*" referred to. Home spelled out "*The ones we have decorated.*" We then, on looking at the alphabet, found that the decorated letters spelled "*Augusta,*" the letters A and U, which occur twice in the word, being marked twice in the word, being marked on the alphabet by the numeral 2. Home got up and went into the dining room, where we had been smoking after dinner, but returned immediately, much affected—as we supposed, by the tobacco smoke; he appeared to have difficulty in breathing, was much distressed, and groped about as if he could not see:¹ he caught hold of my hand and sat down. I observed that he was affected by something, and consequently the spirits had lost perfect control over him; Home nodded,

¹The effect of the tobacco smoke in partially obstructing the clairvoyant power was very curious to witness.—D.

as much as to say, that is the case. He got up, went into the open air for a few minutes and returned quite right. He then made us leave our places, moved the table close to the window, placed the accordion on the window shelf, and spelt out by the written alphabet, "*Bring in the cloth.*" I accordingly brought the cloth from the dining room, covered our table with it, and sat down. On my father remarking that he had not spoken in the trance, Home made him and Mrs. Blackburn feel his jaws: they were locked and perfectly rigid; he then sat down, and shortly after awoke. We had a series of curious but not very powerful manifestations; the window curtains were drawn partially across the window, and in answer to the suggestion of one of us that perhaps the spirits did this to cover the accordion on which possibly they might be about to try and play, "*Yes*" was rapped out. Home saw on three or four occasions, and my father saw once, little flashes of light playing over the keys of the accordion. We heard that a small table behind Home was moving, and after the *séance*, we found it had been lifted on to the sofa. The table was now raised in that peculiar manner which we had remarked at Adare, by successive lifts (five or six of them), to the height of about two feet, and then gently set down; after which, "*Take the instrument*" was spelled. My father remarked that we might expect music, as this action of the table—imitating so curiously that of the bellows of the organ when being filled, usually preceded it.¹ Home took the accordion, and it played for a short time, chiefly harmonies. He then placed it on the ground, when a few chords and notes were played. We heard raps on the table, floor, walls, and outside the window; and the spirits occasionally joined in our conversation by rapping, "*Yes*" or "*No.*" At one time we were speculating as to how Mr. Mahony would treat the subject of Spiritualism, and some one said that he would not judge of it fairly, for that he would condemn it at once without any investigation; the following message was immedi-

¹ That this was the object aimed at by this peculiar motion of the table was afterwards told us.

ately given: "*Judge not lest ye be judged.*" I observed that the manifestations were weak; and that there appeared to be some obstruction, when this was given: "*Be prayerful.*" We recognized Dr. Elliotson's presence by his peculiar raps. Mrs. Blackburn remarked that they were not so loud as they had been in the gallery at Adare. He spelled out the word, "*servants,*" implying probably that if he were to rap as forcibly here as he had done at Adare, the servants might hear him, being in a room nearly under us. Home again became entranced; he got up, and put out the candle, so that the room was lighted only by a bright fire. My father said to me, "It is curious that we have not had stronger manifestations, because the first message we received was to the effect that they would have great power." Home said, "You are mistaken, we said 'we *hope* to have great power'; we have to harmonize and arrange the room, we shall be able to do more another night. Dunraven, you were remarking that when Dan was in a trance no physical manifestations ever occurred; do you and Maria (Mrs. Blackburn) come here." He made them stand by a small heavy table in the centre of the room. My father said, "I thought Dr. Elliotson wished to try some experiments with me." Home answered, "Yes, this is one of the experiments; he is very anxious also to be able to communicate with you when you are quite alone, he does not know whether he can, but he will try and develop you sufficiently for that." They then had a series of the usual manifestations, raps, and vibrations, the table tilting in different directions, and being twice raised slightly off the ground. Home was very particular in making them observe closely the position of his hands and feet, in order, as he said, "That you may be able to assure others that Dan could not possibly have done all this." Suddenly the small table rose quickly into the air to such a height, that Mrs. Blackburn and my father could no longer keep their hands upon it; it rose so suddenly that Mrs. Blackburn gave a start. The table beginning to fall, Home said, "Take it, or it will fall." When they had placed it on the ground, Home observed,

“That was badly managed, it is a great pity but it is our fault; Dr. Elliotson says he ought to have told you what he was going to do, Maria was startled and you both let go, and therefore the table fell; if he had warned you, and you had allowed your hands to slip down the legs as it rose, so as not to break the continuity suddenly, it would probably have left your hands, and risen without contact with you until it touched the ceiling.¹ We will try and do it again; Adare and John, come here.” We joined them, and Home told us all to place our fingers lightly under the edge of the table in order that we might let them slide down the legs without ever quite taking them off it. The table rose to a height of about three feet, but came to the ground again directly, and fell over on its side; Home told us not to move it, but presently he said “Yes, put it on its legs, we have not power now; the influence has returned to the large table, go back to your places.” We did so, and the Major not finding a chair near him, and the light being by this time faint, Home put one into his hand. The Major was going to sit down upon nothing, as he had by mistake placed the chair with the seat turned away from him; Home stopped him saying, “No, no, Major, you are going to sit on the wrong side of the chair.” We all laughed and Home joined in, “That was very funny, was it not? very funny to see John trying to sit down at the back of the chair.” Home then took his seat, and said, “Dr. Elliotson was anxious to try the experiment, and to see whether he could make manifestations when Dan was in a trance, and he succeeded; you had all the usual phenomena, the levitation of the table, raps, tiltings, and vibrations, but it required a great effort to do it; it is much more difficult, because the greater part of the influence is centred upon Dan while he is mesmerised. We are just as anxious as you are, Dunraven, to pass through the present phase of manifestations, but we must do our appointed work, and you will find that ultimately it is all for the best. It would be much pleasanter to converse with you and

¹ The room is about ten or eleven feet high.

answer your questions; but then, however well we might answer them, people would account for that, by all sorts of theories, such as mind-reading, &c., &c. Now, no amount of clairvoyance or mind-reading would suffice to raise a table in the air higher than your heads. We must fulfil our appointed duties and you will know some day that it is all for the best." Home began to laugh and said, "It was very funny John's turning the chair the wrong way; your godmother (speaking to Mrs. Blackburn) is laughing so about it, it recalls another incident. You know John's mother has answered his letter, but she has not answered his question about Isabella; she and John's sister purposely would not do so, because they said, "it will never do to have John turning everything upside down in this sort of way." It amused Dr. Elliotson very much, that did; he was there when they said so. Dr. Elliotson is fond of you, Major (taking the Major's hand and shaking it cordially); he likes you very much; he says you are so steadfast, and an honest, brave man. Dan is going to awake now." After Home awoke, we had some slight manifestations, which gradually died away. Home said he felt that the influence had entirely gone, and that he was fatigued. In speaking about the answer to the letter, Home referred to his having at Adare, when in a trance, told Major Blackburn to ask his mother about Isabella, and about Margaret Henderson (*vide* p. 190). No one had told Home that an answer had been received, or even that the Major had written.

A.

No. 62.—*Séance, March 12th [1869].*

About half-past nine o'clock, Home proposed a *séance*. We placed the table by the window, in the position to which it had been moved the previous night, and covered it with a cloth. The party consisted of Major and Mrs. Blackburn, my father, Home, and myself. We had no manifestations whatever; and after sitting for half-an-hour my father said he thought there was no use in

waiting any longer, having for a certain reason a strong feeling that nothing would occur. Home said that although he had often known *séances* to fail as regards manifestations, yet in all his experience he never remembered a room to feel so entirely devoid of any spiritual presence. At his suggestion, we all, with the exception of Mrs. Blackburn, took a walk out of doors for about a quarter of an hour. On our return we again sat round the table, but Mrs. Blackburn, not feeling very well, did not join us. We had no manifestations whatever; and after waiting a short time gave it up in despair. My father and Mrs. Blackburn went into the dining room; the Major, Home, and I remained and sat at a small table, to see if we could get any message. Almost immediately faint raps came upon the table, and the word "*Impossible*" was spelled out. We joined the others, and told them what had occurred. Mrs. Blackburn went to bed, and we were sitting round the supper table talking, when I suddenly felt a current of cold air. Home also perceived it, and said, "There is a strong influence about me." We heard raps on the table and furniture. Presently, at Home's suggestion, we returned to the next room, and again sat round the small table. We had faint physical manifestations; Home became under influence, and his hands were much agitated. He had been complaining during the evening of a feeling of great depression; he now said that he felt all right. He got up, and acting under an uncontrollable impulse, walked about the room, his hands and arms being strangely waved about and agitated; he made mesmeric passes over us all, and said (referring more especially to my father), "Your brains are overworked, you have had your thoughts too much concentrated on one subject, and have been writing too much. (We had been engaged in recording the *séances* at Adare.) The atmosphere that spirits utilize in making manifestations emanates from the head, and in consequence of your brains being overworked, there is absolutely none flowing from you." He made passes for some time over my father's forehead, the back of his head, and behind his ears, occasionally going to the table at which we had

previously been seated, and extending his fingers over it as though withdrawing some influence from it. While walking about he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence with a violent gasp, and sinking on his knees went into a trance. He got up, walked about, apparently conversing with some one, and then, taking each of us in turn by the hand, led us to the other table, placed chairs for us, and signed to us to sit down. My father requested me to bring paper and a pencil; but Home shook his head, and afterwards brought them himself. He then commenced arranging the furniture in the most minute detail, consulting apparently all the time with some one. He placed the small round table near us and behind my father, and moved a chair up to it; he altered the position of several of the chairs in different parts of the room, placed the miniature portrait of his wife on the small round table, and the case containing little Dannie Cox's photograph on the large table behind me, then going to the bookcase he took out several books, looked into them and replaced them; at length he appeared to find what he wanted, for he took out a volume, folded his hands across it on his breast, and after standing for a few seconds in a most reverential attitude, sank down upon his knees and appeared to pray earnestly; then rising to his full height he held the book as high as he could above his head and placed it upon our table. On looking at the volume afterwards we found it to be, "Jesus Christ; His Times, Life, and Work," by E. de Pressensé. He again commenced making mesmeric passes about the room. Coming to me he passed his hand sharply across my shoulders from left to right, did the same to Major Blackburn, then to my father, and finally to himself; then reversing the action, he commenced with himself making the pass from right to left, and went over us all in the same way; this curious movement he repeated three times. He now put out the candle, leaving us with no other light but that of the fire, rubbed his hands, smiled, and nodded when I remarked that I thought we should have some manifestations as he seemed to be contented. Having taken

his seat he altered the position of two vases of flowers on the table in such a way as to make, with the book, which he placed back upwards transversely between them, the form of a cross. The accompanying diagram shews the arrangement of the various articles. They are marked by capital letters in their original positions, while the altered places of those that were moved, are indicated by small letters.

Home awoke, and we had all the usual physical phenomena; very strong currents of cold air, vibrations of the table, &c., &c. On two occasions during the *séance*, the table was raised about a foot in the air and remained there poised for some time, oscillating gently from side to side. We now all heard a movement about vase N, and Home and I both saw a hand upon it; I said that the vase was moving; Home insisted that it was not, and requested me to place my hand upon it; I did so, and found that it was moving slowly round, but the sound we heard was caused by the hand rubbing against the side of the vase; I saw the hand all the time. We now heard a rustling among the flowers, and Home said, "The fingers have closed over a flower and taken it away." I did not see the flower taken, but the hand at that moment disappeared. Home and I both observed a hand rise above the edge of the table near the window, and place a flower upon it; I then lost sight of the hand, but Home said he saw it carry the flower across the table, and place it near my father; my father saw the flower all the time moving as it were of itself, for he could not distinguish the hand that conveyed it. He took the flower, and asked if it was for him. The following was spelled out: "*Yes and we will give you another soon.*" My father remarking that he was very anxious to see a hand, the following messages were given: "*Place your hand over the flowers.*" He did so over vase N, and we all heard—and my father, Home, and I, saw, a hand moving among the flowers. "*Now on them.*" He did so, and the hand became much more distinctly visible to him. I said to my father, "I suppose you were told to place your hand there in order that they

might draw some power from you to enable them to make the hand sufficiently material for you to see it distinctly." "Yes," was answered by three loud raps. Sacha's (Home's wife's) miniature was now carried from table B, and placed upon our table; none of us saw anything supporting it, but we observed it placed quietly upon Home's hands, and then gliding off them it moved across the table until it remained stationary on the corner near the window. The case was closed when Home put it upon table B, at the commencement of the *séance*; it was open when laid upon our table. Home and I now distinctly saw a hand place little Dannie Cox's photograph (I) on the edge of our table next the window, and then push it a little further on to the table. It will be remembered that this photograph was placed by Home at the commencement of the *séance* on table D. Home and I perceived a whole arm and hand between our table and the window, it was slightly luminous, and appeared whiter than the white tablecloth. The hand pushed the accordion, F, along the shelf S, and then grasping it, took it off; the accordion fell, but not heavily, to the ground. All saw and heard the accordion moved. Home said, "I am sure that was little Dannie, because I saw a small figure; his shoulders were plainly visible; apparently he had not power sufficient to enable him to carry the instrument gently to the ground." This was spelled out, "*Yes, it was Dannie.*" Previous to the accordion moving, the muslin curtains were drawn out so as partially to hide it; this required some force to effect, as the curtain rings did not run easily on the line. A very pretty manifestation now occurred; Home called my father's attention to the fact, that the reflection of a hand was visible on the glass, covering his wife's miniature. My father also saw it, but was not sure whether it was the reflection or the actual hand; he placed his own hand just above the glass, and still saw in it the reflection of a small hand, moving backwards and forwards. He said, "I see it distinctly, the fingers are small and delicate." He asked whose hand it was, and the following was spelled out, "*The fingers are those of Caroline.*"

The accordion was carried under the table to Home; he took it, and a short, but very beautiful harmony was played. Home replaced it on the floor, and chords were heard, when no one was touching it. In some of the messages also the letters were indicated, by notes played on the accordion. The following was now given. "*Seek rather to know the present condition of the immortal soul (the word soul being emphasized) than,*"—here the message broke off abruptly. Home repeated the alphabet twice, and nothing occurred; but while saying it over the third time, a hand placed a book on the table; the message then continued, "*In good time, and with God's permission, the one will elucidate the other.*" On looking at the book, we found it to be "*Primeval Man,*" by the Duke of Argyle. The message would therefore appear to mean, "*Seek rather to know the present condition of the immortal soul, than to speculate about that of primeval man; in good time, and with God's permission, the one will elucidate the other.*" The book, "*Primeval Man*" was at the commencement of the *séance* lying on a table in the centre of the room, at a distance of six or eight feet from us. The second flower that was promised to my father was now placed on the table near his hand; none of us saw anything supporting it, but Home perceived the flower moving in the air. A flower came from the direction of where Home was sitting towards me; it dropped on the edge of the table close to me, and fell on the floor: I saw it in the air. Home and I perceived a hand place something on the shelf under the window, and we saw a hand with a flower raised above the side of the table next the window; Home stretched out his hand towards it, and the flower dropped on the floor. Both my father and Home were repeatedly touched; I also, on four occasions, was most palpably touched by a hand patting my knee. Some one remarked that Major Blackburn had not been touched, soon after he declared that he felt a hand touch his knee; he asked who it was, and the name "*John*" was spelled. I said, "Do you know who John is?" he replied, "My father's name was John, but I do not know whether it was he that touched me."

The words, "Yes, your father," were spelled; and then, "We wish John also to see the hand; place your hand above, and then on, the flowers." Major Blackburn did so; we all heard the flowers rustling, and Home and I saw the hand doing it. The Major saw nothing while his hand was over the flowers; but when he touched them, he also saw the hand, though indistinctly. We now heard loud raps upon the small table C, and looking round, found that it had been lifted up and placed upon the sofa E at *c*; so quietly was it done that we should not have noticed it, had the spirits not called our attention by rapping upon it. My father asked if they had moved it in the same way last night; the answer was, "Yes." The chair G was moved up to *g*, and the table B was moved close to it. The table B was then raised in the air (no one touching it), and placed gently, but without hesitation, upon our table A. The table B has four legs, like a camp stool; they rested where the four dots are marked, close to the vases, books and portraits, without touching any of them. We now felt very strong vibrations in our table; it was tilted from side to side, and so strongly towards my father's side, that he put out his hand expecting the small table B to fall over upon him; but nothing moved. About this time we heard curious sounds in the air; Home said, "Do you hear their voices? I will talk, never mind what I say; the more I talk the plainer you will hear them." He went on speaking for two or three minutes, during which time we heard strange noises like high-pitched voices at a little distance, the louder he spoke the louder the sounds became, they were most peculiar; we could not hear any articulate words. Mrs. Blackburn, who had retired to bed in the room under that in which we were sitting, told us next day that she had heard strange sounds; and she imitated them so well, that we at once recognized that she really had heard the voices. Home then went into a trance, and said, "We are so very glad to have been able to effect what has been done for you; but the state of the external atmosphere, and the fact of Dan being ill, are very much against us; we have not been

able to do by any means all that we intended. Dr. Elliotson was most anxious that you should have some manifestations to-night, he hopes circumstances may be more favourable to-morrow; he would like to come to you Dunraven, and talk to you, and enter upon serious subjects. Dan will awake now; when he does you will stay where you are, and Adare will get a candle, that you may note down accurately the position of everything. We must now go. May God Almighty, in His infinite goodness, for ever lead and guide you nearer and nearer to Him." Home having awoke, I brought in a candle, and we noted down the position in which we found the different articles that had been moved. Some doubt was expressed as to whether a chair in the middle of the room had been stirred; a spirit rapped three times to say "Yes," that it had. A.

No. 63.—Séance, March 13th [1869.]

Present: My father, Home, and myself. Home and I had been a good deal affected and depressed to-day by the weather—a strong, drying east wind had been blowing for two or three days. After dinner when seated in the drawing room we heard raps upon the furniture, and Home soon suggested that we should sit round the table. I went to my bed room to put on a dressing gown, placing my snuff box (the same heavy silver one mentioned at page 80 in the account of some wonderful manifestations at Mr. Jones's house, at Norwood) in my waistcoat pocket. On returning to the drawing room, I laid the snuff box (why, I do not know) on a bookcase standing against the wall at the side of the room opposite to the window where stood the table at which my father and Home were already seated. We had slight physical manifestations, and then Home went into a trance. As usual, he began by arranging the furniture; he placed the small round table between his chair and my father's,

and about a foot from our table, laid his wife's miniature upon it, and arranged the two vases of flowers in the same positions they had occupied the previous evening. He went over to the bookcase, sat down on the ground, and opened several books, as if looking for one in particular. He brought over a small prayer book with a cross on it, which he placed on the flowers in the vase near me. He then sat down on the sofa, (*vide* diagram of the room, in last night's *séance*), and almost immediately put his hand on the window shelf, touching a book which was lying there. He gave a slight start, grasped the book, felt it all over, and then with great reverence kneeled down, placed the book against his forehead and on the top of his head, apparently praying earnestly; he then slowly rose up, and holding the book he extended his arm at full length, and appeared to be raised in the air several inches. The table hid his legs and feet, but I think it was a case of elevation not elongation, for he appeared to be moved a little forwards, and in becoming shorter, he seemed to alight on the floor. He then placed the book on the table in exactly the same position as on the previous evening. I guessed, by the effect the book produced—so similar to what happened last night, that it was the same, *viz.* Pressensé's "Life of Christ," which turned out to be the case. He now took a large railway plaid of mine, and placing it over his head and gathering it in at the waist so as to resemble a monk's cowl or habit, he commenced walking about the room. He stood between us and the bookcase with his back to us, and was apparently elongated, but only slightly. He then bowed himself repeatedly to the ground; and was occupied for a little while about his dress, and doing something with his hands which we could not well see as he had his back turned to us; it appeared as if he were going through some religious ceremony. The plaid began slipping gradually off him, but was replaced upon his shoulders. (Home said afterwards before he awoke that the plaid had been replaced by spirits, I did not notice at the time whether he touched it himself or not, and cannot therefore vouch for the fact.) A second time it began

to slip, and fell to the ground; Home appeared to be very unhappy, and taking the plaid, he placed it on the floor, and seating himself at the end of the sofa, he retreated along the edge by starts, his countenance showing indications of great pain, his look being fixed all the time upon the plaid; then leaning his head upon his hand, he rocked himself from side to side. His distress was most painful to witness; he groaned and sobbed as if in despair. After a while he took the "Life of Christ," and kneeling down appeared to pray fervently, pressing the book to his forehead. He then sat down and began to speak somewhat as follows: "The same spirit is here that visited Adare in his room, and that was in the Abbey; he was very anxious to come to you once more, and took this opportunity because you are alone. What Dan has been doing is intended as an allegory, he (the spirit) wished to shew you that when he first took the monkish habit, it raised and elevated him, and the grace of God was in him; then, if you remember, Dan was elevated in the air; afterwards he became less worthy of it, and the habit nearly fell off Dan, but was replaced by the spirits; Dan did not do it himself. But he committed a great crime—a grievous sin against God and man—and he became altogether unworthy of the habit, and it fell from him; then you saw the misery and remorse he felt in thinking of what he had done, and how he had fallen from his former position, and had lost all the blessings he ought to have gained; you saw also the comfort that prayer and the contemplation of the "Life of Christ" were to him. He was so anxious to come to you again, for he wishes to thank you; he is not happy, but he is very different to what he was; then all was dark, now he sees a little glimmer of the light of hope like a star leading him on. You have prayed for him, you have prayed for all unhappy spirits in the like condition as himself, and it is a comfort to him; he is very thankful and declares that he will do all he can to be of service to you. He says, 'I pray you, thanks'; he does not talk like the others, he does not speak English as they do. He is going now and says again, 'I pray

you, thanks'." Home repeated the words, 'I pray you, thanks,' two or three times, his voice becoming gradually fainter and fainter, as if to signify that the spirit was slowly leaving us. He then spoke about our last visit to the Abbey at Adare, and our going to Desmond Castle. He said something of this sort: "You made a mistake in taking the females to the ruins; we told you not to take them (*vide* p. 178); and you would have had more manifestations had you not done so. It did not so much signify at the Castle, where the influence is quite different from that at the Abbey. The influence of religion does not exist there, it was a place of warfare, blood was shed upon the ground, but the blood has long since passed by chemical operations into various forms, and has disappeared; all the associations are gone, there was no abiding influence about that place; even the chapel was not the same as the Abbey, for it was only in times of danger that religious services were conducted there. The Abbey is very different, there the ground is hallowed and consecrated by religion and prayer, and it will for ever bear their impress; that influence can never be lost, it appeals to your souls and deeply affects you; you all felt the difference because in the Abbey, in the consecrated ground, there is an indestructible influence whereas in the Castle all is passed, changed, and gone." Soon after this, Home awoke. We had slight physical manifestations, which gave me the impression that owing to adverse circumstances, the spirits were unable to do what they intended. Home suddenly said, "I saw something bright move across the floor this minute." My father said he also saw it. Directly after, we all heard sounds, as if some metallic substance was being lifted up and thrown down again on the floor under the table, and the following message was given: "*This is the last time that we will reprove you about a habit that can do you no possible good.*" Neither my father nor Mr. Home could at all understand this; but the meaning struck me at once, and I said, "The message is for me, and it refers to my taking snuff." "Yes," was the reply. I said, "Do you wish me to give it up entirely." "Don't take

too much,” was rapped out. I said, “I think they have brought my snuff-box across the room from where I left it, and that is what we heard under the table.” “*Yes,*” was again rapped. I asked if they wished to give me the box, the answer was, “*Yes.*” I said, “Shall I put my hand down for it?” “*No,*” was answered. Shortly after I saw quite distinctly an arm and hand holding the snuff-box open, rise from under the table, and moving to the shelf under the window, tilt the box over slightly, and then shake out a quantity of snuff upon some papers that happened to be there; the arm and hand then withdrew, still retaining the box. The hand was more distinct than the arm, and appeared very white, and slightly luminous. I could see the fingers quite plainly, and also the manner in which they grasped the box; Home also saw the hand, arm, and box, my father could not, owing to the position in which he was sitting, but on standing up he saw a dark heap lying on the paper. I felt the box touch my knee, and asked if I should put my hand down for it. “*Yes,*” was answered, by tapping my knee three times with it. I put my hand under the table, and the box was placed in it by a hand; I felt the tips of the fingers, and the inside part of the thumb quite distinctly; the skin felt quite natural, but somewhat wrinkled, conveying the idea of an aged hand. I said “Are the snuff-box and the message given me by my grandfather?” The following message was given: “*Your father saw it passing, so did Dan. It is from your grandfather.*” I asked, “Grandfather Gould?” “*Yes, Gould.*” My father then expressed a desire to know what spirit had written out the ornamental alphabet last night. The following was given: “*It was directed by the same one that directed the music; the name was indicated by the decorated letters.*” After a pause, the words “*Take instrument*” were spelled out. Home took the accordion, and it was beautifully played with tremolo effects. My father said something about wishing that it could be played in his hand. Home said he thought they would do so, and shortly after his chair was pushed back from the table, which I supposed was done in order to pass the accordion

to my father; it was not however given to him. We now saw a hand approach the vase nearest me, and take a flower from it, and presently the flower was placed upon the edge of the table, and moved across it in little jerks, as though it were flipped by a finger; we could see no hand or anything supporting it. The flower was taken off the table, and the following message was given: "*We will give you the leaf you saw leave the table.*" Directly after my father was touched on the knee, and putting his hand down, he felt first the flower and then the fingers touch him; he then expressed a wish to feel the whole hand. Home said, "I am sure they will try, they generally are able at first to make only the fingers apparent to you." A spirit assented. He kept his hand down for some little time, but at length took the leaf, not succeeding in feeling more than the fingers; this however occurred two or three times. The small table then moved of itself, close up between my father and Home, and Sacha's portrait was taken from it, and placed upon our table. On two or three different occasions during the evening, we heard curious sounds; once my father and Home heard, as it were, some one whistling; I could not perceive it at all. At another time, we all heard a sound as of some one trying to articulate near the door; this also ended in a whistling. On another occasion, we heard some one trying to make their voice audible to us, apparently outside the window. Home now went into a trance; while waiting for him to commence speaking, my father and I were talking about the absence of tests; he appeared rather annoyed, saying, that there had been in fact no real tests of identity given, and that everybody was remarking the same thing. I mentioned the great difficulty of giving really satisfactory tests, and reminded him that one striking effect had been given; (referring to the imitation of the organ bellows and tremolo) and asked why he did not try and question them in some way that would serve as a test, it being as easy for him to recollect some past event or conversation, as it was for them to recall one, that he also remembered. Home began speaking about the extreme difficulty they

had experienced in making any manifestations. "The state of the external atmosphere is such," he said, "as to render it all but impossible. We act by using certain emanations from you, flowing through your brains; now, the state of the weather, this east wind, has dried all that up, we have next to nothing to work with. It affects you all, more especially Dan, but you can all feel it, and complained to-day of being depressed and irritated; under better circumstances you would have seen the hand that carried Sacha's portrait, and the hand that held the flower. You observed also that we could not carry the flower over the table steadily, but were obliged to push it along the surface." He then changed the subject to that of tests; speaking to my father, he said, "Do not be impatient, all will come right in time, you shall have tests given you, you have already had some; remember that what you might think an excellent test to-day, on reflection, you might consider to be worth nothing. Would you have us recall a past conversation? That might be done by mind-reading, and would not be at all a good test. We are the best judges of what we do; we work for others as well as for you who are here. We have a certain appointed work, and it must be done; we have not really been able to do half enough yet in the way of physical manifestations; circumstances have been so much against us, that we have failed in nearly all we wished to effect. We know all the difficulties and trials that surround you; but you do not see the difficulties that we have to contend against. Physical manifestations are very necessary; be patient and some day you may arrive at other things. We do not ask you to have faith in us; we only ask that you will be patient and prayerful in investigating." Home had apparently great difficulty in speaking; he now called me over to him, and bidding me sit down, said, "You understand all about this, we cannot impress Dan properly with what we want him to say; circumstances are so adverse that we have scarcely any control over him. Ah, I see the entrance at Adare; your mother is standing there, she appears to be giving directions about planning the garden and walks." My

father said, "Do you mean the lodge gate?" "No, no; I mean the little gate where the notice is put up, 'These grounds are strictly private'; she is standing there between the two clumps of shrubs; ah, it is all confused, I cannot make it out. Your father intends going to the Abbey some night by himself, he wants to find out about those birds; he will see a sort of bright luminous cloud; your mother will be there." My father said, "But I never had any intention of going to the Abbey." Home appeared much astonished; "Are you sure?" he said. "Yes," said my father, "quite sure." "Well," said Home, "that is very strange, the idea must have been in your mind, and you have forgotten it, for some of us had arranged what to do the night that you went; one spirit was going to make the same whistling sound like a bird, and you were to see the luminous cloud." I asked, "Were they then not real birds that we heard whistling?" "No, they were not birds." Home then threw himself back, and taking my hand, said, "We cannot influence Dan properly, your father had better ask questions." My father said, "I thought Elliotson was going to have made some experiments." "Yes, he was anxious to, and tried, but he could not succeed; he attempted to make his voice heard by the door, and instead of being like a voice, it sounded to you like a whistle; the conditions are very bad, we have been able to do scarcely anything to-night, besides your minds are not favourable—they are disturbed, and out of harmony." My father declined to put any questions, so I asked about a certain disputed answer of Dr. Elliotson's that had been given us in the gallery at Adare. Home said, "Your father was right: he did say 'Yes'; afterwards he said he would come by the sea; you were mistaken." After a pause, he said "Your grandfather is really anxious about your taking so much snuff; he did not like to put it any stronger than he did in saying that it could do you no possible good; but he is anxious about it, because he thinks it will harm your nervous system. He says, if you like to take an occasional pinch, that will not hurt you; but he does not like to see you take as much as

you do at present. (Turning to my father) Dr. Elliotson is here and has brought a girl with him: her name is Dawson, she is short and appears so stooping as to be almost deformed; I cannot make out her Christian name. Harriet,—Harriet; no, that is not it: she will not tell me—how very odd!” My father said: “I have a very vague recollection of a mesmeric patient of the name of Dawson; but I don’t think her name was Harriet.”¹ Home now said, “Dan must awake, Adare, go back to your place.” Home being exhausted, we went at once into the dining room to supper. During the whole time that I was sitting by Home, I could see the shadowy form of a figure appearing white and slightly luminous, standing close to my father. He perceived nothing. In moving to my place, I could not avoid passing right through the figure, but as I approached it, it disappeared. Soon after we had gone into the dining room, my father being at the table, and Home sitting on the floor, near the fireplace, with his hand resting against the wall, he suddenly said: “Adare, I hear raps for the alphabet”; and the following was given: “*Ellen Daw*——” “Oh, Dawson,” my father said. “Yes,” was rapped out. Home said, “Ellen Dawson, Ellen Dawson; Who on earth is she? I never heard of such a person.” “Oh,” my father replied, “It is the Christian name of a mesmeric patient which you could not make out in your trance.” Now this is a curious fact. The name Ellen having been in my father’s mind for a moment, had Home mentioned it in his trance, it might have been attributed to ordinary clairvoyance or mind-reading on his part; but coming as it did through raps, it could not be accounted for in that way. My father had said to me in the course of the evening, “I have not the same confidence in what is said in a trance; it may be accounted for by mind-reading or clairvoyance; but if a name or a message be given through raps, even if it be read from my mind, it must be attributed to some intelligence other than that of the

¹ My father says that he had a notion Ellen was the name; however, he did not mention this aloud.

medium, or any one in the room.¹ Directly after the *séance*, I poured the snuff back into my box, from the paper on the ledge under the window where we had seen it deposited. After supper, my father said, "Let us go and see if the snuff is there." I said that I had already removed it; but we went and found remnants of snuff still on and among the papers, quite sufficient to prove that it had been there.—A.

[The following occurrences were witnessed and recorded by me after Mr. Home's return to London.]

No. 64.—*Séance, Ashley House, March 29th, 1869.*

Present:—Mr. Rudall, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Jencken, Home, and myself. After a short time we experienced slight physical manifestations, raps, vibrations, &c., &c. The table was raised about one foot off the ground; it was raised a second time about two feet, and after remaining stationary in the air for some seconds, it rose to the height of at least five feet, rolling and swaying with a movement like that of a ship at sea; it descended slowly with a strong vibratory motion, accompanied by a sound resembling that of a railway train. I asked if these peculiar movements had any definite meaning; the answer was "Yes." By asking several questions which were answered "Yes" or "No," it appeared that the movements had reference to me, and that I ought to understand the meaning. Flowers and fern leaves were brought from the chimney piece and given to us. We now, at Mr. Rudall's suggestion, shut the folding doors, thereby excluding all light save that entering by the window. Home went into a trance. He clapped his hands (the sign adopted by Adah Menken to signify her presence), and going to the window, folded the curtains

¹ On reference to the *Zoist*, Ellen Dawson appears as a patient of Mr. Hind's, and a clairvoyant. My father recollects her at Dr. Elliotson's. She is mentioned in *séance* No. 14, p. 90, in connection with Mrs. Hennings and Dr. Elliotson.

round him, leaving only his head clear. We all saw a very curious appearance form itself above his head; it looked at first like a lace handkerchief, held out by a stick or support of some sort; soon however it became more distinct and appeared to be a shadowy human form enveloped in drapery; it was about two feet in length. Some one present remarked that it exceedingly resembled a "vignette" heading one of Adah Menken's poems. Home said (speaking as Menken) "Yes, that is it, that is what I wish to imitate; I will try and make my form visible to you." The surface of the wall to Home's right became illuminated three or four times; the light apparently radiating from a bright spot in the centre. Across the portion of wall thus illuminated we repeatedly saw a dark shadow pass; it appeared to me to be rather the shadow cast by a solid substance than the actual form itself. Home's collar stud dropped on the floor, and a spirit brought it and placed it on my head, touching my brow while doing so; Home remarked that it was shining like a little star upon my forehead, he told me to take care of it until Dan should awake. After Home awoke we had some more physical manifestations, flowers were again brought to us, we were all touched, Mr. Rudall received several messages, apparently from his father, the clock was made to strike in answer to some question, we heard a heavy step in the passage and the folding doors were opened and shut, a sofa was moved from the wall to our table, and a chair was carried across the room.

No. 65.—Séance, Ashley House, April 3rd [1869].

Present:—Mrs. Gregory, Miss Douglas, Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mr. Fuller, the Master of Lindsay, Home, and myself. We had tolerably strong physical manifestations, lasting for a short time, after which Home went into a trance. He walked about and was elongated in the usual manner. He then stood still before us, and stretching out his arms to their full length, a palpable elongation took place in them. I said, "Can you manage that we

may test that in some way; may I stand just in front of you, or will you place yourself against the wall?" Home replied, "Yes, certainly, we will do both." I accordingly placed myself just in front of him, with my arms extended along and touching his; his arms were elongated four or five inches, the others could judge of the extent pretty well by comparison with mine. While his arms appeared to be increasing in length, his chest became greatly expanded, and he said to me, "You see how it is, the extension is from the chest." He then placed himself against the wall, and extended his arms to their full natural length; I made a pencil mark at the tips of his fingers. His left arm was then elongated, I held the pencil against the wall, suffering it to be pushed along by his fingers, until he told me to make another mark. His right arm was then elongated, and I marked the movement in the same manner. The total elongation as ascertained by this means, amounted to $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Home now stood by Miss Douglas, and talked to her for a considerable time, mentioning the spirits who were about her, recalling past circumstances of her life, and impressing upon her, that it was in her power to be of very great service to the cause of Spiritualism; he spoke also a good deal to Mrs. Gregory. Walking over to the fire-place, he took from thence, with his hand, a red-hot glowing ember, about the size of a small orange. Mrs. Gregory became nervous, fearing that he would request her to take it, he however went to Miss Douglas and said, "Now if you have sufficient faith, let me place this coal in your hand"; she replied, "I have faith, but I cannot overcome the physical dread, pray do not ask me to take it." Upon this, Home said, "If you would only allow me to place it in your hand it would not burn you; it does not burn Dan; it would not harm him" (pointing to Lindsay). He then placed the coal which had by this time become black, on Lindsay's head, but almost immediately took it off, and saying, "That is not of much use as an experiment, for the natural heat has almost left the coal," he crumbled it in his hand and then threw it in the fireplace. Presently he took another red-

hot ember from the fire, and holding it in his hand, spoke a few words to Miss Douglas on the subject of faith. She held out her hand, and he placed the coal in it. Miss Douglas was not in the least burned, and said that it felt rather cold, like marble. After allowing it to remain there a few seconds, Home took the coal and requested Miss Douglas to touch it; she placed her fingers near it, but withdrew them immediately, saying that it burned her.¹ He then placed it in Mr. Blackburn's hand, previously asking if he had any faith, who replied that he had. After he had held it for a short time he said it became hotter. Home then took the ember, threw it away, smiled, and seemed pleased at the success of the experiment. He now sat down and turning to Lindsay, said, "Ah, what a pity it was that those little *séances* that you held here in the winter were broken up (referring to two or three occasions on which Lindsay, Captain Smith, Home, and I had sat together). We told you that we wished to speak on some very interesting subjects, and we would have done so; we were anxious also to have entered upon the subject of the origin of certain of the ceremonies of your Church. We have such difficulties to contend with; we had got the conditions so very favourable at that time, the party was harmonious and we could have done so much; but then, you see, when we had arranged everything on the spiritual side, it is all broken up on the material,—on your side." Turning to one of those present, he said, "That arrangement of seven with which we impressed Fred (Fuller). Oh! if that could have been managed it would have been of such use. We could and would have conducted a series of experiments so wonderful, so clearly proved, and so easy to record, that it would have been impossible to doubt them." (This had reference to an impression that seven were to form themselves into a society for the study of occult science.) In reply to Fuller, he said,

¹ I am informed by Miss Douglas and the Master of Lindsay that Lord Adaro has omitted to state that Mr. Home put this coal between his coat and shirt under the arm, and that no mark of singeing or burning was visible on the shirt.—D.

“We still have hopes about that arrangement; we think there may possibly be a future for it.” Home now spoke in a totally different tone of voice, addressing us in the same style and delivery as in the portions of *séances* recorded in pages 158, 159, and 167. He said something to this effect: “You think that baptism is a thing of to-day, a ceremony instituted but 1,800 years ago! Come with me away to the banks of the distant Ganges, travel with me far back in the annals of time, and I will shew you races of men dwelling there who worshipped senseless gods of wood and stone—and yet not much more senseless than the god that some among you worship now—and who had the same ceremony of baptism, which was obligatory for them before an infant could be admitted to the benefits of their church and religion. Will you travel still further back with me into ages long anterior to this, and see the altars dripping with blood—aye, with human blood—and the priest decked with flowers standing in his place, and the people bowing down, and the sacrifices offered. Blood I see on every page—blood! blood! blood! True it is, that in later years it was that of bulls and of goats, of doves and pigeons. And what is your religion now to many of you but blood; still the same—blood to appease a God! Ah, it is fearful—it is too horrible, blood and sacrifice to propitiate your God, your Maker, your Father, the infinitely perfect and loving Creator of all things.” Home spoke at great length on these subjects; but I cannot recall to mind the exact language he made use of. After he awoke we had some curious manifestations. A small camp chair was raised off the floor and carried round the table, touching each of us in turn, and finally was placed on the centre of the table, where it remained. The sofa was moved up to us. We received no messages during the *séance*.

No. 66.—*Ashley House.*

On the 4th or 5th of the month [April, 1869], in the evening, I was seated at the table in Home's room at

Ashley House writing; he was seated at the opposite side, reading; we heard raps upon the door; Home said "Your grandfather has come in, do you not see him sitting in that chair yonder?" "I see no one," I answered; "Which grandfather do you mean?" "Your father's father; you will at any rate hear him." I heard a sound as if some one sitting on the chair he had mentioned had put his foot on the ground. Home, while speaking, went into a trance. The chair moved very slowly up to the table (no one touching it) a distance of eight feet eleven inches. "He is moving the chair," Home said. "He is pleased to be able to do that, he says you never saw a much prettier manifestation than that; Ah! he has gone over there now." Another chair moved close up to me, a distance of about a foot. Home said "He is sitting in that chair near you; he has come because he wishes to speak to you; you are rather in difficulties he thinks." He then spoke to me about certain private matters. Presently Home said: "Your mother does not wish you to think that she forgot you because she said so little about your marriage; she could not say more then, and after all, what could she do more than pray God's blessing upon you in this as she would in everything that you undertake, honestly, and with a desire to do that which is right. She has much more to say on the subject, but not now."

No. 67.—Ashley House.

On the night of the 6th [April, 1869] I got home about eleven o'clock. I found Home already in bed. He told me that he was very unwell; that he had left the house on his way to Gower Street; that he had suddenly lost consciousness on turning out of Ashley Place, and that he remembered nothing more until he found himself in bed. Home soon went to sleep and began to talk and mutter; after what he had said I attributed it to bodily illness, and did not pay much attention, however I soon found that he was in a trance.

The first distinct words he uttered were "But I am not an Hindoo." The room shook for some minutes very violently as if people were dancing on the floor below. Home said, "Oh, do stop that dancing, they must not do it, it is not kind." The shaking of the floor almost immediately ceased; I asked if people had been dancing below, but received no answer. Home turned to me and speaking in a firm loud voice, said, "Ah, dear me, the poor little dog has gone!" "What dog?" I asked. "Why, little white-sister¹—she has gone just now. Are you not sorry, Adare? They will be so grieved about it. She has passed from earth; but she is not destroyed, she is like a little spark of electricity, now a small globe of light, it is moving on, in time it will come in contact with some other substance and be absorbed." "Absorbed into what?" I asked. "Oh, into some higher form of animal life. Some spirits could catch it, for although I said it was like a little globe of light, still you know on leaving the body it had the appearance of the little dog, and some spirits might capture it and keep it for a time, but eventually it would be absorbed, for that is the law of nature, and they could not overrule it. It has no sensation or consciousness now; its condition of being, its organization, was not sufficiently high to permit of its retaining its individuality." "But," I said, "are there not animals in the other world?" "Oh dear yes, God in his goodness has made variety in the spirit world, as he has in your world; there would be no beauty without variety; there are dogs and horses and many animals. The Red Indians were not wrong in their ideas of the 'happy hunting ground,' their Seers saw these things in visions, and they really exist." "But," I observed, "although they might hunt they could never kill the animals." "Oh no, of course they could not shed their blood, but they could conquer them; it is difficult for you to understand, but

¹ A little dog belonging to Mrs. S. C. Hall. Home, I believe, knew that the dog was ill; but could not have heard of its death, which took place between 10 and 11 o'clock. I had no idea that the dog was even ill.

you know yourself that the real charm of all hunting consists rather in showing your superiority over the animal, in overcoming it, than in the mere shedding of blood and killing." "But," I asked, "if some animals retain their individuality, and continue to exist in the next world under the same form that they had here, and others are as you say absorbed, where is the line drawn? What is it that causes one to be absorbed, while another retains its individuality?" "Oh, I do not say that the animals in the next world ever existed on earth, it does not seem to me that they did, I only know that they are there, and I see that the life of animals upon earth is eventually absorbed into other forms. I do not know that your animals ever continue to exist in the spirit-world."

"You heard those Hindoos dancing just now?" "Yes," I answered, "I heard what I thought were people dancing on the floor below us." "Oh, it was not caused by mortals, there is no one living on that floor now; they were spirits—Hindoos." "What on earth do they want here," I asked. "Well, they are very anxious about their Trinity." "But why should that bring them here?" "They do not seem to have any special object in being here, but they are occupied with that subject, and that is why they are on earth; they are very advanced Hindoos, and they want to prove that their Trinity is not different from your Trinity as you suppose; there is a good deal going on now in the world in the way of investigating these subjects. These Hindoos are anxious about this; they say there is not so much difference as you think; for instance, they assert that their second person Christna was incarnated as your second person Christ was." Question: "Had they a personal devil?" "Yes; and they say that Christna was tempted of the devil in the same way as Christ." The substance of Home's conversation after this I forget; it led somehow to his saying, "When this zone shall have become torrid, of course the forms of animals and vegetable life will be much changed." Question: "Do you mean that the temperature is changing?" "Oh, yes, these will be the torrid zones, and the torrid zones will become cooler;

there is a very marked change taking place now." Question: "I suppose the change will be so gradual, that life will not be affected?" "Life will not be affected, the change is gradual, but it is quite apparent to us." Question: "Has the heat of the two last seasons anything to do with this, or was it quite abnormal?" "No, it was not entirely abnormal, it had to do with the great change that is taking place." Question: "Then will the frigid zones round the poles become warmer?" "Oh yes, certainly; do you know it is true that there is land to the North beyond where explorers have yet penetrated, and there are tribes of men living there, and they yet retain the traces of a by-gone civilization. They are of the old Semitic or original Hebrew race." Question: "But how could they ever get there; it could not have been in historic times?" In answer to this question, I distinctly heard a voice quite different to Home's say, "*Oh dear, no.*" Home said, "Did you hear him?" "Yes," I answered, "I heard him quite plain." "I am glad you did; he said '*Oh dear, no.*' He is rather difficult to understand, this spirit; he seems a little confused, but he declares he has seen these people, and that he could bring the spirit of one of them with him. He says there are distinct traces of Hebrew to be found in their language. You know there are traces of the old original Hebrew in the language of the Brahmins. The ancient Hebraic tribes were a most migratory people, always wandering and fighting; their idea even of God was a warlike, bloodthirsty being, and they were always fighting and quarrelling among themselves and their neighbours, and doing so in the name of the Lord. They have wandered all over the earth, and have left their marks in many places. There are signs of a civilization that you know nothing of, in North America; it was derived from the same source. Historians have conjectured that they crossed the narrow channel of a few miles in breadth; and they are correct. As to those people I spoke of in the North, they penetrated there long before history; oh, there were lions and tigers in these latitudes at that time. The Hebrews were very

bad historians; they kept no records; tradition served as history for them, even in very much later times; they were very careless, and kept their records very badly." I remarked, "What an interesting thing it would be to reach these people if they exist." "This spirit declares that it will be done; he says there is an expedition fitting out now, and he thinks it will be successful." "Fitting out in England?" I asked. "No in America; it seems that this spirit is interested in it, and that is the reason why he is on earth." "Have I ever known him?" I enquired. "Oh dear no, he has left the earth long ago." "How interesting it would be," I remarked, "to go on such an expedition." Home laughed at me and said, "Yes, you look very like going on that sort of an expedition just now; look and feel very strong don't you, just at present; quite fit to go through that awful bitter cold?" Home reverted to the Hindoos, and then began speaking about Spiritualism in general. "Oh!" he said, "what a blessing it is to know that the world will one day be spiritualised, that mortal man in the flesh will walk and talk face to face with his brother, who has left the body." "Well," I observed, "I do not see much likelihood of that time coming soon; if it were so, death would no longer have any terrors, it would not be even a separation." "You cannot see it, but I can; what I say will inevitably come true. Death ought not to be considered a separation, death is a development, and should have no terrors; was it not part of Christ's mission to take away the sting and terror of death?"

I began speculating as to the probability of the population ever becoming excessive over the whole earth. Home said, "No, that will not be the case; when countries become much over populated, the people are carried off by epidemics, by emigration and other causes." "But emigration," I said, "only relieves one country at the expense of another. If population increases as it does at present, the time must come when there will be no outlet for emigrants; and surely it cannot be natural or right that people should be carried off by plagues and famines." "Epidemics and famines are quite in the

natural order of things; and the misery resulting from them may seem much greater to you than it in reality is." "But still," I insisted, "such things do cause great distress." "Yes, to a certain extent you are of course right; and there are other causes that will eventually act to check the increase of the human race. Cannot you understand that men, by cultivating the intellectual qualities, the higher organs contained in the upper portion of the brain will arrive at such a condition, that their sole gratification and pleasure will be in the pursuit of all that is beautiful, harmonious, and good?—the upper portions of the brain will become more fully developed, the lower parts being neglected will become less and less, the animal nature weaker, and man will no longer find the same pleasure in the gratification of his lusts and passions; man will become spiritualised, and will be very different to what he is now." Soon after this, Home awoke. He spoke for such a length of time, that a great deal of what he said has entirely escaped my memory.

Allan Kardec died on Sunday the 4th. On the Wednesday or Thursday following, as Home and I were in the dressing room, at about 11 o'clock in the morning, we heard loud raps on the floor between us. The alphabet was asked for and the following message given: "*Bon jour, mon ami Daniel, je crois que je me suis trompé un peu la bas en fait d'identité. Allan Kardec.*" Home asked a few questions which were answered by raps.

No. 68.—*Ashley House, April 10th [1869].*

Last night Mr. J—— and I walked to Ashley House with Home from Fitzroy Square. Home complained of feeling nervous, as is usually the case after an unsuccessful *séance*. He sat down at the piano, and commenced playing; while so engaged he went into a trance.

I extinguished one of the candles, and placed the other on the floor. We heard sounds as of some one walking up and down the passage, and raps upon the door and walls. Mr. J—— felt, during the whole evening, a strong current of very cold air blowing about him. Home walked about the room apparently in great distress; he moaned and sat down on the floor and seemed to mourn over something. Suddenly the character of the influence changed. Home came over to where I was sitting on the sofa, and made me lie at full length upon it; by the attitude he assumed I recognized the spirit he calls “the nameless doctor.” He stood beside me apparently lost in thought for a minute or two, then kneeling down, made me unbutton my waistcoat, began sounding my chest as doctors do; he then rubbed and patted over the chest, loins, and legs, occasionally turning round as if to ask advice from some one; his efforts were principally directed to my right side, he frequently pointed to it and turned his head as if to call some one’s attention to that particular spot. He placed his mouth to my right side and exhaled a deep breath; the heat I felt was something extraordinary. When he had finished, Home seemed pleased with what he had done, smiled and rubbed his hands as if delighted. The first influence now seemed to return; he sat down on the floor evidently in great distress; then lay flat on his back and extended his arms in the form of a cross. His body became rigid and he was palpably elongated, and was almost raised off the ground; he may have been completely off, but I think not; it was evident, however, by the swaying vibratory motion of his body that it was not resting naturally on the ground. While this was taking place two chairs moved slightly of themselves. Home got up, knelt upon one knee, and simulated a man endeavouring to raise a heavy body. He appeared to fail once or twice; at last he raised it, and supporting it on his knee, carried it with great difficulty to a chair near at hand, where he placed it and sat down on the floor, apparently much exhausted. He beckoned to me, and when I approached told me in French to bring a chair, and sit near him;

I did so, and he spoke in French somewhat to the following effect. "What we have been trying to represent to you by acting, is the condition of Allan Kardec. The body that was extended on the ground in the form of a cross, and that was elongated, was his; he suffered a good deal for truth; and in symbolism as you know, the cross signifies truth; but then he was not enlightened; he refused the light, he was obstinate, and would not enlighten himself upon it, and that makes him unhappy now; it seems to weigh upon him, he cannot raise himself above his former ideas and prejudices. We tried to represent that by the difficulty of raising the heavy body. He is sitting here in this chair; he does not move; he would not come into the room at first, you heard him walking in the passage. There are many spirits here of his 'entourage.' Of his followers, and he had many of them, some of the spirits will not come into the room, I know not why; you hear them in the passage; there are two just behind here that I do not like at all." Presently Home gave a cry almost amounting to a scream, and shuddering pointed to the opposite side of the room and said in English, "Who are those fearful looking men? Oh, what are they doing? They are eastern, their feet are bare, as also their legs up to the knees, they will not show their faces, they cover them with a sort of cloak; oh this is horrible, they are hiding and lying in wait for something. They are so totally undeveloped, so earthy and material, they could shed blood, they could take man's life." "Do you mean," I said, "to tell me that these spirits could kill a man?" "Oh yes," he answered, "they could, but they can do no harm here at all; it was in a city where the sun cast broad alternate bands of light and shadow; I can see them among the olive trees gliding in and out; they are so fearfully undeveloped, so material; they could harm a man if he had not power over them; *that* must come by prayer." I asked Mr. J—— if he had any idea what all this meant. He replied, "Yes, I think I know." Home got up, took a striped rug off the sofa, and covering his shoulders, head, and face with it, began walking about the room in a

stealthy manner, hiding behind the furniture, and crawling about flat upon the ground, apparently lying in wait for some one. Suddenly he put his hand upon the candle, and left us in almost total darkness. I could just distinguish him gliding about the room, and crawling on the floor. At one time he stood up and was elongated; he came close to me and said, "What did they do to his brother?" "Whose brother?" said Mr. J—. "Why, yours." "Oh, good gracious," cried Mr. J—; "How strange"; and so saying he sank back into his chair. Home added, "He is not dead; he is quite safe." I spoke two or three times to Mr. J— after this, but received no answer. Home said, "He is under influence." Presently, Home sat down on the floor beside me and said, "He is under influence; the tall strong man who is influencing him will move something." A chair behind me moved of itself. Home leaned his head against my knee; it appeared most extraordinarily heavy. I placed my hand upon it, and the weight was removed. "Did you feel," he said, "the weight on Dan's head? That was the influence of only one of those men; they are so strong, so very material." Mr. J— became much affected; he sobbed violently, seemed in great distress, spoke in Arabic with great rapidity, and said, "Oh, S— S—" (his brother's name), and then "Chalini! chalini!" which means "Leave me! leave me!" I began asking Home about what had puzzled me very much, namely, his having asserted that spirits could do bodily harm to man. He said, "Yes, they can; I will tell you later. Dan must awake to take the influence off J—." Home suddenly awoke, and asked what was going on. I told him that Mr. J— was under influence, upon which he took his hands, and he immediately awoke, and was much astonished at finding that he had been crying violently.

I slept in Home's room; after we had gone to bed he went into a trance and said "Of course not; why of course they could not, Adare." "Could not do what?" I asked. "Why, could not do harm here." "You are referring to those spirits," I said. "I never thought

they could do harm here ; but could they hurt a man under any circumstances ? ” “ Yes, they could ; you see his brother had been mixed up in some magical incantations, where sacrifices were offered. Now, if a man sold himself to such spirits as those, if he gave himself to them for any purpose, they could do as they liked with him.” “ But,” I asked, “ could they take his life ? Could they for instance strike him with a knife ? ” “ Certainly, why not ? you have seen tables, chairs and heavy objects moved by a spirit, why not a knife also.” “ But that would not be fair play, he could not strike them back,” I said. “ No, he could not ; but they could not touch him unless he was willing. You see it would be necessary that he should have allowed them to gain power over him, if for any purpose he did that, they could then so use their influence as to make him do whatever they chose. They did not hurt his brother, they carried him off, it was as if he had fallen among bandits.¹ There is more truth than you suppose in the stories of the old magicians, and the precautions they adopted to protect themselves from the undeveloped and material influences with which they surrounded themselves. Your mother stood just behind you when Dan’s head became so heavy against your knee ; she influenced you to put your hand on his head, she was anxious a little about Dan, a little fearful that he might be hurt. Of course you know no harm could come to him.” Home now awoke, he had a distinct impression of the sort of influence that had been about him, and said “ I feel very strange, so dreadfully crafty and sly, if I were to give way to my feelings I should do all sorts of curious things, I should hide behind the curtains, and go to Mr. J——’s room and try to frighten him.” I told Home a little of what had occurred so as to account for these strange feelings.

¹ I am not certain whether this sentence conveys Home’s meaning quite correctly.

No. 69.

[The following account of what occurred to Mr. J— during the night, was related to me by him two or three days afterwards. He said]:—

“I went to bed in the spare room, but did not immediately put out the candle. I was lying with my face turned towards the wall, when suddenly the bed-clothes were pulled so violently as nearly to uncover me. I jumped up in bed, and the movement ceased. After watching a few minutes I lay down and the clothes were again sharply pulled. This was repeated three times; I could not detect anything touching the clothes, in fact the moment I sat up to watch all movement ceased. While this was going on I heard distinct raps all about the room. I now turned round and saw a number of figures near the window, moving about, apparently conversing; they were of a grey or whitish colour, the features in profile were very distinct, and the hands especially so; but I could not see how they rested on the floor, as the lower extremities finished in vapour or cloud. I used every means in my power to induce them to look at me and answer my questions, by raps or otherwise, but in vain. I begged them to speak, and exercised my will as forcibly as I could to make them do so, but they would not take the slightest notice of me; I accordingly got out of bed and slowly approached them. When I was within about three paces of them they divided in two rows on each side of the window, as if to allow me to pass, and turning round, bent their heads and looked down towards me; at the next step they all separated, and I experienced a feeling of intense cold; when close upon them they disappeared. I walked slowly backwards, and when I had retreated three or four yards, the forms became visible. I went to bed but never closed my eyes; the figures remained near the window moving about as if in conversation, until a quarter to seven when they disappeared. After going towards them the first time, in order to make sure that I was thoroughly

awake, I went to a cupboard, opened it, and found a box of brown biscuits of which I ate two; I also found a Highland sporran, and read the monogram on the hilts of the knives. After dressing in the morning, I examined the cupboard, found the box of biscuits, and ascertained that I had read the monograms correctly; I also walked all over the house during the night in search of Home's room, but could not find it. I spoke to the figures repeatedly in English, not in Arabic."

No. 70.

[The following strange story was also related to me on the same occasion by Mr. J——. As it evidently bears upon the occurrences related in p. 249, I have determined to break through the rule hitherto adhered to of relating only what took place in my own presence. I had the story direct from Mr. J——, who received it from his brother. Mr. J—— at my request wrote to his brother in the East, to enquire if anything had happened to him on the Friday when the strange occurrences mentioned in pp. 249, 250, took place, but no answer has as yet been received.]

"About three years ago, my brother S. was residing in my father's house, in the town of ——, in the East, studying 'Nahawi,' that is the grammatical Arabic, the language of the 'Koran'—quite a different tongue from the vernacular. One day he was much astonished at receiving an answer in 'Nahawi' from a poor labouring man, to whom he had addressed some question; he entered into conversation, and found that this man was well educated, and he also noticed that in the evening he was dressed in a style quite incompatible with his rank of life; in fact he appeared much superior to the class to which he belonged. One day, soon after their first meeting, this labourer, whom I will call 'the native' as I cannot mention his name, told my brother that he had

something of importance to communicate if he would promise secrecy. He then informed him that in a field outside the town, belonging to his father, there was something buried that he was determined to obtain by means of what in the East is called 'magic'; he said that he had already tried but had failed, that he was determined to succeed even at the risk of his life, but that it was necessary for him to obtain the co-operation of some member of the family; if my brother would assist him, he promised to give up anything of value that might be found, bargaining only to be allowed to keep a certain scroll or parchment. My brother agreed, and on the following Friday they commenced operations. I may mention here that in Mahomedan countries it is supposed that Friday is the only day on which magic can be successfully practised. S. and the native left the town just before the gates were shut, at sunset, and proceeded to the field in question; arrived there they sat down cross-legged on the ground, at right angles to each other, and about four or five yards apart, the native warning S. not to mind him, and on no account to scream, as that would involve considerable danger to both. The native commenced burning incense and repeating invocations or prayers, bowing his head to the ground; very soon loud thrusts or blows were heard on the ground and several forms became visible, issuing apparently out of the earth. These figures commenced walking round the two men. On passing S. each figure stooped down and threw a handful of dust into his face; his clothes were covered with dust afterwards. On passing the native, each figure struck him on the head; he, however, took no notice whatever of them, merely bowing his head down, adding fresh incense, and mumbling something to himself. After a time the figures disappeared into the ground, and the native said that all was over for that night.

"On the second Friday the same ceremonies were gone through, except that the incense was of a different kind, with like results; the forms appeared, but suddenly a tremendous shower of dry bones fell over them. S. could not tell where they came from, but they appeared to come

from behind him so as to be directed against the native. The native jumped up and said that something had occurred to interrupt the arrangements, and that they must immediately go.

“On the third Friday the usual invocations and incense burning were gone through, and the figures appeared and commenced walking round, and throwing dust as on the first occasion. Suddenly the figure of a gigantic black man appeared out of the ground, armed with a great stick or club, with which he belaboured the native in the most fearful manner; while a great commotion took place among the other figures—instead of moving slowly round, they were all rushing about as if in a state of great agitation. The native took no notice at first of the black man, merely crouching himself closer to the ground, increasing the ardour of his incantations, and adding fresh incense. At length, however, he said in Arabic, ‘Well, well, be it so; if you must have it, you shall.’ After this, all was quiet.

“On the following Friday they again went out; but this time the native carried with him a live lamb concealed under his burnous which, after they were seated on the ground, he proceeded to kill and skin. They went through the usual incense burning, &c., &c.; and first the figures appeared, and then the black man rose from out of the ground, and advanced in a menacing attitude towards the native, preparing to strike him with his club. The native held up the lamb to him, and the figure took it and disappeared again into the earth. S. declares that the earth literally opened, and that the black figure descended, bearing the lamb through the aperture. In a few minutes the black figure reappeared, and a conversation ensued between him and the native; the latter seemed very angry, declared that he had complied with all their requests, that the black man was not the spirit that he wanted at all, and that he had been duped. The altercation was suddenly interrupted by a shower of dry bones upon which the figure disappeared; and the native jumped up, seized S.’s arm and hurried him away, saying that they were watched.

“It appears that my father noticed that S. absented himself from home every Friday, and becoming uneasy he set some one to watch him. He was seen to leave the city at sunset in company with this native; but none would follow them, as they did not like the idea of spending the night outside. On the last Friday, however, one bolder than the rest followed them, and concealing himself behind a rock, witnessed their proceedings. On the Saturday following a formal complaint was laid before the Governor of the town, the native was banished for life, and S. came over to England. After an absence of two years, my brother returned to the town, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, saying: ‘Imagine my intense surprise, the same native is here, but no one recognizes him, he says he is determined to go on with his project if I will assist him; I can see no difference whatever in his appearance, he is not disguised in any way, and yet not a soul in the town has the slightest notion that he is the man who was banished three years ago.’”

No. 71.—Ashley House.

On the 10th [April, 1869], Home went into a trance, and said, “Allan Kardec,—apoplexy.” “Did he die suddenly?” I asked. “Of apoplexy—fell down stairs. You must not sleep in the same room with Dan at present, it is not good for either of you, your magnetism is mutually injurious, you take strength from each other; your nerves are in an excited state, I can see them emitting a phosphorescent light, they are stretched to the extreme verge of tension.” “They are then in an unhealthy state,” I said. “Yes, in a condition that must be checked, it is exactly as if you had taken too much stimulant. In the daytime it does not matter how much you are together, it is at night when you are asleep that the injury is done; you are not well; if you slept in the same room with a healthy man it would do you good.” “I have been thinking,” I said, “that mesmerism might be of service to me,

what is your opinion?" "The magnetism of a strong healthy man would do you much good, the mesmeriser should be a fair man, a few passes every day not sufficient to induce sleep would be of use to you, it would be good for Dan also." "I think change would do me good," I remarked. "Travelling is very good for you." I asked, after a long pause, "Do you think it would also suit Florence's constitution?" Home said, "Oh yes it would not hurt her, but she has a talent that must not be neglected." "What is that—music?" I enquired. "Composition, the composition of music." I said, "You would not like that to be neglected?" "It must not be neglected." "That is rather awkward," I added. "No, it need not be; she would have great facility in learning stringed instruments; for instance the violin; of course they would all laugh at first, but you need not mind that. Dear me, how curious! Oh no certainly not, L—— ought not to pass away." "L—— M—— do you mean?" I asked. "No, L—— N——, she had more influence almost than any of them over O——; her magnetism kept him in check, she has lost it in a great measure now; he is all hoity toity fly-away. What a curious habit he has got into of tossing his head back in that way; dear me, he is very excited, there is something all wrong about it, when I go there it all seems confused, I cannot make it out well!

"Allan Kardec says that spirits very soon forget events that happened on earth, they have no way of computing time; they even forget their birthdays; if they want to get a date they often have to go and look for it." "But why," I said, "should they take the trouble to look for dates? what can it matter to them." "Oh, they are obliged to do so sometimes for tests and things of that sort." Home then awoke.

No. 72.—Ashley House.

On, I think, the 15th [April, 1869], Mr. Ward Cheeney and Mr. Arnold, two Americans, friends of Home came

to see him. Soon after they had gone, I heard raps upon the table at which I was seated. Home was walking about the room at the time. I called his attention to the raps, and he came and sat down near me. The alphabet was called for, and the name "*Carry*" was spelled out. Home said to me "That is Mrs. Checney"; then addressing her:—

"I am so glad, dear, that you have come to me again, is Julia with you often?"

"Yes," was answered.

"Why does she not speak to me? Does she not like me?"

"Oh yes, she is the same as ever, but your mission does not always consist of love messages being given you. When we would do so, we are sometimes unable by reason of your exhaustion; but you know, so long as you are true to God, your mission, and yourself, that we love you."

Home, pointing to me, said, "He is going to America." Two raps were made signifying uncertainty; Home added, "I hope you will like him."

"Yes," was said, and then, "*I hope that you may be my earthly habitation when you are there, in order that I may welcome you.*"

Home continued, "He is going to be married; I hope you will like his wife."

"I don't know her. What is her name?"

"Miss Florence Kerr. Will you go and see her?"

Two raps were given, signifying *perhaps*. "Adare will be dining there to-night; will you go with him?"

"Yes; I shall call her Florence. Do you not find this to be a subject fraught with very vast importance?"

"Is that message to me?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Certainly, I consider it is a subject of great importance."

"*Standing on the threshold, peering through the chinks.*"

"Of the other world?" I asked.

"Yes."

Home observed "That is just like her, there was a good deal of poetry in her nature; I have some very pretty

lines of hers." He was interrupted by the words "*Such doggerel,*" being spelled out; after this the sounds became gradually fainter, and we had no more messages.

No. 73.—*Ashley House.*

On Friday, the 16th [April, 1869], I was present at a meeting of one of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society. The *séance* was not satisfactory. The Master of Lindsay, Mr. Bergheim, Home, and myself, afterwards adjourned to Lindsay's room, in Grosvenor Square. We sat round a small table, and had some physical manifestations. Home was in an excessively nervous state. Presently he went into a trance, and began to laugh; he spoke to me for some time as A—— B——. Home then said "That same spirit is here about W—— B——. It is too late now to do all he wanted; he wished to have prevented all this business about X——." "Oh," said Lindsay, "He could have done nothing, for W—— could have no influence over X——." "He says he could have succeeded." "I am sure he could not," continued Lindsay, "for they are not even on speaking terms." "Well, he says that W—— being susceptible, he would have got such influence over him, that X—— would have noticed it, and it would have had a good effect upon him; however, it is too late now, still he wants W—— to meet Dan. He will pass away before his natural time." "Who?" said Lindsay, "W——?" "Yes." "Is he then ill?" I asked. "Oh, no; not in that way; it will probably be in some wild frolic or row, or something of that sort. This spirit used to howl at W—— when he was at school." Lindsay remarked, "That is very curious, I had not thought of it before, but now I remember that W—— told me of that. Did it frighten him?" "Oh, yes; he used to howl at him and frighten him a good deal, so much so that one night he got up and slept with one of the other fellows; he was afraid

to be alone." Home turned to me and said, "You must look out, boy, there seems to be a storm brewing for you." "If you would tell me what it is," I said, "perhaps I might avoid it." "It is of no great consequence; it will be but a storm in a coffee pot. Oh, Dan is very weak, very weak indeed." Home sank back in his chair, he was seized with a violent spasm in the chest, and was in great pain. Presently he said, "They are magnetizing me." He fell into a natural sleep, and awoke in a short time much better. Home went home, I remained some time longer. Lindsay asked Mr. Bergheim to mesmerise him; he did so, and soon put him to sleep. After he had awoke him, Mr. Bergheim asked Lindsay to try upon him, no one having as yet succeeded in mesmerising him. After a few passes, he went off; he became very uneasy, placed his hand on his forehead and said, "It is all wrong." Lindsay asked him whether there was too much weight on his head; whether he should take some off, or put more on. He replied, "No, it is not that, but it is all wrong, I am being cross-mesmerised." (This is curious, as no one else was attempting to influence him.) As he seemed so uneasy, Lindsay awoke him. He told us he did not remember saying anything about cross-mesmerising, but that the last thing he recollected was seeing a figure or form of some sort standing beside Lindsay. He also saw the figure. After some time, Lindsay mesmerised him again; as on the first occasion, he became very restless and excited; he extended his right arm, and kept it in that position for fully half an hour; Lindsay could not induce him to alter it. He spoke Arabic with great rapidity in long sentences, and occasionally repeated single words which I wrote down as well as I could. He appeared to be, or to think himself to be, under some influence more powerful than Lindsay. He said among other things, "Mabidah ('she won't'). Oh, dear, she won't come. Ta-âli, ta-âli ('come, come!'—word feminine and applicable to a woman only). Rahat! ('she is gone'). Allah! (God) Bedosh, or Behash (he won't, or she won't), Hakil Inglêse or Hekil Inglêse, or Yikkil Inglêse, or Hakal, Inglêse (English talk, or speak English, or

he speaks English, or he spoke English).” Lindsay repeatedly tried to make him speak English, but he said, “he won’t let me.” Lindsay endeavoured to influence him to move, but he always replied, “he won’t let me, I would if I could, but he won’t let me, he is so strong.” Presently he said, “Chalini! chalini! (leave me, leave me), don’t let him come near me.” Lindsay walked round in a circle, making passes, and said, “there, he cannot come inside that.” Mr. Bergheim said, “Ah, she has come,” and appeared to stroke and caress some one’s head and hair. “He cannot speak English and won’t let me.” “Ah, Ta-âli (oh, come) Chalini! chalini! (leave me, leave me) Rah, (he is gone). Oh, he has gone, and she has gone with him.” He appeared so distressed that Lindsay said, “I will awake him.” He sat up and said, “You cannot, he has gone, and you cannot awake me.” Lindsay began making upward passes, saying, “nonsense, of course I can awake you.” Mr. Bergheim shouted at him, “You cannot, you cannot, he must come back or I shall die, you cannot awake me; oh, bring him back.” Lindsay said, “All right, he shall come.” I opened the door and Lindsay added, “There, he has come.” Mr. Bergheim heaved a deep sigh, and said, “Oh, yes, he has come back,” he became quite quiet and soon awoke, but was in a nervous state for some time.¹

No. 74.—*Ashley House, April [1869].*

Last night soon after we had gone to bed, we both heard raps upon the wall. The alphabet was called for and the following messages given, “*Come come, Dan, cheer up! You have been overdoing it lately, we intend giving you a rest from the day after to-morrow till the 29th; your power will be taken from you.*” Home said, “I am sorry for it.” “*We think it best,*” was answered. Home went into a trance; he said, “Your grandfather is here,

¹ I mention the occurrences of this evening, as although outside the present limits of “Spiritualism,” they seem to bear a strong resemblance to what took place at Ashley House, mentioned in pp. 249, 250.

he is not pleased." He spoke to me for a long time, representing my grandfather, saying at the close of the conversation, "You must be prepared, boy, for some change; it seems that something will soon occur to alter your prospects." "Can you not tell what it is," I asked. "No we cannot tell you. Oh! it is nothing to do with your marriage; no, it just seems that something will occur to alter your plans, that is all." "I wish to ask a question," I said. "Do so," he replied. "Dan suddenly asked me yesterday, shuddering, to take my hand off the table where we were both writing; when I asked him some time after what his motive had been for doing so, he told me that my thumb was all covered with blood. Now, there was really no blood upon my thumb; was that merely a defect in Dan's vision, or the result of his imagination, or was there anything more in it?" After a pause Home answered, "We do not know what that could have meant, it might have been a foreshadowing of something, or merely the reflection of the red table cloth, or some purely physical effect of Dan's brain, or vision; we do not remember the occurrence—Stop! wait a minute" (after a pause), "Ah! Sacha says it was not imagination or deception on Dan's part, he was in one of those very curious conditions into which he sometimes falls, and it was a foreshadowing of something that will occur, blood will flow, you may perhaps cut your finger or something of that sort, it does not follow that it will be your thumb. Sacha sends all manner of love to Dan, and wishes you to tell him that he must not be low-spirited, more than he can help; it is not right, he has never wanted as yet, she says it is extremely unlikely that he will be permitted to want now." I said, "I want to ask your opinion about what occurred in Lindsay's room." "We do not know exactly to what you refer; but we will tell you about it some time or other. Dan is very weak and ill, we have been having a regular council about him." "I hope you will be able to do him good," I said. "Oh yes, we hope so, he is overworked; and he worries himself about leaving the house, and is distressed about a lot of jewels and precious stones. It

is not right of him to give way so, he should have more faith. Poor little L—— will we fear have a relapse, but she must not be cast down; she will get better again; she ought to be very careful not to do too much this summer.” “You mean in the way of society,” I observed, “seeing too many people?” “Yes, certainly. Your mother seems anxious about you; she says your position is not a very easy one; you have a difficult path to follow, and must be careful.” I said, “It seems hard that if I am in difficult circumstances I should have lost the advantage of her advice; there are so few people with whom I can take counsel.” “Ah, but that is just what she does not want you to feel. She says you have not lost the benefit of her advice; she can influence you. If you will, when in doubt as to what course to pursue, pray earnestly to God for guidance, and sit down quietly to think the matter over, she says you may be sure she will be there, and will be enabled to help you to form a right judgment. She smiles, and says, ‘You may even smoke your cigar you know, my boy, if you like; just sit down quietly by yourself, desiring earnestly and prayerfully to do what is right, and I am certain to be with you, and will endeavour to influence your mind so that you may come to a right conclusion about Bergheim.’ You need never be nervous at anything of that sort; no harm could have come of it; no spiritual influence could or would hurt him. You might have known that; you know how sensitive Dan is, and that he is continually subjected to all sorts of influences, at all times, even when walking in the streets; and yet you know they cannot harm him.” “But,” I said, “you spoke the other night of spirits having power even to kill a man: how do you mean then that no danger could ensue from a man becoming under a strong influence as Bergheim was, or as Dan often is.” “Insomuch as the man is willing, harm might come. As I told you the other night, if anyone were voluntarily to agree to certain conditions, were to submit themselves to a spiritual influence, to obtain a certain end, harm might ensue from that, but in no other way; Bergheim could not have been

hurt, he would have awoke all right, he is of a very nervous excitable temperament, that was the cause of it. Danger might arise in another way, a person might throw himself into a deep trance. If Dan in his present very weak condition were to will himself to go into a trance, he might do so, and the result might be disastrous, we are obliged to watch over him very closely. Dan will not awake, he will fall into a natural sleep now."

No. 75.—*Séance, Grafton Hotel, Albemarle Street, May 26th*
[1869].

At about 10 o'clock I went to the Comtesse de Pomar, and found already assembled and seated round the table the Comtesse de Pomar, Mrs. Crawford, Madame de Galiano, Mrs. H. Senior, Mr. Bergheim, and Home; they had had slight physical manifestations. One of the ladies was not very well, and another was expecting to be obliged to leave every minute—two circumstances which no doubt acted unfavourably upon the harmony of the party. Soon after my arrival Home went into a trance; he was apparently much distressed by the black crepe on Madame de Pomar's dress. Getting up, he took a black shawl that she had laid on a chair, and expressing by his countenance the greatest disgust, he opened the door of an inner room and threw the shawl down. On coming back he whispered as he passed me, "We do not like it at all—there is too much black. You see there are four what *you* call widows here; we cannot bear mourning." He stroked and patted my forehead; and going round to Mrs. —'s son, he bent over him, looked into his face and caressed his hair. He took a small round table that was standing in the corner of the room, and said, still in a whisper, "Paula and Marie must not have too much confidence in this, it is an undeveloped influence that communicates with them, and they are not fully developed as mediums, they must not place implicit reliance on what is told them, but use their own sense

about it." On returning to his chair—as he passed me—he clapped his hands (Adah Menken's sign), and whispered, "I hope you are very happy. It was not far from here that I met you." Mr. Berghcim and I were talking in a very low tone, about crystals, mirrors, and eastern magic in general, and the strange things that had occurred at Ashley House in connection with Mr. J——'s brother. Home became much agitated, gasped occasionally for breath, had difficulty in speaking, and made passes before him as if waving something off. "Oh," he said, "you must not talk of that, you bring such a fearful influence about you; the moment your minds are turned in that direction, the influence comes as it were pouring in, I wish you could understand this, you would see how necessary is prayer to bring a good influence about you; and if you wish for that which is bad, it will inevitably come. Oh, it is very dangerous, we cannot bear you to have anything with magic, that incense of blood is fearful." I interrupted him saying, "I have not used any incense." Home continued, "Oh, yes; I know, I know. You must not have anything to do with it; you do not know how dangerous it is. Pray leave that magic alone; what is the use of it? it is but curiosity and can do you no good. Would you place yourself in the power of the lowest men on earth? Would you bring the worst and most degraded of mortal influence about you? You would not; then why do so among spirits? I tell you you do not know the danger; they are so fearfully low, the very lowest and most material of all; you might almost call them 'accursed.' They will get a power over you that you cannot break through. Have nothing to do with it. Try and get a good influence about you, one that will raise and elevate you, not one to drag you down lower and lower. You would be afraid of the worst and most brutal of your fellow-men. You have more cause to fear those spirits who correspond to them if you encourage and let them gain power over you. No, *he* has not found it yet." Berghcim said to me, "Have you told him the story? how does he know anything about this?" Home laughed,

and speaking to Madame de Pomar said, "They are wondering at Dan speaking about subjects with which he is not acquainted, as if we did not know all about it." Turning to us he continued, "No, *he* has not found it, he has got your letter; yes I think he will answer it in a little time, he does not quite know what to do. I say again, have nothing to do with magic. Mind! there is a storm coming, if that box arrives, if the house is not burned or smashed to pieces it will be a wonder. Seek by prayer to repel evil influences, do not encourage them." Soon after, Home awoke. We had tolerably strong physical manifestations, but nothing remarkable occurred, and afterwards the three following messages were given through the alphabet, with short intervals between them: "*We find material hindrances impeding our manifestations.*" "*The influences are too various.*" "*We must, though reluctantly, say 'good night.'*"

[The three following *Séances* are recorded by Lord Dunraven].

No. 76.—*Séance, No. 7, Buckingham Gate, June 25th [1869].*

Present:—Sir Robert Gore Booth, Augusta Gore Booth, Mrs. Honeywood, Arthur Smith Barry, Miss A—— P——, Miss C—— R——, Mr. Home, and myself. In a very short time vibrations and slight movements of the table occurred. These were followed by raps on and about the table. Augusta was lying on a low couch close to the ground. The five raps for the alphabet being given, we received the following message: "*The position of Augusta absorbs our atmosphere; raise her.*" We placed her couch on a sofa, and brought it up to the table. The sofa presently moved a few inches from the table, which was shortly moved up to it. She mentioned that the couch was shaken, and also that she was touched several times. Being just then strongly touched on the knee, I asked, "Has any one else been touched?" "*You,*" was immediately rapped out. Mr. Home remarking that the influence

seemed chiefly on one side, we received the following message: "*We are obliged to keep to this side of the table.*" This was on Augusta's side, opposite to that at which the two young ladies sat. Mr. Home remarking, that, if the white tablecloth was put on the table, hands might visibly move under the cloth, we accordingly put one on. He asked if there was an accordion in the room. Arthur Barry fetched one from the side-board, and placed it on the table. Some movements under the cloth were seen about the edge of the table near Augusta, and in other places. As no intimation was given about the instrument, Mr. Home took it, holding it with one hand as usual, at the under edge of the table. A sort of prelude was played with slight tremolo effect. We then had the following message, the letters being chiefly indicated by notes on the instrument: "*There is spiritual discord—we pray for harmony.*" The word discord was given by a horrid discord being played; while harmony was expressed by beautiful soft chords. While the playing was going on, Arthur Barry and the two young ladies were requested to look under the table to see how the instrument was held and moved. Just after the last message, we received the following: "*An undeveloped influence prevents our*" here some slight break occurred, and then it went on, "*but with prayer—earnest prayer—we will dispel it.*" This was shortly followed by: "*We must dispel the discord; Arthur, sit opposite.*" He removed to the chair opposite Mr. Home, changing places with Sir Robert. Mrs. Honeywood was next to Mr. Home, and Sir Robert was next to her. Mr. Home's chair was partly turned round, and slight movements of the table and of Augusta's sofa took place. The alphabet being called for, the following message, addressed to Mr. Home, was given: "*You were surprised, Dan, that you were turned round; we wish to convince an undeveloped spirit that you could not trick, even if you wished to do so.*" Mr. Home expressed the greatest wonder what this could mean. "Convince a spirit," he said, "how very odd; an undeveloped spirit; I cannot understand it at all." He then reminded me of the *séance* in which he employed

the fire test to satisfy spirits (*No. 30*). I said, "Ask if any one else understands what this message signifies." He pointed to each of us; and when his hand was directed to me and to Mrs. Honeywood, three raps were given. Some rather undecided indications were heard when opposite one of the young ladies. Soon after, this message was sent: "*Robert, change with Barbara*" (Mrs. Honeywood). Slight movements were now seen under the cloth near Augusta, and near Sir Robert. Augusta was touched several times; Mr. Home remarking that this might be for some good purpose. We received the following: "*It is with intent to heal, and with God's aid we will.*" This was nearly all spelled out by notes on the accordion; each of the letters of the word "God" being indicated by very soft chords, and the last two words by very loud notes. This was followed by, "*Patience, darling.*" The accordion was now played with great power, like a sort of jubilant hymn. It was pulled with such force that Mr. Home was obliged to hold it with both hands. At one time it was drawn away till Mr. Home's arm was stretched out; the instrument being quite horizontal; the arm and accordion bending round the head of Augusta's couch. It also rested on the edge of the couch, and was played there. Then it was brought round across the table back to Mr. Home's body, and carried under the table. This was a curious manifestation. He placed it on the ground, and it moved about under the table, touching me and others. Soon after this, as Mr. Home was talking, he was arrested in the middle of a sentence—his words died away—his half outstretched arm seemed to become rigid, and he passed into the trance. He got up and walked about the room, apparently in a very uncomfortable state. Going over to the piano he played a few chords, but quickly left off, seeming cold and distressed. He again walked about for a little while, when, coming over to Augusta's sofa, he knelt down as if in prayer; then taking her hands he patted them, and made passes down her arm. After this he went behind Arthur Barry, and putting his hands on his head he exclaimed, "It is much too cold here!" He

next came and stood behind me for a few seconds, and then nearly behind Miss C. R's. chair, when he delivered a short address, beautifully expressed; but of which unfortunately I retain but a slight recollection. Every word was admirably chosen, referring chiefly to this undeveloped spirit. He began something to this effect: That a home was once opened for the souls of men; but through sin it was closed and sealed. From the moment a man is born, the door of heaven is closed against him; but he is given a golden key which unlocks the golden gate by which he may enter in, and let out the golden waters of the lake. That key is prayer, through which our spirits force their way before the seat of God. That Spiritualism is not a subject for idle curiosity, but for steadfast pursuit. Then speaking of occupations, he said, that even such amusements as music, drawing, &c., if carried on too much, would lead you away from higher pursuits, and ought to be resisted. He ended by saying, "There is much we would see altered; you must pray; do not doubt; it will be done; only pray, all will come right." This was obviously addressed to the lady behind whose chair he stood. Turning to Arthur Barry he said, "You don't understand this now, but you will by-and-bye"; alluding no doubt to what will be explained further on. Approaching Mrs. Honeywood, he said, "Barbara, your father is here; you have been uneasy in your mind lately, but never mind, all shall be made smooth." Then putting his hand on Sir Robert's shoulder, he said, "You were touched by two hands, belonging to two very dear to you, one large, the other smaller and more delicate. Augusta, you felt a hand touching you, and a small pointed finger put into your hand (which she did); this was your grandmother; she is very much pleased; they would like to have done more, but they could not." Rapidly approaching me, he said with emphasis, "You knew well who was playing." After this he sat down and awoke, remarking how very silent we all were. No more manifestations occurred of any interest; one of the ladies left the room, and Mr. Home soon after said he felt tired, and we broke up the *séance*.

At supper one remarked that a chair was being moved to the table; while our attention was called to this, another chair moved rather quickly five or six feet to within a foot of the table, near Mr. Home. This was seen by all present. His chair was turned half round, and he took his feet off the ground while being moved. There were no further manifestations.

The occurrences which form the remarkable feature of this *séance* require explanation. Some days ago I had the opportunity of seeing Miss C—— R—— write, under supposed spirit-influence, in my presence. I obtained permission to put a few questions. Among them I asked, "What do you think of Mr. Home?" Miss R—— wrote instantly, "He has a certain degree of power, but a vast amount of triekery." In answer to another question was written, "He (Home) deceives people by pretending that he can call up the spirits of their friends, &c." These and other answers made me think that this was probably a deceitful spirit. The young lady being very anxious to be present at a *séance*, I invited her to this one, expecting that something curious would probably occur. I mentioned the circumstances to Mrs. Honeywood, but neither she nor I had any communication with Mr. Home on the subject. At the *séance* he had no idea who she was. The reader will now perceive the remarkable drift of what took place. The first message bearing on the case was, "We are obliged to keep to this side of the table," that is, the side opposite Miss C—— R——. The next was, "There is spiritual discord, &c." Then followed that about the undeveloped influence; and afterwards in addition, the remarkable one addressed to "Dan" (Mr. Home) where the very word "*trick*" is employed which was written by Miss C—— R—— with reference to Mr. Home. These messages were, so to say, supplemented by the beautiful and pointed address uttered by Mr. Home, when in a trance, standing behind Miss R's. chair. Some days previous, I had mentioned to two friends, very conversant with spiritualistic manifestations, the character of several of the answers written through Miss C—— R——, and they both pronounced them to

proceed from an undeveloped or low spirit; one of a class which appears to be by no means uncommon, particularly with young or incipient mediums. These friends were ignorant of Miss R.'s name, or that she was to be at a *séance* with Mr. Home. They, it will be observed, used the word "*undeveloped*," the same as was employed in the messages this evening; and they both recommended the same remedy, as was urged by Mr. Home in the trance, namely earnest prayer. The table was lifted off the ground, but only a few inches. The drawer of the table on Augusta's side was suddenly opened.

No. 77.—*Séance*, No. 7, Buckingham Gate, July 1st [1869].

Present:—The Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, Lady —, Mrs. Honeywood, Mrs. Stopford, the Honourable Mrs. —, Arthur Smith Barry, Sir R. Gore Booth, Augusta Gore Booth, Mr. Home, and myself. We sat round the same table which we used on the last occasion, the room being lighted as before by one lamp, with the shade over it. We quickly had strong vibrations, and raps of various kinds, some of them very loud. I said, "I wonder if it is Dr. Elliotson?" "Yes," was answered by three loud raps. The table was slightly moved in different directions, and strongly tilted; but I observed that when inclined, objects slipped down it. The Duchess of St. Albans was touched, both audibly and visibly to others. The Duchess's scarf was pulled so strongly that she said had it not been for the brooch it would have been pulled off. Mrs. —, Mr. Home, and I were also touched. The accordion was taken by Mr. Home, and it commenced playing in the usual manner. Mr. Home said, "If you will ask for some air they will perhaps play it." The Duchess asked for "Home, sweet Home," which was given at first by single notes and afterwards by chords. The Duchess and Mrs. Stopford looked under the table while the instrument was being played. It was drawn about outside the table and back again. It was

placed in the Duchess's hands, and played when she alone held it. It was then put down under the table, where it moved about, touching different persons' feet. It came up on my legs, and I took hold of it. I asked was it the same spirit that played the other night, and was answered by the alphabet, "*A rude imitation only.*" After a little while we got the following: "*All present are loving friends and messengers from God.*" Part of this message was given by the accordion; the word God being indicated by soft chords. I asked if they would play the same air as they did at Adare. No reply was given. Mrs. Honeywood's handkerchief was taken from her. Mrs. ——— felt a hand placed in hers.

Some time after this, a little pencil with which I had been writing dropped out of my hand, much to my surprise, and fell at my feet. I tried to find it, but could not. Shortly after, Mr. Home said, "I see a hand moving about the Duchess's shoulder." She felt something coming down over her shoulder, and we then perceived a slight object on the edge of the table cloth in front of her. I saw it come down, or placed there. Some one said, "It is a little pencil." "Oh," I said, "I dare say it is mine," which on examination it proved to be. We then got this message: "*We took it from Dunraven for you; take it.*" I gave the pencil to the Duchess. A drawer that was exactly opposite Lady D——, shot out quite suddenly, so as to startle her; this happened several times. It was also shut. Once it was opened so far, that although they tried they could not shut it. The cloth was moved as if by hands under it. Mr. Home saw hands, as did Mrs. ———. She also saw dark forms behind the screen and near the door. Presently we received the following message, partly on the accordion: "*God bless you, One who watches over you*"; and then "*Oft in the stilly night*" was softly played. This was the air I alluded to when I asked if they would play the air they had played at Adare; but I was not the least thinking of it at this time. Soon after, Mr. Home went gradually into a trance. He got up, bandaged his eyes and walked about. He knelt down

beside Augusta, and patted her arms sharply, and made passes down them. He came round, and stood behind several of us. When between Arthur Barry and me, he spoke in a loud whisper, saying that Lady D—— might become a medium if she wished it; that she had decided mediumistic powers. I said, "Will she succeed?" "That depends," he replied, "entirely on herself, not upon us." He said that a beautiful spirit was standing near her, and that her power would be good, and the manifestations delicate in accordance with her nature, which is pure; he added more to the same effect. He also said to Smith Barry, "Arthur, the spirit that touched you was from D——'s influence." Then in a sort of side whisper, he said to me, "You will explain to them that Dan always calls people by their Christian names. A spirit, Arthur, pressed on your knee with one hand, while picking up the pencil with the other." He also said to Mrs. —, "I see the spirit of Arthur (her husband?), standing behind you." And he said something about George, which was, I believe, addressed to Mrs. Honeywood. He then returned to his chair, and soon awoke. Scarcely the slightest manifestation occurred after this, and we left the table. At supper nothing took place. I omitted to state that the table was raised on one occasion at least 18 inches from the floor; also that a very curious manifestation occurred—an extraordinary rattling inside the drawer, very strong and loud. Our chairs also vibrated, and so did, once or twice, the floor. The variety of raps, and the strength and frequency of the vibrations at this *séance* were remarkable. The principal object aimed at appeared to be to convince the Duchess and Lady D——, by the physical manifestations, of the reality of some invisible power.

No. 78.—*Séance*, 7, Buckingham Gate, July 7th [1869]

Present (in the order in which we sat):—The Dowager Duchess of St. Albans, Mr. Home, Mrs. Stopford, Sir R.

Gore Booth, Lady —, Capt. G. Smith, myself, Miss Gore Booth, and Mrs. Honynood. We sat at the same table, and with the same light as before, but without the tablecloth. For some time we had but slight manifestations: they were merely vibrations and faint eold currents. I was touched twice, and hearing some one making a remark about being touched, I said, "Who was touched?" The alphabet was ealled for, and the word "*Dunraven*" was spelled out. Mr. Home then went into a trance; he bandaged his eyes; then walked about a little. Afterwards he appeared as if talking to a spirit, making a good deal of pantomime, oceasionally plaeing his hands round the glass of the lamp, apparently to diminish the light; he then put it on the table. He sat down and began forming an alphabet, as he did at Garinish; after making a few letters he pushed the paper over to Captain Smith who eompleted it. He then gave us the following message by pointing at the letters: "*We will do the best we can, but the conditions are not favorable.*" Then, "*Elizabeth*" was spelled, which no one seemed to understand. Mr. Home then put the Duehess's searf over his head and faee, but soon removed it. He took her hand and plaeced it to his jaws to shew that they were locked, so that he could not speak. He then spelled out, "*You are too positive*"; and soon afterwards, "*There is a strange mixture of unbelief, not existing the last time we met.*" I remarked, "I think I know what may aecount for this differenee"; alluding to my having in my poeket a relie which a friend had particularly requested me to wear. He pointed out this message: "*It matters but little to us; believe in God and love each other.*" Then underlining some of the letters, he put numbers, 1, 2, 3, &c., to several of them. He showed this to the Duehess, not wishing, apparently, that we should see what he was about; however, she did not seem to understand the meaning of what he did. It oceurred to me to try the effect of putting away the relie, so I got up, and walking across the room, quietly plaeced it among some books on the sideboard. Mr. Home then pointed out the word "*Talk.*"

Soon after he got up; walked over to the sideboard, and returned and sat down. Then taking a piece of paper, he wrote in large letters, "Where did you put it?" I replied, "Can't you find it?" He went over again to the sideboard and came back, and, sitting down, showed me a cross which he wore, and which he partly drew out from his shirt collar. After this he took the lamp and placed it on the sideboard, and while there two of the party saw something in, or rather on one of his hands, when the hand was open. This must have been the relic. He afterwards returned to the chair and sat down. Captain Smith saw the relic on the table before Mr. Home sat down. We saw it become visible just before he placed his hands on each side of it. He then pushed it across the table to me. The relic is contained in a little circular box, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter. Soon after this Mr. Home awoke.

We had vibrations of the table and raps. Mr. Home's chair was turned round; he took his feet off the ground, and was either lifted up bodily several inches, or elongated; but subsided almost immediately. Mr. Home asked for the accordion. He took it; and some chords were played, with a discord among them. We then received the following: "*Slight want of harmony.*" Mr. Home asked if any of us should change places; "Yes," was replied. Mr. Home, by pointing to us consecutively, made out that the Duchess was to change with him. The accordion was moved all round Mr. Home, and played some notes, when his arm was stretched out; it was placed at the Duchess's back, resting on her, and was played in that position. It was then drawn under the table, Mr. Home holding it, and was given to Lady —, who took it, and held it for a short time. Very faint sounds were heard; after which we got the message, "*Dan, take it.*" It played for a little time, and he then placed it under the table. Presently I felt a very sharp blow on the shin, and found the accordion had struck me. Mrs. Stopford being obliged to go, left the room. Mr. Home remarked that he was sure we should have better manifestations now. We almost directly received the following message by raps:

“We told you that the influences were contending; there is a change for the better.” Mrs. Stopford’s chair now moved up to the table. Captain Smith said he saw a form move it, and then sit in it. Three notes, for “Yes,” were sounded on the accordion. The table was then slowly tilted to one side, and then the other, as if they were trying to lift it; it then ascended more than a foot, and with two or more lifts, something like what was done at Adare. After this the accordion was beautifully played with tremolo effect at the end. It was then put under the table. Sir Robert was touched by a hand that came from under the table cloth. Captain Smith saw a spirit form and hand coming from under the table. Mr. Home also saw hands. Captain Smith asked who was sitting at the other end of the room. The word “Father” was spelled out; also “William.” This word was given by Lady ——’s dress being pulled. Captain Smith said, “There is a reason why the chair moved up to the table; will you tell us?” No answer. “Do I know it?” “Yes” was rapped out. Then, “Sit at a small table four.” Mr. Home then pointed to us all to know who should go, and the Duchess, Lady ——, Sir Robert, and he were chosen by raps. The small table was tilted into Mr. Home’s lap. They then were told by raps, “Put a bit of paper on the table.” This they did. They took the cloth off, and the table was raised above 45° on one side, when the paper slipped. It was replaced. The table was again inclined and the paper was slowly moved, rather up, then in different directions. After this the paper became luminous; it was probably the hand holding it. The table was then inclined almost vertically, but the paper did not move. The table was also made to feel light or heavy according to the wish of the persons present. This was done very strongly. They now sent the following message by raps:—“They do this to let you see (a pause), now return to the large table.” Very soon we had the following:—“We are called away nearer God, good night.” We then left the table, at which we had been sitting for two hours and a half. At supper we were talking about Lady ——’s glove being lost last

evening, and upon some one asking whether it had been found, some one else said, "I wish the spirits would tell us what became of it." Then we began talking about Mr. Home looking for the relic, and how it was brought to the table, whether by him or by a spirit. The subject continuing we were sent the following:—"He had it in his hand at the side-board, but we placed it on the table." These messages corroborated Captain Smith's opinion that Home did not place it there. Raps were heard all about, on the table, near the ceiling, and in different places. We received the following:—"The reason he could not find it was that another spirit had taken it and brought it to the table." Then immediately followed, "And we are very good, are we not, Dan?" Upon which Mr. Home laughed immoderately, as did also Mrs. Honeywood. It was all a mystery to us, but afterwards he told us the meaning of the message. It was about the prettiest manifestation of the evening, but unfortunately I am precluded from giving any explanation. Mrs. Honeywood knew the circumstances of the case, and what the spirits meant by their forbearance in Dan's favour.

The cross which Mr. Home wore round his neck, and which he exhibited to me when he gave me the relic, was a Russian one, bearing this inscription, "In Thee O Lord have I placed my trust, hell and the powers thereof may strive, but Thou art mighty and shalt prevail." The relic is said to contain a portion of the true cross.

The following interesting details were furnished to me by Captain G. Smith. "It was quite at the beginning of the *séance* that I saw an object without apparent form move near you under the table, and approach Miss Gore Booth. Home said, 'I think they are trying to form hands.' The answer, 'Yes,' was faintly rapped out. Previous to Mrs. Stopford leaving the room, indeed almost from the commencement, I had seen a tall spirit sometimes standing against the window nearest the door, sometimes sitting in an arm chair between the window and

the door. When Mrs. Stopford arose to go, he arose from his arm chair, and swept forward to the door. I fancied he was going out with her, but he returned to the chair. The impression made on my mind was that, for some good reason, he was prevented from entering the circle. When Mrs. Stopford left the room, the large table in the centre covered with flowers and books moved twice, each time nearer Mr. Home and the Duchess, and on each occasion he moved his arm chair too; I think no one saw this latter movement but myself. It was then as if to frustrate any further attempts on his part to enter the circle, that Mrs. Stopford's chair was taken by a spirit (in appearance like a pillar of cloud), and moved up to the table. When the door was opened for supper, the spirit in the arm chair passed out in front of me."

ADDENDA.

No. 1.

Captain Gerard Smith has kindly furnished me with the following notes relative to the *séances* at which he was present :—

On p. 165, the hand which brought the sprig of box was distinctly visible as it pushed the curtains aside, which partially overhung the window, and at our request it was again subsequently shown on the table, close to where Home was sitting.

P. 167, with regard to the footnote, I am able distinctly to state, that the only occasions upon which Home left the room were to fetch the lemon, and at the conclusion of this particular manifestation, to replace it in the spot he had taken it from.

No. 49, p. 171. When I entered the room Home was walking about with the accordion held in his left hand only, and it was playing; not a distinct air, but a plaintive kind of dirge, now loud, and then dying away till it became inaudible. When the spirit moved from Lord Adare's side it seemed to pass over the table with a sound like the rustling of silver paper; Home then rose and stood at the window with his right arm extended, and the spirit seemed to sweep down until it rested with both hands on his outstretched arm, looking up into his face. From the position in which I sat, the profile of the face was perfectly visible to me, and when the two faces approached each other to kiss, there was no apparent difference in the degree of density of the two figures.

I have nothing further to add. The remainder of the manifestations which occurred when I was present, have been most accurately and truthfully described.

GERARD SMITH,
Captain, Scots Fusilier Guards.

No. 2.

I have collected a few cases, illustrating some of the most extraordinary of the phenomena, mentioned in the preceding *séances*.

The following remarkable case of the fire test has been kindly furnished me by Mrs. S. C. Hall:—

“ 15, Ashley Place,

“ July the 5th, 1869.

“ Dear Lord Dunraven,—You have requested me to recall the circumstances of a *séance* that took place here several weeks ago. I have much pleasure in doing so, but I never take notes. I am, however, certain of the facts; though I shall not be able to place them in the order in which they occurred.

“ We were nine (a greater number than Mr. Home likes); we were seated round the table as usual, in the small drawing room, which communicates with a much larger room; the folding doors were pushed back into the wall, and the portiers unclosed. I think there was one lamp burning over the table, but a very large fire was blazing away in the large room—I know there was a great deal of light. The Master of Lindsay, the Rev. Mr. Y——, and his wife, Mr. Hall and myself, Mr. Home, and the Misses Bertolacci were present. We sat for some little time before the tremulous motion that so frequently indicates stronger manifestations commenced, but it was quickly followed by raps, not only on the table, but in

different parts of the room; the table was moved up and down,—lifted perfectly off the ground—made ‘light’ and ‘heavy’ at the request of one or two of the gentlemen present; and after the lapse of, I suppose, nearly an hour, Mr. Home went into a trance. Presently he pushed his chair, or his chair was pushed away—quite away from the table. He got up; walked about the room in his usual manner; went to the fire-place; half knelt on the fender stool; took up the poker and poked the fire, which was like a red-hot furnace, so as to increase the heat; held his hands over the fire for some time, and finally drew out of the fire, with his hand, a huge lump of live burning coal, so large that he held it in *both* hands, as he came from the fire-place in the large room into the small room; where, seated round the table, we were all watching his movements. Mr. Hall was seated nearly opposite to where I sat; and I saw Mr. Home, after standing for about half a minute at the back of Mr. Hall’s chair, deliberately place the lump of burning coal on his head! I have often since wondered that I was not frightened; but I was not; I had perfect faith that he would not be injured. Some one said—‘Is it not hot?’ Mr. Hall answered—‘Warm, but not hot!’ Mr. Home had moved a little away, but returned, still in a trance; he smiled and seemed quite pleased; and then proceeded to draw up Mr. Hall’s white hair over the red coal. The white hair had the appearance of silver threads, over the red coal. Mr. Home drew the hair into a sort of pyramid, the coal still red, showing beneath the hair; then, after, I think, four or five minutes, Mr. Home pushed the hair back, and, taking the coal off Mr. Hall’s head, he said (in the peculiar low voice in which, when in a trance, he always speaks), addressing Mrs. Y——, ‘Will you have it?’ She drew back; and I heard him murmur, ‘Little faith—little faith.’ Two or three attempted to touch it, but it burnt their fingers. I said, ‘Daniel, bring it to me; I do not fear to take it.’ It was not red all over, as when Mr. Home put it on Mr. Hall’s head, but it was still red in parts. Mr. Home came and knelt by my side; I put

out my right hand, but he murmured, 'No, not that; the other hand.' He then placed it in my left hand, where it remained more than a minute. I felt it, as my husband had said, 'warm'; yet when I stooped down to examine the coal, my face felt the heat so much that I was obliged to withdraw it. After that Mrs. Y—— took it, and said she felt no inconvenience. When Mr. Hall brushed his hair at night he found a quantity of cinder dust. Mr. Home was elongated, and all the manifestations that evening were very remarkable; but I believe your Lordship requested me to relate only what I remember of the coal test.

“Dear Lord Dunraven, sincerely yours,

“ANNA MARIA HALL.”

(Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

No. 3.

The following is an additional case of the fire test witnessed at a *séance* held at Lady Louisa ——'s, at Brighton, furnished me by the Countess M. de Pomar. Lady Gomm has permitted me to make use of her name in corroboration of the statement about the red-hot coal being placed in her hand.

“Mr. Home went into a trance; he walked about the room; played the piano; stood behind Mr. Douglas's chair, who also went into a sleep or trance; and Mr. Home appeared to be speaking with some one about him, and to magnetize him; he said it was for his good, and would remove his headache finally. Mr. Home went to the fire and took out a large red-hot mass of coal, which he held in his extended hands, and blew up to keep it alight. He walked up and down the room with it, then went to Lady Louisa and wanted to put it in her hands, but she drew back. He then said, 'No, you must not have it, for if you have no faith, it will burn you.'

Lady Gomm extended her hands, saying, 'I will take it without fear, for I have faith.' Mr. Home then placed the burning mass in her hands, and she did not feel it at all, although she held it for at least one minute. It was afterwards put on a sheet of paper which directly began to blaze and had a great hole burned in it."

CLASSIFICATION OF PHENOMENA¹

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¹ So far as possible the Classification of Phenomena given in the original edition has been kept, but for convenience of reference a few changes have been made.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

PART XCIV.

AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF HYPNAGOGIC PHENOMENA.

BY F. E. LEANING.

La le muet Silence un escadron conduit
De fantomes ballans deffous l'aeuegle nuit.

PONTUS DE TYARD.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

IN F. W. H. Myers' Glossary of technical terms he defines as "hypnagogic" "the vivid illusions of sight or sound which sometimes accompany the oncoming of sleep," and similarly as "hypnopompic" those which accompany its departure. These phenomena variously named "Phantasmata," "*Hallucinations Hypnagogiques*," and "Faces in the Dark," are a variety properly included by Dr. Wm. McDougall in his table of hallucinations as among those observed by the sane and the healthy under more or less abnormal conditions. The abnormality is so slight as to amount to no more than a certain degree of drowsiness, a twilight condition of consciousness in which pseudo-hallucinations, which are neither waking visions nor dreams, can occur. Both the latter have received a full measure of attention from psychic researchers, but the hypnagogic variety has to some extent fallen between two stools. They were excluded from the census of hallucinations taken by the Society for Psychical Research¹ and from Dr. Head's

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X, p. 78.

enquiry in 1901,¹ and in none of the International Inquiries following on Psychological Congresses have they had any place.² Yet the fact of their being entitled hallucinations implies that they do not belong to the fully recognised and normal subject matter of psychology; they belong to the middle ground between it and physiology, which is largely the proper field of psychic research.

It is with a view to calling attention to this little-cultivated area, which is yet rich in interest and illumination for psychic science, that the following notes have been put together, and in the hope of paving the way, by a careful collection and comparison of the evidence up to the present, for further advance.

It is necessary, to begin with, to know what the facts are, and secondly, what interpretations of them have been proposed, and how far those proposed theories fit into the four corners of the facts. We want to know, before theory can be entered upon at all, as much as is possible of the conditions of occurrence, the relation to health, temperament, the conscious and the unconscious make-up of the persons concerned, their sex, age, peculiarities, powers of sight, will, imagination, and so on; and what the characteristics of the visions comprise which may relate them instructively to other departments of which we have fuller knowledge.

II. THE DATA AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

It is proper at this point to state as nearly as circumstances allow, the extent of our resources for dealing with all these points. Briefly, the result of stocktaking is that we have on the one side some seventy to eighty published accounts, including a few at second-hand, by the seers of the visions, and on the other the reports of a small number of scientists and scholars who have collected and discussed the descriptions, many having added their own experiences to the rest. The actual descriptions range from the bare statement that the writer has had the experience in ques-

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XIX, p. 268.

² Parish, E. *Hallucinations and Illusions* (1897).

tion, up to a sufficiency of detail for us to judge of it on the ten or twelve counts which are involved in a typical vision, and among them are a surprisingly large proportion of people of eminence. It is evident, of course, that even with this number of accounts, we have far too few to generalize upon, and although it is probable that a more widely extended search through literature and biography would yield a number of others, and that they would follow broadly the same lines as those already in hand, yet we should still be in a position to do no more than outline the laws of their production. Such totally different conclusions are arrived at by minds envisaging exactly the same facts, that only the accumulation of greater masses of observation can effect a final result.

Putting aside the earliest descriptions by Cardano, a reference by the Bishop of Chalons-sur-Saône, Pontus de Tyard,¹ and by Vairo, Bishop of Pozzuolo,² all three of the sixteenth century; Simon Forman, astrologer,³ and Hobbes,⁴ who could find "no particular name" for this "kind of fancy" in the seventeenth, we come to the group of eighteenth century physiologists, of whom the greatest was Johann Müller, friend and contemporary of Goethe. His great work, filling over seventeen hundred pages in its English translation, contains the first scientific treatment, apart from descriptions only, until Baillarger⁵ and later, Maury, also gave the matter their distinguished attention. The latter was writing on the subject under the name we now know it by as early as 1848,⁶ though it was thirty years later before his observations were complete.⁷ In England Galton's *Enquiry into Human Faculty* (1881), Gurney's discussion in *Phantasms of the Living* (1886), James' *Principles of Psychology* (1890), and De Manacéine's

¹ Marty-Laveaux, *Pléiade Française, Sonnets d'Amour*, vi. (1573).

² *De Fascino Libri Tres*, Venice (1589), lib. ii.

³ *Autobiography* (1600), from *MS. Ashmol.* 208, fol. 136-142. Printed 1849.

⁴ *Leviathan*, pt. i. ch. ii. (1651).

⁵ *Ann. Méd.-Psychol.*, t. vi. pp. 1, 168 (1845).

⁶ *Ann. Méd.-Psychol.* t. xi. p. 26 (1848).

⁷ *Le Sommeil et les Rêves*, ed. iv. (1878).

Sleep (1897) were the chief landmarks; and the present century has seen no more scientific treatment than that in Prof. Hartley Burr Alexander's fine analysis in the *Proceedings of the American S.P.R.*, Vol. III. (1909), and the much briefer contribution in Havelock Ellis's *World of Dreams* (1910). The scanty notice given by Walsh in the *Psychology of Dreams* (1920), and the more sympathetic treatment in Mrs. Arnold-Forster's charming *Studies in Dreams* (1921) bring the roll down to the present day. With the exception of Maury and Frederick Greenwood in the last century, and recently Monsieur R. Warcollier, who, however, have dealt at length solely with their own visions, only one or two of these writers have given more than a niche to their consideration, and not one has referred to the fine series of descriptions contributed from time to time to the *Journal of the S.P.R.*, or made a comparative study of all the available material.

III. DIFFUSION.

This and other circumstances naturally make it extremely difficult to find out, even approximately, what proportion of people are affected. We can be quite sure of the one negative fact that the visions are not universal, as sleep is, and as dreams almost are. Maury, for instance, a life-long and inveterate subject, tells us that his mother never saw anything of the kind;¹ and Mrs. de Morgan never did, although her father had only to shut his eyes to see a stream of "houses, trees, temples, and other objects" passing under his eyelids.² Müller³ attempted to get some definite results by questioning the students who came up annually in fresh batches to attend his classes at the University of Berlin. His conclusion was that the visions were a phenomenon known to comparatively few, for he sometimes found among one hundred only two or three, and occasionally only one. In spite of this he considers the rarity "more apparent than real,"

¹ *Le Sommeil et les Rêves*, p. 58 (1878).

² *Three score Years and Ten*, p. 66.

³ *Elements of Physiology*, vol. ii. p. 1394 (trans. by Wm. Baly, 1837).

and was himself a subject. Andrew Lang remarks in his Introduction to Thomas's *Crystal Gazing* (p. xxix.): "Hypnagogic illusions appear to be matters of less common experience than a person familiar with them, like myself, might suppose." Galton¹ again, a pioneer of the "questionnaire" method, though extending his enquiries in several directions and obtaining a very interesting collection thereby, says nothing about the actual numbers whom he reached. Yet most of the writers on the subject agree that the experience is "common." The correspondence in the *St. James's Gazette*,² produced by Galton's article in the *Fortnightly*³ of the previous summer, shows that the writers considered the matter so usual as to be surprised at its being the subject of enquiry by a scientific man.

Aristotle,⁴ to take the most ancient witness we have, says "anyone may convince himself if he attends to and tries to remember the affections we experience when sinking into slumber." Taine⁵ speaks of it as "no rare experience," "many cases" having been reported to him directly. Sir John Herschel⁶ says "no very uncommon thing," and Walsh refers to "most adults." Against all this must be set the fact that only four out of the many hundreds of answers sent in under the S.P.R. census had to be rejected⁷ as being of this class of hallucination, and although to those who experience and those who investigate, the occurrence seems natural and therefore common and familiar, yet outside these two classes it is so little recognised as to cause alarm and speculation when it unexpectedly arises. The only point on which definite knowledge seems to have been arrived at on all hands is that children are much more frequent seers of the pictures

¹ *Enquiries into Human Faculty*, pp. 158-166 (1883). He gives five cases in full, but refers to eight others known to him.

² Feb. 10, 15, 20 (1882).

³ Vol. 35, p. 729 (1881).

⁴ *Parva Naturalia* (trans. by J. I. Beare, Oxford, 1908), p. 462. *De Somniis*, ch. iii.

⁵ *De l'Intelligence*, i. 58; cited by James, *Princ. of Psychol.*, ii. 126.

⁶ *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects* (1866), lect. ix.

⁷ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. pp. 36, 78.

than the grown-up world. Here we have, beside many general statements¹ such as those quoted above, a basis of statistical worth at last, in the valuable enquiry carried out and reported in the *Pedagogical Seminary*, April, 1898 (vol. v. p. 473), in which 826 children ranging from 3 to 16 years of age were canvassed, results rising at the age of 10 to 65%, and falling between the years of 13 and 16 to 58.5. Taking into account the statements of many adults who have continued to see the visions from childhood onward, but also allowing for many who do not, we may perhaps surmise that "most adults" number really one-third of the total. The respective sexes of the children are not stated; but in the whole list of witnesses available to the writer, the men outnumber the women by almost 2 to 1. This may be, of course, because men have written more largely than women,² both in books and scientific periodicals, and so would be quite misleading as an indication of their actual predominance.

The census above alluded to showed the proportion of women seeing hallucinations as, generally, three to two of the men; but if we should turn out to be dealing with a different faculty—creative imagination, for instance—we must not too readily transfer conclusions drawn from another class of experience. It may be of interest here to state that at a lecture on the subject to an audience of about 150 members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, a show of hands at the close gave about 30 per cent. as seers of the visions. At the private meeting of the Society for Psychological Research the proportion was found to be 27 out of 65, or nearly 40 per cent. Allowing for the predominance of a certain type, in the circumstances, this would bring us to the 33 per cent. surmised above.

The point in itself may not be considered of great im-

¹ *E.g.*, H. Ellis, "nearly all persons, when children"; De Quincey, "Many children, perhaps most"; de Manacéine, "very common among children"; Müller, "frequently to children," etc., etc. See also *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. 149, remarks on the relative frequency of hallucinations among children.

² The only two outstanding women writers are Marie de Manacéine and Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster.

portance, but it becomes so when we wish to find out what faculty it is that separates off a certain proportion of mankind by such a characteristic, and why it should not be a yet more common heritage than it apparently seems to be.

IV. FREQUENCY OF THE VISIONS.

This varies within the widest possible range, from a single occurrence in a lifetime up to the habitual seeing by day, whenever the eyes are closed, and by night with the eyes open or shut. Thus in the collection as a whole there are a few cases where the visions occurred once only. The following description is given by an Associate of the S.P.R.¹

“I had gone to bed after a long journey, but was too tired to sleep, when suddenly the portion of the room opposite my bed seemed to be flooded with light. This light gradually assumed the form of a circle about two or three yards in diameter, and then I saw distinctly a *coloured* landscape with a cottage and some trees. I was wide awake at the time and very much surprised and interested. I had often heard of hypnagogic illusions and had read of an instance in the *Daily Graphic* not long before, but I imagined that they were only seen by persons who were habitually subject to hallucinations. I had heard that these visions were generally a reproduction of something previously seen, but I could not remember having seen any landscape exactly like this one, although it is quite possible that I might have done so and forgotten it. When the vision gradually faded away I tried to produce another by an effort of will, and succeeded, but the result was very feeble compared with the first.”

Another instance of a unique occurrence is related by the late W. T. Stead in *More Ghost Stories*,² the sequel of the Christmas Number of the *Review of Reviews*, 1891.

“There was no light in the room, and it was perfectly dark; I had my eyes shut also. But notwithstanding the

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. 171 (1897).

² p. 26.

darkness, I was suddenly conscious of looking at a scene of singular beauty. It was as if I saw a living miniature about the size of a magic lantern slide. At this moment I can recall the scene as if I saw it again. It was a sea-side piece. The moon was shining upon the water, which rippled slowly on to the beach. Right before me a long mole ran out into the water. On either side of the mole irregular rocks stood up above the sea level. On the shore stood several houses, square and rude, which resembled nothing that I had ever seen in house architecture. No one was stirring, but the moon was there, and the sea and the gleam of the moonlight on the rippling waters was just as if I had been looking out upon the actual scene. It was so beautiful that I remembered thinking that if it continued I should be so interested in looking at it that I should never go to sleep.

I was wide awake, and at the same time that I saw the scene I distinctly heard the dripping of the rain outside the window. Then suddenly, without any apparent object or reason, the scene changed. The moonlit sea vanished, and in its place I was looking right into the interior of a reading-room. It seemed as if it had been used as a school-room in the daytime, and was employed as a reading-room in the evening. I remember seeing one reader, who had a curious resemblance to Tim Harrington, although it was not he, hold up a magazine or book in his hand and laugh. It was not a picture . . . it was there. The scene was just as if you were looking through an opera glass; you saw the play of the muscles, the gleaming of the eye, every movement of the unknown persons in the unnamed place into which you were gazing."

These, and a few other examples, are given in full here, partly to facilitate reference in discussing them later, and partly by way of relieving the subject by actual illustration. Next to these cases come two which are probably representative of a much larger number, in which the visions occur over a very short period, about two or three nights in each case. It is amusing to note the vigour of expression, as of a man rather surprised and indignant,

with which the old Scotsman, Dr. Robert McNish describes¹ how in March 1829, during an attack of fever, he experienced "illusions of a very peculiar kind." The fact that they only appeared in darkness was one of the most distressing accompaniments, since he could not bear much light. "I had the consciousness," he says, "of shining and hideous faces grinning at me in the midst of profound darkness, from which they glared forth in horrid and diabolical relief. They were never stationary, but kept moving in the gloomy background. . . . They would frequently break into fragments, which after floating about would unite—portions of one face coalescing with those of another, and thus forming still more uncouth and abominable images." On the night on which his illness culminated, during five hours of severe headache, another typical phase superseded that of the faces. To the accompaniment of a grand orchestral march, executed with tremendous energy and more loudly than he had ever heard it before, "I had a splendid vision of a theatre, in the arena of which Ducrow, the celebrated equestrian was performing. On this occasion I had no consciousness of a dark background like that on which the monstrous images floated; but everything was gay, bright and beautiful. I was broad awake, my eyes were closed, and yet I saw with perfect distinctness the whole scene going on in the theatre—Ducrow performing his wonders of horsemanship—and the assembled multitude, among whom I recognised several intimate friends."

Bostock² describes a similar short period during fever, but free from delirium, and a more modern and very picturesque account is given by an Associate of the American S.P.R.³ Next to these come the cases of which the standard example is Nicolai of Berlin, though he barely comes within our range, since his visions of busy men and women, people on horseback, dogs, and birds, were seen with open eyes and only sometimes with them

¹ *The Philosophy of Sleep*, ed. iii. p. 274 (1836).

² *Elementary System of Physiology*, vol. iii. p. 204 (1824).

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 270.

closed.¹ In his case they lasted two months, and yielded to purely physical treatment. It will be observed that this is a feature of the short-period class. Scanty or infrequent experience of the visions divides the percipients into three groups. The first is constituted of several cases in which some scene has been vividly impressed on the senses, or some object has engaged concentrated attention during the day, and an absolute reproduction takes place spontaneously against the background of darkness. Examples of this kind are Flournoy's vision of the chess-board, the anatomical dissection on the first day of his introduction to the study, and so on. He calls these hypnagogic, and speaks of having seen ten or twelve.² Hobbes' geometrical figures, Müller's microscopical preparation,³ Ferriar's interesting sights such as "a romantic ruin, a fine seat, or a review of a body of troops" which he would see at once on going into a dark room in the evening,⁴ are all of this class. Further cases are given by Dr. D. G. Stoney,⁵ Prof. Vignoli,⁶ and others.

In Volume XI. of *Proceedings S.P.R.* p. 360, a good typical vision of this kind is described, received by Dr. Hyslop from a student in New York. He had left college early on the afternoon of March 17th, 1893, and on reaching Fifth Avenue he says, "I saw part of the parade of the loyal sons of St. Patrick, with their green sashes, banners with harps surmounted by fools' caps, and all the other paraphernalia." After attending to his affairs and on returning home, "as I was going up my front stairs, which are quite dark, I got a distinct picture of the paraders, green sashes, banners and all—seemingly projected

¹ The full account was given by Nicolai in a Memoir read before the Royal Society of Berlin, Feb. 28, 1799. Translations may be found in Hibbert; Jung-Stilling's *Theory of Pneumatology*, note 4; Ferriar's *Theory of Apparitions*, p. 45; Clarke's *Visions*, p. 32, etc.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. 453. Communicated to Myers.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 1393.

⁴ Ferriar, *Theory of Apparitions*, p. 17 (1813).

⁵ *Phil. Mag.* March 1894, quoted in *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. 141.

⁶ *Nature*, Oct. 5, 1893, quoted in *Proc. S.P.R.* Vol. X. 141.

on the dark wall-paper with which the hall is covered." Myers classes this as a cerebral after-image. It is placed here because the narrator, although not drowsy, was in darkness when the scene reproduced itself. Warcollier also had visions of a test-tube,¹ and of a mineral substance which he had been studying in his laboratory, the latter on his pillow, and strongly lighted.

The subjects in all of these instances except the last either have them only occasionally, or they belong to the second group, where the faculty ceases with childhood or adolescence. Thus Havelock Ellis² remembers only his visions at seven years shared with a little cousin of the same age; Mrs. Haweis³ in describing the drift of great pink fragrant roses which she saw as a child of nine, says that they became "annually smaller, swifter, farther off," until by the time she was grown up they had become a mere speck. Dr. Stoney, referred to above, says "often, as a lad," and various others give testimony to the same effect. Between these two groups, in which the visions are either few enough to be counted, or ceased altogether with maturity, come those where apparently they begin in later life and their development can be given a definite date. When they have once begun, it is evident that the expressions "the last six years," "eighteen months ago" and so on, are of very relative value in a table of "Frequency" except as affording a starting point for further enquiry as to the probable cause. It would be of interest to know whether there is in such cases a recrudescence of youthful faculty, which became submerged at the threshold of adult life, or an actual birth of it, and if so, why the hour for it arrived when it did. It is to be noted that in cases of late development the visions are intermittent and not continuous. Periods of vacant weeks or months will elapse, and then "rushes" will occur.

We now reach a line of demarcation after which the accounts all refer to, or imply, long periods of years and such expressions as "generally," "usually," "for a long

¹ *La Télépathie*, pp. 53, 58.

² *World of Dreams*, p. 30 (1911).

³ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

time," "frequently," are found. There is a great increase in numbers, and the class merges into that in which percipients say "all my life," or "as long as I can remember." These form quite the majority of the total available for study, and it is fortunate that this is so, for it enables us to go a little more into types and temperaments, and many other matters bearing on the subject, which the scantier records do not admit of. Maury is perhaps the example *par excellence* of the extreme type, since he could not close his eyes even for an inappreciable second during reading aloud without having a vision.¹ It may be in place here also to note that a tendency for the visions to decrease either in size or in frequency sometimes occurs, and that changes in the subject-matter are observed, as for instance, when Sir John Herschel told Mrs. de Morgan that late in life he saw "more faces and fewer landscapes than previously,"² but Maury, on the contrary, saw fewer faces and figures, and more of natural scenery.³ It is possible that just as in childhood there are certain ages which mark culminating points, so adult life also may have its periodical summits, but since to establish this it would be necessary to know the ages of the percipients in all the cases examined, that is at present unattainable.

V. HEALTH.

The very first question which common sense puts upon discovering the existence of the phenomena, is as to the physical conditions under which they are observed. Already we have noticed several mentions of fever, as in the cases of McNish and Bostock. To these can be added that of the American Associate referred to, who notes that he had never seen the visions at any other time, that they exhibited great rapidity, remarkable variety in colour, scenery and movement, were sharply defined, but became fainter and less frequent as the temperature came down in the course of three or four days. Another contributor to the

¹ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 61.

² De Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 70.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 91.

same volume¹ who says he sees constantly, but in good health ignores the visions unless he turns his attention to them, yet "when feverish cannot but see the kaleidoscopic views." In another case² a lady, who with her mother had always seen the "dream faces," found when in fever that a painful degeneration took place. The faces became horrible and grotesque, and a blood-red veil seemed over them. Nicolai's phantoms also faded, and became at last invisible as the day of his treatment wore on. Maury, who had a chronic tendency to cephalalgia, cerebral congestion, and all manner of "douleurs," bears witness to his hallucinations being more numerous, and above all more vivid, whenever he had especially taxed his powers, as in the notable instance of his two-days' struggle with a long and difficult Greek passage. The visions came then with such intolerable rapidity that he was obliged to sit up in bed to dissipate them.³ Baillarger also quotes Marc as referring to indigestion, nervous disturbance, or shock, as commonly productive of "*figures les plus grotesques, souvent les plus effrayantes*" at bed-time. His collection of thirty cases, mostly patients at the Salpêtrière, naturally illustrates this point of view. Hyslop again speaks of his having the experience "quite frequently during my tendencies to nervous prostration."⁴ Walsh⁵ considers the hypnagogic condition favourable to nightmare, especially to persons over-fatigued or in poor general health, and remarks (p. 222) that children in good health are not generally troubled by them. To him the visions are evidently a correlate of a nervous, impressionable temperament, or of eyestrain and fatigue. The latter cause is in evidence in the first instance used in illustration, where the subject was "too tired to sleep." In W. T. Stead's case following that, he was in a similar condition, having been working late for several nights over the *Review of Reviews*, and in two or three other instances the fact of being "very tired" is mentioned.

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 158.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 276.

³ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 58.

⁴ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. II. p. 389.

⁵ Walsh, *op. cit.*, p. 197.

From all this it would appear that the condition of the body generally, and the brain and optic nerve in particular, have a definite bearing on the phenomena, seeming to be directly responsible in some cases and a strongly modifying factor in others in their production. But that this is not the only conclusion may be seen from a comparison of many other witnesses. It is by no means only the nervous, the weary, and the sick who see the visions. On the contrary, the great majority, who do not mention their physical condition at all, may thereby be considered to be normal, and Galton remarks,¹ in his discussion of "visionaries," on the surprisingly large number of sane and healthy people whom his enquiries brought to light as belonging to that class. The constant seer and gifted literary man, James Greenwood, who was no doubt one of those "five editors of influential newspapers" to whom Galton refers, expressly speaks² of tired or disordered eyesight as "the most natural explanation" and then adds: "yet on no occasion, for my part, has there been any consciousness of either." He is quite definite that they do not vary with the health. A lady of Gurney's acquaintance also denies any connection with health;³ a young man of twenty-two states that his health was always good;⁴ Sir John Herschel speaks of his impressions "in health and under no kind of excitement";⁵ and another lady sees them "when at my best physically."⁶ Among the writer's correspondents delicate health is only mentioned once; a lady who sees habitually replies that she cannot trace any connection with health, and that she sees when tired and at other times when exhilarated, while another refers to a break of several months caused by a long illness. Burdach⁷ expressly states that the visions are not morbid, but occur to those in full health and

¹ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

² Greenwood, *Imagination in Dreams*, p. 24.

³ *Phantasms*, i. p. 492.

⁴ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 82.

⁵ Herschel, *op. cit.*, p. 404.

⁶ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 76.

⁷ *Die Physiologie*, bd. iii. s. 490: "sie sind endlich nichts Krankhaftes, sondern erscheinen bei Vollkommer Gesundheit und gänzlicher Nuchternheit."

quite calm.¹ It may also be added that the *Surgeon-General's Index Catalogue to Medical Periodicals*, filling thirty-three volumes to the present date, contains no other references than are to be found in the present paper.

It is logical to conclude that hypnagogic hallucinations, though affected in some circumstances by ill-health, are in most cases perfectly compatible with, and found in, persons enjoying normal and wholesome conditions of life. That the older writers—Abercrombie, Hibbert, Ferriar, Wigan, etc.—prepossessed with the idea that all seeing of visions was in itself a symptom of existing or oncoming illness, should characterise them as *e.g.* Ferriar does, as “this disease,” is nothing to the point. Doctors naturally know more of their patients than of the far greater multitude who are not patients.

VI. NATURAL VISION AND HYPNAGOGIC VISIONS.

The next question that arises is whether any connection is traceable between the quality of the physical sight, the powers of observation, and that power of reproducing clear mental images of things seen, which we term visualisation, and the seeing of visions. As far as the merely physical equipment goes, it does not appear that short, poor, or weak sight is any hindrance. Thus the lady above referred to as seeing “dream-faces” when awake, says that all are distinct “as no real face ever is to my short-sighted eyes.”² Another refers to weak sight, preventing further study of painting,³ but not preventing either crystal visions or the coming of faces whenever the eyes were closed, by day or night. Maury also suffered with his eyes the greater part of his life.⁴ A correspondent of the *Occult Review*⁵ says: “I see these things much more clearly and *delicately* than I could in the ordinary way, though I have very good sight.” Both observation and visualising power must be to some extent dependent on

¹ See table, p. 375 *infra*.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 276

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 170.

⁴ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 51.

⁵ “S. M. B.” Vol. XV., p. 229 Ap. (1912).

the physical sight, but here also natural deficiencies apparently have no effect.

When Galton made his special visualisation canvass of one hundred persons, all of them more or less eminent in Art, Letters, or Science, he arranged the results in a table showing good, moderate, and poor powers. And we find nearly as many of the last as of the first class in our own data, always bearing in mind that we are not only severely restricted in number, but further restricted to that small proportion of our total in which information on the point happens to be volunteered. Galton himself says "I visualise with effort," and in another place¹ cites two very poor visualisers. Lang² remarks that "bad visualisers, like the writer, who think in words, not in pictures, see bright and distinct hypnagogic illusions." Myers³ speaks of "other bad visualisers besides myself deriving from hypnagogic illusions some notion of the good visualiser's habitual capacity." Flournoy,⁴ again, describes himself as a "very bad visualiser," whose memory images are "weak, fragmentary, indistinct," and in sharp contrast therefore to the vivid, concrete, and precise characters of the others. Maury⁵ makes the same comparison when he saw a visionary view of Rotterdam with a clearness which he says he could never have attained by any voluntary inward representation. Taine,⁶ whose internal images were feeble and rapid while awake, found them become "intense, distinct, coloured, steady and lasting" as sleep approached. Margaret Deland,⁷ who "does not visualise easily," says the images are "strikingly different from any deliberate visualisation." So also a writer in the *American Proceedings*⁸: "My visual images are so indistinct or weak that I used to think I had none," but "when I am half asleep, I often see visual images, clear and vivid."

¹ Galton, *op. cit.*, pp. 91, 158.

² Lang, A., *Cock-Lane and Common Sense*, p. 214 (1894).

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VII. p. 315.

⁴ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 453.

⁵ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 91.

⁶ *De l'Intelligence*, bk. ii. chap. i.

⁷ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

⁸ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. VII. p. 359.

But if the bad visualiser is not thereby handicapped, it may be thought that, *a fortiori*, one who can describe herself as “a very keen visualiser,”¹ and who can say “The faces I see are usually *more* vivid than nature,” must still have some advantage. And all the more must this be so when the seer is, as Miss Goodrich-Freer was, a good crystal-gazer. But the advantage is not evident in the descriptions. There is a marked uniformity in them in respect of the point of distinctness, and some hypnagogic subjects labour this in a way that suggests a super-distinctness, as it were, a microscopic clearness of detail, which is characteristic of the visions and independent of the native equipment for seeing. Thus S. M. B. says: “I see *into* the material without its being made coarser, as it would appear through a magnifying glass”; and a correspondent says of the definition of the faces: “so sharp I could see the grain of the skin.” There is also no necessary connection between these and crystal visions, for some subjects say that they have tried hard, or have frequently tried to see in the crystal without effect, and another percipient who is “trained in minute observation” “never sees visions” other than the hypnagogic variety.² Prof. James remarks³ that the “pseudo-hallucinations” “differ from ordinary images of memory and fancy in being much more vivid, minute, detailed . . .” But if the good visualiser is not better off as respects the quality of his seeing, he is in another way, and that is by his ability to compare and distinguish between the (apparently) different kinds of vision brought into play. A writer in the *Journal*⁴ previously referred to, for instance, can place his images of remembered known faces side by side with the strange unknown ones, and says that the latter kind, which he calls his “inward vision,” is something quite different. He sees both at the same time—one in the brain, the other in the eye. Another writer, in the *St. James's Gazette*⁵ distinguishes two effects as “in the

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 295. ² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. XX. p. 256.

³ James, *op. cit.*, vol. ii. p. 117. ⁴ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 158.

⁵ Feb. 15 (1882).

brain," that of voluntary visualisation, and that which results from prolonged attention (which we may call the Flournoy type), but he maintains that the hypnagogic effects are distinctly neither of these.

A certain confusion has arisen in the discussion of this subject by the use of "after-image" in two different senses. The true after-image is the sensation produced on the retina by gazing at any brightly coloured object, which will then reproduce itself against a dull background in the natural, or complementary, colour, or both alternately, and is known as a "positive" or "negative" after-image as the case may be. It is the unavoidable result of all such seeing. But the spontaneous (not voluntary) re-seeing of a scene, such as the student's Irish procession on St. Patrick's Day, or Flournoy's chess-board, is not the same thing. It may or may not be due to what Prof. Alexander calls "the hypnagogic agent," but it is not due merely to such partial fatigue of the retina, as is universally experienced under given conditions. Myers' "cerebral after-image" is the more appropriate name for these reproduced scenes, leaving the use of the positive and negative after-image for the well-defined optical effect only. Prof. Alexander does in fact distinguish them thus when he says: "they (*i.e.* hypnagogic visions) can be introspectively distinguished in spatial quality from after-images, positive and negative, a fact which argues against their retinal locus."¹

In Margaret Deland's account² she also remarks that the hypnagogic images are not only "strikingly different from any deliberate visualisation" but also from remembered things, which are as a rule motionless and complete, whereas her visions display movement and are largely fragmentary, such as two fingers of a hand, half a face, a foot moving across a threshold, and so on.

The question of visualisation connects with that extreme form of it which has been called *projection*. It is referred to as rare, but it is the ability to control which is so

¹ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 622.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

rather than the power itself, and hence the same few examples are constantly cited. They are Jerome Cardan,¹ Goethe,² Blake, the artist known to Wigan,³ and to these may be added another patient of Wigan's, "a very intelligent and amiable man who had the power of thus placing before his eyes *himself*." There are besides a case given by Dr. E. H. Clarke⁴ of a man of scientific attainments and careful intellectual training, who could produce visions of statues by fixing his imagination strongly upon the memory of what he had seen, or what had occurred to him as a good subject for groups; a lady of Gurney's acquaintance who could "evoke figures at any time by looking intently before her";⁵ and a group of cases given by Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke,⁶ of which the first is of Dr. Lombard of Norwood. Baillarger contributes one example, Martin,⁷ and Dr. Michéa another.⁸

We note that in this group several reproduce only such things as they have actually seen, and these are therefore in the nature of positive after-images. Thus Goethe sees again the pictures which he had greatly admired; Wigan's artist sees the sitter whom he had attentively studied; Dr. Lombard sees the girl's face and head which he had been gazing at, but transferred to a background of summer sea. All see with open eyes, and some in broad daylight, and all are broad awake. They resemble hypnagogic visions, but differ from them in several salient particulars, of which the chief are the absence of drowsiness and darkness (except in Goethe's case), and the part played by *conscious* memory and imagination. In this respect they more closely approach our normal powers, and form a link for

¹ *De Varietate Rerum*, p. 314 (Basle 1557); lib. viii. c. 43, p. 410 (Ludg.).

² Goethe, *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, bk. viii.

³ Wigan, *Duality of the Mind*, pp. 123-26.

⁴ Clarke, *Visions*, p. 216.

⁵ *Phantasms*, vol. i. p. 492.

⁶ *Brain*, vol. xi. p. 449, article on "Hallucinations and the Subjective Sensations of the Sane."

⁷ *Mem. de l'Acad. Roy. de Médecine*, t. xii. p. 332.

⁸ *Mem. de l'Acad. Roy. de Médecine*, t. xii. p. 250. For further references see *Phantasms of the Living*, i. p. 479.

examination between ordinary inward visualisation and the hypnagogic images proper.

The investigation should not be very difficult, for though Müller speaks of the rare power of projection of images at will,¹ and Dr. Clarke says "few possess" any such power,² yet Wigan says "I have known numerous examples,"³ and Dr. Lombard not only discovered his own powers but found that they were equally possessed by the other persons with whom he was in converse at the time. A correspondent of my own tells me that he had met at intervals three other men who could do the same thing, and the mention of it had arisen casually, none being particularly interested in the question. It may not be so uncommon, therefore, and affords some support to the tendency rather freely to attribute it to all who see apparitions, and are assumed to "conjure up" what they see, under some telepathic or other stimulus (as, for example, in *Phantasms*, i. p. 469, footnote).

The evidence adduced in this division of the subject leads to the conclusion that hypnagogic visions are unaffected by either bad physical sight or poor visualisation, and that in those who suffer from neither deficiency there is agreement as to a certain difference of quality, inclining to marked superiority over the natural product of the brain.

VII. SUBJECT-MATTER OF THE VISIONS.

It is desirable at this point to attempt a closer study of the visions themselves, in order to have ample data before reviewing the different theories brought forward to account for them. At first sight they present in the mass a feast for the imagination, in their almost endless variety, which makes systematic examination difficult, but there is no department of nature which does not offer this confusing and ramifying element, until by patiently pulling out strand by strand we get something like order into our ideas of it. There seems in this case a kind of rough cleavage into

¹ Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 1397.

² Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 216.

³ Wigan, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

species, beginning with the formless, continuing with faces, then geometrical designs, objects, landscapes, and moving scenes, though there is no logical reason why we should not take them in the opposite order and begin with those that show the highest degree of reality and fullness of definition first. After the actual subject-matter comes the consideration of shape, size, spatial relationship and peculiarities of view in various ways; colour and illumination; multiplicity and internal movement; recognition or the absence of it, in connection with the part that memory plays; and finally the question of control, or relation to the will. When all this has been considered, we are fairly at the threshold of the problem.

(1) *Formless*.—Most people, as has been remarked by several writers, suppose that when their eyes are closed, and particularly in the dark, they see nothing, but this impression is due to the habitual and inconspicuous nature of the phenomena, and is an error. When pressed to pay attention to it, they will find, according to Ladd, for instance, that the darkness is a black wall with a multitude of yellow spots.¹ Galton says that before he thought of carefully trying “I should have emphatically declared that my field of vision in the dark was essentially of a uniform black, subject to an occasional light-purple cloudiness and other small variations. Now, however, . . . I have found out that this is by no means the case, but that a kaleidoscopic change of patterns and forms is continually going on.”² Müller refers to the “light which sometimes appears to the closed eyes at that time.”³ Meyer, whose experiments on himself will be referred to later, also speaks of pure colours without objects filling the entire field of vision.⁴ Greenwood remarks that “perhaps many persons have noticed that when they lie with closed eyes at night in a dark room, light-charged clouds seem to float between eye and eyelid,” and that the darkness in

¹ Ladd, G. T., “Contribution to the Psychology of Visual Dreams.”—*Mind*, vol. i., n.s. p. 299 (1892).

² Galton, F., *op. cit.*, p. 158.

³ Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 1394.

⁴ Quoted by James, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

the dome of the lid is much less black than the darkness without.¹ This is borne out by the chief writer on entoptic research, Sir W. F. Barrett, who refers to the "streams and patches of what seems to be a light flocculent matter" which can be seen quickly moving on a dark purple background for half a minute or so, if a candle be suddenly lighted at night, and adds: "It is possible that this phenomenon, which does not appear to be mentioned by any writer on physiological optics, may be connected with the presence of the visual purple on the retina."² One of my correspondents also says: "Once or twice, when wakened suddenly, clouds of brilliant light seemed to roll and fade away before my closed eyes." Vairo³ describes how, lying in bed with his head and whole body covered, and every sensation removed, he saw "colores cœruleos, virides, rubros, albos, nigros, et quoscunque . . ." The seeing of "wave after wave of purple" and "always seeing purple" as well as the cloud and mist effects, and the "dim mosaic of the dark," all mentioned by correspondents, show that we have here the zero, so to speak, from which to start.

The cloud-effect is so constantly spoken of as preceding some more definite picture that it seems to bear the sort of relation to it that the calyx does to the flower. Like the visions in the crystal, which form a very instructive parallel study, the clouds roll off and disclose a view, or in the case of the faces, the clouds form the stuff out of which they define themselves.

(2) *Faces*.—The proportion which faces bear to other subjects of the visions, and the reading of many descriptions, almost suggest that there is a special *face-seeing* propensity in the mind. We know how artists can provide faces to all sorts of inanimate things—furniture, trees, gate-posts, and so on, how simple an outline can convey

¹ Greenwood, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

² *Scientific Proc. of the Royal Dublin Society*, vol. xi. p. 129. "On Entoptic Vision" (1906). But "even in optic atrophy and after the extirpation of the eye, the so-called intrinsic light [of the retina] remains."—C. S. Myers, *Textbook of Experimental Psychol.*, p. 100 (1911). And compare note on the seeing by the blind, sec. xviii. p. 398 *infra*.

³ *De Fascino*, lib. ii. p. 112.

a profile and almost any three points a full-face in wall-paper, an open fire, or a child's slate. In one of the illustrations to Prof. Alexander's paper the flowers have faces and expressions, and are putting out their tongues at the Puritan beside them. In Hawthorne's *Journal* for October 1851, he writes: "Going to the village yesterday afternoon, I saw the face of a beautiful woman gazing at me from a cloud. It was the full face, not the bust. It had a sort of mantle on the head, and a pleasant expression of countenance. The vision lasted while I took a few steps, and then vanished. I never before saw nearly so distinct a cloud-picture, or rather sculpture, for it came out in *alto-relievo* on the body of the cloud."

A similar and marked tendency is described of himself by Dr. C. C. Carter in the *Journal of the American S.P.R.*, Vol. XV. p. 351 (July 1921), and Mr. Stainton Moses' hand "left to itself" drew an extraordinary mass of faces once, shown in Plate X. of A. W. Trethewy's *Controls of Stainton Moses*, p. 170.

One of Baillarger's "alienés" had only to look fixedly at any object, when it seemed to develop a head, the eyes gazing at her. Poor Lelorgne de Savigny¹ used to waken under a vast vault of contemptuous and spiteful faces; others have seen the stairs and the walls paved with them. It is not surprising that considering how great a part faces play in life, they should come into the hypnagogic gallery early and in large numbers. In the children's census, however, nearly twice as many speak of stars and colours as of people and faces.

We may note three characteristics of the faces as a whole: the formation, the aesthetic quality, and the behaviour.

(a) As to the first, it has already been noted that they are the result of a process. In two of the best printed descriptions, that by Greenwood and one by Mrs. Macdonald in *Phantasms of the Living*, the former says:² "something which for one moment looks like a smoke-wreath or cloud-wreath takes form the next . . . there

¹ *Ann. Méd. Psy.*, t. iv. p. 314 (1844).

² Greenwood, *op. cit.*, p. 21.

before you is a face in the dark." The second narrator says:¹ "They seem to come up out of the darkness, as a mist, and rapidly develop into sharp delineation, assuming roundness, vividness, and living reality." Another² has not unfrequently observed them "forming in the vague light impressions which float before one's closed eyelids and mass together and turn into a face." Compare also Maury's account of his watching the passage of a luminous image into a definite face of which it was possible to follow the formation, during several seconds,³ and Lang's: "I can, when half asleep, watch one of these specks or blotches growing in an infinitesimal space of time into a face, or other recognisable form of any sort." The fragmentary nature of the faces has been noticed by several, not only in fever as McNish's (p. 297), previously described, but by such observers as Prof. Alexander and Margaret Deland. A correspondent speaks of one face forming *through* another, giving the effect of four eyes, on one occasion, although it seems a more usual experience for one to fade away before another begins to come.

This is not the only way in which "faces" begin. There is a second method, which might better be described as delineation, and possibly it is more native to people of artistic gifts. Mrs. Alaric Watts in giving an account of the beginning of her automatic drawing⁴ refers to the visions seen of human figures in outlines of white or grey on a dark background. It is interesting and instructive to compare this with two other descriptions. One is Greenwood's: "Though they seem living enough and not mere pictures or reflections, they look through the darkness as though traced in chalks on a black ground . . . the lines waver, fade, and return as if drawn with a pencil of phosphorus . . . but there is no phosphoric appearance about them." We turn to Meyer's account of his

¹ *Phantasms*, i. p. 474.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 295.

³ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 79; Thomas, *Crystal Gazing*, Introd. p. xxx,

⁴ *Light*, vol. ix. pp. 176, 203 (1889). Compare also Grünbaum's "spectre" in *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVII. p. 402: "it was only the flat drawing of a spectre. It was drawn in blue smoky outlines, all vibrating."

own self-induced visions,¹ fifty years earlier: "In later experiments I saw the objects dark with bright outlines, or rather I saw outline drawings of them, bright on a dark ground. I can compare these drawings less to chalk drawings on a blackboard than to drawings made with phosphorus on a dark wall at night." Müller also speaks of the faces seen by children as "in outline and devoid of colour and light,"² and a friend of the writer describes the faces as always in intense black and white, with the variation that the whole surface and not only the outline is bright; that is, the face is white, the eyes and hair being black. Thus also "S. M. B." writes of some of her visions that they were "never coloured but in shadowy black and white." Lang and others have mentioned cases of this "blackboard" type of hallucination. He speaks of printed letters black on white, and legible, so arising.

Apart from these two types, correspondents mention a variety of other modes in which they have observed the inception of the faces. One of them, using the initials "A. G. A.," whose account is to be found at length in *Light*,³ says: "A dim disc of light would suddenly appear and as suddenly brighten. There would be a whirling motion in the light which, with astonishing rapidity developed into moving figures, which invariably came towards me." Another: "They appear gradually, and are quite silvery. . . . An eye will appear, then part of a face." A third says: "They evolve out of a circle of either blue or green, which unfolds itself in a lovely golden centre, and pass very rapidly. . . . Sometimes they are fragmentary, only the teeth, eyes, chin or nose being seen." A fourth says: "The faces both come and go *gradually*, the eyes being generally the first to be observed, coming dimly as in a mist, till the whole face is clear and alive, then will fade, the eyes watching to the last." A fifth: "I can actually see the faces in process of forming. If I am too keen (so it seems) there is a silent explosion."

¹ Quoted by James, *Princ. of Psychol.*, ii. 66, from Meyer, G. H., *Untersuchungen üb. d. Physiol. d. Nervenfasern*, pp. 238-241 (1843).

² Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 1393.

³ Feb. 24, 1923, p. 117.

This formative process is not invariably a matter of conscious observation, for sometimes the faces are said to be "flashed on and flashed out again" suddenly, but it is evident that growth is a much more frequent experience. And it is confined to the "faces"; we do not hear of any other objects or scenes appearing in a fragmentary way or building themselves up. A house, for example, is a complete house, and does not show its chimneys or its windows first, and then add on the rest, forming itself out of cloud or showing in phosphorescent lines.

(b) *Aesthetic Quality of the Faces*.—Perhaps this fact emphasises (if such an expression can be used of anything so obvious) the difference between the organic nature of the faces and the "still life" of other things. A face is always, in symbol, a person; an expression of a thinking or feeling being. And the faces having "come," by whatever means, we now turn to ask what sort of faces are they? The adjectives used, gathered from many sources, can be arranged in a sort of aesthetic spectrum. But one quality is common to the whole, and accompanies almost all the others. That is the sense of reality, of life-likeness. We shall return to this in considering what I have called (for lack of a better word) their behaviour.

The impression that prevails of predominant ugliness in the faces is not more correct than it would be to ascribe moral goodness or badness to people in general. If we take as a median line or average, the expression used by a correspondent, "never very ugly or very beautiful," we shall find as many degrees above it as below it. This refers to constant seers; but if we include the general statements about children who are liable to fears and persons in ill-health, whose visions are subject to degeneracy or otherwise obviously affected by it, there would then be a majority for ugly faces.

Here follow, then, a score of delineations which show the range, those taken from published accounts being mingled with others privately received. It should be understood that none of them are of recognised persons.

“A face more lovely than any painting I have ever seen.”¹

“Out there came on the darkness a grand face—worth anyone’s toil to transfer to canvas.” (After reading and thinking of Brynhilda.)²

“Often very beautiful, and gave me a sense of serene joy.”

“I have seen faces in the dark for years, but never an ugly one . . . lovely female faces, some asleep, others bright and happy, but all are beautiful.”

“Begins in transcendent beauty.”³

“More often than not beautiful or of strong character.”

“Beautiful, smiling.”

“Very sweet and cameo-like in size.”

“Always pleasing, never strikingly beautiful.”⁴

“Never very ugly or very beautiful.”

“None are ugly, none very old, all have kindly looks, seemingly well pleased with themselves.”

“Unpleasing, though not hideous, expressive of no violent emotions.”⁵

“Often look very ugly.”⁶

“As a child, and up to twenty years, I frequently saw large hideous faces a foot long, mouthing.”

“May be grotesque, but always possess vividness of expression.”⁷

“Some odd, grotesque fragments of faces . . . half faces, whole faces, heads, figures . . . not necessarily of human beings, nor indeed of any recognisable creature.”⁸

“Some grotesque, others beautiful.”⁹

“Hideous and terrifying.”¹⁰

“Weirdly grotesque animals, faces and figures.”¹¹

“Tortured with horrid faces glaring at her.”¹²

¹ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 80.

³ *St. James’s Gazette*, Feb. 15, 1882.

⁴ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 166.

⁵ Herschel, *op. cit.*

⁶ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 170.

⁷ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 295.

⁸ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 624.

⁹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IX. p. 121.

¹⁰ Burdach, cited by de Manacéine, p. 239.

¹¹ *Occult Review* (April 1912), p. 229.

¹² *Phren. Jour.*, v. 319, cited by McNish, p. 257.

To these must be added some outstanding descriptions, such as that of Mrs. Macdonald, already referred to,¹ in which the feature of transition from the one extreme of the scale to the other is more marked than in any other case known to me. She says :

Formerly the faces were wonderfully ugly. They were human, but resembling animals, yet such animals as have no fellows in the creation, diabolical-looking things. So curiously and monstrously frightful were they that I cannot conceive whence they could have come if not from the infernal world. I could not, certainly, at other times, by any voluntary effort of imagination, conjure up anything even remotely approaching their frightfulness. Latterly the faces have become exquisitely beautiful. Forms and features of faultless perfection now succeed each other in infinite variety and number.

Beside this should be placed Greenwood's masterly description, almost unequalled in the literature of the subject, of those "strikingly distinctive" faces in which he discerned so much morally impressive significance. His comparison of his visions of the "awful family" which visited him, with Blake's "wonderful, dreadful drawing, 'The Ghost of a Flea'"—an embodiment of blood-lust which none who have seen it will forget—includes nothing to relieve their sombre sternness except a "few, expressive of nobility and serenity," which were quite a minority.

It is difficult not to feel, as one studies this aspect, that possibly the character of the faces has some relation to the dominant thought-tone of the persons seeing them, and may be a transcription in symbol of the unconscious morality and instinctive emotional reaction to life which lies under the surface of the conscious and the controlled. This is suggested also by the fact that in the children's census, where "being pleased" and "being frightened" were the categories corresponding to our "beautiful" and "hideous," 146 were "pleased" by "people," of whom 17 were "angels"; and of the 156 who were "frightened" like-

¹ *Phantasms*, i. 474 (footnote).

wise, the number includes 27 "ghosts"—whatever we are to understand by that. If we take visions of *animals* alone, only 18 children were pleased, as against 75 who were frightened. Probably this large number represents and includes the frequently-mentioned "grotesque" animal-human or human-animal visions of the adult, who has more language at command with which to distinguish his species.

(c) *The Behaviour of the Faces*.—Quite apart from the beauty or ugliness of the faces, which is practically a fixed quality which we need not stop to analyse now, is that which is strikingly often characterised as *life-likeness*. The faces are sometimes only faintly coloured and would seem then to approximate more to pictures; but even in such cases the percipients specify that they have this *living* effect and are "not mere pictures"; they have as a rule solidity and colour. Even when the whole process is visible, the "fleecy white cloud" or "smoke-wreath" of the beginning ends in a result "vivid and intense."¹ So also the seer of the Brynhilda face previously referred to says, "generally extremely vivid"; Margaret Deland says, "always the feeling of life about them";² another goes even further, testifying that "The faces I see are usually *more* vivid than nature . . . absolutely full of life and movement . . . always possess vividness of expression." It is a quality so frequently mentioned as to be evidently the normal one; only one other witness therefore need be cited here—Prof. Alexander's "life-likeness and vividness of the visions," and their "peculiarly vivid sensational feel."³ Where the face is "flashed on and flashed off," and neither comes nor goes, this vital quality is naturally signalised, but in the case of growth there is the hint of an instant at which it *begins to be*. Thus Mrs. Macdonald, as quoted already (p. 312), says "they . . . come up as a mist, and rapidly develop . . . assuming roundness, vividness and living reality."⁴ In one other instance only is there

¹ *St. James's Gazette*, Feb. 15 ("D" /82).

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

³ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. pp. 625, 630.

⁴ *Phantasms*, vol. i. p. 474.

a remark bearing on this "moment," made by a careful observer.¹ "It has been curious," he says, "to watch the moment at which they became definite impressions on my retina, instead of mere suggestions of my conscious imagination," and speaks further on of "the fact of their thus quickening."

When this "quickening" has taken place, it is evident that the face will depend largely for its force on the eyes, for the eyes, as sculptors have found, make the difference between a dead, sleeping, or sightless face and a living one. Mr. Northcote Thomas, who saw the visions on one occasion only, saw nothing but eyes, "a long procession of eyes—lions' eyes, crocodiles' eyes, snakes' eyes, all sorts of eyes—and that in a state of perfect health, so far as I could judge."² And another peculiarity of the faces under consideration is that they are so often *looking at* the percipient, as well as being looked at themselves. One witness remarks that they not only "seem very much alive" but "make 'faces' at me"!³ Among the accounts given by correspondents such phrases occur as: "often seem to be looking closely at me," "a bearded man appears, looks at me intently, grins horribly, and explodes," "a beautiful girl with large dark eyes peering at me most intently," "looking directly at me," and so on. This point has already been mentioned incidentally in other examples. In addition the lips sometimes move, or a hand is waved; and one lady who invited the face, if it were real, to come nearer her, found that it did so, "with an earnest expression," and adds the significant remark, "the curious part is that since that night all the faces float towards me and don't wait to be asked."

A point remarked on by Prof. Alexander also receives frequent illustration, and that is the tendency of the faces to express violent emotion. Greenwood's discussion of his "faces" as embodiments of moods or passions accords with this, but his list, astonishing as it is in its range, does not include two which seem fairly common—laughter

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.* Vol. IV. p. 263.

² *Crystal Gazing*, pp. 17, 18 (1905).

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 170.

and anger. Take, for an example of the latter, these two little scenes, the percipients being men. The first is from a correspondent.

Another—same night. A man appeared and hastened to the end of a long, white heavily-constructed table, and slammed his fist down on the top thereof, as if in anger, and disappeared. He was dressed in a sort of red jerkin. Time—incredible speed, but most vivid.

The other is taken from A. G. A.'s interesting account in *Light*.¹

Out of the whirl of uncouth figures to which I was accustomed, a big stout man, in a grey suit and Homburg hat, emerged, and came up (apparently) so close to me, staring pointedly at me, that I expected him to touch me. The movement and the figure were both so aggressive that I mentioned it to my family the next morning.

The following is a woman's vision :—

Two faces that stand out particularly in my memory were two jolly-looking middle-aged men in deep converse (profile to me). They suddenly became convulsed with laughter. I could almost hear them. One of them, a grey-haired man with grey moustache, opened his mouth so wide that I could see his teeth sideways, and his eyes went to slits with merriment.

“The last face I saw,” writes Mr. Fielding-Ould,² “was strongly lighted and highly coloured, that of a laughing young man, turned half or three-quarters towards me.”

“A delightful hob-goblin, swinging his legs and laughing outrageously,” is a third, contributed by a correspondent.

It is evident that we cannot, nor need we try to, draw any hard and fast line between faces and figures, where gestures and actions carry out the same idea. The figures, as such, present themselves “in all the changing scenes of life,” but in the examples now being dealt with their business is more the expression of an emotion than anything else.

¹ Feb. 24th, 1923, p. 117.

² *Light*, Feb. 24th, 1923, p. 122.

Faces do not form an invariable element in the visions. Some who see nearly every other variety, including figures, make an exception of the faces even of these; e.g. Mrs. Willert in *Phantasms* says: ¹ "I can never distinguish the faces." Mrs. Arnold-Forster says: "The pictures that I see are seldom faces." ² Prof. Herrick says: ³ "Sometimes the images were of faces." And a lady who had deliberately cultivated the seeing faculty for several years ⁴ testifies that "Faces do not come so easily, and vanish quickly." The complete absence of faces, however, is not a common idiosyncrasy. Towards the latter part of his life Sir John Herschel, as already referred to, said ⁵ that he saw "more faces and fewer landscapes," but "the faces, which appeared in quick succession, were grey and colourless." Warcollier, though he places the faces of friends and strangers first in his list, gives only instances of articles of furniture, objects, plants, and flowers, which were especially frequent with him, in actual illustration. ⁶

(3) *Designs and Objects*.—If faces are the most frequent and living, geometrical designs are the most infrequent and the most completely antithetical to them of the visions. The best account is that of Sir John Herschel, ⁷ who has described the patterns "of perfect symmetry and geometrical regularity," both latticed, rhomboidal, and circular, which he saw. Occasionally, but rarely, they were complex and coloured patterns like those of a carpet, but not of any he remembered, and changing from instant to instant. Another seer, a lady in whose family decorative engraving had been practised for several generations, gives the following account of visions seen on awaking, but with the eyes still closed. ⁸ "In a brilliant yellow light will appear the most beautiful decorative patterns, finials, curves, spirals, leaves, blossoms, but all black." Only two

¹ Vol. i. p. 474 (footnote).

² *Studies in Dreams*, p. 162.

³ *Jour. Comp. Neur.*, July 1895, quoted in De Manacéine, p. 240.

⁴ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

⁵ Mrs. de Morgan, *Three Score Years and Ten*, p. 70.

⁶ *La Télépathie*, p. 57.

⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 408.

⁸ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

other contributors to the *Journal* speak of seeing geometrical forms or lines,¹ so that the class is evidently a small one. Lang once saw "a very remarkable wall pattern in crimson, which I could not, when wide awake, invent or design." The following are taken from the letters of correspondents. The first premises that her bedroom wall-paper is quite plain, the window screened with a green blind and heavily curtained, no patterned surface being present even in the light. She sees with open eyes, usually on waking in the night, and writes in answer to an enquiry: "Then the designs. Personally I should call them conventional designs. You know the designs of fancy work, dress braiding, etc. Well, these designs appear like a thin gauzy pattern hung through the room. Beautiful scrolls and twists. Two designs I remember quite well. One was a big wheel pattern, with scrolls between, and the wheels appeared as if they were studded with coloured jewels. Another had a conventional rose design."

A second correspondent writes: "Another night . . . I saw my window outlined with a decoration of amber and blue stones, with blue nuggets swinging to and fro. This lasted about five minutes." On another occasion she saw, also over the window, "a swathe of red and yellow flowers in large round bud." My correspondent Lady Berkeley, who kindly allows me to use her name, has favoured me with an interesting collection of drawings in colour, made as soon as possible after the vanishing of the figures. They are complex and brilliant in colouring, and most difficult to describe in words. Many have spoken of their attempts at reproducing their visions, so as to preserve a record of them, but I know at present of no one else who has actually done so, and in colour. They possess, therefore, a quite special interest in this connection.

The writer in the *Occult Review*, previously referred to, gives a very interesting description of patterned visions, which evidently constitute in this case a larger proportion than is usual in the varied assortment. "I see," she

¹ See *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 278, and Vol. VIII. p. 158.

writes (I conclude the writer to be a woman, from the nature of the things seen), "gorgeously coloured and woven patterns or sometimes a plain material such as corded silk, gathered and tucked and stitched in all sorts of ornamental devices. . . . I saw some lovely lace a short time ago of most elaborate pattern. As I watched it, it changed gradually into a case full of pierced silver spoons and forks and other things of that kind. These in turn slowly became silver needlework, which then faded away." This little series, of only nine cases in all, may be concluded by "Goethe's rose," which he could see at pleasure upon closing his eyes. It was not, to be accurate, a rose so much as a conventional rosette, which continually put forth welling petals from the centre. "The same thing occurred," he says,¹ "when I figured to myself a variegated disk. The coloured figures upon it underwent constant changes . . . from the centre to the periphery, exactly like the changes in the modern kaleidoscope." Müller, comparing notes with Goethe, decides that the differences in their respective seeing were proper to their respective mental endowments.

The lace, and silver needlework, of the vision quoted above, form a natural transition to the seeing of objects, either singly or in multitude. But two points are to be noticed about them: first, they appear as complete and not fragmentary; and secondly, there is no instance known to me of any distinct object being seen which was incomprehensible in itself. They are things which can be named always; and to the best of my belief the same can be said of crystal visions. Not that there is a complete dearth of evidence that clairvoyants have occasionally seen objects which they could describe, but could not name or understand the use of, but it is rare.² And it does not seem to occur in the hypnagogic visions, unless we except those animals described as *grotesque*, so often.

¹ Goethe, *Zur Morphologie und Wissenschaft*, quoted by Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 1397.

² See on this point Dr. Wiltse's sensitive and the piano, *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VII. p. 74; and the Welsh medium Olwen and the Thibetan mar-mots, *Spirit Psychometry*, p. 58.

As images of living things, animals should hold the first place among single objects. They rarely act or move, or express emotion. Sometimes only the head is seen, especially if of a dog. One correspondent speaks of seeing three heads of white Pomeranians within a circle, two of which she recognised as friends. Another saw a shaggy chestnut pony with a white blaze advancing along a lane towards her in a friendly way (the only vision of this sort she ever had). A third writes of seeing a large black cat with yellow eyes, which she describes as "a prussian," and the same also saw a snake and a tiger at other times. Maury once saw a lion which he had travelled with in the East many years before,¹ and Dr. Clarke recalls with pleasure the racing horses of his childhood, and that last remnant of the visionary power in manhood, when after an unusual dose of laudanum "I have seen a horse's head, with ears erect, peering at me through the darkness."² One who sees animals "very often" says they are "more like the monsters of fairy tales"³; a few others merely mention animals without further specifying them; and Ladd quotes Müller as seeing "fantastic figures of men, animals, and what not, such as he never saw before."⁴ Prof. Alexander has a gorilla's head in his list.

A correspondent in South Africa, however, sends me the following interesting example, partly to illustrate his impression that "in some mysterious way these so-called illusions possess an awareness of our presence, especially so in the case of animals. A short time ago," he continues,

I was resting on the sofa after dinner, with my eyes shut in the full glare of the electric light, when a picture was presented to me of a young cow, chestnut coloured, with white points and wonderfully fine and symmetrical horns. She seemed to be grazing in the full sunlight, on the very luxuriant grass growing on the bank of a railway cutting. At the top of the bank was a row of young horse-chestnut trees. Behind the cow a small calf was

¹ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 68.

² Clarke, E. H., *Visions*, p. 19.

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 170.

⁴ Müller, *Phantastische Gesichtserscheinungen*, 1826.

standing. The cow seemed to sense my presence, and unmistakably adopted a protective attitude. Though I have been associated with cattle nearly all my life, I am quite positive I had never seen that cow before.

Another vision I had was that of a small species of duck unknown to me. The sun was shining on the green sheen of its neck, and it seemed to turn its head up towards me with an intelligent expression of enquiry and interest in its little black eye. By the power of will I was able to retain the picture for approximately two minutes, and all the time it appeared to me as though I might by stretching out grasp the duck in my hand.

A better description than this is not to be found.

Besides animals, there is a large majority of other objects, houses, temples, rooms, interiors, furniture, trees, and so on, which would be tedious to enumerate. They are mingled with more complex scenes, and occasionally follow in classes or groups of similar things, such as flowers,¹ or as in the case of the Rev. George Henslow, illustrated by Galton,² they may follow a "cycle." Here single objects, the arrow, star, and snowflake, led up to the "well-known rectory, fish-ponds, walls, etc., all covered with snow," the bed of red tulips in the brilliant sun of a spring morning, and so back to a single tulip, and finally the rather non-descript other single objects of this set. A succession of units, however, is far from being the rule, for the "hypnagogic agent" delights in an endless and multitudinous variety. The main interest here does not lie in the things seen, but in the conditions and quality of the seeing, which will be dealt with in the next section.

(4) *Landscapes*.—These form a very large class of the visions of adults, and come midway between the inanimate and the much livelier scenes peopled with moving figures which will conclude the outline survey of the subject-matter. Landscapes do not figure at all in the children's census. Next to people come "things," then animals, colours, and scenes, the latter quite in a minority. The

¹ See, for instance, *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 277 (Solovoy).

² Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 160.

power to enjoy landscape and natural beauty is not one which develops early, and many years pass before the distant and the extended claims nearly as much attention as the near at hand.

In the study of landscape visions there are very few detailed descriptions of what is actually seen; but it is clear that they contrast with the "faces" in being complete and entire from the first, and that they agree with them in having a cloud-accompaniment. There is this difference, however, that in the case of landscapes the clouds roll aside and have the effect of revealing something already there, as in the following description by a correspondent: "I also see places, houses, mountains, and *very often* cloud formations, which break and give a view of distant valleys or scenery in *great brightness*." Compare also Mrs. Arnold-Forster: "always as though it were seen through a gap in a curtain of misty cloud, which is partly drawn aside" (p. 163, *op. cit.*). Almost the same description is given by a writer in *Light*: "The last one (*i.e.* a scene) I remember was a bird's-eye view of a large city, viewed from a higher point, seen as lying in a slack or a dip in the surface area, with outstanding buildings of unusual construction in the centre. On these buildings a bright light was moving like a searchlight, causing them to be more illuminated than the others."

The landscapes are usually spoken of in terms of admiration: "fine landscapes,"¹ "vivid and charming landscapes in natural colours,"² "highly picturesque and pleasing"³ "glorious,"⁴ "architecture, landscapes, moving figures, pass slowly by and sometimes remain, with incomparable clearness of form and fullness of being."⁵ Stead's moonlit sea, and the cottage in the circle might be added (*v.* p. 295 *supra*).

(5) *Scenes*.—If beauty characterises the landscapes, life and movement in every variety are the chief features which distinguish the "scenes" from them. Sometimes we have a little scene with a single figure: as of "a stout

¹ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 164.

² Herrick.

³ Herschel.

⁴ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 276.

⁵ Taine.

old woman in a blue dress, hanging some clothes out on a line, on a flat roof-top apparently, who turned her head and laughed." In another there are two figures, a girl and a young man, with a bicycle, she leaning on it, he kneeling at her feet. At the moment he is putting on his cap.¹ Or there is a high stone wall; at the foot of it two or three men in knee-breeches and lounge coats "playing about," when one of them disappears at full speed down the road. Neither the beginning nor the end of these tiny dramas is given. Scenes involving many people, engaged in different activities, predominate. In some the idea of the scene *as a picture* seems apparent, as in a lady's vision of a number of roofs and turrets of buildings enclosed by a high wall. From a great gateway in this wall issued a throng of happy people, clad in gay clothes, and on the left was a long shady sun-flecked avenue of green trees. Or take this, from the correspondent who saw the cow and the duck: "Another pretty scene impressed upon my memory was that of three young Kaffir women dressed in native costume. They were sitting on the slope of a grassy hill rising out of a deep valley, talking interestedly to one another whilst engaged in making bead ornaments; the glow of the setting sun was reflected by the dark bronze of their bodies. Below, in the valley, now in the shade, the smoke from several kraals was rising through the mimosa trees, the whole forming a delightful and natural picture, perfect in every detail."

But in many of the visions an ordinary but busy street-scene is sufficient, as in the following:¹

"Another scene represented a street-scene in winter, the ground covered with snow, a street-car with men standing on the rear platform in heavy ulsters, the conductor assisting a lady to alight, pedestrians passing back and forth."

It is to be remarked that the scenes almost invariably portray the lighter and pleasanter aspects of life. They are hardly ever—one might almost say *never*, of tragic or

¹ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 625.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 271.

painful import¹; there are no funerals, fights, torture-scenes, or terrible accidents, though they may be serious and interesting, as in the following from a correspondent. "Facing me there suddenly appeared a brilliantly lighted panel through which (or in which) I saw a room with three English officers bending over a map spread out on a table, and evidently planning an attack or movement of troops. The officers were moving as they conversed and pointed out places on the map; they had their backs to me, and I was panic-stricken lest they should turn and see me. . . . This vision lasted for quite five minutes. I could see it with my eyes open or closed. The room was a large one with bosses of plasterwork at intervals on the walls, and large windows down to the ground. I believed it to be a room in an old château in France."

The unity and intelligibility of such scenes distinguish them from those of delirium and insanity, and from the hallucinations of hysteria in which "visions of animals, pictures of corpses, phantastic processions in which dead persons, devils, and ghosts swarm."² Nicolai's little figures acted as in a marketing scene, and a similar and interesting modern account exists which, though taking place in the daytime and seen with open eyes, yet belongs to the same order as the true hypnagogic visions. In this the percipient, an aged patient of the doctor reporting the case,³ though mentally exceedingly clear in every other respect, would describe to him most vividly pictures of hosts of very little people, employing miniature wagons and horses about the work of hauling timber and stone for building operations. There were hundreds of them, and she would enter into details about their dress and harnessing.

VIII. FEATURES OF THE VISIONS.

A general view of the subject-matter of the hypnagogic hallucinations has rendered obvious the first and most

¹ An exception is referred to on p. 336.

² Jung, C. G., *Analytical Psychology*, p. 7 (1916); trans. by Dr. C. E. Long.

³ *Brit. Med. Jour.*, Nov. 18, 1922, p. 999.

constantly mentioned point about them—that is, their almost boundless variety. It is unnecessary to emphasise this point, for the study itself makes it quite unavoidable. This variety varies very much in the proportion of its elements, some seeing many of one kind, others of another, and so on. Thus Warcollier often sees flowers and objects, but his friend, Mme. C., never sees either; he never sees anything dramatic or sensational, but she sees pictures of miniature size of little mediæval personages, of beautiful babies, young girls, and so on (*op. cit.*, pp. 57, 67). But while a comparison of many lists will show, perhaps, individual idiosyncrasies such as those mentioned, yet so large a body of common material also exists that the visions admit, as we have seen, of being roughly classified into groups.

(1) *Variety and Change*.—The fact of this variety has the closest possible connection with the second point most frequently mentioned, and indeed depends on it. This is change, without which obviously there could be no variety. This is such a “constant” of the visions that its absence marks, probably, a particular experience as of another type. In the first example, given above p. 295, the cottage in the circle, there was no change; but in Stead’s two visions which follow it, there was as much contrast as was possible in so limited a number. Here and there are signs of some underlying principle, such as is seen in a succession of designs, or of faces producing faces, or a following of a line of association, such as the Rev. George Henslow thought he traced in his arrow, snowflake, snow scene and so on. Prof. Alexander has remarked: “There is frequently a limited sequence of forms in what I may term the ‘life-history’ of an individual image; it undergoes transformation before the eyes and in spite of any efforts I may make to preserve it unchanged.”¹ Meyer gives a similar testimony: “Some time after the pictures have arisen they vanish or change into others without my being able to prevent it.”² Two frequently-quoted illustrations of this kind of

¹ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 624.

² Meyer, G., quoted by James, *op. cit.*, p. 67.

sequential recurring vision are Greenwood's "spangles and sheep" case and Mrs. Haweis's roses and gold blocks. "As I lay abed in the dark" says the former,¹ "I used to see a little cloud of bright golden sparks, which first became larger and more scintillating and then turned into a flock of sheep rapidly running downhill into the general darkness below. A few moments after the sheep had disappeared the spangles would come forth again, and again the transformation would ensue, and this would be repeated a dozen times perhaps." Mrs. Haweis's experience was as follows. Both were the visions of childhood, hers being life-long, but diminishing with years: "It is a flight of pink roses floating in a mass from left to right, and this cloud or mass of roses is presently effaced by a flight of 'sparks' or gold speckles across them. The sparks are like tiny blocks, half gold, half black, rather symmetrically placed behind each other. . . . The roses . . . would stay a long time before the sparks came, and they occupied a large area in black space. Then the sparks came slowly flying, and generally, not always, effaced the roses at once, and every effort to retain the roses failed."²

These instances are hints of what may occur (like the recurring dreams some people have), though recurrence is not habitual and normal. In fact, Alexander says: "if there be such a thing as irrelevance, these images show it." But this is a point on which there is but a very small group of studies or records to help us; the general impression one gets is that incoherence and the absence of association rather prevails. This will be considered further under experiments in control (Sec. XII.).

(2) *Duration and Speed.*—The rate of change and the length of time for which a picture will remain to please the beholder are matters on which we have a little more evidence. Change there must be: no picture can be "held" indefinitely, and as a rule no picture ever appears twice. The exceptions are the result of effort and intention; and occasionally, as we have just seen, the result of some cause still obscure to us, but are not in the nature

¹ Greenwood, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

² Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 165.

of the visions themselves. There is a diversity of experience as to their duration. The drowsy-time for normal people is itself brief; they are courting sleep and not taking note of the time, and the time itself is "rounded by a sleep"; only in the case of conditions prevailing that prevent sleep is there any prolongation of this period. The visions do not begin immediately on the closing of the eyes, but, when a certain half-consciousness is reached, soon after. But there is undeniably a connection between the rate of change and the condition of the circulation in the brain. Fatigue, anxiety, excitement, cerebral agitation, reflect themselves readily in the speed with which the visions come and go. A case which may be regarded as a maximum, though produced by a drug, is given by Prof. James.¹ The experimenter, with a pulse at 135 beats a minute, saw a vast variety of whirling images, "a thousand different objects in ten minutes"—hands, spoons, wheels, tin soldiers, lamp-posts, etc. Maury's crowding images, after his two days at Greek, have already been referred to. Müller refers to the "rapidly changing forms"; Henslow says the "extreme restlessness" of his visual objects, oscillating and rotating, and changing character made examination almost impossible; Mrs. Macdonald speaks of the "surprising rapidity" and infinite variety and number of her images. Whether all these percipients were in a state of excitement all the time we can only surmise: it does not seem likely. But the few whose seeing was confined to a few days in a lifetime were feverish or over-tired at the time, and yet the number of visions seen by these people was as great as the number seen by other percipients during much more prolonged periods. If we find these at one end of the scale, we find at the other those whose pictures do not hasten away. Mrs. Haweis says that her gold blocks came slowly flying, after the roses had floated by for some time. The lady of the lace and silver needlework also says they change slowly. It is noticeable that Taine² speaks of the images becoming steady and lasting, passing slowly by and sometimes re-

¹ James, *Princ. of Psychol.*, ii. 121.

² *On Intelligence*, i. 50.

maining. This curious movement across the field of vision seems an alternative to the fading out and re-manifesting, or the actual change of form while being looked at. It takes place sometimes from left to right, as with Mrs. Haweis and Herschel, but sometimes in the opposite direction, as with Cardan, "moving in a circular direction, upwards, from right to left, slowly";¹ and in a case given by Hyslop² where the subject, waking in the night, sees on his bedroom wall "wonderful moving sceneries, valleys, lakes, mountains, etc. What impresses me so," he adds, "is the great quickness of movement; but I can take in all details, and the movement is from right to left, goes away from me."

It may be mentioned that of these four examples only the first is hypnagogic; Herschel's was a day-vision (at the breakfast table),³ and the other two are hypnopompic. So is the following, in which "Invariably the pictures are a moving landscape . . . exactly as if seen from a train, etc., foreground swiftly, background slowly. The swift left to right moving panorama of ordinary agricultural land, with cottages, etc., the motion stopping gradually as it faded." This instance, communicated first in 1922⁴ by M. Gheury de Bray, has since been followed up by a very curious modification in which two architectural series moving with extreme rapidity in converging directions were seen, an oblique line of division separating them.

(3) *Shape and Scale*.—There is a peculiarity connected with the visions which is to be noticed here, and that is the tendency to take a circular form. The majority of them are seen as things in the natural world are, where the limits of the field of vision alone prevent us seeing more at once than we do. But several instances have

¹ Cardano, see App. A.

² *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. XIII. p. 487.

³ Of a fortification. Dr. Mary Scharlieb in *Change of Life*, p. 28, says that women may see "the battlements of a fortress" as an hallucination accompanying attacks of headache; and it is significant that a lady friend of Herschel's often saw this appearance and suffered from headache, neither of them evidently knowing that it was a symptom of disturbance at the menopause.

⁴ See *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. XX. p. 256, and Vol. XXI. p. 71.

already been given, in which the picture is seen within a circle. In the case of the "cottage in a circle" first quoted,¹ the spectator says the light "assumed the form of a circle two or three yards in diameter," but in Stead's "moonlit sca" it was "a living miniature about the size of a magic lantern slide." So also Mrs. Willert says "they seem to be very much like the constantly changing slides of a magic lantern, and I should say of the same size."² When Bostock speaks of the human faces or figures on a small scale which he saw during his attack of fever, he notes that "they were all of the same size and appeared to be all situated at the same distance from the face." They "were gradually removed like a succession of medallions." This expression is not used by chance, for such words as "cameo" and "medallion" often occur in verbal and other accounts of the present day. An analogous example is that of Dr. Gibotteau's vision in the night of a round luminous tract on the wall of his bedroom, in the midst of which appeared a brilliant object which he did not recognise, but which was a lantern. This was the result of Nurse Berthe's experiment in impressing him from a distance, but he remarks that "that part of the room was illuminated as it would have been by a powerful lamp."³ Prof. Gruber's subject, who illustrates coloured audition, or "chromatisms" for certain words in the form of patches of light, also had them as circles capable of definite measurement; and Mr. F. Gottschalk saw the vision of two hands opening an envelope *within a circle* (*Phantasms*, ii. 31 and 34, where other instances are given). "C. B. M."⁴ gives a graphic description of the "globe pictures" which she saw, of busy scenes, both by night and day. The wheels, stars, and various curvilinear designs illustrate the same tendency. We rarely meet with a square-enclosed vision unless the expression "like a

¹ See p. 295 *supra*.

² *Phantasms*, i. 474.

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 466, 457.

⁴ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 76. Unless Cardano's visions were also of this sort, as the rather obscure Latin seems to imply, this case is unique. The scenes seem to be within a sphere, but transparent, like a soap-bubble.

framed picture" used by one or two percipients, and reported of Nicolai also, is to be taken as implying definite enclosing lines and angles, and that of the panel scene of the three officers given on p. 327 is unusual in this respect. Goethe's pictures were projected memories of things actually seen, but his visionary flower, often called a rose because of its red petals and green leaves, was round. In the series of coloured sketches made by Lady Berkeley, already referred to (see p. 321) of her own visions, there is a great variety of designs, but except the well-known symbol of the double triangles, few rectangular ones. "Curved is the line of beauty."

It is in variations of size that another peculiarity is met with. McNish draws attention to it, giving examples from various sources, of how one saw "entire human figures, but they were always as minute as pins or even pin heads"; and with another, "*Colossal* figures are her frequent visitors (*sic*)."¹ These are from cases of illness, but they can be matched among the hypnagogic images of the healthy. And it is a more frequent feature to meet with miniature pictures than with those of a larger scale than nature. Nicolai's phantoms were half the natural size; Maury's were at first always "*petites*," but as years passed on they became larger, and nearly life-size, while landscapes were reduced almost to miniatures.² Prof. Alexander remarks that "all such images seem small"; the writer in the *Occult Review* says: "At other times I see beautiful little clear living pictures, with tiny people generally occupied about the most ordinary incidents of everyday life." A correspondent describes among her visions "tiny gardens, complete with terraces, vases, stone walls, etc." Another says "mostly small, very vivid pictures, like those seen in the 'finder' of a camera."

¹ McNish, *op. cit.*, p. 267. Compare also "C. C. O." in *St. James's Gazette*, of a woman seeing crowds of "grotesquely colossal and writhing figures."

² Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 88 and footnote. See on this point an able article by Raoul Leroy on "The Syndrome of Lilliputian Hallucinations" in *Jour. of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, October 1922, pp. 325-333; epitomised in *Brit. Med. Jour.*, Nov. 4, 1922, p. 61 (Epitome).

Several observers have come to the conclusion that there is a radical difference between these perfect "ready-made" little scenes and some other of their visions, particularly faces. It is therefore in place here to consider next what might be called

(4) *The Point of View*.—The spectator is conscious of a considerable range in the apparent distance of his visions, and this does not seem to be entirely based on the unconscious mental interpretation which we give to objects of known size, when they appear larger or smaller according to their distance from us. The miniatures spoken of are not taken to be very far off because they are small; they are sometimes stated to be at a distance of only a foot or two. They lose nothing in distinctness, however small the scale, but seem like a landscape close at hand seen through an artist's "diminishing glass." With figures also, one narrator speaks of them as *carte-de-visite* size, full-length, and faces only as cabinet vignette, but now and then life-size.¹ Another says (of faces), "life-size and very close to my eyes."² Galton's friend speaks of the waking visions as "quite close, filling, as it were, the whole head."³ They appear and vanish in an instant. His relative also, especially when not well, found them "almost suffocatingly close." Greenwood's wonderful faces, however, were five or six feet off, but his sheep and spangles within his closed eyelids. A correspondent also says something illuminating about his images, which I do not find so clearly expressed anywhere else. After describing a "perfectly round, intensely bright yellow light, precisely (so I thought) the same diameter as the iris" which "floated within my closed vision exactly as some of the *vague* 'faces in the dark,'" he adds "the mere faces apparently float within the scope of the eye itself. The eye is *not looking out at them*—they are within it. But the 'scenic elusions' appear to be of a higher type, for these are clear, real and without boundary. The eye is looking out at them." But when, as in Mr. Field-

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 295.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

³ Galton, *op. cit.*, pp. 164, 166.

ing-Ould's description,¹ he speaks of the faces being "apparently about two feet away from the eye" and bursting into view, complete in every way, we have an example of something which the eye does "look out at"; if it be the eye which is concerned. This is getting into the region of theory, which is premature, but if differing theories are to be fairly dealt with, all the data alike must be considered, and the impressions of those whose evidence is at first hand are entitled to be heard.

The last-named witness, in his account, draws attention to yet another peculiar feature of the "point of view." It is not only the detail, in itself, but the kind of detail which would not normally be observed at all. "The 'landscapes,'" he remarks, "may be merely a stretch of road on which every pebble is distinct even to obtrusiveness." A correspondent further illustrates this, and enlarges on it: "One such picture was the edge of a stretch of turf bordering a gravel walk. The turf edge, about four inches deep, was exactly on the level of the vision, every rootlet and grain of soil sharply defined. To see it actually so, one would have had to lie very flat on the gravel walk, with one's face close to the turf. Again, I have seen, at very close range, stone mouldings and crockets of some church tower, high up on that church tower, and noted the design and sharp lights and shadows before the whole picture was gone." Again, I have had described to me as a thing seen a section *through* earth, sea, and air, the surface of the sea with ships on it, then a wall of waters, and then the earth's globe, like an orange cut down. M. Gheury de Bray's experience of seeing the landscape as from an aeroplane, though not a reminiscence of any such actual event, is somewhat similar to this. And Warcollier has a variant of his own, for he says: "I have observed that they frequently have the appearance of being localised in one of the two eyes." In an instance of a vision (of his dining-room table with the cloth thrown back, a cup and saucer, etc.) he saw it small but very clear with the left

¹ *Light*, Feb. 24, 1923, p. 122.

eye, whilst an image (he does not say whether the same or not) dimly (“*sans netteté*”) appeared in the right eye (p. 58).

There is finally an experience, exceedingly rare in the annals of Psychical Research, which has twice been mentioned to me by correspondents. It is that of seeing with, or from, the back of the head. Thus one says: “One or two have been at the back of my head, but I see them quite distinctly”; the other uses almost the same words: “as if my eyes were at the back of my head.”

(5) *Illumination*.—One of the very commonest features of the visions, which, in fact, cannot be missed by anyone who reads or hears of even a few, is the diffusion of bright light in which everything is seen. Mr. Henslow’s bed of red tulips in a “spring morning, brilliant sun,” for instance, or Myers’ “wet hedge in the sun,”¹ the solitary example he has given us, are illustrations. It is almost always sunlight that is mentioned; Stead’s is the only moonlight picture I have met with, and that possesses a feature which in itself gives its kinship to the rest. (Examples of scenes in evening light are to be found on pp. 326 and 338, the Kaffir women and the Indian soldier visions.)

An extraordinarily sombre vision is given in *Light*,² in which a scene of a darkly-garbed woman in a dimly lighted room, stabbed by a man also in antique dress, forms an exception to the rule. Even in this the woman’s white stomacher, and the flash of the man’s weapon, brings out the “bright point”; but see the companion vision (the desert scene) as quoted on p. 340 *infra*, which is a complete contrast. It is possible that the vividness and the clearness, which most narrators lay so much stress on, are due to this diffusion of light, though careful reading shows them not to be wholly so; the distinctness is the result of a penetrative quality in the seeing, apparently, which the strongest light would not quite account for.

Next to the prevalence of an illuminated field of view comes that of objects which are of native brilliance, such

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 370.

² *Light*, 1920, p. 112.

as gold, silver, diamonds, all things that sparkle and gleam. If Myers' hedge had not been *wet*, with dew or rain-drops, it would have lost the suggestion of a glittering greenness. Mr. Henslow's dynasty of bright objects, "frequently of great beauty and highly brilliant," included cut glass, and highly chased gold and silver filigree ornaments; Meyer's silver stirrup was so vivid as to leave an after-image;¹ the gold blocks that effaced the roses, and the spangles that turned to sheep, are the least "of that bright band," unless the sparkling and rippling of waves should be given that place. Where the brilliancy fails of actual flame or flash, it is there as some element of whiteness—a white patch of snow on the emerald moorland,² the white collar of an Eton boy gazing across his desk, the gleaming of the eye in Stead's second vision, the clothes hanging on the line, the man advancing to a white table, and so on. According to C. S. Myers,³ "Any colour stimulus, if sufficiently intense, is seen as white. Intense spectral reds and orange, and greens up to a wavelength of 517 millionth parts of a millimetre, acquire a yellow hue before they in this way become colourless." But this would not account for the white patches being always in the right place.

(6) *Colour*.—If the hypnagogic agent is an artist, whose first law is "Let there be light," the second is that in that light there shall be living colour. If we begin with those outlines of white on black, and the sometimes very faintly coloured faces, such as Greenwood's, which depend on form primarily for their significance, there would appear to be a strange gap between them and the completely coloured visions. It is not nature's way to omit gradations, and yet evidence was lacking of an intermediate class until a lady in Edinburgh supplied an interesting example. The "illusions" visited her for the first time in February 1923, during a brief attack of illness, and the account is based on notes made at once. "During the

¹ James, *Princ. of Psychol.*, ii. 67.

² *St. James's Gazette*, Feb. 15, 1882.

³ *Experimental Psychology*, p. 73 (1911).

night 3rd to 4th February," she writes, "I had the first clear photographie scenes like snap-shots from good negatives. They were nearly all of lofty stone walls with little windows and loop-holes; the outer side of doek-sheds; a stone faee of a woman lying in waste ground; ruined ehurehes, ehiefly doors; and one, the only recognisable one, of the outside of the smaller eaves of Ellora, those wonderful eave temples of the Deeean, India. I had often visited the larger ones, but only seen these at a distanee. All these were clear, without eolour. The last I ean remember was on a larger seale, as though taken from the top of an Eastern Fort gateway—a group of mounted soldiers in tin helmets waiting admittanee, while down a slope at the foot of whieh a pool, shaped like a star full of refleeted light as of sunset, lay, and up on an eminenee was another group of similar soldiers waiting." In a second letter, in reply to enquiries, she says again that the pictures were as "little photo prints, good prints from perfeet negatives, execept in the ease of the soldiers, when it appeared as if the light had been bad for the exposure—evening light, I should say, after a wet day. . . . None was of the nature of a sketeh at all." On the second night, Feb. 4-5, she again saw small distinet pictures, but *coloured* this time, "soft in outline, exquisite in eolour, and also miniature in size." Among them were "beautiful eaverns, snow-white, opening to a sky with stars; sometimes the eavern would be dark, opening to a lovely ealm sea, with an island or land beyond. Bands of eoloured patterns as on ehina, brilliant eolours mostly, a eurved band." I have, since writing this, found a parallel ease described in mueh detail by "Mrs. W." in the *Spiritual Magazine* (1861), p. 165. The eomparison is very interesting. The uneoloured visions lasted for six months.

We find in the "brilliant eolours" the eharacteristie note of the awakening to eolour in every variety, whieh we exepect to find in the visions. So many have remarked on this that there is no doubt it is the normal thing, not only to see all things in their natural eolours, but to see them in the highest degree of vividness, and in fact sur-

passing in their richness and glow the facts of visual experience. Thus Henslow sees "elaborate coloured patterns of carpets in brilliant tints"; S. M. B. sees "gorgeously coloured and woven patterns";¹ so Müller, "highly illumined and coloured images"; Lelorgne's visions are "vivement colorées"; Taine's are "intense . . . coloured"; Herrick's landscapes are "vivid"; again, "colours especially in endless variety";² and the words vivid, intense, and brilliant are constantly met with in the descriptions. In fact, Brewster speaks of their vividness as their only characteristic,³ and Galton's friend speaks of it as "startling."

Such a consensus as this shows that Prof. Ladd was not speaking for himself alone when he stated that "By far the purest, most brilliant, and most beautiful colours I have ever seen, and the most astonishing artistic combinations of such colours, have appeared with closed eyes in a dark room."⁴ "The yellow colour in my drawings," says Lady Berkeley, "is really not yellow, but liquid fire,"⁵ and elsewhere she refers to the "strange luminosity quite impossible to reproduce." But if the artist's brush cannot do justice to the visions, the medium of language is still more strained. Yet those who have enjoyed Dr. Weir Mitchell's magnificent description of his visions under mescal will remember the splendour of the colour, and the "miles on miles of rippled purple of ineffable beauty" with which—too soon!—one of them ended.⁶

One of the colours specifically mentioned, purple, as has been previously remarked, is one most often met with. It is seen as covering the field, but sometimes as "a purple star," and a correspondent speaks of "a purple bar against sunset clouds." In the former case the seeing of "wave on wave of purple" brought a great sense of rest,

¹ *Occult Review*, xv. 227.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 270.

³ Brewster, Sir D., *Letters on Nat. Magic*, p. 51 (1832).

⁴ *Mind*, vol. i. n.s. p. 299 (1892).

⁵ "Yellow is the region of maximal 'brightness value.' Brightness is a psychical character which is distinct from intensity and saturation." C. S. Myers, *op. cit.*

⁶ *Brit. Med. Jour.*, Dec. 5, 1896. Also in De Manacéine, p. 247.

“like an elixir.”¹ But every element in the rainbow comes into play, although perhaps with certain individuals certain colours predominate. Maury seems to have frequently seen a blue or bluish light, and on one occasion it developed into the vista of a lighted street in a town under the shadowy blue of night skies.² He even saw blue in the cheeks of his figures, and the women of his later years wore sombre garments. But occasionally, as on the journey into Switzerland by coach, he saw a crowd of brilliant little personages in scarlet, chattering and moving incessantly. It is obvious that since colour plays so large a part in the visions, and they are not confined to such things as can be any colour at choice, such as carpets and clothes, that the subjects of them must be often the result of *selection* on the part of the producing agency. That is, they must consist of articles or scenes in which colour is an inevitable and prominent feature. Prof. Alexander mentions, for instance, among a list of over a dozen, a bunch of red berries amid green leaves, a striped necktie, and so on. Warcollier, during an experiment with phosphorescent glasses, saw a flame-coloured nasturtium with green leaves. A correspondent sends me the following, which well illustrates the point: “a cock in brilliant plumage in full sunshine, flapped his wings, neck outstretched and curved, as in crowing.” It may be noted in connection with this that cerebral after-images of scenes witnessed during the day, such as the manoeuvres of scarlet-coated soldiers in a park, or the student’s procession of St. Patrick, are also of a highly-coloured kind and seen in the sunshine.

By permission of the editor of *Light* I take the following beautiful scene³ which, except for the absence of change, is typical of the sun-lighted visions. The narrative says that rarely more than one presents itself in the same evening; that they are vivid, of too short duration to be minutely inspected, and occur only at the moment when sleep is coming on. “A desert scene: a glimpse of yellow-

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 243.

² Maury, *op. cit.*, pp. 81, 88.

³ *Light* (1920), Ap. 3, p. 112.

brown sand beneath a burning sun. There is a structure consisting of a long, peaked roof, supported by several tall columns. Underneath each of the arches so formed is standing a horse. They are beautiful creatures, with flowing manes and tails; their trappings give the impression of gorgeouslyness. In each saddle is seated the magnificent upright figure of a Spahi, clad in rich raiment and wearing a turban. In front of the structure, whose interior is in deep shadow, rises a small pyramid, gleaming white in the rays of the sun."

(7) *Emotional Reaction.*—It is in place here to say a few words as to the effect which the seeing of the visions has on the different percipients. All are not affected to the same degree, and still less in the same way; and it is difficult to determine whether the diversity lies in individual tastes or in the quality of the visions themselves. It would seem rather as though there were a more or less constant element at work in the presentation, and a more or less capricious temper in the audience. According to Dr. Walsh, in most adults the little stage displays "are unnoticed or excite no particular interest";¹ and in support of this may be cited Prof. Alexander, who says: "my own state at the time is almost untinged by feeling—perhaps a languid interest in watching the images, or amusement at their absurdities. Doubtless the interest tends to prolong the hypnagogic period and so multiply the number of the images, but it does not affect their character."² Even Mrs. Arnold-Forster, who begins by saying "Of all our borderland experiences perhaps none are more attractive," ends by saying that "no special interest attaches to them, and apart from moments of pleasure that they give us, they might not be worth even a passing reference."

As an intellectual verdict pronounced by these authorities, two of whom at least speak with first-hand knowledge, this would seem to dispose of the matter at a low rating. But yet it is not one in which the majority of our witnesses agree. There are at least three effects which

¹ Walsh, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

² *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 624.

differ widely from mere indifference. As has been previously remarked, children are often frightened as well as pleased, in almost equal proportions as regards their numbers, judging by the children's census, though the popular idea is that they are much more frequently frightened. Havelock Ellis, citing the French author E. Guyon,¹ says "he believes that children always find them terrifying," and comments "That, however, is far from being the case." When we consider what various authors have told us about their sufferings as children, even without any hypnagogic visions, it is surprising that fear is not more universal than it is. See, for example, the young Richter's story of the terrible two hours that always elapsed between his own bedtime and the coming of his father²; Charles Lamb's *Witches and Other Night Fears*; and J. A. Symonds' really pitiable ordeals of the same sort,³ as he feelingly relates them. Nor is fear confined to children. Maury's old servant kept her light burning as a preventive of "les vilaines figures," and the patient cited by McNish was "tortured" by her visions. All who describe their images in such forcible terms as "hideous," "monstrous," etc., if not frightened, are distressed and disturbed by them. This, then, is one of the emotional effects produced.

Another which is less frequently mentioned, but evidently does occur, is that of surprise, a remarkable thing if we consider it. The appearance of the pictures, according to Mrs. Arnold-Forster, "is always rather a surprise, and I am totally unable to guess when or in what form they will come, or what the 'picture on the screen' will change into."⁴ So also the lady who saw the "cottage in the circle" was "very much surprised and interested" (see p. 295 *supra*). Galton was "astonished at their variety,"⁵ his friend's "often appear with startling vivid-

¹ Ellis, *The World of Dreams*, p. 29; and Guyon, *Sur les Hallucinations Hypnagogiques*, Paris (1903).

² Autobiography, in the *Life* by Eliza Lee (1849).

³ Horatio Brown, *Biog. of J. A. Symonds*, i. 6-9.

⁴ Arnold-Forster, *op. cit.*, p. 163.

⁵ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 159.

ness." The element of the unexpected seems answerable for this, combined with the sense of complete detachment. James refers to the "abrupt and spontaneous" character of the pseudo-hallucinations, "in the sense that all feeling of our own activity in producing them is lacking."¹

Surprise, however, in the nature of the case cannot be continuous; it must yield to something else. And it is on the succeeding interest that the greater number of persons dwell. Thus Mrs. Deland mentions "much interest and amusement" derived from the faces and scenes;² a doctor is "much interested and entertained" by the panorama, "entirely outside of (his) mental action";³ Greenwood after many years still found the faces "very interesting indeed"; Herrick received "great pleasure" in his childhood (as did Dr. Clarke), and in later years relief from insomnia;⁴ and if we add to these the enjoyment and admiration implied in the terms used in speaking of landscapes, etc., (see Section VII.), the fact that such men as Greenwood could say "no words and no skill in using them can describe an intensity of meaning which is sometimes too vivid, too invading, too terribly convincing to be borne"; or again, Dr. Weir Mitchell: "I find it hopeless to describe in language, the beauty and splendour of what I saw," it is evident that the experience runs up far beyond what we can call interesting, even at its highest. In the case of the last writer referred to, he says that he was "critically attentive, interested, and curious," and it may be noted that curiosity is another emotion produced by the visions. It leads often to attempts to control, which will be considered in the proper place (see Section XII.).

IX. COMPANION PHENOMENA.

Although hitherto only visual hypnagogic hallucinations have been considered, the study is not complete without taking into account those other sensory forms which occur

¹ James, *op. cit.*, ii. 117.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IX. p. 121.

⁴ Quoted in De Manacéine, *op. cit.*, p. 240.

alternatively, or as accompaniments of them. These are impressions of hearing, smell, and sensation, in the order of their frequency, or perhaps it would be safer to say, in the order of their frequency of mention. There is a much smaller mass of data available for this further study, but enough to show that a parallelism exists. An analysis of Baillarger's thirty cases,¹ which formed his own original contribution to the study of the then unnamed "état intermédiaire à la veille et au sommeil," shows that ten subjects both saw and heard, while fifteen in all saw and twenty-two heard, two smelt, and five experienced hallucinations of touch. The sexes were ten men, eighteen women, and two not specified. If this table were any indication, it would certainly point to cases of hearing, either alone or in conjunction with other sensory hallucinations, being quite in the majority. But it cannot be altogether considered as on the same footing with the experiences of the sane; for persons who were sane all their lives never became patients for a longer or shorter time at the Salpêtrière. Those who were temporarily there, owing to shock (as of a workwoman, who witnessed a murder) and others who began by having hypnagogic visions for two or three years, and then suddenly developed continuous or periodical hallucinations, are instructive, because they form the link between the quite sane typical hypnagogist and the quite insane "halluciné." One old employé, who was not a patient, gives his own account, and it resembles the ordinary experiences in every point. It included voices as well as visions.

(1) *Hypnagogic Sounds*.—The question of auditory phenomena has been discussed by Prof. Alexander,² and by another author³ who says his imagination is of the auditory type. "Last night," he relates, under date November 3, 1914, "I saw several persons standing close together and heard them talking. The persons,

¹ *Mém. de l'Acad. Roy. de Médecine*, t. xii. pp. 476-516 (1846); previously in *Ann. Méd.-Psy.*, t. vi. pp. 1, 168 (1845).

² *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 632.

³ John Watson, *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. VII. p. 359.

especially the faces, were indistinct, and probably the words." Most of his experiences were after sleep. Havelock Ellis relates that "It has occasionally happened to me that as I have begun to lose waking consciousness, a procession of images has drifted before my vision, and suddenly one of the figures I see has spoken," and he was thereby startled into complete wakefulness.¹ It is not proposed to attempt anything like a complete outline of this part of the subject, partly because it is too large and merges into the general study of auditory hallucinations as a whole. Mr. J. Barker Smith has given ample material out of his own experience for an analytical study of voices,² though it would be necessary to distinguish the hypnagogic from his other instances. The impression conveyed is that there is something about them which corresponds to the colour, perspective, etc., of the visual images, and probably with sufficient data we might find every point paralleled. In the meantime I will only add here two examples from correspondents, which are more clear-cut and interesting than the foregoing, as combining vision and voice. The first is from a professional man, who, though often seeing, found this a "unique" vision. He writes: "There was quite a company of people about me, young women I believe, who looked towards me and passed on. One of them spoke. I heard the voice distinctly, soft and clear. It said '*He isn't asleep.*' That is all . . . I am certain I am not confusing this with a dream." He had previously said that he was prompted to turn up the light and make a note of this, but as the night was cold, and a keen wind blowing through the open window, he did not. The account was written a few days later. The second is from a lady who sent me the description within a few hours of the occurrence. It took place after a period of wakefulness in the night, when she had just closed her eyes with the desire to sleep.

¹ Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 33.

² See his series of 17 articles on Clairaudience in the *General Practitioner*, May 26-Sept. 22, 1900, and *Medical Times*, 1920-1923 (April).

Immediately on doing so the bows of a ship appeared on the left hand side of the bed. A rather blurred light fastened on the extreme point in front, under the bowsprit, lit the vessel up and made her look white, though I thought she might not have been. It was like moonlight. She cut through the water, making little waves that broke into foam. Twice the picture came, but only for a second or two, and only the fore-part of the ship. I said it was not so strange, as a friend had left a few days before for a long voyage, and others were arriving, when quite clearly and *authoritatively* a voice spoke on my right a little behind my pillows: "There's no occasion to warn her. We've got one ship off already." It was the voice of a working man of the better class.

These cases are in interesting contrast with a small number which powerfully suggest sound, though sound there comes none. For example, the lips that move as though forming a word, the crowing cock, Cardano's trumpeters marching with trumpets, as it were, in full blast but soundlessly, the laughing men, and so on. A curious but marked limitation of some sort is manifested here. Those who combine the auditory power with the visual have a richer content in their experiences, though Lelorgne could have well dispensed with the vast chanting choruses which tormented him.

With regard to music being heard in the hypnagogic period, this is rarer than voices. Lady Berkeley mentions the hearing of splendid organ music occasionally. Her account is as follows, and presents several points of interest :

I not infrequently hear bells (or something like bells) mostly at night, and have often got out of bed, opened all windows, etc., to ascertain whether they really were ringing, only to be met by complete silence outside. (We live on a hill, in extensive grounds and dominate the town of Nice, having no near neighbours.) On returning to bed, putting balls of wax in the ears and shutting all sounds out with pillows, I hear again these grand organ-like vibrations, which then often end by rocking me to sleep (so

to speak). In the same way I have at times heard musical harmonies which I was able (if I hurried) to play, and then write down. These harmonies always come in fragments, and hitherto the missing bit has not been supplied from "beyond," though a lady I know—and to whom I played them—declares they are the same as have been played to her *complete* by a musical medium she knows. This medium (a man) doesn't know one note from the other in his normal state, and can only play when under the influence of one of his "guides." I have not heard him, however, and shall not be sure the music is the same till I have done so. One must make sure in all these things. (*Letter of March 29th, 1923.*)

Apart from this interesting case the published instances are of an exact auditory parallel to the cerebral after-images of the eye. McNish, for instance, heard a well-known march; Maury has two cases of a similar sort.¹ In the first, he had been visiting Paul Delaroche, an artist at whose house Ambroise Thomas had given an improvisation. Lying long sleepless that night, he dozed and heard as in the distance several long and beautiful passages, which he says his poor musical memory would never have permitted of his recalling in the waking state. On a second occasion, lying on the deck of a steamer bound for Staffa, his eyes closed, he re-heard the air which the blind piper had performed on the bagpipes on the previous evening. There is possibly here some connection with the fact that most people are familiar with, of the tyranny of a rhythm or tune over the mental machinery, with the difference that the one is re-heard, while the other is, though involuntarily, recalled. This division, though very slight, would not be complete without a mention of Dr. Hodgson's case, given by Myers,² and illustrating in his work "the heightening of sensory faculty in dream." The dream-music, however, persisted into the waking consciousness for as long as a quarter of an hour, and was therefore truly hypnopompic. It was "very rich, very sweet," coming in the

¹ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

² *Human Personality*, i. 369.

auroral hour, and dying away as the light grew. "No pleasure that I have ever had in hearing music before or since," says Hodgson, "was at all comparable with the exquisite peaceful joy which flooded me as I listened to that music then."

(2) *Hypnagogic Smells*.—Mrs. Haweis's flight of great pink roses was accompanied by a scent which was "overpowering"; and in the extreme rarity of this hallucination her case is unfortunately all but unique. There is only one other (on record at present) of a nice scent. This occurs among Mrs. Tweedale's beautiful little series of complex hypnagogic experiences, as they evidently are, though not apparently recognised as such by her. Speaking of her childhood she says: ²

On hot velvety nights in June a curious scent of smoke would come to me, the measured hollow beating of bells, and a tremulous far-away piping. Years after, I stood alone one evening on the slopes of Etna, amid the pale asphodels and the desolation of tumbling lava-fields, and I heard the pipes of Pan, the reed pipe of the herd boy, and linked the past with the present. Again, passing through a region where the smoke rose from the charcoal burners' fires, the scent of an ancient memory came vapouring up, the unfamiliar scent that puzzled my childhood. . . .

The bells she explains as the ring of camel bells when a caravan broke camp at dawn. These two kinds of sensory hallucination, though separate, are given together here for the sake of unity. It is remarkable that the memory of a scent should have endured for so many years, but it conforms to the greater strength of impressions in childhood, frequently implied in adult accounts.

Maury's old servant who often smelt burning ³ (of which she had a dread), his old countryman who smelt a horrible stench which he said might be the smell of the Devil, considering the kind of faces that it accompanied, and Lelorgne's "odeur fétide," make up a group which would be the better of some sweetening. Several of Baillarger's

¹ *Ghosts I have Seen*, p. 14 (1920).

² Maury, *op. cit.*, pp. 66, 98.

cases included smelling, but none were agreeable. In Mr. Grünbaum's auto-suggested phenomena¹ when he had asked for the perfume as well as the sight of flowers, it will be remembered that the flowers were in coloured cotton wool, on the toes of slippers, and "then all at once I get the most fearful stink in my nose, as I never had before. I pull myself out of it with a start." But eleven days later, when a hand holding a rose on a long stem is shown, he says: "I smell during the time of one inhalation a very intense smell of beautiful roses. It smelt much nicer than ever a real rose could smell." And he adds in a note: "Still a while afterwards I had that delicious smell in my nose." Yet another possible example is that of the late Vincent Turvey, the author of *Beginnings of Seership* (p. 86). He had had a theological *contretemps* with a seller of Christian Evidence literature in the morning, who had left some unpleasant impressions behind, for "On lying down in the afternoon," says Mr. Turvey, "I suddenly saw three or four 'devils' in the room—typical orthodox fiends. Men with goats' legs, cloven hoofs, little horns just over their ears, tails, and claw-like hands. In colour they were entirely brown, like ordinary brown paper. I sat up to see if I were dreaming..." When a few minutes afterwards they disintegrated or dissolved, "the reader must imagine," he adds, "a cloud of steam, laden with fine dust made from cardboard, for that was the colour and the *smell*, as nearly as I can describe them, of these creations of a mind which believed (etc.)."

(3) *Sensations*.—Logically this subsection should present examples of tactile hallucinations which would compare with those of seeing, hearing, and smelling; but this is not proposed for the reason that no such examples can be found. The only approach to them is in Mr. Grünbaum's self-induced sensations, as of his bed tilting and rocking,² and some of Baillarger's cases already referred to.³ Five of these experienced touch, it is true, either as

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVII. pp. 395-6.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVII. p. 404.

³ See Section IX. (p. 344).

a feeling of being slowly immersed in water, dragged round the neck, etc. (Case XXI., from Casauvielh), or a painful torment, on lying down, of pricks, cuts, pinches (Case XXVI.), or a sense of cold water poured over the head (Case IV.), or the Devil holding a woman by the feet (Case XVII.), and so on. But none of these people was in the normal condition which our hypnagogic subjects have been in so far, without exception. And though it is true, as Dr. Michéa pithily remarks¹ that “L'halluciné n'est pas fou” (and he had made a study of 123 cases), yet it is well to keep quite on the far side of the line that separates the hallucinations of the insane, even if only partially and temporarily so, from those of the undoubtedly healthy-minded.

For this reason “sensations” are here limited to those physical feelings which accompany the exercise of seeing or hearing hypnagogic phenomena, and which are internal, not simulating any such as would be caused by an objective stimulus. One of these was the result (apparently) of exercising indirect control over the subject of the pictures seen. The experiment is given in full in the Section on Control (see p. 367 *infra*).

But next morning I was very tired, and had an odd feeling in the very middle of my head, as of coldness, that extended down the forehead to between the eyes. I have not been able to induce these conditions again. Thought forms were moulded and produced by the act of wishing them to be. It was a curious experience, and an exhausting one, for some reason.

This instance has the merit of being entirely spontaneous; the following is in contrast with it, being the account given me by a lady following the spiritualistic advice to “sit for development.” She writes:

My sensations as I sit may interest you. They are altogether very remarkable, and I attribute them to spirit agency as developing my psychic power. Sometimes I get very hot, hands and face, and my cheeks feel as if being

¹ *Mém. de l'Acad. Roy. de Médecine*, t. xii. p. 267.

kneaded like dough. Then I am conscious of a working in my brain, and sometimes I am left with a kind of nervous headache, which quickly dissipates. Another time I get deadly cold. I feel the cold creep upwards until my internal organs seem like ice, and my arms and back feel as if a breeze is blowing over them. Then . . . I get a sensation of plunging upwards. . . . My lips keep twitching, but I am fully conscious, and it is not altogether unpleasant. I have the same leaping in my brain, and as I am writing have felt it three or four times.

No such sensations are described as accompaniments by the observers of the "faces in the dark" generally, however, nor by clairvoyants, although it is interesting to find Dr. Barker Smith speaking of "surging pressures, numbing sensations of metallic coldness at the forehead, pressures sufficient to cause cerebral haemorrhage," as the accompaniments of auditory hallucinations.¹ All these "sensations" should be taken in conjunction with the data alluded to in Sec. XVIII. (Interior Vision).

X. THE HYPNOPOMPIC VARIETY.

The use of this term has been criticised by two of our authorities, in ways which are in opposition to each other, and which more or less ignore the source and meaning of the name. Havelock Ellis,² considering only that the state of semi-consciousness is similar, whether before or after sleep, says that it is "pedantic and not necessary" to use two terms for it; and if the aim were merely to characterise a condition of consciousness, that might be true. Prof. Alexander,³ however, says that in his own case he detects no similarity between the phenomena of the hypnagogic and hypnopompic periods, implying that they are supposed to be identical in type, but that he does not find them so; and we shall see on examining them in bulk that this is true of a certain

¹ *Medical Times*, April 1923, p. 54.

² "A Note on Hypnagogic Paramnesia," in *Mind*, vol. vi. p. 284 (footnote 2) (1897).

³ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 632.

group. There are certain broad differences, which are easily distinguishable.

But Myers, when originating the term,¹ practically limited it to "pictures consisting generally in the persistence of some dream-image into the first moments of waking," and emphasised the fact that these "*originate* in sleep, while in *illusions hypnagogiques* the vividness belongs to an intermediate phase." This distinction has been lost sight of, or rather "hypnopompic" has been used to characterise all after-sleep or half-waking hallucinations, and custom has confused them with the distinct species of the "intermediate phase." A separate word was certainly wanted to stand for the persisting dream-imagery, as the number of examples shows. Thus Taine, for instance, on waking up: "I have often seen, for a passing moment, the image grow pale . . . a fragment of landscape or the skirt of a dress appear still to float over the fire-irons."² Taine considered this a frequent experience. Gurney, on the contrary, had come to the conclusion that less than one per cent. of the population will be found to exemplify it.³

After-Images Again.—Before passing to the consideration of true hypnopompic images, within the limits of Myers' definition, we may notice that one of the features common to the before- and after-sleep states is the seeing of cerebral after-images. A number of such cases have already been referred to in a previous section (see p. 307 *supra*). Prof. Vignoli's vision in the very early morning, on the ceiling, of a trellised balcony with ivy and creepers adorning the pillars and a swinging bird-cage in the middle, which he had actually seen two days before, may be added here. It could not be seen with closed eyes, and it appeared in its natural colours. But almost all the other cases are not of scenes in picture form,

¹ *Human Personality*, vol. i. p. 125.

² Taine, cited by James, *op. cit.*, ii. 126. Cp. also Müller, p. 1394: "on waking too, in a dark room, it sometimes happens that images of landscapes and similar objects still float before the eyes."

³ *Phantasms of the Living*, i. 391 (footnote). He gives four cases from his own collection.

but of figures. Thus the narrator of one,¹ dozing on a hot summer afternoon, sees on waking (without a previous dream) a fleeting view of a man on the opposite side of the warehouse floor, a straw hat worn towards the back of his head, standing regarding some papers in his hand. He found that the man was accustomed to stand so, in that place. The vision is regarded as "the clothing of an emergent memory." Thus Dr. Bastian told Dr. Hack Tuke of his waking after the first sleep and seeing, as though he were still in his study, the figure of his landlady's little fair-haired child standing by the door.² Dr. Hack Tuke's own relative, who on three occasions saw a recognised dream-figure after awaking, Burdach's vision of his dead daughter in a similar way,³ Maury's of his maid-servant in her white apron,⁴ the Rev. E. H. Sugden's of a man whom he knew well and tried to kick on awaking,⁵ all exemplify this point, and all have the common feature of the figure being seen in normal spatial connection with the surroundings. The fact of recognition, whether begun in dream or not, also marks them as belonging to the "cerebral after-image" group.

It will be convenient now to deal with hypnopompic visions in two groups, the first being confined to persisting dream-images, strictly according to Myers' rule, and the second not having any marked connection with dream, but resembling more the hypnagogic type. In this way the distinction between the two will come out broadly.

(1) *The Strict Type*.—The classical example of a hypnopompic hallucination is Spinoza's, given by himself in a letter to Peter Balling, the translator of Spinoza's *Principles of Descartes' Philosophy*. The translation is that of his biographer, Sir Fredk. Pollock.⁶

One morning, as I woke out of a very heavy dream (it being already day) the images which had come before me in my dream remained before my eyes as lively as if they

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 183.

² *Brain*, xi. 449.

³ *Die Physiologie*, iii. 504; cited by de Manacéine, p. 278.

⁴ Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 81 (footnote).

⁵ *Phantasms*, i. 390.

⁶ *Spinoza, His Life and Philosophy*, ed. ii. p. 56 (1912).

had been the very things, and especially that of a scurvy black Brazilian, whom I had never seen before. This image vanished for the most part when, in order to divert myself with somewhat else, I cast my eyes on a book or any other thing; but so soon as I removed my eyes from their object without looking with attention anywhere the image of this same negro appeared as lively as before, and that again and again, until it vanished even to the head.

To this category belong also de Manacéine's visions of the image of Christ, crowned with thorns, of which the change of expression, from profound sadness to "a mild and joyous smile," continued when awake, in morning light; and her other vision of the Imperial Russian Standard in the national colours, of which the details (the eagle, two large golden tassels, etc.) were visible to her in absolute darkness, but with open eyes,¹ on waking. Strümpell's dream by a lady of a coffin with a mass of blue flowers,² Gruithuisen's of lightning, and the books in a library, seen moving from left to right,³ both given by this author, may be added to Gurney's examples⁴ of the undergraduate's green figure, the lady's blue watch-face, Miss Bidder's nightmare demon, and Abererombie's baboon.⁵ In several of these it is explicitly stated that they were seen with the eyes open, and this seems true of hypnopompic visions as a class. In particular it characterises that little group which is singled out by the presentation of the image in its complementary colour. Of such occurrences as spontaneous, in the dream and after-dream, there are three good examples:

(a) Meyer's little yellow dog, which was light when biting him in the dream, but dark in the waking state;⁶

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 280.

² *Die Natur. u. Entstehung d. Träume*, pp. 125 *et seq.*; de Manacéine, p. 329 (bib.); Sully, *Illusions*, p. 144.

³ *Beit. z. Phys.*, p. 232.

⁴ *Phantasms*, vol. i. pp. 390, 391 (footnote).

⁵ *Intellectual Powers*, ed. xxi. p. 278 (1882); quoted in De Boismont, *On Hallucinations*, p. 170 (1859).

⁶ *Phys. d. Nerv.*, pp. 239 *et seq.*

(b) Gruithuisen's often-quoted "beautiful violet colour produced by laying fluorspar on glowing coal,"¹ from which he woke "blinded as though by a ray of sunlight," and which became gradually violet-black and remained after opening his eyes; and

(c) Mrs. Drummond's "two-handled vase of a beautiful and classical pattern," which was green in the dream drawing-room where she saw it, but showed red on reclosing her eyes after waking.² Meyer (H. G.) and Féré are often mentioned as the only examples of the experimental production of this effect, Meyer obtaining the negative of his silver stirrup, and Féré, with prolonged effort and difficulty, the figure of a red cross, becoming green.³ This seems to be the work of the same faculty, only evoked and trained laboriously, which dwells easily and naturally in a far higher degree in those who can perform the "voluntary projection" of images, previously referred to (see p. 307 *supra*).

(2) *The Hypnagogic Type*.—In the preceding group, with perhaps the exception of the library books, none of the twelve instances shows change, multiplicity of content, processional movement, miniature size, or picture-form, as such; and for the rest, they contrast, as before mentioned, in being seen with open eyes, as spatially related to the spectator's actual surroundings, and very commonly in light. They are truly single persisting elements from the dream state, and authorities differ as to the relationship of the other visions to those of dreams. Dr. William McDougall, for instance, in his classification of hallucinations,⁴ admits the hypnagogic, but is doubtful if dreams should have a place in the table at all, while Dr. van Eeden definitely disallows the identity of the two, of both of which he had ample personal experience (see his "Study of Dreams," *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVI. p. 435). Perhaps a criterion may roughly be found in the fact

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 256; quoted in Parish, *Hallucinations and Illusions*, p. 128. Also in *Ann. Méd.-Psy.*, vii. 9; and Maury, *op. cit.*, p. 76, etc.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 145.

³ *Animal Magnetism*, p. 254 (Int. Sci. Ser.).

⁴ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ed. xi., art. "Hallucinations."

that in dreams the dreamer is part of all the scenes and doings, but in the hypnagogic state he is always a beholder only, and knows that he is not *in* the scenery or the view. As soon as he seems to be elsewhere than in his own chair or bed, we may suspect that the border-line has been passed and actual dreaming has begun.

The second group, then, consists of a species of visions approximating much more closely to those of the pre-sleep stage than to those we have just been surveying. A few have already been referred to in connection with other points. Mrs. Alaric Watts (see p. 312 *supra*) often saw on waking suddenly the strange symbolic figures, with explanations of their meaning on scrolls or shields. The second example given under the sub-division "Designs and Objects" (p. 320 *supra*),¹ as well as three given to illustrate movement (p. 331 *supra*), consisting of a panorama of objects or landscapes, belong here. The young gentleman whose experience was as follows² had it frequently from the age of twelve. "I have often," he says, "when waking in middle of the night, found the room apparently blazing with light, heard loud music, generally of a band, and seen a number of men and women, generally dancing or in rapid motion." This lasted some five to ten seconds, and the room seen was a strange one, not his own, nor could he ever recognise the dancers. Baillarger's thirteenth case is of a wine merchant who was wakened towards midnight by black devils, large and small, and by visionary men and women dancing in his cellar, which lasted till nearly six in the morning and prevented him from sleep. A pretty and typical instance is that of a little boy who saw on the ceiling, as he lay in his cot in his parents' bedroom, a procession of white cocks with red wattles, which "glided *backwards* in single file along the roof before my eyes, and disappeared one after another, behind the curtain of my mother's bed without making any motion, except that each cock, just before it disappeared, went through all the motions of crowing,

¹ This lady says she saw with closed eyes, but most frequently *after* sleep.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 82.

but emitted no sound." He considers that they were suggested by the toy cocks in stucco which he had seen in a crockery shop ; some days afterwards, however, his visions were of other toys, soldiers, horses, etc., but they were "perfect in form, coloured like nature, and moved naturally. The horses trotted, the wheels turned round, the men walked, and so on. These I continued to see in great numbers many days." ¹

It is possible that the recognition of the source of the last processions has been supplied by the elderly narrator, rather than that it was a matter of experience to him at the early age at which they appeared.

This sub-division may be completed by a reference to Cardano's fine miscellany of hypnopompic pictures, which included castles, houses, animals, horsemen, men in varied garb, soldiers, crowds, groves, forests and many other things, passing swiftly in circular form (see Appendix A for original Latin). He was aged from four to seven years when this occurred.

XI. MEMORY.

All attempts at accounting for the existence of hypnagogic phenomena must begin by a consideration of any normal and obvious causes ; and the most simple and primary question that suggests itself is as to the familiarity or otherwise of the subject-matter. As memory is the most fundamental and constantly exercised faculty of conscious being that we possess (since without it the sense of personal identity itself becomes uncertain), we naturally turn to it for an explanation, in part at least, of the phenomena under consideration.

But one of the most striking and surprising facts about our witnesses is the absence of what we should expect to be most in evidence, the ability to recognise and "place" them in relation to the vast host of visual recollections which even the most unobservant adult must have accumulated. They not only are not placed, but many expressly state that they have certainly never

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 151. By the Rev. A. H.

seen the things presented at all, as the following collection shows.

Sir John Herschel: "No reference or resemblance to any objects recently seen or even recently thought of."

Greenwood: "strikingly distinctive, but never remembered."

Bostock: "Not in a single instance any object with which he had been previously acquainted."

Gurney's correspondent: "always unknown faces."

Gurney's acquaintance: "on no single occasion . . . a known face."¹

"D": "like nothing I have ever seen in life or art."²

Mrs. Willert: "never recognised any place in many."³

Galton's friend: "no resemblance to any scenery I have ever looked upon."

Stead: "houses . . . that resembled nothing that I had ever seen in house architecture." (See in full, p. 296 *supra*.)

Galton's relative: "no face ever resembled any acquaintance."

Mrs. Haweis: (of the Rose vision) was never in the country but once (during childhood) and might almost say that she "had never seen a rose."⁴

Herriek: "These views rarely or never contained recognisable elements, nor could there be traced any association with real or imaginary places."⁵

Alexander: "no discoverable connection between the images and my concurrent reading, interests, or activities" (p. 624); "not memories . . . not things seen or previously imagined" (p. 630).⁶

Mrs. Arnold-Forster: "they represent places that I have never seen, although they are sometimes more or less like places that are known to me."

Spinoza: "whom I had never before seen."

¹ He refers also to the writers in the *St. James's Gazette*, one of them Greenwood, then writing anonymously.

² *St. James's Gazette*, Feb. 15, 1882.

³ *Phantasms*, i. 474.

⁴ Galton, *op. cit.*, p. 166.

⁵ *Jour. Comp. Neur.*, July 1895; quoted by de Manacéine, p. 240.

⁶ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III.

From the narratives given in the *Journal* of the S.P.R., I take the following :—

“Never the faces of friends or well-known people.”¹

“Cannot remember ever to have seen them (the pictures) in reality.”

“Always faces of people unknown to me.”²

“Could not remember having seen any scenes exactly like this.” (See in full, p. 295 *supra*—the Cottage in Circle case.)

“Faces always those of persons unknown to me; the scenes are unfamiliar but commonplace.”³

“Cannot say that I recognised any of the pictures or persons.”⁴

“Faces always new, never those of friends.”⁵

Next to these examples, given in full tale to emphasise the majority which they form, come the far scantier ones in which perhaps a single exception vitiates the unqualified “never” or “always” which predominates in the type as a whole. Thus Müller says: “They rarely take the shape of recognisable realities.”⁶ A writer in the *Journal S.P.R.* speaks of having only twice recognised the faces as those of living friends, and says “memory has nothing to do with it” (*i.e.* the seeing in general).⁷ Lang gives a single exception in his own list of seers. “I had visited Carlisle Castle, and remarked the heraldic bearings carved in miniature on the door lintels by prisoners of old. Not long afterwards I saw them distinctly in a hypnagogic illusion.”⁸

Among my correspondents several use such expressions as “faces, known and unknown,” “some recognised, some not,” “sometimes recognised,” “sometimes friends,” but these are either professed spiritualists or persons who have seen “the faces” since beginning the process called “sitting for development” or sitting in a circle; those

¹ Vol. IV. p. 276.

² Vol. VIII. p. 158.

³ Vol. VIII. p. 269.

⁴ Vol. VIII. p. 271.

⁵ Vol. VIII. p. 295.

⁶ *Phant. Gesicht.*, quoted by Ladd.

⁷ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 170.

⁸ Thomas, *Crystal Gazing*, Introd. p. xxx.

who have always seen or do so without any exterior suggestion or stimulus, like others, say they "never recognise," or, as in the case of my Edinburgh correspondent and the caves of Ellora, a solitary exception may occur. This deviation from the normal rule in the case of spiritualists is instructive as showing the influence of expectation and belief, for it is the faces of the dead whom they recognise, and not the living. In this connection, however, even Maury belongs to "cette galère," for he says (p. 86): "Ainsi je vis naguère assez souvent la figure de mon père, que j'ai pourtant perdu depuis bien des années puisqu'il est mort en 1831.¹ Ses traits se présentaient à mon oeil clos avec cette même vivacité qu'ils ont toujours eu dans les nombreux rêves où il m'est apparu."

In spite of the fact that Maury must head the list of exceptions, since he claims so often to have recognised the objects and places which he saw, yet he is obliged to admit that he was also visited by crowds of "pure fantaisie" and "figures fantastiques," and saw pictures of things which he had seen unconsciously, — "*d' mon insu*"—and very strange altered reproductions of things seen (p. 69). So that even with him, in spite of his theory to the contrary, recollections were not "le cas le plus habituel." I find, indeed, only one other witness, a writer in the *Journal S.P.R.*,² who was in the habit of seeing at night things that had made an impression on him during the day, such as dead leaves, after a long day in the forest, strawberries, etc., and the faces of friends and relatives very distinctly, but he tells of having *once* seen, at the age of seven or eight, "an ugly old woman" whom he connected with some childish misbehaviour; and at the time of writing he had almost ceased to see any visions.

The cases of cerebral after-images, already given in previous sections (see *supra*, pp. 306 and 352), are of course very definitely memory-images; they contrast with all the rest by the exactitude of detail which they display

¹ This was written at the earliest in 1848.

² Vol. IV. p. 277.

and which can be consciously corroborated. That they occur during the hypnagogic period, and possibly by means of the same mechanism, may be due to some other cause than that which produces those phenomena themselves. Because the general conclusion which we are invited by the foregoing body of evidence to deduce, seems to be that the known or the expected shall not form any part of the visions; and that, whatever their source, it is not from the reserves of the conscious mind that they are drawn. There seems, indeed, beyond this even, to be some sort of recalcitrancy that meets us whenever a particular desire is in question. For example: A. G. A. describes how he had for many years cultivated a "picture memory," training himself to make mental observation of scenes to such an extent as to be able, with the help of brief memoranda, to paint them from memory. But the act of concentrating on such scenes *at night* had the effect of bringing up the other kind. "The remarkable thing was," he says, "that these pictures not only never resembled the scenes I would have liked to see, but they never resembled any people or faces that I had ever seen." Again, a correspondent tells me that she was undergoing "magnetic" treatment for insomnia, and the practitioner would "suggest" various objects, but she "invariably sees things that are entirely different from what he suggests," and which it interests and surprises him to hear about! Mr. Grünbaum, also, in his numerous auto-suggestions had but a minimum of success. Dr. Woolley summarizes the case thus: "With the rarest exceptions, the vision which Mr. Grünbaum actually experienced was not the one that he wished for and expected" (and frequently was helping by his own visualisation) and "sometimes, as in the smell of the carpet slippers, it was just the reverse."¹ Again, when Prof. Alexander was trying to form a distinct memory image of an Academy picture by Henner, of a girl in a red hood, the vision that came was the bicycle scene with two young people (see *supra*, p. 326, Scenes). Lang offers yet

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXVII. p. 399.

a further example in his own experience of hypnagogic images. "Sometimes when they occur," he says, "I try to call up 'the face I shall not see,' or rather the faces, now so many, of those whom we have lost awhile. But this proves impossible. The unknown, the uncalled for, the unexpected strange faces, fair or hideous, sweep past; never, never once, the faces of our desire."¹ This is not the work of the "law of reversed effort" but what one might almost call a "law of perversity," the first cousin to that trick of memory which makes one forget a well-known name or address upon being suddenly asked for it. The angry exclamation of the Procktophantasmist² to Faust and the phantom crowd on Walpurgis Night, who persist in ignoring him:

"That devil's crew, they pay no attention to rules," is very often appropriate to hypnagogic hallucinations.

XII. CONTROL.

The point just considered, of the response or absence of response to the wish of the perceiver, connects very closely with the question of control. We should review here all that has been said about the suddenness, the spontaneity, and independence of the visions, and how they sometimes waken the drowsing consciousness with a shock, as Mr. Fielding-Ould says. Many have testified to the wilfulness which makes the phenomena entirely unamenable. A correspondent, wishing to supply me with the very latest and most recent data about his own experience, writes in despair that the "furtive beings" which lurk in his brain-cells (as he dramatically puts it) refuse to come out and play. "I have insisted and commanded, begged and pleaded," but without result. A well-known author and member of the S.P.R., however, told me recently that he had only to say to himself that he would like to see "the pictures" and they come; but this is exceptional. As a rule they will neither be

¹ Thomas, *Crystal Gazing*, Introd. p. xxix.

² *i.e.* Nicolai; see Müller, *op. cit.*, p. 1397.

commanded nor invited; if watched, they "go out instantly"¹ or whirl about so rapidly as to make observation very hard.² Observers learn a certain cunning. "Warned by frequent experience," says Taine, "I know that sleep is coming on, and that I must not disturb the rising vision: I remain passive, and in a few minutes it is complete."

Some writers speak of children as having an advantage; Dr. Clarke, for instance, goes as far as to write³ "Many children, especially very young children, possess the power, when they have closed their eyes in the dark, of surrounding themselves, by a simple act of volition, with a panorama of odd sights. . . . Most children who possess this power like to exercise it and see the show which they can call up in the darkness." He mentions a case known to him where the (then elderly) man had done this "by an act of volition," but as manhood approached, he adds, "he lost the power, and although he has frequently tried since childhood, to people the darkness in the old way, he has never been able to do so." He himself speaks of having "possessed the power of voluntarily summoning such companions about me," but says again, "it was only on rare occasions that I could do so by an act of volition." He generally had to wait for the phantoms to come of themselves, and after childhood had passed never succeeded, even with frequent endeavours, in obtaining any results. Perhaps here the fact that children are more liable to the visions, as is known, has caused them to be credited with powers which are really far more limited. De Quincey's child, for instance, could get them to go when he told them, "but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Dr. Clarke's old lady had suffered their coming when it was no pleasure to her, and she was, unlike the boy, not able to "tell them to go and they go." Whenever children are frightened by their seeing, they would certainly use their volition to protect themselves, *if they could*. Mrs. Haweis who

¹ S. M. B. in *Occult Review*.

² Prof. Henslow.

³ *Visions: a Study of False Sight*, p. 212.

was not frightened, but pleased, could not prevent the smothering of her roses by the blocks, or the diminishing of the vision as she grew older.

Other adult testimony is in line with this. Thus Margaret Deland says she has no power to call up the scenes, and Galton's friend's words are very emphatic: "So far from depending on any voluntary effort of the mind," he says, "they remain when I often wish them very much to depart, and no effort of the imagination can call them up." A doctor of Harvard says: "As I nearly approach the condition of ordinary sleep, I realise that I have given up all voluntary control over the action of my mind."¹ The lady of the "globe pictures,"² testifies that she has never, by an effort of will, been successful in summoning any apparition. "They come and go in their own way." "It is the essential nature of these 'visions,'" says Mrs. Arnold-Forster,³ "that no exertion of will can summon them at our pleasure, and that, as far as we can tell, they are wholly independent of our control." "They cannot," says Fielding-Ould, "be conjured up at will . . . the thing vanishes, and refuses to be reconstructed by the working mind for further scrutiny." "I never could command them," says A. G. A. "Cannot be controlled," says Dr. Weir Mitchell. Prof. Henslow, who made the most determined efforts, says that visual objects in the full career of the change "are imperative in their refusal to be interfered with." Greenwood concurs. Lang says, "I cannot command or modify the forms."

These dozen or so of hypnagogists represent the entirely negative aspect of the connection of the conscious will with the visions. It is proper to see what can be said on the other side, and to turn to such examples as we have of control: for they do exist, though not in large numbers. The simplest form is the repetition of a picture already seen. This is difficult, but the seer of the "Cottage in the Circle" (see *supra* p. 295) succeeded, though she

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IX. p. 121.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 76.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 164.

says, "the result was very feeble compared to the first." A. G. A. speaks of never being able to get them to recur "more than three or four times at most"—which is exceptionally often, considering that the usual experience is like that of Mrs. Willert: ¹ ("can never recall the same picture however much I try"). Another attempted form of control is in the change of subject-matter; Burdach is reported to have been able to change "hideous and terrifying faces" to figures of kaleidoscopic character by concentrating his attention on architectural views.² Prof. M. relates ³ that after the first spontaneous appearances (produced by the impression made by the Great Exhibition of 1851) his will "used often to help them on," although he could not always get them when he wanted to. Sir John Herschel's landscapes were seen "within limits variable at will," while one of the writers in the *Journal* ⁴ says also, "I can dismiss these images or change to a new series with a slight effort of will." We may compare with this Mr. Deering's account, given in full in the earlier edition of *Phantasms of the Living*,⁵ of his vision, while resting in the afternoon, of a scene in a novel which his daughter was reading beside him. He says that the "gardens, slopes, rivulets, and various little vistas," which he was accustomed to see in the half-waking stage could be dismissed at his bidding, and immediately replaced by others, and remarks that his control was "more immediate and more absolute" over a change of figures than of scenes. On the occasion in question after twice bidding the scene to go (as it contained a coffin) and finding it persist, he decided to wake fully, and so ended it.

The method of ending the vision by opening the eyes, or by an involuntary return to full wakefulness, is a form of "control," if it can be termed so, which is more common than any other.

So far as direct volition goes, it evidently acts within

¹ *Phantasms*, i. 474.

² De Manacéine, p. 239.

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 81.

⁴ Vol. VIII. p. 170.

⁵ Vol. i. p. 400. Not in the abridged edition, and inaccurately given in Harrison's *Spirits Before our Eyes*, p. 84.

very circumscribed limits, if at all, with the majority. The few persons who have deliberately induced the power of seeing are in rather a different category. The artist who saw decorative designs¹ carried on an educative process for several years, beginning by willing to see letters one by one, as if written in gold on a black ground; but this induced the true hypnagogic faculty, for she also came to see faces, and frequently entire figures moving in a landscape. Just the same thing happened with Meyer, who after reaching the point at which he could call before his eyes almost any object which he pleased, and in its own natural colour and illumination, says that some time after the pictures have arisen they vanish or change into others "without my being able to prevent it."² He also failed to see fancy objects "but familiar ones came instead."

So far, all the examples adduced have been of direct efforts made to affect the visions; but we come now to a little group in which more success is attained by the indirect method of influencing the thoughts. The conclusion that this was the better way was arrived at by Marie de Manacéine, who also illustrates it by the case of a girl known to her, who by looking at a beautiful picture before she went to bed managed to "drive away the ugly faces" that otherwise would come.³ Maury also has an example of the method of impressing a direction on the mind, when he saw a picture of Ingres' "Odalisque" after thinking of the Marquis d'Hervey's book (which occupied much of his attention) in which odalisques are mentioned.⁴ Prof. Alexander, who makes the third salient feature of the visions the fact that they are extraordinarily independent and unpredictable, and that they come and go of themselves without apparent interconnection, remarks:⁵ "On occasion I have been

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 269.

² See his own account quoted by James, *Principles of Psychology*, vol. ii. p. 66.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 243.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 81.

⁵ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 622.

able, not to influence wittingly, but to observe the influence of my thoughts upon the images: *e.g.* an image appears, and I say to myself curiously 'That resembles a frog (an alligator, or what not).' Forthwith the image transforms itself into a frog." A very similar report is given by Mr. Gheury de Bray in his account,¹ where he also speaks of the things pictured as entirely beyond his volition, as to the state that produces them, but partially amenable to his volition when once begun. His type is that of the continuous panoramic landscape, and this could be modified, as from flat country to hilly, or adorned with the blossoms of springtide fruit-trees, but the changes were a natural development of what was already in process. "If I 'willed' an unlikely thing," he says, "it did not come." But on the other hand, when he willed to see a "crashed" aeroplane he did see it. Warcollier, who tried an exactly similar experiment, failed.² Was this because the one seemed to be in the air, and the other, as normally, on the solid earth?

A correspondent sends me a good illustration in detail of just this "indirect" method, drawn from immediate experience and unaffected by theory or the knowledge of other people's methods. The type is different from the panoramic, but resembles it in being of nature or still-life, and occurring *after* the first sleep, but clearly not a continuation of dream. One may note that the stopping is as definite and unexpected as the beginning. In Mr. de Bray's case the movement simply slows down and so goes "pianissimo"; with this case it "vanishes" and nothing further comes at all.

"The curious experience to which I alluded previously, in which the will (or wish) was potent, I will now describe. It began by my being awakened suddenly from sleep in the small hours by the barking of a neighbour's dog; when this happens, and not infrequently—the dog's happiness and freedom being more considered than the neighbours'—my night's sleep is shattered like a pane

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. XX. p. 256, and Vol. XXI. p. 71.

² *La Télépathie*, p. 191 (1921).

of glass, with no more hope of mendage, and nerves go very much to pieeces. This time I took myself severely in hand, resolving to be calm, quite calm, and lay passive. Presently I saw the big trunk of a tree, with mossy roots, at the foot of the trees even several small indistinet white objects. I wasn't sure what they were—'Mushrooms, perhaps?' I thought—and they clearly became mushrooms! Then they shifted again—and 'No' I thought 'they are not mushrooms, they're PLAYING CARDS.' And in a trice they became playing cards. I saw the black and red pips on them; then all gone. This was becoming interesting and I waited for the next picture. It came as a bank of dense plants, clumps like very large forget-me-not plants—nothing else, only the leaves. I thought, 'Now can I get these plants to blossom.' I had no sooner formed the wish than I saw flowering stems and buds pushing out from among the leaves; they grew by degree, and unfolded. I was so thrilled I hardly dared to breathe. A flower unfolded of a kind quite unknown to me, yellow, with some brown spots in the throat. About half a dozen were in bloom and others in all stages, when it was gone! Most certainly I was not asleep. My mentality was most keenly awake and absorbed in this quite new development. 'If another comes,' I said to myself, 'I'll try to get something alive.' Now this I think the most interesting and inexplicable of all. There came a sort of confusion and shaking in the darkness—indistinet bunches that *moved*—then I saw hanging down several legs and feet of game birds, the claws and scales on the legs lifelike; below them rose the head and forepart of a little animal that looked like a rat, its head was turned over, and the mouth open. I saw the pink tongue and lips. Then all vanished. And I saw no more at all."

XIII. SIGNIFICANCE.

This is to be taken as strictly limited to the interpretation placed on the phenomena by the observers, and not to the value of them in the abstract. The significance is, in individual cases, of an entirely different nature according as it is seen from the point of view of

personal relationships, or from that which it holds in the estimation of the student, and quite possibly from what it is in the natural order. Nothing more can be claimed for it, than that the observer believes or feels or thinks that there is such and such a meaning in the visions, and however valueless his or her opinion may be, it is not a complete study that would ignore or omit it altogether. For this reason, though there is little to be said and that little is obscure owing to the highly personal nature of the facts, yet it has its place.

Thus one of my correspondents is convinced that the scenes she sees are those of her own previous lives. Where the belief in reincarnation already exists this is very natural, and probably others share the idea, since this is an age in which the ancient doctrine is not without its followers. But the interest of the case lies in the fact that a connected series of visions should occur, since from all we have hitherto seen the opposite is the rule. Upon enquiring *how* the subject knew the scenes to have the connection ascribed to them, and whether any sort of corroboration had been obtained, my informant wrote that she was informed by her "guide" that the scenes were of her previous lives, that she recognised the figure as herself in each picture in spite of changes of dress, age, and surroundings, and that no verification so far had been forthcoming. It is open to debate whether this is a case of directive influence, acting broadly, or not. Considering the countless series of connected scenes which modern fiction, plays and films provide, it is surprising that we do not get more of such instances; but it does not seem to be so.

Of a totally opposite sort is the conviction, of which Mrs. Tweedale's is an example, that the scenes are premonitory, and due to fall in the future at some time. If people *must* somehow relate the visions to themselves as having some kind of personal significance always, and they cannot place them in their own previous experience, this is also a natural and reasonable point of view. And the phenomena of premonitory dreams and

premonitory clairvoyance go so far to support the possibility of visions of future surroundings taking place, that no dogmatic negative can be pronounced on the theory. At the same time common sense emphasises the fact that as all such visions cannot reasonably be brought under this explanation, and there is no test but fulfilment to distinguish the true premonitory from any others; the belief ends where it begins, in private personal opinion, and makes no contribution to our actual knowledge.

Between the acceptance of hypnagogic visions as of a possible past and a possible future, comes the third, that of the actual present, and the extraordinary distinctness and the living movement and detail of many of the pictures give a reasonable basis for this idea, especially in those who have heard more or less of clairvoyance and have not made much study of hallucinations. Thus Stead felt that what he saw "was not a picture—it was there." The two scenes "simply came as if I had been able to look through a glass at what was occurring somewhere else in the world. I had my peep and then it passed." This would describe the impressions of many, but the fleeting nature of the scenes, the impossibility of proving definitely that what was seen was really taking place, perhaps in some distant country, makes the obtaining of evidence insuperably hard. Since the visions are usually at night, the day-time life of the globe is removed many degrees from us, but as it never ceases, that is no barrier to glimpses of it reaching the minds of those who are at the ultra-sensitive epoch of the hypnagogic time.

The fact that this period is one of high suggestibility is well established. Hudson¹ gives it a high place in his method of mental therapeutics; de Manacéine's experiments,² and Baudouin's work on the principles of M. Coué,³ illustrate it by practical examples. And visions

¹ *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, chap. xiv. (1893).

² *Sleep*, pp. 199-218 (1897).

³ *Suggestion et Auto-suggestion*, pt. ii. chap. ii. p. 106 *et seq.* (1921).

of recognised persons, in unknown conditions, also occur, which, though they differ in this very particular (of recognition) from the typical hypnagogic hallucinations, yet are thereby possible to prove as veridical. Three such cases have been communicated to me; in one a lady says: "Since writing to you last, one of my sisters has been ill. I woke a few nights ago and saw her and her bed, a facsimile, in my own room." In another a mother saw her son, his eyes closed, leaning back in a railway carriage, wearing a cap, all of which points were contrary to his use and habit. But they turned out to have been true of him at the time. A third case I will give in full, by the kindness of my correspondent in Edinburgh, whose uncoloured miniatures have already been referred to (p. 338 *supra*). After the description of these she continues:

"All next day, Sunday 4th February, I saw two roads, one behind a leafless beech-hedge, and great beech trees beyond; the other with snow everywhere, strange trees and queer feathery bushes continually blowing about, instead of the hedge. Into this latter scene came a figure very like my husband, but the face was always blurred. Also three men occasionally stood together, as if to be photographed, but their faces were blurred. There seemed often to be a vehicle moving along, but I sensed it more than saw it. . . . I have written this from my notes, but a curious thing has happened since. My husband, who is in a lonely part of Northern British Columbia, wrote and said he had a long and tedious drive on a very rough sticky road on the Sunday, 4th Feby." In reply to inquiries she wrote further: "I am glad to be able to tell you I can absolutely verify that it was in the snowy road I saw my husband's figure coming towards me, also the three men. Three live in the next place to him, but their faces were blurred, and though I know two of them, I had no feeling who they were. I can also verify it was about three weeks after that I heard from my husband that he drove home that day. The roads being difficult, it took him a long time. He has never mentioned driving to this place

before, but always going by train. The next letter mentioned willows, which I had never connected with the place before, and the waving bushes might have been willows." That the state of consciousness immediately after sleep is one very favourable to telepathic impressions received much illustration from the series of experiences of this sort reported by Mr. Hubert Wales (in *Proc. S.P.R.* XXXI. 124 *sq.*). These scenes were strange to the percipient, but recognised by Mr. Wales, *e.g.* his woodshed, garden, cat in the larder, etc., and many little home intimacies quite unknown to Miss Samuels, who saw and made notes of them "at all manner of unearthly hours, whenever she happened to wake." Note, however, that attempts at definite thought-transference failed (p. 127).

It would appear from such instances as these that in the hypnagogic state pictures sometimes are those of actual circumstances, though the proportion of such is perhaps very small, and except by actual recognition they cannot be distinguished from the *melée* which present themselves.

A fourth point in the significance of the visions is that they sometimes have a moral value for the percipient. They might say, if they had a collective voice, "All for your delight we are not here," but sometimes for edification. Thus Mrs. Haweis connected the vision of the roses with an "elevated spiritual state"; Mrs. Tweedale says of her childhood experiences, "Childish days but sacred nights." Greenwood learned weighty lessons from his "faces." Maury, as one might expect, and others who think with him, attributes many visions of the saints to this class. It is certainly the fact that intimate spiritual lessons are conveyed to some in this way; but in the nature of the case they cannot be made use of like the rest. Sometimes a scene is allegorical or a symbol; such as (perhaps) the late Miss E. K. Bates' vision of the swallows which she took to represent a protective band of spirits,¹ or Amanda Jones's of the

¹ *Seen and Unseen*, pp. 45, 46, Pop. Ed. (1908).

handsome cow with a foaming pail of milk, which typified a cheque then on its way to her with needed financial provision.¹

In another instance,² in which the appearance of a black curtain sprinkled with minute red dots was seen on five occasions, it served as a death omen for persons (not relatives) in the neighbourhood or surroundings of the beholder.³

XIV. SUMMARY.

Out of the 120 instances described or referred to in the foregoing, we may now place on one side, as of subsidiary value, those few (ten at the most) which illustrate the voluntary projection of mental images. They are subsidiary because they employ definite volition and the conscious use of imagination, and take place usually in daylight and in full consciousness. All these points place them in contrast with the seeing of hypnagogic images. Next to these we may place on one side a larger group of those who see (positive) cerebral after-images of scenes or objects. The characteristics which also separate these from hypnagogic visions are that, first, they present exact and recognised details of some *recently*-seen subject. In almost all the cases (17 in all) the vision is of something that has made a marked impression by means of its novelty or its requirement of prolonged attention during the previous day. Secondly, they are seen with open eyes, and in a few cases⁴ (Vignoli, Dr. Lombard) in daylight. Of these, Dr. Lombard and the three persons with him were able to produce the reproduction at will, and were certainly fully awake.

¹ *A Psychic Autobiography*, p. 221. The visions of Mrs. Alaric Watts and "Mrs. W." (see pp. 356 and 338) were notably of this type.

² *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 244.

³ For an example of the readiness of some people to find "meanings" for other people's visions, see *Occult Review* XI., 334 ("Dreamer") and *Ibid* XII., 51 (R. B. Span).

⁴ That of Prof. Vignoli is quoted in *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. X. p. 141, and Dr. Lombard's is referred to on p. 307

The approximation to the hypnagogic pictures is chiefly in those cases where the beholder was not only in the dark but in bed, and therefore, in the nature of the case, courting sleep; but it has been remarked that even then the subject-matter did not repeat itself on subsequent nights, but only on the one occasion on which the deepest, because the newest, impression, had been made.

Next to the seeing (automatically) of after-images should be reckoned all those cases which I have called hypnopompic of the strict type. A person who has once, or only on a few occasions, seen a dream-figure prolong itself into the waking state, is not a subject for studying hypnagogic phenomena from. These single, usually motionless residua of dream, are seen with open eyes, by daylight, and do not otherwise display the marks of the other type, notably that of continual change, and they are far briefer in duration.

Of the mass of typical cases which remain, an analysis gives the following results as regards frequency.

Table of Frequency.

	Per cent.
Once only - - - - -	6
A few nights - - - - -	5
Short period (weeks or months) - - - - -	3
Recently (since 1920) - - - - -	5
In youth only (up to 20 years) - - - - -	12
Occasionally - - - - -	5
Over a span of years - - - - -	9
Frequently - - - - -	36
Life-long - - - - -	16
At any time, on closing the eyes - - - - -	3
	100

In this table none of Baillarger's cases have been included, for reasons previously given, but the number for "Short period" would then have been considerably increased. Neither have the results of the children's census been taken into account, because we cannot tell what proportion of those children would cease to see

on reaching maturity. The distinction between "Frequently" and "Life-long" is based on the statement of each of the latter subjects that this was the case.

An analysis of the health conditions obtaining is given below. In the majority of the cases no statement is made, and the presumption is, therefore, that there was no occasion for it. In eleven cases the witnesses have mentioned that their health was good; Gurney's relative was "very good"; and several of my correspondents, when not personally known to me, have yet given enough internal evidence in their letters to enable them to be placed with assurance. The small "delicate" class, who are not ill and yet not robust, consists of Prof. M. ("in delicate health for a year"); Herrick, who suffered from insomnia; Maury, who suffered many ills; Dr. Clarke, who gives enough internal evidence in his book to judge by, and died of a lingering illness at the age of fifty-six; De Quincey and Lamb, who are both known to the public fairly intimately. It will be noticed that they are all brain-workers of distinction.

Health Table.

Condition.	Per cent.
Delicate - - - - -	6
Synchronising with illness - - - - -	8
Increased by illness - - - - -	1
Stopped by illness - - - - -	1
When tired (3 "very tired") - - - - -	7
When "Not too tired" - - - - -	1
When excited - - - - -	1
In good health - - - - -	11
No connection with health - - - - -	2
No statement: <i>i.e.</i> in good health - - - - -	62
	100

As regards both physical sight and visualising power, we are worse off for the purposes of enquiry than for either frequency or health, since only 40 per cent. of our cases give information on either point; and it is less permissible to take visualising ability for granted in the

general average than to take health. So far as we have data, however, the case stands as follows :

Sight and Visualisation.

	Per cent.
Eyesight, good - - - - -	27·5
„ bad (short, weak, almost gone) - -	12·5
Visualising power, good - - - - -	37·5
„ „ poor - - - - -	22·5
	100

If the proportions here indicated are any guide to the remaining 60 per cent., both good sight and visualisation predominate but are not indispensable.

The visions themselves form five main classes, beginning with those of colour only, or a sense of diffused light, and embracing all possible visual images. Those consisting of scenes are often highly coloured, brilliantly lighted, very distinct, miniature in size, and contain numerous details, frequently of persons in movement, especially towards the end of the hypnagogic period when actual sleep supervenes. In the case of faces alone, and fragments of the person, the process of forming can be watched; either as building up from cloudy masses and bright spots, or as drawn in fiery or phosphorescent lines. In this they contrast with patterns, landscapes, objects and complete figures, which are usually presented entire. Change, with more or less rapidity, is a mark of these pseudo-hallucinations. It is effected either by transition from one figure to another, by fading out and substitution, or by panoramic movement. They are affected by any attempt at conscious observation, and then either disappear or become “impossible.”

A small proportion, 12 per cent., have auditory hallucinations, either accompanying the visual or predominating over them; still fewer have olfactory and tactile sensations. About 3 per cent. report internal sensations which coincide with the seeing of the pictures.

The two points which offer the widest problem, and on which there is most ground for at least stating the case as to the significance and play of causes, are memory

and volition. The subject of memory, though 22 per cent. of the accounts give no clue as to the recognition or otherwise of the subject-matter, yet leaves a sufficiently large number of those who do, to form some conclusions upon. They admit of being analysed as follows :

Memory.

	Per cent.
All matter quite unrecognised	60·5
Unrecognised, with one, two or three ex- ceptions - - - - -	5·215
Usually, or often recognised - - - - -	20·25
Partially recognised and unrecognised - - -	14·035
	100

The above figures refer to the seers, and not to the visions themselves. That is, only one-fifth, for instance, of all who have described their visions have stated them to be of recognised persons, places, or things, while three times that number say that they never see the known or familiar.

In respect of any command exercised by the will, it is much more difficult to analyse the data than when we are dealing with memory. A large number of people (52 per cent.) do not indicate that they have ever attempted in any way to control the hypnagogic visions ; it has no more occurred to them than to try and alter the course of a play on the stage or to rule their dreams. And of the remainder, less than half have done so, either with experimental intentions or otherwise. Those who have tried must be divided into two classes : those in whom the minimum of control is achieved, either by holding the vision (usually only two minutes or so) or by getting it repeated, which I call "slight control" ; and those who by self-training or temperamental facility can change the subject-matter or "see" what they wish. A difficulty arises by the casual use of "willing" where one suspects *wishing* would be a more correct term. It may be very difficult to draw the line between the two, but nature seems to do so when she grants success to the wish and withholds it from the command. And with the majority of those who have tried, neither is of any avail. Some

cases, too, are complex, beginning like De Quincey or Meyer in a deliberate purpose but not being able to check the mechanism when desired later on; or, as in the case of McNish, being able by opening the eyes to banish Ducrow and the whole audience, but not able by any effort to change the music or soften it.

These things make any attempt at classification very imperfect, and the smallness of the number concerned perhaps makes it futile, but for the sake of completeness the proportions may be stated.

	Per cent.
Persons with no control - - - - -	54.65
Control by will (slight) - - - - -	20.8
„ „ „ (much) - - - - -	14.45
„ „ wish, or indirectly - - - - -	10.1
	100

XV. CRYSTAL VISION : A COMPARISON.

Several authorities have observed that hypnagogic visions and visions in the crystal have certain points of resemblance; and are so far cognate that the examination of the less known phenomena may make a comparison of profit. Crystal visions have received a far larger share of attention, and much has already been done towards preparing the field for their study. There are at least five good standard series, presented by observers of the first class, apart from others as good in quality but fewer in number. These are Miss Goodrich-Freer's own visions,¹ those of Mrs. Verrall² and Miss A.³ given by Myers, those of Miss Angus⁴ given by Lang, and Mrs.

¹ In *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. V. pp. 486-521 (1889); Vol. VIII. pp. 484-492 (1892); and see Vol. X. p. 108. Also *Essays in Psychological Research*, "On the Faculty of Crystal-Gazing" (1899); and *Borderland*, vol. i. pp. 117, 529 (1894).

² Myers, *Human Personality*, i. 586; *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 473-482 (1892).

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 498-516.

⁴ Lang, Andrew, *The Making of Religion*, chap. v. (1897); Introd. to Thomas's *Crystal Gazing*, p. xxxv (1905).

Peppler's¹ given by Hereward Carrington. A bibliography of the subject may be found in Mr. Theodore Besterman's work, *Crystal Gazing* [1924].

A careful examination of these along the same lines as have already been followed as regards hypnagogic phenomena shows no striking discrepancies between the two classes. Taken in order, and omitting illustrative detail, the conclusions are as follow :

(1) *Diffusion.*—The number of persons able to see in the crystal has been variously estimated as from 5 per cent. at "a high estimate" (Thomas) to 20 per cent. (Myers), while both Miss Goodrich-Freer and Lang certainly suggest a higher proportion still by their references to the numbers of cases personally known to them. These differing opinions throw us back on a comparison of units, and it then becomes clear that the two activities are not always, or even often, found combined in the same subject. Two persons only report themselves as belonging to both classes (Miss Goodrich-Freer and Miss N. de Gernet, both life-long clairvoyants); while seven hypnagogists tell us that they have tried without result to get visions in the crystal. They include M. Gheury de Bray, Andrew Lang, Prof. Ladd, and M. Warcollier, who attributes the greater diffusion of hypnagogic phenomena among the English to the national habits of drinking champagne, tea and coffee.² In his case the attempt to use the crystal induced the hypnagogic visions; but such scanty evidence as we have does not show, as we might expect it to, any essential connection.

(2) *Frequency and Health.*—As regards both these characteristics, the two classes of phenomena are analogous; that is to say, the gazing faculty is not constant, even in the best "sryers," but subject to longer or shorter periods of intermission; and in both, good health is conducive to its activity, while illness or weariness interferes. The evidence on this point is good.³

¹ *Modern Psychical Phenomena*, pt. iii. pp. 301-327 (1919).

² *Op. cit.*, p. 79.

³ See, for instance, Miss Goodrich-Freer in *Borderland*, vol. i. p. 127; Thomas, *Crystal Gazing*, p. xlix (Lang's subjects); *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 472 (Myers' subjects); Miss A., etc.

(3) *Physical Sight and Visualising Power.*—There is the same admixture of good and poor quality as among hypnagogists, though it is perhaps less often in evidence. The powerful visualiser like Miss Goodrich-Freer, the very shortsighted Miss A., a very bad visualiser, and Mrs. Verrall with unlike sight, preventing the simultaneous use of both eyes at any time—all alike saw well in the crystal, while some use a dark “speculum,” or see in the dark, or use the crystal with the eyes shut (Miss N. de Gernet).¹ This ability seems to indicate a link between the visions seen only in darkness and those seen only in light, by the majority of seers of either kind.

(4) *Subject-Matter and Features.*—The pictures in the crystal match in kind at every point with those under study. The preliminary clouding is well known, though it does not invariably take place; faces are a less constant feature in the descriptions as a whole, and figures more so. “Fancy” pictures occur, perhaps, in less abundance, and geometrical designs more seldom still. Other points of similarity are (a) the building up of objects² as well as their appearance “suddenly and completely”; (b) the coming of a number of pictures without interconnection;³ (c) the miniature scale, all usually being seen within the limits of the field provided.⁴ In the case of crystals perhaps the circularity of form invites the faculty into play, as some people see in this way who do not see (or we do not hear of their doing so) in other surfaces. Sometimes, however, the crystal seems to disappear.⁵ (d) The pictures are usually seen in colour, although there is nothing like the prominence

¹ See Thomas, p. xvi; Warcollier, p. 76; *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 500.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 487.

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 501; and compare Mrs. Verrall, p. 476.

⁴ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 476 (Mrs. Verrall), p. 487 (Miss G.-F.). But see Warcollier, p. 56.

⁵ Ibn Kaldoun, quoted by Thomas, p. 24; *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 222; Warcollier's subject, Mlle. T., “la boule disparaît par instants,” “la boule n'est plus petite, mais sans limite,” pp. 69, 70; Mr. Keulemans, “picture and surroundings go in a mist,” *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 519, etc.

given to brilliancy of colour such as the hypnagogic accounts abound in; and they occasionally lack colour, "like photographs, showing light and shade only,"¹ or "sometimes black and white as in a pen-and-ink sketch."² (e) Multiplicity and interior movement are found, combined with the sense of reality. Thus Miss A. "describes things not as if she saw them in a picture, but as if she were actually there."³ (f) Crystal visions do not present the uniformly high degree of illumination which the other type seem to, but there is apparent a tendency to select objects which are bright or striking. The dark wall covered with white jasmine, seen by Miss Goodrich-Freer, the lake landscape with two snowy peaks and one sharply defined dark hill, seen by Mrs. Verrall, are examples. (g) There is a more frequent mention of objects not being very distinct in the crystal, in contrast to the emphasis laid on distinctness in the other visions. (h) The duration varies with individual circumstances, and lasts from a few seconds to a few minutes, and from a few minutes to over half an hour.⁴ And whereas some gazers lose the picture if the eyes are turned away, or the attention wanders, others (Mrs. Peppler is the case in point) can come and go, and find the scene unchanged on their return. (i) There is an element of "perversity," as in the hypnagogic cases. Thus Miss A. says: "If I wish to see a particular person, I cannot do so, but I probably see something quite different."⁵ Miss Goodrich-Freer, however, often saw what she wished to, or saw her visualised mental image transferred to the crystal.⁶ Mrs. Verrall's experience was that often she saw nothing in the crystal, but got a mental picture suggesting something she had forgotten to do.⁷ This last variation is not one that is reported by hypnagogists.

¹ Fr. v. Vay, "Visionen in Wasserglase," see *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. V. p. 504.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 474.

³ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 474, 500. See also *The Dissociation of a Personality*, p. 79.

⁴ Carrington, *Mod. Psy. Phenomena*, p. 316.

⁵ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 500.

⁶ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 491.

⁷ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 473.

In these nine respects we see that such differences as exist are in degree only, and not in kind. The actual sources of crystal-visions have been far more closely scrutinised than is possible with the hypnagogic variety, and the definite knowledge that certain distinct classes exist, following on the other points of resemblance, goes some way towards giving a clue by analogy, if nothing more, to the real character of the latter.

The three most prominent elements reflected by crystal visions are, next to scenes consciously recognised :

- (1) Scenes and objects either quite forgotten, or unconsciously observed ;
- (2) Scenes in the mind, or having at some time been so, of some person or persons present ;
- (3) Actual scenes not known at the time to anyone in the immediate entourage of the gazer, but verifiable.

The proportion which pictures of the first class, sub-conscious memories, bears to the whole, not only differs with individuals but depends on the pains taken by the observer to ascertain their source. The best and longest study of this kind is Miss Goodrich-Freer's. Out of a total of seventy items she could account for all but two or three.

The best example of the second class of crystal visions is given us in Miss Angus. Lang made a special point of persuading her, and other "seryers" when he came across them to try and see in the crystal some scene in the mind of himself or a third person present. Many successes are recorded of her powers, and several of her seeing something which was verified by those who had no intention at all of so affecting her. They were not only unconscious agents at the time, but the subject-matter occasionally was unknown even to the living link which made it possible. This forms the very furthest limit to which telepathy can be assumed.

The third class of crystal visions, of veridical occurrences, either in the past (historical) or the present, is exemplified in Miss A. The observers referred to, and others, all speak of the "fancy pictures," not coming under any of the three main heads just given, but there

seems no means of discovering in what general proportions they occur. Mrs. Verrall, out of her thirty-three cases, finds some *raison d'être* for nine, but this leaves twenty-four, or 72 per cent. unaccounted for. Mrs. Peeper, whose memoranda must run to something between 100 and 200, has a small number which may be ascribed to thought-transference from her husband, many which have verisimilitude and might be happening somewhere, and many "quite crazy." Even all of these, she says, are "like a drop in the ocean" of the sum total seen. Her contribution is concerned more with the mechanism of the seeing than with the significance of the things seen.

It is to be observed as a point of essential importance that in all these classes alike, the sub-conscious memory, the telepathic, the clairvoyant, and the imaginative, the subject is at first sight *strange* and *unrecognised*, exactly as the hypnagogic visions are so often reported to be. The absence of any connection with the gazer's own interests or thoughts is therefore marked, and the part which conscious memory plays is reduced to as small a section in the one case as in the other.

Finally, the exercise of control over the visions in the crystal is perhaps rather greater, with practised gazers, than it is found to be with hypnagogists; but possibly they are on a level. The power, whatever it is, exists more strongly in some than in others: therefore they can count on its coming into play more often. But that is almost the limit.

Regarding the likeness of crystal visions as a whole to the hypnagogic, one would be inclined to see in the latter a more elementary form of the former, and to say that the chief difference is that while the hypnagogist is dependent upon the spontaneous exercise of his faculty in the dark or with closed eyes, and in a twilight state of consciousness, the other can do so in full consciousness, with open eyes, under the stimulus supplied by the crystal-line or reflecting surface. And we might go on to reason that since the subconscious contents of the mind contribute memory-images, telepathic impacts, and clairvoyant

impressions to the crystal, these may also be reckoned among the hypnagogic material, only allowing a somewhat larger part to imagination in the last.

This conclusion can only be adopted with caution and provisionally, however, for the reason that both the classes of seers concerned speak of differences now and then between their experiences, and although it is very difficult to understand in what the differences consist, for us who know none of them except by hearsay, it is evident that this corresponds to something which we cannot ignore in trying to understand the phenomena. Thus when a normal clairvoyant says that the hypnagogic visions are different from what he sees otherwise but yet not normally; or when Mrs. Verrall describes a vision which came while looking into the crystal but "not in any way resembling a crystal-vision"; and Myers speaks of the pictures which came in a Cambridge undergraduate's crystal but which "almost at once followed quite another analogy—they became like very brilliant *illusions hypnagogiques*,"¹ it is clear that there is some distinctive element at work. Whether that element concerns the mechanism used in seeing, or some actual quality in the nature of the thing seen itself, is impossible to discriminate without a much deeper scrutiny; and it can only be effected by a comparison of many witnesses, and not on the strength of any one person's experience.

XVI. THEORIES AND EXPLANATIONS.

The general survey of the data has now been carried far enough to give place to a view of the various theories put forward to account for them. These range from a modest and total denial of any kind of explanation,² through many speculative and questioning suggestions, up to the most definite and dogmatic pronouncements. These last, perhaps it is needless to say, do not agree with each other, and are mutually exclusive often; yet all

¹ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 477, 478.

² *E.g.* Galton: "cannot guess in the remotest degree the cause of them."

of them come into touch with the facts at certain points, and so justify themselves. Where weakness arises is from assuming that all the effects are of a uniform order, and therefore open to a like uniformity of cause. We can admit that some of the effects have a physical causation, some a mental, both arising from our own unconscious activities; that others come originally from other minds than our own, either incarnate or discarnate; and yet others from no mediating mind, but simply as the result of accepting the universe as our five senses accept it. These five heads divide the whole field between them without conflict; the actual problems arise from the difficulty of discriminating results, and the nature of the faculty involved. If, as one result, the expression we are familiar with of "seeing with the mind's eye" should be proved less figurative than literal, and some advance made in the comprehension of mental, or psychic, sight, the study will be well justified.

Of the five solutions of hypnagogic perplexities given above, the two first, or purely subjective, have received most attention; and of these two, that of physical causation in the eye itself has the largest number of supporters.

We will consider first then what is to be said on this point.

(1) *The Apparatus of Physical Sight.—Entoptic Phenomena.*¹—A description of the intricate structures with which Nature has furnished the exterior end of the optic nerve is to be found in any text-book of elementary physiology, and it is not therefore necessary to go into further detail here than to remind ourselves that the retinal surface is formed to receive etheric (light) vibrations of from 450 million million per second (red light) to 750 million million (violet light).² Behind the transparent window of the cornea, and the regulating curtain of the iris, we find it furnished with an aqueous and a vitreous humour at the front and back respectively

¹ Entoptic, lying within the eye itself.

² Crookes, Sir W., *Rep. Brit. Assoc.* (1898); also *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XII, p. 350; but Ganot gives 496 to 728 million million,

of the crystalline lens, and the fluid circulating in all contains various bodies which can themselves become visible under certain conditions.¹ An exhaustive treatise, embodying his own researches and the bibliography of the subject, was produced by Sir W. F. Barrett, in which the actual measurements of some of these are given,² that is, of the white corpuscles (one two-hundred-and fifty-thousandth of an inch in diameter), their numbers as is known, being one to the thousand of red corpuscles (fasting) or one to four hundred after food. Beside these there are "scintillating particles." Dr. Lindsay Johnson,³ watching them closely, found that they invariably followed the same direction, always going towards or forming the *macula lutea* (the central point of vision), turning round at a sharp curve, and receding from it. Mr. Barker Smith⁴ calculates that the lens of the eye must have a magnifying power of 400 to 500 diameters, by a comparison of his own "scintillating particles" (seen "at any time on a dark background") with certain newly discovered⁵ bodies in the blood under a microscope. Among these bodies are some seen in the "clear plasma spaces between the red-cell masses, as, for the most part, brilliant needle-points of light, carried along by the moving plasma streams, but independently motile also." He cites several other authors⁶ on the existence in all animal cells of

¹ Hyslop, T. B., *Mental Physiology*, p. 267; Cane, Francis E., "The Physiology of Dreams," *Lancet* (1889), p. 1330. Both of these quoted at length, with reference to many older authors, in Manacéine, *Sleep*, pp. 235, 238.

² *Scientific Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Soc.*, vol. xi. (N.S.), Nos. 7, 8, 12, "On Entoptic Vision; or, The Self-Examination of Objects Within the Eye" (1906). Also published separately. A summary was contributed to *Light* (1922) (Ap. 1).

³ *Light* (1922), p. 181.

⁴ *Medical Times* (Mar. 1923), p. 37.

⁵ Collings, C. H., "On Certain Pathological Elements in Human Blood," *Med. Times* (Dec. 1922), p. 168. He describes nine kinds, none mentioned in text-books, six of which he claims to be the discoverer of.

⁶ Russo, Dr. Ph., "La Matière Vivante," in *Revue des Idées* (1910). Lumière, Aug., *Rôle des Colloïdes chez les Êtres Vivants*, p. 14 (1921). Köppe, Leonard, *Die Mikroskopie des Lebenden Auges*, bd. i. (1920); bd. ii. (1922). Sprenger, Berlin, *Ultra-und Polarisations—Mikroskopische Erforschung des Lebenden Auges und ihre Ergebnisse* (1921), Leipzig.

granules and granulins, scintillating and offering very intense movements, proportionate to the molecular energy of the surrounding fluid; and in concluding refers to the colloid clouds accompanying the bright particles, and ruled or dispersed by them, "much as the wind does the fleecy clouds of the sky."

It is here to be noted that all the foregoing information depends on experiment and observation carried out in light, if not broad daylight or against a bright sky, then with some strong illuminant. I find only one investigator who speaks of any entoptic phenomena as visible also in the dark. Miss Beatrice Lindsay, after three years work on the subject, at Girton, put her conclusions into a paper read before the British Association.¹ Her first and second classes are differentiated partly by this very question of darkness, the first dealing with phenomena absent in complete darkness, the second with the entoptic images resulting from pressure, automatically (by closing the lids) or artificially applied. These are distinguished by their metallic lustre, by their colour, varying from pale yellow through pale green to electric blue or purple, and by their visibility in the dark. They comprise among other things discs, dots, occasionally rings, and a grating composed of sets of bright bars at right angles with one another, indicating structure of some kind in the *fovea centralis*. In a following paper,² she speaks of a constant current of minimal points of light "invariably present to the normal eye when trained to such observations."

If in addition to all this we take into consideration all that has been established concerning the self-luminous qualities of organic matter and the eyes in particular, it is evident that we are furnished forth with an abundance of "intra-organic stimuli" which will account for a certain proportion of the hypnagogic phenomena. Consequently, writer after writer has dismissed them *en bloc* as having no other source. Prof. Ladd may be taken

¹ *Rep. Brit. Assoc.* (1887), p. 779.

² On "Optical Illusions of Motion."

as the spokesman of many, having by his own experience caught them in the act, as he considers—lines of printed matter visibly changing into mere light and dark spots as he passed into clear consciousness. He cites Müller, Gruithuisen, Purkinjé, Radestock, Wundt, and Maury, as supporters of this view, and others could be added, including those who would identify dream phenomena with them, and apply an entirely physiological explanation to both. Thus we may take Cane's dogmatic statement as representative when he says: "All the phenomena of dreams are fully accounted for by the auto-sensations physiologically developed within the body . . . sometimes increased . . . and modified by external impressions and stimuli."

These facts, of matter presenting the features of brilliancy, rapidity of movement, various colours, cloudiness, and a variety of shapes and sizes all dwelling in the eye itself, and coming into prominence when all other visual stimulation is withdrawn, do logically account for those characteristics in the hypnagogic visions. The circularity of form, produced perhaps by the iris or by the discs, the impossibility of retaining a given combination of elements (particularly if the circulation be rapid) or of repeating it exactly, the frequency of bright or light points, and the multitudinous quality and incessant change in the pictures, added to the occasionally fragmentary nature (as of a mouth, nose, or eye only) of some, and the fact of a process of formation being sometimes observed, all point in this direction. And as to the conditions of health, there is a common factor to a state of over-fatigue, of exhilaration, and of fever, in the velocity of the blood currents. So far as this explanation agrees with the facts, its exponents have a very strong case, and if it covered the whole field, we should have to admit Sir David Brewster's dictum, that "the mind's eye is the body's eye." An animal, then, would be just as liable to hypnagogic visions as a man, since its eye is constructed in the same way; the only difference lying in the contents of the aforesaid minds respectively. And everyone possessed of a normal eye at all, that is, the vast majority of the race, should

be as familiar with hypnagogic pictures and "faces in the dark" as they are with the sights of the external world.

(2) *The Mind's Eye*.—It is not pretended, even by the most convinced holders of the retinal genesis of the phenomena, that the eye alone is sufficient, however richly provided with picture-forming material, to account for the visions. The foundation may be furnished by phosphenes and corpuscles and so on, but the building requires another factor for its construction: imagination. The materials for this do not lie in the eye-ball, which is only the outer terminus of the optic nerve, but must come down to it from some inner region. Thus Havelock Ellis says: ¹ "The eye supplies entoptic glimmerings, and the brain, acting on the suggestions thus received, superposes mental pictures to those glimmerings." Bergson has elaborated this theory with respect to dream imagery, and Parish was typical of the whole school in accepting such an explanation on the ground that it was simpler than any other, and conformed to the law of parsimony. "All false perception," he says (*op. cit.* pp. 144, 148), "is an anomalous reaction of the brain to sensory stimuli." What we popularly term imagination is in this view a re-presentation of images, the mental concomitant of the impulse affecting a cell-group, or groups. Each might in this way give rise to another, following the usual laws of association, and so bringing about a series of logically connected pictures, though the links between them might not be apparent without a good deal of introspective analysis. We should also expect in this case that memory would be active and the scenes recognised, since they would all be the calling out of what had been actual perceptions at some time. Both these characteristics are markedly absent in the typical hypnagogic series.

But evidently the physiology of the brain ² and of the

¹ *The World of Dreams*, p. 31.

² Writers who may be consulted on this subject are: Dr. E. H. Clarke, *Visions*, pp. 52-135; Luys, *The Brain and its Functions*, pt. i. with plates (Int. Sci. Ser.); *Annals of Psychological Science*, vol. viii. p. 534 ("The Physiological Limits of Visual Hallucination," by Dennis Taylor); and Parish, *Hallucinations and Illusions*, an indispensable guide to the literature of the subject (Cont. Sci. Ser. 1897).

optic nerve in particular here comes into contact with the findings of psychology, and the simpler theories have had to yield to more complicated ones under the pressure of advancing research. It is not for an amateur like myself to attempt an exposition of this intricate subject, but Dr. C. S. Myers, whose *Textbook of Experimental Psychology* has been referred to before, sums up the present position clearly.¹ "Evidence is gradually accumulating that before a sensation reaches its full development, it undergoes a process of complicated elaboration, of the details of which, however, we are as yet totally ignorant. This elaboration doubtless takes place at different stages and at different nervous levels in the cerebro-spinal system. As psychologists we are by now far removed from the crudities of the earlier physicists, who supposed that a wave of given length on reaching the retina immediately becomes transformed into a sensation of colour and that psychical effects are identifiable with their external physical causes. Nothing is more certain than that in addition to the more peripheral processes, central processes are also involved in elaborating visual sensations. But at present we are powerless to separate the one from the other; we can only speak of changes in one vast unravelled complex—the cerebro-spinal apparatus." Such an admission as this, in relation to normal seeing, is significant, and in strong contrast with the assurance of older writers. It leads, by its mention of psychical effects, directly into a field where the mind is more and more and the body less. It is true that in the newly-recognised "sub-conscious" there is a popular tendency to find that as "simple" a way of accounting for things as ever; but the limit between definite knowledge and large assumption has still to be marked out.

(3) *Another View.*—The counter theory to the retinal causation, not only of hypnagogic but of all hallucinations, is one put forward by the leaders of psychical research, few in number but cogent in presentation. It is that of central initiation, the impulse coming primarily from

¹ Pp. 99, 100.

within rather than from without, and liable to originate in the penumbra of being which surrounds the limited field of consciousness. The material may still have been, perhaps must have been, provided by the consciousness, whether known or unknown to itself, but the finished product, in its novelty, its inexhaustible numbers, its caprice, its oddity, its refractoriness to control, its qualities of various unexpectedness, its beauty and its unforeseen reactions on the spectator, all point to the brain as the last term, and to somewhat else as the "only begetter" of the visions. It is these qualities which lead one person to say "an imaginative mind, working subconsciously" makes the vision¹ while another says "no possible approximation by imagination,"—that is, by the conscious imagination as exercised voluntarily by the beholder.²

It was, as Myers has pointed out, greatly to the credit of Sir John Herschel's penetrating mind that long before³ any theory of a subliminal or subconscious stratum had been formulated he should have felt his way, by means of his hypnagogic experience alone, to this solution. "What *are* these geometrical spectra?" he asks, and replies, not dreams, for the mind is active; not retinal impressions, or memory images, for "memory does not produce its effect by creating before the eyes a visible picture of the object remembered"; and goes on to reason that since the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, we have evidence here of "a thought, an intelligence, working within our own organisation distinct from that of our own personality." Nearly thirty years on⁴ Gurney referred to the same experiences as showing "an immense amount of high creative work—of what in psychical terms

¹ S. M. B. in *Occult Review*.

² Mrs. Macdonald. Cp. also *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IX. p. 121: "not imagination at all, but entirely outside my mental action"; Mr. Fielding-Ould, "not images conceived by the imagination"; Mrs. Arnold-Forster, "independent of any effort of imagination," etc.

³ In 1858, addressing the Philosophical Society of Leeds.

⁴ *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 185 (1885); and *Phantasms*, vol. i. 492.

we should call *par excellence* the work of the imagination." In considering the theory of retinal causation he remarks that where points, streaks and spangles occur, there is no doubt about their source in the retina, but adds "it is not equally safe to conclude that the process must be the same for cases where the points, streaks, and spangles are absent."¹ Myers attributes the specific qualities to the general heightening of faculty which he finds evidence for in dream-phenomena, of which the hypnagogic condition is, so to speak, the broad threshold. In the passing over there is an increase of susceptibility to those elements which we possess but which do not find their way to consciousness in the waking state; elements of "high creative work" which can be relatively compared to the inspired moments of genius.² Greenwood's experience supports this in a very high degree, and illustrates the theory he himself deduced from it, that all the mental faculties are "lifted into a higher range of freedom," and that among them imagination is the teaching and revealing power. In his case it was exceptionally so, for no one else has written of the countenances so forcibly, or has told us that "no human face that ever was seen, I am sure, displayed these emotions with a comparable fullness and intensity." More than one other writer has felt impressed with the importance of the "borderland" visions in connection with studies of the secondary consciousness.³ Hyslop notes that he discovered by their disappearing abruptly instead of through real sleep that various functions of the mind may be associated and dissociated in different degrees, self-consciousness remaining "when other senses and centres were evidently asleep."⁴

H. B. Alexander, after a careful analysis of much self-observed data, reaches three conclusions of value, which agree with, but extend beyond, the foregoing authorities. The first is that though retinal stimulus may be a fur-

¹ *Phantasms*, vol. i. 390, 473.

² See *Human Personality*, ch. iii. (Genius) and ch. iv. § 405 (vol. i.).

³ See *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 271; Mrs. Arnold-Forster, chaps. xi. and xii. *op. cit.*

⁴ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. II. p. 389.

thering condition, the images are not of peripheral origin, since "there is no discoverable, nor indeed conceivable, relation between such stimulation and the objects perceived," and when they are of auditory form, still less does the eye arouse them. Secondly, that it is self-evident that not being memories, nor things seen or previously imagined, they are mental constructs; and thirdly, that they are the work of a highly differentiated mental compartment, without any apparent connection, emotional or volitional, with the aims, interests or feelings of the person concerned.¹

XVII. THE APPLICATION OF THEORY.

With this conclusion we evidently reach the opposite extreme to the theory of entoptic causation. What becomes obvious, on a consideration of the whole range of hypnagogic phenomena is that they also present every gradation between the two interpretations. As consciousness passes from the fully waking to the fully sleeping state, every step, every change in the accompanying phenomena has been noted, some by one observer, some by another, and placing them in series we can get an idea of the process as a whole. In his analysis of visual activities Myers² places upon the outward going line (terminating in physical sight) the "entoptic glimmerings," and upon the inward going line (terminating in clairvoyance) the hypnagogic visions, which he assigns as a "marked and peculiar development" of imagination-images, placing below them only the simplest type of internal vision, memory-images, and above them subliminal visualisations such as the crystal makes objective. The emphatic way in which many hypnagogists distinguish between memory-images (which may be taken as the base-line familiar to us all) between imagination-images or visualisations (in which some of them are weak), and again between entoptic glimmerings as such ("ideo-

¹ *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 629.

² *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. pp. 528-533. Section xx. of the chapter on Sensory Automatism.

retinal lights," sparks, flashes, etc.) and the hypnagogic pictures, well support the place which Myers gives them, as does also the comparison with crystal-visions.

There is a second series of distinctions which observers note. Mrs. Arnold-Forster has drawn attention to the earlier and later features of "borderland" sensations. It is clear that some people only know (or remember) the earlier, while others either pass too rapidly over them or are too much impressed by the later, to refer to them. To this earlier stage we may attribute some of the "process" pictures which can be watched forming, which reproduce objects or scenes seen during the day, which are incomplete, lack movement, are less illumined, in some cases not very distinct, and in particular have not the feeling of reality. People who say that they always knew the pictures were subjective,¹ or never mistook them for reality,² or who refer to suggestions of the conscious imagination in connection with them,³ have to be taken as speaking of this earlier stage only. So long as consciousness is sufficiently in the ascendant to permit of the beholder describing aloud what is passing, or actively visualising known faces for purposes of comparison, and he is able to say that hundreds of times he has succeeded in seeing both at the same time, one in his eye, the conjured-up one in his head,⁴ it is clear from the descriptions themselves that they are nearer the beginning of the hypnagogic period, and are likely therefore to owe both form and quality more to the entoptic glimmerings and recent visual impressions than otherwise. The lowest degree of internal sight, which precedes this and is over the borderline but only just over it, seems to be indicated by a writer⁵ who says: "I have sometimes had the sensation of imaginary faces, etc., visualised before me without any corresponding impression on my eyes." That is, it is still within the mind, unrelated to the eye or to space,

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 277 (No. 2).

² Galton's relative, Maury, and many others.

³ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. IV. p. 263.

⁴ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 159.

⁵ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 295.

and yet carrying something with it which indefinitely separates it from the memory and imagination images which lie adjacent to it.

When the point has been insensibly reached which divides the earlier from the later stage, subliminal visualisation comes into full play. Memory still registers freely, but too much attention is fatal; watching, we are often told, makes the picture disappear, perhaps because it is unconsciously productive of a slight muscular strain on the eye which interferes with the necessary passivity. The pictures are now markedly different and superior, so that the various observers¹ have commented on the two kinds that occur. They are seen as instantaneously complete, vivid in light and colour, more abundant in detail, and displaying movement within themselves (as distinct from change of subject-matter, which goes on all the time). One hypnagogist has remarked that movement never takes place while he is sufficiently awake to remember it; and another, that the nearer to sleep the more vivid and living the picture becomes. Most significant of all is a difference of quality in the seeing. It is possible that the high illumination, the richness of colouring, and the life-movement are inherent in the pictures themselves; but the extreme distinctness, coupled with the miniature scale so often prevalent,² lead by more than inference to the conclusion that internal sight is superior to either the physical or mental as known to ordinary consciousness. The "highly differentiated mental compartment" whence the pictures proceed is furnished with an eye of its own, an eye which sees behind as well as before, and is otherwise the fitting instrument for the enjoyment of that "immense amount of high creative work" which Gurney considered the hypnagogic experiences to bear witness to.

¹ Mr. Fielding-Ould, Mr. J. W. Macdonald, Miss Ida Wild, S. M. B., and see footnote (5) *supra*, p. 394.

² When this paper was read at a private meeting of the S.P.R., on Oct. 24, 1923, a member present spoke of having seen whole regiments of soldiers no larger than pins' heads, but that every button and detail was distinct. For the pinhead comparison cf. *Phrenological Journal*, vol. v, p. 319; quoted by McNish, p. 267, see p. 333.

And whether we regard them as incipient materialisations, as face-formation would suggest, or as clairvoyant faculty in some degree, as the comparison with crystal visions would suggest, we have in either case evidence of "a thought, an intelligence, working within our own organisation, distinct from our own personality," but presenting us with a means of studying it not to be despised.

XVIII. THE INTERIOR VISION : ITS MECHANISM.

We locate the sight of the eye in the retina, its translation into intelligible units of perception in the various centres of the brain, visual concepts and their manipulation in the highest cerebral areas, but where can we locate the organ of vision beyond either of these? It is of a third order which is even less related to the physical than that is to the mental, but the most the observer can do is often only to state that he is using neither of these, but that his inward vision "is quite different" from both. Stead, for instance, after his two visions adds: "I saw all that without opening my eyes, nor did my eyes have anything to do with it. You see such things as these, as it were, with another sense which is more inside your head than in your eyes. This experience enabled me to understand better how it was that clairvoyants see than any amount of disquisition. The pictures . . . simply came as if I had been able to look through a glass at what was occurring somewhere else in the world." Another hypnagogist,¹ who had frequent but not regular experience, after contrasting the results of voluntary imaginings and prolonged attention, says that both these are *in* the brain, but the others distinctly not so. Where people speak of seeing under their eyelids, or *in* the closed eye, it is sometimes obviously a figure of speech, because they will at the same time assign a given distance to the objects seen. Greenwood, for example, uses the former expression, but also says the faces were usually five or six feet away. Another speaks of two feet of distance, or of their being "suffocatingly close," or "life-size and close to the eyes,"

¹ *St. James's Gazette*, Feb. 15, 1882.

and so on, which can only mean that if they were seen as objects in the external world they would occupy relatively that space or position. Where this is applied to faces, we may have an external objective basis for it, but otherwise we have here the interpretation by the conscious mind of a product of the subconscious, which, as far as given in immediate experience, must be out of relation to any spatial conditions; an interpretation such as is continuously applied to the minute record by the retinae of the outer world round us. Thus a careful hypnagogic recorder¹ says that the landscapes she sees apparently inside her head are not on the closed eyelids, and are "perceived by something within," just as Stead says. And it seems that this "something within" is not only to be taken as "more inside your head," but within as related to consciousness.

The existence of a function implies, if it does not create, the organ which it uses, and the conception of evolution implies a successive development of organs to serve the widening response of the creature to its environment. Professor Arthur Keith has said recently² that new human characters are foreshadowed in developmental stages passed through by the young of anthropoid apes. Whether young apes have hypnagogic visions we cannot tell, but we see that our own young have them; that they are transitional, passing away with youth; and that in the small proportion who preserve the power, it acts intermittently. All this is in accordance with the gradual development of a new characteristic. Evidence that some such thing exists, some specifically visual form of crypt-æsthesia, say, is recognised in all clairvoyant experience; and though this is not the place to enlarge upon that, it may be permitted to indicate the directions in which a nucleus of facts exists that bear upon the point.

We have then: (a) The physiological fact of a pineal gland, "the function of which, if it have any, is wholly unknown, but which, as the remains of a Cyclopean eye

¹ *Jour. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXI. p. 74 (Apr. 1923).

² On June 27th, 1923, in the Huxley Lecture, delivered at Charing Cross Medical School. See *Nature*, Aug. 18, 1923 (Supplement).

possessed by some remote ancestor of the *Vertebrata*, has lost none of its interest" says Huxley.¹ (b) The fact that certain persons born blind, or becoming so accidentally, or blindfolded, can yet exercise some form of perceptivity, and that both veridically and by way of vivid hallucinations.² (c) The fact that in certain instances the seeing of hallucinations by people *not* blind is accompanied by pain, and that the pain is localised in the frontal region, between the eyes, and over the brows.³ The local sensations of persons of psychic temperament are deserving of a study in themselves. (d) To these may be added a few instances of distressing sensations occasioned by crystal-gazing, which although spontaneous is also partly experimental. The cases are few, but their existence is significant,⁴ and we find the same region of the head affected.

(e) Lastly, for what it may be worth, I will give three statements made by psychics, one the subject of an early investigator of "Animal Magnetism," quoted by Du Prel, one a correspondent of my own, and one a writer on

¹ *Method and Results*, pp. 189, 213 (1898); see also Huxley's *Elementary Biology*, p. 35 (1888).

² McNish, *op. cit.*, p. 255; Müller, vol. ii. p. 1395; James, W., *Principles of Psychology*, vol. ii. p. 323; Myers, F. W. H., *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VII. pp. 126-128; Honeyman, J., *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XVIII. p. 308 (case in full); Villey, P., *Le Monde des Aveugles*; Prof. Farigoule [*i.e.* Jules Romains], *Eyeless Sight* (Putnams, 1923). See also *Psyche*, vol. iv. pp. 191, 371 (criticism).

³ Myers, in *Human Personality*, vol. ii. p. 563 (934 A) gives the case of the Rev. C. B. Sanders' clairvoyance attended by "excruciating pain" and opening of the central suture; McNish, *op. cit.*, p. 267, gives a group of cases, and cf. his own violent headache during the whole of the theatre vision.

⁴ Mrs. de Morgan, *From Matter to Spirit*, p. 110, finds a resemblance to the effects which would be produced by a powerful mesmeriser, who makes the area between the eyes a point of concentration; Miss A's eyes would stream with tears (*Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. VIII. p. 500); Mr. E. Dawson Rogers's percipient gave up the attempt because of the "painful sensation of pressure on the forehead" (*Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. V. p. 520, footnote); Warcollier's subject had only a strong inclination to sleep. These are, however, the only cases of the kind I can find. Warcollier himself (*La Télépathie*, p. 79) localises his illusions in the prefrontal region, at the root of the nose, and the optic thalamus ("a l'entrecroisement des nerfs optiques").

occultism, showing the agreement between widely separated witnesses. "A somnambule," says the first of these,¹ "on being asked what she saw (*i.e.* of the internal parts of the body) answered 'All that I will, except the stomach, and part of the forehead above the nose, with which the ray of perception proceeding from the stomach is in connection.'" My correspondent declares that she has "twice seen in living human beings a third eye in the centre of the forehead"; and Mr. Cyril Scott writes² that "Trained clairvoyants are conscious of a certain activity . . . between the eyes, just above the bridge of the nose."

These items may seem to form a somewhat miscellaneous and bizarre group, but they admit of being synthesized, in the direction of an organ of clairvoyance situated on the median line,³ capricious in its action, not taking kindly to the simultaneous activity of the physical eye (hence tears, sense of pressure, etc.) perhaps on account of the draw on nervous energy, less disturbed by mental visualisation, but at its best when brain and eye and mind are most quiescent, and capable of being excited or developed by conscious practices directed towards that end. So far, its appearance in the hypnagogic state; but if a wider view, embracing mesmeric and hypnotic phenomena, natural somnambulism, and vision-producing drugs, were taken into consideration, possibly much more could be adduced.

XIX. SOURCES DISCUSSED.

We have considered so far two of the main aspects presented by hypnagogic phenomena: that is, what people see, which is easy and for which we have a fair amount of data, and how they see, which is more problematical and for which we have conflicting and scanty data only. A third question is, whence come the things they see? and

¹ Du Prel, Dr. C., *Philosophy of Mysticism*, vol. i. p. 227, quoting Kieser in *Archiv für den Thierischen Magnetismus*, vol. iv. pp. 2, 272.

² *Occult Review* (May 1916), p. 269.

³ See Baraduc, H., *Les Vibrations de la Vitalité Humaine* (Paris, 1904), Plates VII., XIII., XXI., etc., and Prof. Alrutz's experiments in *Proc. S.P.R.*, Vol. XXXII. p. 159.

this is but little more satisfactory than the second. Almost the only light we have on the subject is by the analogous but more developed phenomena of the crystal visions, which have a probably wider range than the personal life of the seer alone would provide. That range includes the mental images in other minds, and the only corresponding hypnagogic experiences (which are the result of experimental methods) have been contributed by M. Warcollier. All other experiments had been in the direction of volitional control, or else auto-suggestion, the percipient acting practically as his own agent. But it occurred to M. Warcollier to enlist someone else as agent, when he himself was in the suggestible hypnagogic condition. There were difficulties and drawbacks, such as, in some cases, an ill-chosen hour, or a pressure of affairs, or the weariness and even illness of one or other of the persons concerned. Yet with praiseworthy perseverance he continued over a period of some three years, not always with the same agent, and tabulated and analysed the results. Obviously this was a species of thought-transference; and it had the disadvantages which always accompany such experiments; that is, it involved deliberate action at a fixed hour and corresponding expectation. Wherever conscious direction of the mental faculties takes place there is a gain in precision and a loss in richness of content; the "high creative work" in which the unshackled subliminal imagination freely indulges suffers serious limitation and impoverishment. But true telepathy, in the form of spontaneous impressions, sometimes managed to mingle with the intended messages; its presence was proved in the form of that "perversity" which has previously been referred to. Thus M. B., acting as agent, had the curious idea of trying to transmit attitudes simultaneously with ideas, and on a Sunday morning¹ placed himself at the appointed time, 7.0 a.m., in a position of devotion in an arm chair, concentrating his mind on the word *prayer*. But what his friend received was the picture of a curtain

¹ *La Télépathie*, p. 222. The whole of chap. vii., as well as part of chap. iii., deals expressly with the hypnagogic period, but the author admits that the results of his experience are mediocre (p. 191).

in heavy dark material, red predominating, and caught back by a tie ; also the number 14, as though written on a blackboard. Now there was just such a curtain in a doorway in M. B.'s room, and the number of the room was 14. M. B. was certainly not thinking of this at the time, nor regarding the curtain, for his eyes were cast up "*au ciel.*" In the series in which this took place (the fifth) there were twelve trials, and the proportion of successes was twenty per cent. ; in the second series there were twenty-two trials and no results at all. This inequality with different agents makes a general percentage on the whole very misleading ; and, in any case, however large a proportion of successes or coincidences might occur, it does not prove that where there is a vision there is an unknown agent producing it. On the other hand, we know that the susceptible subconscious mind can pick up visual images of all sorts from the mental atmosphere of its neighbours, and that the remotest link is sometimes sufficient to enable it to do so. Thus some of the unrecognised scenes, at least, may have such a source ; although the amount of detail and the supreme distinctness with which they are seen seem less likely to admit of their being merely derived from some one else's mental images than of their being derived from the actual scenes themselves. And the panoramic type of moving picture is most of all like reality. Mr. de Bray has propounded the idea that everyone's brain is producing a stream of pictures all the time, which become visible in the hypnagogic state ; but this reasoning rests on the rather slender ground that some people—one in three, if our calculation be correct—sometimes see the pictures, and that only at undefined periods and not continuously ; and yet all men everywhere are certainly drowsy at least once a day. A very large number of visions, either of this sort or as a series of detached objects, must certainly be put down to subconscious memory, partly in view of the fact that at every waking hour since our birth scenes of some sort have been in progress before us, and with the power to comprehend pictures (in books and elsewhere) and later on, to visualise the thousand descriptive scenes

in fiction, travels, and so on, the number is increased possibly to millions. Where these records are—whether as older physiologists think they are somehow packed up in the cells of the brain, or whether that is not, on any computation, an inadequate hypothesis, as some think¹—we cannot prove. But wherever the mental workshop is, there the mental warehouse must be from which the materials are drawn, and there also is the unknown workman who selects the brilliant, the pleasing, or the surprising elements which entertain the every-day consciousness of the owner.

It is surely the same source whence proceed the artistic, or literary, or intellectual inspirations which are reported to have occurred in dreams occasionally. The only instance which can fairly be ranked with these as definitely hypnagogic is that of Kekulé's vision of the dance of the atoms,² as he rode home late at night from Islington to Clapham on the top of an omnibus. He says that he fell into a reverie and saw the atoms gambolling before his eyes. On a second occasion he was sitting dozing by his study fire and tells us that his mental eye, rendered more acute by repeated visions of the kind, could now distinguish larger structures; and in this condition he beheld further and more elaborate combinations, long rows turning and twisting with snake-like motion, and the comprehension of a further theory of molecular construction struck him so forcibly that he says "as if by a flash of lightning I awoke." It is the hypnagogic rather than the actual dream state that is indicated by this sudden return to consciousness under the impact of an idea. But it must be admitted that in the case of a scientist whose mind was continually occupied with the problems proper to it, as in this instance we know it to have been, a good deal of subconscious incubation must have taken place, and the recognition of the results is rather to be attributed to that than to anything in the nature of clairvoyance.

¹ See on this subject a penetrating article by H. F. Saltmarsh, "Neurograms and Specific Response," in *Psyche*, vol. iii. (n.s.), p. 328 (April 1923).

² Kekulé Memorial Lecture, *Jour. Chem. Soc.*, Feb. 1898; but the incident is quoted in *Proc. Amer. S.P.R.*, Vol. III. p. 672 (footnote).

In all discussions of these phenomena by persons who examine and illustrate them from their own experience, the theory held by them must be taken into account. They will inevitably tend to remember and emphasise those elements which support the theory, and to accept such in the experience of others, while passively ignoring others which do not lend themselves to a certain interpretation. And for this reason it is better to make a study of all those accounts provided by people who have no theory at all, but merely describe carefully what they see. If, as I conclude, there is in hypnagogic experiences a complex interplay of physical, psychological, and psychic factors combined, their study is an open door to all of these alike, but more particularly the last, as having received so much less attention hitherto.

My acknowledgements are due to the Council of the S.P.R. for permission to quote certain passages from the *Journal*, and to all those members of the Society who have given me assistance and advice; also to the Editor of *Light*, to numerous readers and private correspondents, and to Miss Estelle Stead.

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APPENDIX A.

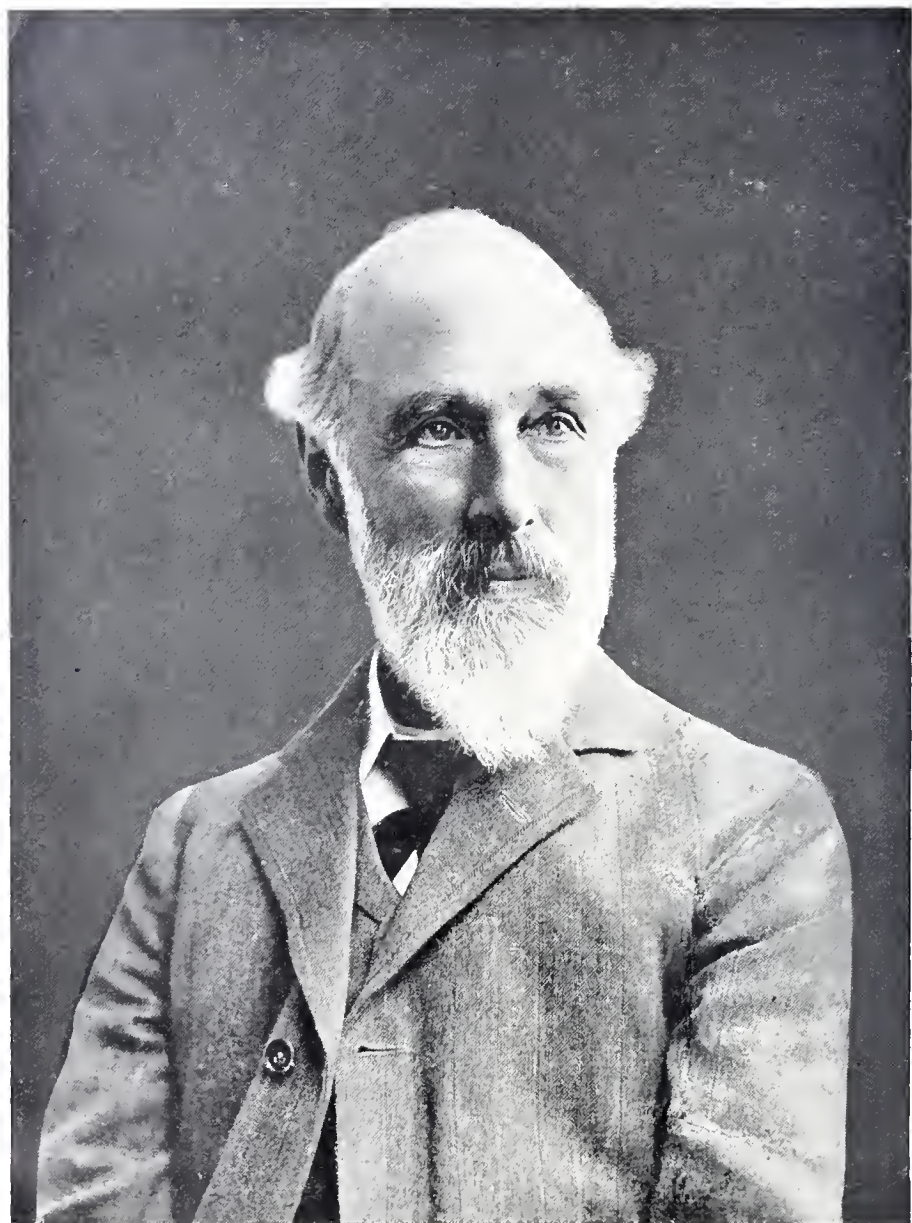
Hicronymi Cardani Mediolanensis de Propria Vita liber. Paris :
MDCXLIII (1643). Cap. XXXVII. P. 160.

“ Videbam ergo imagines diversas quasi corporum aereorum. (Constare enim videbantur ex annulis minimis, quales sunt loricearum, cum tamen loricas nunquam eousque vidissem) ab imo lecti angulo dextro ascendentes per semicirculum, lente & in sinistrum occidentes, ut prorsus non apparerent: Arcium domorum, animalium, equorum cum equitibus, herbarum, arborum, instrumentorum musicorum, Theatrorum, hominum diversorum habituum, vestiumque variarum, tubicines præcipue cum tubis quasi sonantibus, nulla tamen vox aut sonus exaudiebatur: præterea milites, populos, arva, formasque corporum, usque ad hanc diem mihi invisas: lucos, & sylvas, aliaque quorum non memini, quandoque multarum rerum congeriem simul irruentium, non tamen ut se confunderent, sed ut properarent. Erant autem perspicua illa, sed non ita ut proinde esset, ac si non adessent, nec densa ut oculo pervia non essent. Sed ipsi circuli opaci erant spatia prorsus perspicua. Delectabar autem non parum, & spectabam intentus hæc miracula, unde matertera mea semel me interrogavit an aliquid viderem? Ego quamvis adeo puer, mecum cogitabam, si satebor indignabitur quicquid causam præbet hujus ponpæ, subtrahetque hoc festum: aderant enim etiam flores varii, & quadrupedia, & volucres eujuscunque generis, sed omnibus tam belle fabricatis deerat color, nam erant aërea: itaque ego qui nec juvenis, nec senex mentiri solitus sum, diu steti antequam dicerem: Tum illa, quid ergo fili tui intente respicis? Non memini quid responderim ipsi, existimo autem nihil respondisse.”

APPENDIX B.

M. Lelorgne de Savigny, Member of the Academy of Sciences, wrote the following during the last period of the "fatal neurosis" which had shown its first signs in 1817. It was written in 1824, printed in the *Journal des Débats*, June 14, 1844, and reprinted in *Ann. Méd.-Psychol.* t. iv., 1844, p. 314. He was unable to endure the light, but expressed the pathetic hope that a record of his suffering might be of value to medical science.

" Dans l'obscurité toujours plus profonde où elle me forçait de me tenir, elle faisait briller une foule d'images vivement colorées, dont les émissions successives, réitérées à l'infini, me fatiguaient, m'obsédaient sans cesse. Bientôt des phénomènes impétueux, lumineux, ardents, immenses, remplissant nuit et jour tout l'espace sous mille aspects divers, provoquèrent les crises les plus intenses. D'autres phénomènes, distingués des précédents moins par leur formes et leurs couleurs que par leur redoutable influence, vinrent périodiquement en accroître, en aggraver les effets. Aux sensations propres à la vue s'unirent un entraînement rapide en haut, en bas, en tous sens; une odeur fétide; des sifflements aigus, des sons harmonieux ou discordants; des voix humaines chantant ou parlant, déclamant, et d'autres bruits [non moins étrange. Le sommeil suspendait rarement ces détestables illusions, sans qu'ils se produisit au réveil des visions menaçantes, bizarres, incompréhensibles. Je citerai, comme une des plus fréquentes, la voûte spacieuse, formée d'innombrables faces humaines, toutes également expressives, prenant je ne sais quel air inflexible, et fixant sur moi des regards sinistres."



SIR W. F. BARRETT, F.R.S.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

PART XCV.

IN MEMORY OF

SIR WILLIAM FLETCHER BARRETT, F.R.S.

IN the death of Sir William Barrett, which occurred quite suddenly on May 26th, at the age of 81, our Society has to mourn the loss of one of its past presidents and the last remaining member of its original Council. He was, moreover, not only a member of the first Council but very definitely a founder of the Society—one may say *the* founder, for I believe the first idea of founding a Society at all was his. It was the stimulating effect of his zeal and energy that largely influenced Sidgwick, Myers and Gurney to renewed interest in investigations in which they, like himself, had done a considerable amount of work in previous years, though often with disappointing results. I remember his coming to Cambridge and reading to us a large budget of cases, experimental and spontaneous, collected by himself (largely by means of appeals through the press) and pointing to what we now call telepathy.¹ This must, I think, have been in the autumn of 1881 and the visit was, I suspect, the occasion of Sidgwick's writing to a friend on Sept. 4th, 1881, "The great event that has occurred to me is that my interest in Spiritualism has been revived." The formation of a

¹ He had appealed for "trustworthy evidence... of cases of the direct action of one mind upon another giving rise to an apparent transfusion of thought or feeling... or of cases where... perception may seem to occur independent of the ordinary channels of sensation."

Society was under consideration that autumn and winter, and Professor Barrett, as he then was, was engaged in stirring up interest in the idea in various quarters. It was he who enlisted in its favour Professor Balfour Stewart and, directly or indirectly, other distinguished early members, as well as some of the leading Spiritualists of the time. As Professor Balfour Stewart said in his Presidential address in 1885 when giving a brief survey of the growth of the Society, "A preliminary conference was convened by Professor Barrett (whom we honour as our founder) on the 5th and 6th of January 1882 . . . The Society was next formally constituted on the 20th of February." Though it was decided that Professor Sidgwick should be the first President, Sir William Barrett was naturally made a Vice-President, and it was he who, in the capacity of honorary secretary to the committee on Thought Reading, read at the first general meeting the first paper contributed to the Society and published in its *Proceedings*.

His interest has continued unabated ever since. He has been a diligent attendant at meetings of the Council, notwithstanding the distance he had to travel when Professor of Physics at the Royal College of Science for Dublin—a position he held from 1873 to 1910—and notwithstanding the strain which his increasing deafness must of late years have put on him in discussions; and he has been the moving spirit in various developments of the Society's work and organisation. Thus in February 1884, the *Journal* was started on his proposal as a means of communication between the Council and the members and associates of the Society, as well as of members with each other; and for the first year of its existence he acted as editor.

In the same year Professor Barrett, drawn to America by the meeting of the British Association at Montreal, was able to interest important men of science in the United States in psychological research and to give the impetus required for the foundation of a Society for Psychological Research there. It was established in January 1885 with Professor Simon Newcomb as its first President. Sir

William Barrett's own account of the work he did so successfully in actively interesting people sufficiently to bring about this result may be found in the first volume of our *Journal* (pp. 172-6). He maintained his interest in the work on the other side of the Atlantic to the end of his life, corresponding on the subject with friends and fellow workers both in the United States and in Canada. Recently he has taken a keen personal interest in the foundation and prospects of the new Boston Society.

His never-failing desire to stimulate interest in psychical research and promote associations for collective inquiry was manifested on the very day he died by his taking the chair at a group meeting in the Society's rooms, arranged by Mr. Trethewy, with a view to "collecting information about the practice of Spiritualism in foreign countries."

In earlier days, before the foundation of the Society, it was this same desire to interest the world in the subject of our inquiry and to draw other workers into this field of investigation, which prompted him to read a paper about it before the British Association at Glasgow in 1876, in which he urged the formation of a committee of the Association to examine the evidence for the reality of the alleged phenomena. It annoyed some men of science a good deal at the time, and excited somewhat violent controversy in the Press. But it undoubtedly had a considerable effect in promoting the interest in psychical research which its author desired to create.

There can be no doubt that Sir William Barrett had in a remarkable degree a power of stirring up in others interest in subjects which interested himself. Both in conversation and as a lecturer he was very successful in this, not only in psychical research, but also, I believe, in experimental physics, the subject with which he was professionally engaged during the greater part of his life. He had considerable power of exposition, both as a lecturer and as a writer. His style in writing is lucid and pleasant, and his arrangement of his matter clear and instructive. His little book on Psychical

Research, in the Home University Library, though necessarily somewhat out of date now, is a model for brief but clear and popular treatment of a complicated subject, and he produced several other books connected with our work.¹

But I think what most gave him force as a kind of prophet was his great eagerness to stimulate enquiry and to interest people, with an instinctive perception of what would generally interest them. Eagerness such as his had, of course, its drawbacks, and may have sometimes caused him to bring forward interesting cases before they had been fully investigated and made as complete evidentially as possible. But, on the other hand, his keenness brought him into touch with cases which we might not otherwise have heard of, and enabled him to stimulate and encourage friends to carry out experiments which might not otherwise have taken place. It was, for instance, partly due to his encouragement that Miss Ramsden and Miss Miles carried out their valuable experiments in telepathy at a distance.

I am not attempting to give any history of Sir William's interest in Psychical Research or of the work in it done by him, for he himself told us about it in the paper he read to the Society less than a year ago—in June 1924—on "Some Reminiscences of Fifty Years of Psychical Research,"² and what I should have to say would be largely repetition. But a few words should be said of his scientific work unconnected with psychical research. He was, as he in fact tells us in the paper just referred to, Tyndall's assistant for several years (1862-1867), and it was in Tyndall's laboratory at the Royal Institution that his well-known observations on sensitive flames were first made. Later in his own laboratory at Dublin he made other investigations and discoveries. Among them were discoveries of alloys of iron, at least one of which has proved of great value. He also made observations on the curious behaviour of iron near the critical magnetic

¹ *On the Threshold of a New World of Thought*, 1908; *On Creative Thought*, 1910; *A Study of Swedenborg*, 1912.

² *Proceedings*, vol. xxxiv, p. 275

point and investigations into entoptic vision. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1899.

Sir William's contributions to our *Proceedings* and *Journal* have been numerous, and deal with many, indeed most, departments of psychical research. Hypnotism, Telepathy and Telergy, the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, Poltergeists, "Reichenbach phenomena" with the possibility of a magnetic sense, supernormal communication through motor automatism, all claimed his attention. His longest and probably most important papers in *Proceedings* are the two *On the so called Divining Rod*, published in Volumes XIII. and XV. They constitute a treatise on the subject and have made him an authority on it. In 1900 his provisional conclusion from these investigations (expressed in Vol. XV., p. 311) was that the dowser's success arises "from some kind of transcendental discernment possessed by his subconscious self"—from clairvoyance in fact—which through subliminal suggestion causes the automatic muscular contractions that move the dowsing rod. This provisional conclusion seems to have developed through further reflection into a firm conviction; and last year, in the "Reminiscences" already referred to, he says "I believe that it [*i.e.* dowsing] affords the easiest and most conclusive evidence that a supernormal perceptive power—akin to clairvoyance—exists." We understand, however, that search is still being made in Germany for normal physical or physiological explanations of the phenomena of dowsing.

On May 6th, at the last meeting of the Society before his death, Sir William was the reader of a paper "On an Enquiry into a Remarkable Case," and the *Journal* for May which appeared almost on the day of his death contains an obituary notice of Dr. Sydney Alritz of Upsala, in whose work in hypnotism he took great interest. He died, therefore, as he would have wished, very much in harness—working for psychical research to the last.

In his private life Sir William Barrett was a man of warm and enduring friendships. He had a devoted sister who kept house for him for many years, and his latest years were rendered very happy by his marriage in 1916

to Mrs. Florence Willie, M.D., the distinguished surgeon and gynecologist.

In conclusion, it only remains to say, that those of us who, like myself, believe that our Society has been and is a valuable instrument in promoting investigation in fields neglected by orthodox science cannot but feel much gratitude to Sir William Barrett to whom its existence is so largely due, and who also began "the accumulation of evidence which bids fair sooner or later to place telepathy among the established truths of science." When that forecast, quoted from his Presidential address to the Society in 1904,¹ comes true, as I cannot doubt it will, Sir William Barrett will undoubtedly and deservedly be regarded as a courageous pioneer in perhaps the most important branch of human discovery.

ELEANOR MILDRED SIDGWICK.

¹ *Proceedings*, vol. xviii., pp. 241-2.

IN MEMORY OF
MONSIEUR CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

WE have to record with great regret the loss of another former President of the Society, also a well-known man of science, in the death of Monsieur Camille Flammarion, which occurred at Juvisy on June 4, 1925, at the age of eighty-three. In the forty-three years of its existence the Society has had four Presidents who were distinguished citizens of foreign countries; one American, William James, and three Frenchmen, Professor Charles Richet, Professor Henri Bergson, and lastly Camille Flammarion, whom we welcomed not only for his own sake, but as strengthening the ties that already bound us to our fellow-workers in France.

Monsieur Flammarion has already described in his Presidential Address (*Proc., S.P.R.*, Vol. XXXIV., p. 1) how it was in 1861, sixty-four years ago, that his interest in psychical research was first stimulated by seeing on a Paris book-stall Alan Kardec's *Le Livre des Esprits*. From that time till the end of his life his interest never flagged and he became the author of several widely-read books on the subject. It was, however, to the study of astronomy that his life was mainly devoted. He excelled especially in setting forth the results of astronomical research in a lucid and attractive style, intelligible to those who have little or no technical knowledge of the subject. The writer of the Obituary Notice in the *Times* said of him: "He was indeed aptly named 'The Poet of the Heavens,' and was regarded with real affection by immense numbers of readers, both in France and England, who owed to him all their knowledge of the wonders of astronomy." Something of his power of bringing within the vision of the ordinary man the

immense vistas which astronomy opens out may be felt in his Presidential Address to this Society. An English translation of the Address was, as many of our members will recollect, read at a General Meeting of the Society on June 26, 1923, by Sir William Barrett, who had been for many years on terms of personal friendship with Monsieur Flammarion.

To the Society's *Journal* for March, 1923 (Vol. XXI., p. 45), shortly after the election of Monsieur Flammarion as President, Sir William Barrett contributed an account of his work, from which the following passages may be quoted here :

In spite of his great age, he will be 82 years old in a few weeks, his intellectual activity is undiminished. Few, if any, scientific men have written so many books, each characterised by great and wide learning and that wonderful lucidity in which French *savants* excel. His last treatise, now in course of publication, is on psychical research, and entitled *La Mort et son Mystère*, and is divided into three volumes, viz. 1. *Avant la Mort*; 2. *Autour de la Mort*; and 3. *Après la Mort* . . .

On the fly-leaf of *Après la Mort* is given a list of some of the many psychical works M. Flammarion has published. His best-known book is *L'Inconnu et les problèmes psychiques*, . . . But although M. Flammarion has been studying psychical phenomena for fifty years his life work has been astronomy, and his papers and books on this subject have had an immense circulation; e.g. his small volume entitled *Lumen* has reached a circulation of 70,000, and his *Rêves Étoilés* no less than 142,000. Besides these he has published at least twenty works on astronomy, most of which are intended to bring the wonders of the heavens and the results of modern astronomical research within the comprehension of the general public. In addition he has published sixteen books on general science, of which his *L'Atmosphère*, a popular treatise on meteorology, is the best known. Then he has written at least half-a-dozen books on speculative science and philosophy, such as *La pluralité des mondes habités*, *La fin du monde*, etc.

But all this monumental labour has been subsidiary to his work at the Observatory of Juvisy, which he founded in 1883 and still superintends. The *résumé* of his astronomical observations and papers fills two pages of the memorial to him in the *Bulletin de la Société Astronomique de France*, and to these labours must be added the editing of a monthly astronomical review which M. Flammarion founded in 1882. With such a wonderful record of scientific work there is little wonder that last year the Council of the French Astronomical Society held a public meeting to celebrate the 80th anniversary of M. Flammarion's birth. At this meeting the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, which holds 3000 persons, was found too small for the multitude who wished to join in this magnificent celebration. . . .

Owing to his great age and to his other pre-occupations Monsieur Flammarion was not able to attend any meetings of the Society during his year of Office as President, and but few of our Members can have had any personal acquaintance with him. But an impression of his vigorous and alert personality can be gathered from the photograph which was reproduced as a frontispiece to Vol. XXXIV. of the *Proceedings*.

DES CONDITIONS DE LA CERTITUDE.

PAR M. CHARLES RICHEL, PROFESSEUR À
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EN vous parlant des conditions de la certitude, il semble tout d'abord que je sois bien loin de l'objet de vos études. Pourtant je vous connais. Je sais quelles sont vos actives préoccupations. Je me souviens encore avec émotion de l'accueil favorable que vous m'avez accordé quand, il y a déjà vingt ans, j'eus, grâce à votre bienveillance, l'honneur d'être nommé votre Président. Alors—vous vous le rappelez peut-être—en mon adresse présidentielle, je n'hésitai pas à jeter dans le monde ce mot de *métapsychique* qui a fait depuis quelque fortune. Aussi bien restais-je ce jour là tout à fait au cœur de vos anxiétés scientifiques spéciales.

Or, aujourd'hui, en parlant des conditions psychologiques de la certitude, il paraît à première vue que je m'écarte des sujets que vous abordez d'ordinaire. Cependant il n'en est rien. Même, plus je réfléchis, plus je me persuade que ce qui domine notre science—car nous avons tous ici la prétention d'appeler la métapsychique une science—c'est de posséder la notion précise de ce qu'il convient d'appeler la certitude.

Je n'aurai garde d'ailleurs de traiter la question autrement qu'à notre point de vue particulier. Je n'ignore pas en effet que de grands philosophes ont écrit sur la certitude des livres profonds, et imaginé de savantes théories, depuis Socrate jusqu'à Descartes, depuis Berkeley jusqu'à Kant, depuis Auguste Comte jusqu'à Bergson, mon illustre ami, un de vos anciens présidents.

Je me proposerai seulement d'étudier comment et dans quelles conditions nous pouvons arriver en science métapsychique à acquérir la certitude.

§ I. IL EST DES DEGRÉS DANS LA CERTITUDE.

Tout de suite, une première proposition est à établir, qui paraît paradoxale, mais qui cependant, j'espère, ne vous paraîtra pas contestable ; c'est qu'il n'y a pas *une* certitude, mais *des* certitudes très diverses. Autrement dit, la certitude comporte des degrés. Maintes vérités que nous regardons comme certaines, et même absolument certaines, se présentent à nous avec quelque hiérarchie dans cette certitude même.

Bien entendu la certitude ne peut pas porter sur les jugements, et les appréciations, mais sur les faits. Notre opinion sur les bienfaits ou les méfaits de Napoléon, de Louis XIV, de Frédéric II, est sujette à de telles controverses qu'il n'y a pas de certitude. De même pour les arts. Quoique Rembrandt me paraisse bien supérieur à Guido Reni, la supériorité de Rembrandt n'est pas une certitude ; pas plus que la supériorité de Shakespeare sur Walter Scott.

Il ne peut y avoir de certitude ni dans les arts, ni dans la politique ; ni même, hélas ! dans nos jugements sur les hommes.

Il s'agit seulement de la certitude des faits. Pour prendre un exemple simple, j'examinerai les vérités élémentaires du calcul des probabilités. Mathématiquement, une probabilité très faible n'est jamais une certitude, mais *moralement* il n'en est pas ainsi. La certitude *morale*, comme on dit, ne correspond pas du tout à la certitude *mathématique*. Quand la probabilité est extrêmement faible, la certitude du cas contraire devient extrêmement forte, et *moralement* presque absolue. Au jeu de la roulette, par exemple, la probabilité que la rouge va sortir cinquante fois de suite est très faible $(\frac{1}{2})^{50}$, c'est-à-dire à peu près $\frac{1}{100,000,000,000}$. Je suis donc à peu près certain, et même tout à fait certain, que la rouge ne va pas sortir 50 fois de suite. On ne l'a jamais vu. On n'a même quelque chance de voir cette extraordinaire série que si l'on joue 100 milliards de parties. Et cependant la certitude n'est pas absolue. D'abord parce que je peux tomber sur cette faible chance, mais surtout parce qu'il

s'agit d'une machine humaine, machine qui est mise en mouvement par des hommes, machine qui n'est pas idéalement parfaite, et qui par conséquent comporte un défaut tel qu'elle va surtout donner des boules rouges.

D'ailleurs il est évident qu'avant le cinquantième coup, quand il y a déjà 49 rouges, j'ai exactement autant de chances d'avoir 49 rouges, plus une noire, que 50 rouges. C'est au commencement de la partie qu'on peut affirmer en presque absolue certitude qu'on n'obtiendra pas 50 boules rouges consécutives.

Et tout de suite nous voyons qu'il y a des degrés dans la certitude. Car si, au lieu de dire 50 boules rouges, j'avais dit 500 boules rouges, la certitude que je ne rencontrerai pas une série de 500 boules rouges deviendrait énormément plus forte que la certitude de n'avoir pas une série de 50 rouges. On est moralement certain qu'on n'aura pas 50 rouges consécutives, mais plus certain encore qu'on n'en aura pas 500. On n'aura d'ailleurs jamais la certitude mathématique, mais seulement la certitude morale.

De fait, dans toutes les sciences, mathématiques ou autres, et dans la pratique habituelle de la vie, nous nous contentons pour notre certitude de probabilités bien moins faibles que $(\frac{1}{2})^{50}$, ou même $(\frac{1}{2})^{25}$, ou même $(\frac{1}{2})^{10}$.

Mais je ne veux pas prolonger cette discussion qui nous entrainerait trop loin. Je reviendrai d'ailleurs sur l'application du calcul des probabilités à nos recherches. Pour le moment, je donnerai d'autres exemples, afin d'établir que, même lorsqu'il n'est pas question de hasard, il y a des degrés dans la certitude, et je chercherai à savoir pourquoi.

Je viens de Paris et je suis à Londres. J'ai la certitude absolue que Paris et Londres sont des villes réelles. Quoique je n'aie vu ni Calcutta, ni Sumatra, ni Valparaiso, je suis tout aussi certain que ces villes lointaines existent. Des vaisseaux en arrivent chaque jour, avec des lettres, des passagers, des marchandises. On peut y envoyer ou en recevoir des télégrammes. La certitude est complète.

Je ne suis pas moins certain que Carthage a existé. Car on en voit les ruines, et tous les témoignages des historiens sont là pour établir qu'il y a vingt trois siècles existait sur la rive africaine septentrionale de la Méditer-

ranée une grande ville appelée Carthage. C'est un fait d'absolue certitude, et le révoquer en doute ce serait nier toute l'histoire ancienne. Cependant, quelque certaine que soit la réalité de l'ancienne Carthage, ma certitude relative à Carthage est un peu moindre que ma certitude relative à Calcutta, car pour Carthage je suis forcé de m'en rapporter à des témoignages historiques ou à des débris de pierres.

Remontons à des temps plus anciens. Il n'est pas douteux qu'il y a eu en Asie Mineure une ville de Troie, autour de laquelle se sont livrés de furieux combats, chantés par le plus grand des poètes. Mais les ruines en ont presque entièrement disparu, il n'en demeure plus que de vagues vestiges. *Etiam periere ruinae*. De Troie il ne reste plus guère que l'Iliade. Or on peut prétendre, à l'extrême rigueur, que toute la poésie d'Homère n'est qu'une fiction.

Toutefois ce serait faire preuve d'un scepticisme peu pardonnable que de nier la réalité de l'ancienne Troie. Comment expliquer non seulement Homère, mais Eschyle, Euripide, Sophocle, Hérodote, et toute la littérature grecque ? La réalité de l'ancienne Troie est une certitude, mais une certitude d'ordre inférieur à la certitude de Carthage, à plus forte raison à la certitude de Calcutta ou de Paris.

Donc, il est dans les certitudes une sorte de hiérarchie. Pourquoi ? Faisons cette analyse.

Dès que je puis, à chaque minute de mon existence, contrôler, vérifier un fait, il n'y a plus d'hésitation possible. Nul doute n'est permis. Qu'un individu lunatique vienne me dire : "Calcutta n'existe pas," je pourrai lui rire au nez, car je n'aurai qu'à entrer dans un bureau télégraphique : au bout d'une heure j'aurai la réponse de Calcutta. S'il me dit : "Carthage n'a jamais existé," je pourrai le renvoyer à Polybe, à Plaute, à Tite-Live, à Plutarque et à quarante auteurs latins, qui en parlent comme d'une réalité incontestable. Je pourrai même l'engager à aller sur la rive africaine jusqu'à Tunis, et il verra près de Tunis des ruines qui témoignent qu'il y eût là une grande ville. Mais s'il me dit : "la ville de Troie n'a jamais existé," la démonstration du contraire sera plus

difficile, et une discussion sera presque possible, malgré les découvertes de Schliemann ; car l'Iliade d'Homère est un poème et non un document historique. Qui sait si les Grecs, poètes et historiens, n'ont pas pris cette fiction pour une réalité !

Pourtant je suis bien certain que Troie a existé. C'est une certitude historique, traditionnelle. Mais, comme elle ne comporte pas une vérification immédiate qui entraîne la certitude absolue, c'est une certitude de second ordre.

De là cette proposition peu contestable que la certitude est d'autant plus grande que la vérification peut se faire, facile et prompte.

Cependant, en l'absence de tout contrôle immédiat, il y a dans le domaine des sciences historiques maintes certitudes qui sont absolues. Mais, pour qu'elles aient ce caractère, il faut la multiplicité et l'authenticité des témoignages. Quand on possède 20, 30 documents authentiques, on arrive à pouvoir affirmer les choses. Aussi toutes les questions de certitude historique traditionnelle sont-elles difficiles à établir. Il faut beaucoup de sagacité et un esprit de critique pénétrant pour distinguer ce qui est très probable et ce qui est absolument certain.

Charles I^{er} est mort sur l'échafaud. Brutus a tué César. Caïn a tué Abel. Voilà trois faits certains. Mais quelle différence dans la certitude ! Pour le crime de Charles I^{er}, nous avons tous les écrits du temps, les lettres, les mémoires des contemporains, les archives du procès. Alors certitude absolue. Pour la mort de César, nous avons les livres de Cicéron, de Suétone, de Tacite, de Plutarque et de tous les auteurs latins, mais enfin ils ont pu se tromper en répétant la même erreur. Pour le meurtre d'Abel, nous n'avons que le témoignage de la Bible. L'histoire devient presque de la légende.

Ainsi la certitude va en se dégradant à mesure que les témoignages sont plus clairsemés. *La certitude est d'autant plus grande que les témoignages sont plus abondants.*

Il va de soi que la qualité de ces témoignages a un rôle essentiel ; un seul témoignage authentique pèsera plus dans la balance que vingt affirmations hasardeuses. Mais qui fera cette pesée ? Il s'agit de nuances, d'appréciations

personnelles. La certitude historique n'a jamais le caractère absolu et dominateur d'une certitude scientifique laquelle peut toujours se vérifier immédiatement.

Pour prendre un exemple, je citerai un livre très curieux et très savant de M. Conchond. Cet auteur conclut que Jésus-Christ n'a pas existé, que tout est mythe et légende. Bien entendu je lui laisse la responsabilité de cette audacieuse assertion. Je l'indique seulement pour montrer à quel point la certitude historique est toujours fragile.

La certitude se transforme en effet quand des assertions contradictoires sont opposées, quelle que soit la valeur des preuves affirmatives. Les magistrats, quand ils ont à juger, sont souvent très embarrassés, car il se produit des témoignages contradictoires et confus au milieu desquels il est permis d'hésiter.

Anatole France conte quelque part l'histoire d'un jeune magistrat qui, par la logique de son argumentation et par l'accumulation de preuves formelles, avait fait condamner un individu à mort. Ce misérable était certainement un assassin, mais cependant il s'obstinait à se dire innocent. Or le magistrat en toute conscience n'avait pas la moindre incertitude, et il était bien convaincu que l'homme qu'il avait fait condamner avait réellement assassiné. Cependant, la veille de l'exécution, ce jeune magistrat, qui était au début de sa carrière et un peu inquiet de sa responsabilité, alla trouver le condamné dans sa cellule et lui dit : " Rien ne peut vous sauver : avouez que vous avez tué." " Eh bien ! oui," dit le malheureux, " oui, j'ai tué." Et ce fut un grand soulagement pour le magistrat. Il avait déjà la certitude, mais l'aveu du coupable augmentait la certitude, car la certitude a des degrés.

Si j'insiste sur ces conditions de la certitude historique ou judiciaire, c'est que souvent nous ne pouvons juger des faits métapsychiques que d'après des témoignages. Pour toute une série de phénomènes qui ne relèvent pas de l'expérimentation, mais de l'observation, et d'une observation prise par des témoins, souvent peu compétents, ou effrayés, ou inattentifs, ou de mémoire infidèle, alors il faut une documentation sévère qui ne peut jamais être trop minutieuse. L'admirable recueil *Phantasms of the Living*, qu'aucun

livre n'a pu même de loin égaler, nous donne des exemples de cette critique judicieuse. Les faits d'observation entraînent la certitude tout autant que les faits historiques, mais c'est une certitude inférieure à la certitude scientifique expérimentale, car les événements, qui sont passagers et fugaces, ne peuvent se répéter, et nous sommes contraints de nous en rapporter aux témoignages des témoins dignes de foi.

Voilà pourquoi, lorsqu'un de nos correspondants nous signale un fait d'hallucination véridique, nous y croyons assurément, mais nous en sommes beaucoup moins convaincus que lui, car il sait mieux que nous à quoi s'en tenir sur la véracité et la sagacité du témoin.

Il se produit même fort souvent un fait bien singulier et assez comique. Nous racontons un phénomène remarquable, excellemment démonstratif, mais notre interlocuteur en est à peine ému. Il hoche la tête, un peu sceptique, et il ajoute : " je ne crois pas beaucoup à votre récit. Pourtant je connais un fait du même genre, mais bien plus remarquable, que je vais vous citer." Hélas ! le plus souvent ce fait si remarquable est entaché de maintes déficiences.

La certitude des faits métapsychiques est un peu celle des aérolithes. Un météore lumineux a été vaguement entrevu, diverses personnes ont cru entendre un grand fracas, et au bout de quelques heures on découvre une pierre bizarre qui n'était pas là la veille. Mais vraiment n'était-elle pas là ? Est-ce possible qu'elle soit descendue du ciel ? Lavoisier, notre grand Lavoisier, le plus grand des savants de tous les pays et de tous les temps, a osé dire : " il n'y a pas de pierres tombant du ciel, parce qu'il n'y a pas de pierres dans le ciel."

Il faut donc excuser les personnes (de moindre envergure intellectuelle que Lavoisier sans doute) qui, lorsqu'on leur fait des récits de fantômes appuyés de constatations multiples et concordantes, n'ont qu'un sourire dédaigneux.

Tout dépend pour une grande part du nombre et de la qualité des témoignages. Mais que le témoignage humain est faillible ! C'est effrayant !

Mon regretté ami Th. Flournoy, de Genève, raconte qu'un jour, à un de ses cours, brusquement un individu,

qui semblait privé de raison, est entré dans la salle, sur les hauts gradins, a prononcé des paroles incohérentes avec gestes désordonnés et compliqués, et est sorti précipitamment. A peine était-il sorti que Flournoy a dit à ses élèves : “jeunes gens, faites attention, relatez-moi par écrit exactement tout ce qui s’est produit : l’algarade et sa durée, l’heure de l’entrée et de la sortie, les gestes, les paroles, la description de cet individu, car ce fut une comédie par avance arrangée dans toutes ses minuscules phases. Je veux savoir jusqu’à quel point vous êtes de bons observateurs.” Eh bien ! ces jeunes gens, distingués philosophes, ont donné sur ces deux minutes de tumulte des relations très différentes, incomplètes et inexactes.

Nous avons publié jadis, avec mon ami Dariex, le cas du lieutenant Escourrou, qui eut l’oeil gauche blessé par une balle mortelle à l’assaut de La Puebla. Or sa mère, le matin de ce même jour, avait vu, sur un tableau représentant le portrait de son fils, le même oeil gauche saignant, déchiré et elle en avait parlé. Nous avons fait sur cette remarquable hallucination véridique une enquête approfondie. Dariex a été chez M. et Me. Escourrou à deux reprises différentes. M. Escourrou père était un officier supérieur, de bonne foi absolue. Voilà donc un fait bien authentique dont la documentation est irréprochable. Or voici qui est bien singulier. Mon éminent ami Camille Flammarion raconte une histoire tout à fait analogue avec d’autres noms. Un officier français, M. de Boislève, est blessé à l’oeil gauche lors de l’assaut de La Puebla. Madame de Boislève, sa mère, l’aurait vu dans son salon le jour de sa blessure avec l’oeil gauche crevé. Même il paraît qu’un procès-verbal de cette constatation a été dressé. Mais où est-il, ce procès-verbal ? Nous n’en avons aucune trace, et j’incline à penser qu’il s’agit là d’une histoire racontée après le décès du lieutenant Escourrou et inexactement attribuée à d’autres personnes.

Je ne veux pas refaire le livre qu’écrivait, il y a trois siècles, Cornelius Agrippa sur l’incertitude des sciences. Agrippa croyait que la théologie était supérieure à toutes les sciences, ce que je n’ai garde d’admettre. Mais je croirais volontiers à l’inexactitude (relative) du témoignage humain.

Heureusement, quand il s'agit des hallucinations véridiques, il y a des récits tellement nombreux, tellement incontestables, que, sous peine d'un scepticisme ridicule, il faut accepter beaucoup de ces récits comme authentiques. Et la multiplicité des preuves pèse d'un grand poids dans la balance. S'il n'y avait qu'un seul fait, absolument exact cependant, entouré de tous les témoignages et de toutes les authenticités désirables, possédant toutes les garanties de bonne observation et de véracité que vous pourriez imaginer, ce fait, s'il était unique, ne pourrait suffire à nous convaincre qu'il n'y a pas eu erreur.

De là cette proposition qui n'est pas plus contestable que les deux autres et qui est tellement simple qu'elle est presque une naïveté : *la certitude croit non seulement avec le nombre, mais avec la qualité des témoignages.*

II

Je prendrai pour exemple des faits de science. Tout d'abord, quand on parle d'un fait scientifique, il semble qu'il n'y ait plus de place à l'incertitude. Et cependant . . .

Il est certain qu'il y a du fer dans l'eau de mer. Ce fer est en minime quantité, mais enfin il y en a ; les poissons ont du fer dans le sang, les cendres de certains mollusques (*Suberites domuncula*) sont extrêmement riches en fer, et cependant les réactifs chimiques ne permettent de déceler le fer dans l'eau de mer que lorsqu'on a évaporé d'énormes quantités de liquide. Qui sait si pendant cette laborieuse évaporation des parcelles de fer n'ont pas pu être introduites ? Nous sommes parfaitement certains qu'il y a du fer dans l'eau de mer, mais nous sommes beaucoup plus certains qu'il y a du chlore, car pour le chlore la vérification peut se faire tout de suite. Il suffira d'une goutte d'eau de mer. Un étudiant chimiste qui commence sa première année pourra en faire immédiatement la preuve, sans manutention préalable, sans longues évaporations, alors que la constatation du fer est longue, délicate et exige des connaissances chimiques approfondies.

Les astronomes ont mesuré la distance qui sépare la Terre de la Lune. A quelques kilomètres près, ils sont

d'accord. Mais ils ont essayé aussi de mesurer la distance qui nous sépare de Sirius par exemple, en prenant comme base du triangle, non plus deux points de la terre, mais la terre aux deux points extrêmes de sa course annuelle. L'angle parallaxique est, même alors, extrêmement petit. Mais, quelque confiance que j'aie en ces mesures et ces calculs, lorsqu'on me dit que l'étoile polaire est à mille années de lumière et que d'autres étoiles (qu'on peut photographier) sont à 300,000 années de lumière, j'en suis beaucoup moins certain, quoique ma confiance en ces données de la science soit absolue.

En astronomie, comme en chimie, les faits certains sont d'une certitude différente.

Parlerai-je de la zoologie ? Je suis certain qu'il y a des éléphants, car j'en ai vu, et je peux en voir quand je voudrai. Je suis certain d'autre part qu'il y a eu des mammouths. Il n'est pas permis d'en douter. Tout de même, malgré les preuves zoologiques, malgré les exemplaires trouvés en Sibérie, presque intacts encore, la certitude est moindre pour l'ancienne existence des mammouths que pour l'actuelle existence des éléphants.

En physiologie, je pourrais à ce propos mentionner quantité de faits certains, mais d'hierarchie différente dans la certitude. Je me contenterai d'un seul exemple (qui m'est d'ailleurs guère plus démonstratif que beaucoup d'autres).

Flourens a montré que l'ablation du cervelet entraîne des troubles de l'équilibre. L'expérience a été faite des milliers de fois sur des pigeons (surtout) et aussi sur des mammifères ; en outre, les médecins savent que toute lésion du cervelet entraîne le vertige et l'incoordination musculaire. Ce sont faits d'absolue certitude. Mais le physiologiste italien Luigi Luciani a prouvé, en outre, qu'il y avait, en même temps que des troubles de l'équilibre, déficience musculaire. Les expériences sont bien démonstratives : elles entraînent la certitude. Mais elles sont difficiles à faire, l'observation est délicate, il faut une grande habileté opératoire et une observation attentive pour constater la déficience musculaire après l'ablation du cervelet. La déficience est certaine, mais moins certaine que l'incoordination.

Ainsi nous voyons que, dans les sciences comme dans notre opinion sur les choses, la certitude, *tout en restant certitude*, est différente selon que les faits peuvent être répétés avec plus ou moins de fréquence ou de facilité, à l'aide d'appareils plus ou moins compliqués, avec un contrôle plus ou moins rigoureux.

LA CERTITUDE EST SURTOUT UN FAIT D'HABITUDE.

Je vous ai exposé des vérités très élémentaires, très naïves, presque des truismes, et je serais tenté de m'en excuser. Pourtant ce qui justifie mon insistance, c'est que cette variabilité de la certitude est souvent méconnue. Et j'arrive alors graduellement à ce qui est le principal objet de ce bref discours, et j'espère que ma proposition ne vous paraîtra pas trop paradoxale.

Je vous la formulerai ainsi pour que vous puissiez bien la retenir ! *on n'a de certitude absolue que pour les faits habituels.*

Plus un fait est inhabituel, rare, exceptionnel, en apparence contradiction avec ce que nous voyons autour de nous à chaque instant, plus la certitude est difficile à acquérir. En dépit de toutes les démonstrations, expérimentales ou autres, on n'est jamais complètement certain que des faits habituels. Et cela semble assez étrange. Pourtant, hélas ! notre intelligence est assez mal faite pour qu'il en soit ainsi. C'est assurément un défaut de notre intelligence, mais nous n'y pouvons rien.

Voici un petit fait qui établit à quel point des raisonnements, même de la plus sévère mathématique, sont parfois impuissants à entraîner la conviction. On démontre en géométrie élémentaire que, quelle que soit l'inclinaison de la section sur l'axe, la section d'un tronc de cône donne toujours une ellipse régulière. M. Thiers, le grand homme d'État, ayant voulu, sur ses vieux jours, s'initier aux mathématiques, se rebiffa devant cette démonstration rigoureuse. "Non, non," disait-il, "il est impossible qu'en coupant obliquement un pain de sucre on n'ait pas une ellipse où il y a un gros bout d'un côté, et un petit bout de l'autre." Il fallut alors, pour le convaincre, la preuve

expérimentale. On fit scier obliquement un pain de sucre, et on vit alors, à la grande surprise du Président de la République, que l'ellipse était bien régulière.

De même que pour les démonstrations géométriques, la certitude n'existe complète, radicale, absolue, que pour les faits facilement accessibles à nos sens c'est-à-dire à des observations quotidiennes, répétées, et répétables.

On raconte qu'un des académiciens du XVIII^{ème} siècle, l'abbé d'O — était fort avare. Un jour, à l'Académie, on fit une collecte, chacun devant apporter sa petite somme. Mais quand on fit le compte des offrandes remises, il en manquait une. “J'ai donné,” dit l'abbé d'O—. Un de ses confrères obligeamment dit : “je ne l'ai pas vu, mais je vous crois.” Fontenelle ajouta : “moi, je l'ai vu, mais je ne le crois pas.”

Quand un fait est invraisemblable, on a beau l'avoir vu, on ne se résigne pas tout de suite à y ajouter foi, la vérité ne consent à être acceptée que lorsqu'elle a pour elle la vraisemblance, c'est-à-dire l'habitude.

C'est là le grand malheur de nos expériences et de nos observations scientifiques. Vainement nous avons été témoins, et témoins rigoureux, vainement nous en avons l'irréfragable certitude, elles ne font pas partie intégrante de nos convictions.

Pour le démontrer, je citerai deux exemples personnels, l'un de métapsychique subjective, l'autre de métapsychique objective, qui tous deux ont entraîné *ma conviction absolue*, et que cependant,—ce qui est presque contradictoire avec ma certitude,—je voudrais répéter, et même répéter plusieurs fois, afin de m'y habituer.

A. *Métapsychique Subjective*.—Pour le phénomène subjectif, il s'agit d'une des plus belles expériences de Stéphane Ossovietzki. Avant que je ne partisse pour Varsovie, mon illustre amie, la comtesse de Noailles, m'avait remis trois enveloppes, soigneusement cachetées, et dont j'ignorais absolument le contenu. Je les montrai à Stéphane en lui disant d'en choisir une. Il en prit une au hasard. Nous étions, Geley et moi, en pleine lumière, à côté de lui, surveillant l'un et l'autre ses moindres gestes, notant toutes ses paroles. Or c'est à peine s'il a regardé l'enveloppe.

Il la palpait, la mettait derrière son dos, la froissait légèrement en tous sens et parlait de choses très différentes. Au bout d'une demi-heure environ il nous dit : "il y a quelque chose de la Nature. C'est l'inspiration d'un grand poète français. On dirait Rostand. Je vois beaucoup de lumières pendant la nuit. C'est un vers de Chantecler dit par le Coq, et au-dessous il y a la signature, Edmond Rostand."

En réalité l'enveloppe que nous décachetâmes contenait ces mots écrits par Mme. de Noailles : "*c'est la nuit qu'il est beau de croire à la lumière.* 'Edmond Rostand.' Ce vers de Chantecler est dit par le Coq."

Voilà une expérience irréprochable. Elle me suffit. Nulle erreur n'est possible.

En effet : 1°. Supposer une collusion entre Stéphane O. et Mme. de Noailles, c'est monstrueusement idiot. Madame de Noailles ne connaissait absolument pas Stéphane.

2°. L'opacité de l'enveloppe était complète, elle n'a été décachetée qu'après que Stéphane nous eut tout dit, la nuit, la lumière, Chantecler, Rostand. D'ailleurs, pendant tout le temps de l'expérience, c'est-à-dire pendant environ une demi-heure, nous avons, Geley et moi, surveillé scrupuleusement tous les gestes de Stéphane, sans nous relâcher dans notre surveillance.

Puisque je parle ici de cette expérience faite en commun, avec mon excellent ami Geley, qu'il me soit permis de lui adresser du haut de cette tribune un souvenir ému. Je n'ai pas connu d'observateur plus sagace, d'expérimentateur plus pénétrant, attentif aux moindres détails, en même temps qu'apte aux plus puissantes généralisations. Hélas ! un cruel événement l'a enlevé à notre amitié et à notre admiration ; ce fut une grande perte pour la science.

3°. Supposer le hasard, c'est également absurde, comme le bon sens l'indique. Si nous appliquons le calcul des probabilités, la citation d'un auteur, au lieu d'une phrase quelconque, n'est que de 1/50 environ ; que ce soit un vers plutôt que de la prose, c'est 1/100, que ce vers soit de Rostand, c'est de 1/10,000, que ce vers soit de Chantecler, c'est de 1/100,000, que ce soit un vers où il est question de nuit et de lumière, c'est de 1/10,000,000.

Ainsi le hasard ne peut être mis en cause. Peu importe le nombre de zéros. A partir d'une probabilité très faible, la certitude morale est à peu près la même.

Donc cette expérience est démonstrative. Nulle fraude, nulle illusion, nulle collusion, nul hasard ne suffisant à l'expliquer. Il faut admettre cette vérité invraisemblable, surprenante, que l'intelligence a des moyens de connaissance autres que nos sens ordinaires.

☞ Ce fait, quoique inhabituel, et étrangement inhabituel, n'est pas unique. On en a rapporté de très nombreux exemples bien authentiques dans tous les temps et dans tous les pays. Moi-même je l'avais déjà constaté sur divers sujets et j'ai publié là-dessus il y a longtemps dans les *Proceedings* de votre Société un volumineux mémoire. A vrai dire, je ne crois pas qu'il y ait jamais eu de plus belles expériences que celles d'Ossovietzki. Récemment, à Copenhague, il en a fourni encore un exemple remarquable, lequel, venant après les trente expériences environ que nous avons faites, Geley et moi, entraînait la certitude.

L'expérience du vers de Rostand n'est ni plus, ni moins irréprochable que mes précédentes expériences avec Stéphane. Ce n'était donc que le contrôle des expériences antérieures. Or ce rigoureux contrôle a apporté un résultat d'une netteté éclatante. Ainsi donc je tenais la certitude, certitude expérimentale, absolue. Il semblait que tout fût fini, puisque vraiment je ne pouvais rien supposer de plus convaincant et de plus décisif que cette longue série d'expériences sur la lucidité.

Hé bien ! c'est ici que va intervenir ce curieux sentiment psychologique, à moi personnel, mais que je m'imagine beaucoup de personnes ressentent comme moi, et sur lequel j'insiste. Quand il s'agit d'un phénomène inhabituel, inconnu, qui est en contradiction apparente avec tout ce que nous avons vu depuis notre enfance, avec tout ce que les hommes, vulgaires ou savants, nous ont dit depuis un temps immémorial, alors une expérience, si parfaite qu'elle soit, ne suffit pas à entraîner une de ces certitudes absolues qui défient le temps et les critiques. Une expérience, ce n'est pas vraiment assez : il en faut dix, il en faut vingt, il en faut cent, il en faut toujours, pour que nous ayions

pris le parti d'accepter dans son intégrité un phénomène anormal. Tant que le phénomène n'aura point passé dans nos habitudes, nous n'y pourrons croire profondément, c'est-à-dire jusqu'aux racines mêmes de notre croyance. Car ce qui détermine l'absolue et irrémédiable certitude d'un phénomène, c'est la fréquence et la constance de ce phénomène même.

Je lance en l'air une pierre, je suis certain qu'elle va retomber. Nul doute ne m'assiège. C'est la certitude dans toute sa puissance. D'autre part, Ossovietzki lit dans une enveloppe opaque une lettre cachetée. Il n'a pas pu la décacheter. Il n'a pu savoir ce qu'elle contenait. La lecture de cette lettre, sans le concours de la vue, est un fait aussi certain que la chute d'une pierre. Et pourtant, sans avoir de doutes, je résiste dans mon for intérieur à admettre qu'il y a quelque connaissance des choses extérieures sans le concours des sens, car ce serait là une faculté prodigieuse différant de tout ce qui est connu, de tout ce qui a dirigé les hommes, depuis des siècles, de tout ce que j'ai vu depuis mon enfance, à chaque seconde de ma vie.

Il y a plusieurs années, j'ai découvert en physiologie un phénomène fondamental et paradoxal, que j'ai appelé *l'anaphylaxie*. L'anaphylaxie a été répétée et vérifiée des centaines et des milliers de fois, tant par moi que par un nombre immense d'auteurs différents. La certitude en est donc absolue. Tout de même, chaque fois que je le constate de nouveau, c'est toujours avec plaisir, et presque avec surprise, car c'est un fait bien singulier, et je me dis alors avec une vraie satisfaction : "décidément je ne m'étais pas trompé."

A plus forte raison quand il s'agit d'une expérience de cryptesthésie (ou de lucidité), phénomène beaucoup plus mystérieux, et plus stupéfiant, et plus étrange, que l'anaphylaxie. On veut toujours recommencer. Après la lettre de Mme. de Noailles, j'en ai donné à Ossovietzki une autre de Sarah Bernhardt, et une autre, et une autre encore, et toujours dans des conditions de rigueur irréprochable, et toujours avec le même succès.

Il semble que je n'avais pas besoin de fortifier ma

certitude, et cependant je demandais toujours à recommencer.

A mesure que le temps passe, notre certitude des faits inhabituels, faits que nous avons cependant dûment constatés, va en s'affaiblissant. Les raisonnements les plus solides, les expériences les plus décisives, n'ont pas la force de compenser l'inhabitude des faits.

Surtout ne prétendez pas que, si vous doutez vaguement de tel ou tel phénomène inhabituel, c'est que vous ne l'avez pas compris. Quelle erreur ! Nous n'avons à vrai dire rien compris à l'univers mystérieux qui nous entoure, nous sommes environnés d'un Kosmos où tout est à la fois habituel et incompréhensible. Mais l'habitude en masque l'incompréhension. Où est le fil qui attire à la terre la pomme de Newton, quand elle se détache de l'arbre ? Nous disons : "c'est l'attraction." Mais quoi ! l'attraction est-elle comprise malgré ses belles formules mathématiques ? Ces formules expriment élégamment un phénomène mystérieux, mais elles ne l'expliquent nullement.

Nous frottons du phosphore. Une flamme apparaît avec des vapeurs blanches. Avons-nous mieux compris parce que nous disons : 1°, le mouvement se transforme en chaleur (?); 2°, la chaleur détermine la combustion du phosphore (?); 3°, le phosphore solide se combine avec l'oxygène de l'air pour donner de l'acide phosphorique, corps aussi différent du phosphore que de l'oxygène, et qui cependant est à la fois du phosphore et de l'oxygène.

Je parle : vous m'écoutez. Mais c'est là un vrai miracle incompréhensible, que les évolutions de mon *moi*, ce mystère, puissent se communiquer aux autres *moi*, mystères plus profonds encore.

Et cependant, ni la chute de la pomme, ni la combustion du phosphore, ni le retentissement de la pensée humaine ne nous étonnent. Ce n'est pas parce que nous comprenons, c'est parce que nous sommes habitués.

Il y a là, il faut bien l'avouer, quelque chose d'assez désespérant. Nous ne pourrions guères faire passer des vérités dans l'esprit des hommes tant que de ces vérités les hommes n'auront pas pris l'habitude. Comment pourrais-je trouver mauvais que l'on accueillît avec quelque

scepticisme les expériences de Stéphane, par exemple, quand j'ai eu tant de peine, malgré la répétition et la précision de mes recherches, à en admettre la certitude.

Entendons-nous bien cependant sur le mot *certitude*, car c'est là le point délicat du problème psychologique que j'essaie de résoudre. Je suis absolument certain que Stéphane n'a pas pu connaître, par le secours des sens normaux (communs à tous les hommes) les mots et les idées que contenait cette lettre. J'en suis aussi certain que de ma propre existence. J'y crois comme je crois qu'il y a eu la Ville de Carthage, comme je crois qu'il y a du fer dans l'eau de mer, comme je crois qu'il y a eu des mammouths. Je n'hésiterais pas à condamner un homme à mort là-dessus, mais, comme je n'assiste jamais que dans des occasions exceptionnelles à de tels phénomènes, et même comme ces phénomènes paraissent en contradiction avec ce que je vois chaque jour, avec tout ce que pensent, disent et enseignent mes contemporains, mes compatriotes, mes amis, mes collègues, j'ai constamment besoin de renforcer ma certitude par de nouvelles expériences.

B. *Métapsychique objective*.—Si de la métapsychique subjective nous passons à la métapsychique objective, les difficultés deviennent plus grandes encore. Je pourrais citer beaucoup d'expériences. Je me contenterai d'en signaler une seule, parce qu'elle a ce double caractère d'avoir été réalisée dans des conditions irréprochables et, d'autre part, d'avoir été unique, en ce sens que je n'ai pas pu la retrouver une seconde fois.

A l'île Ribaud, un soir, après une séance plus ou moins intéressante, en présence d'Ochorowitz, de Fred. Myers, et de sir Oliver Lodge, Eusapia a présenté le phénomène suivant. Et je crois bien que personne ne pourra contester la compétence de ces observateurs.

Je prends dans ma main droite la main d'Eusapia et je tiens abaissé mon index de manière qu'il dépasse notablement la toute petite main d'Eusapia. Alors elle dirige ma main et me fait promener mon index sur du papier blanc. A mesure que mon index se promène sur le papier, une marque apparaît sur ce papier, en bleu, comme un trait bleu. Avec sa main gauche levée très haut en l'air Eusapia tenait un

crayon bleu qu'elle serrait convulsivement. Le phénomène se passait à la lumière d'une bougie qui était presque au contact du papier, tant elle était proche.

Tous les souvenirs de ce fait remarquable sont minutieusement gravés dans ma mémoire, et je m'en souviens comme si c'était hier. Je vois encore Myers, avec son lorgnon, penché sur le papier, et regardant attentivement, scrupuleusement, le phénomène. Quatre à cinq fois sur des feuilles de papier blanc (des enveloppes blanches neuves), la même trace bleue a apparu. Je suis absolument sûr que la main d'Eusapia ne touchait pas le papier qui n'était en toute certitude touché que par mon index, lequel n'avait pas la plus petite trace de bleu. Pendant près de dix minutes, toujours à la lumière d'une bougie, l'expérience s'est répétée, soit sur du papier, soit sur le plastron blanc de nos chemises.

Je n'ai pas le plus léger doute sur la réalité du phénomène ainsi constaté.

Nulle hallucination possible. Nous étions tous les quatre en notre état parfaitement normal, et très sceptiques, très incrédules. Le contrôle de quatre investigateurs attentifs et avertis est un contrôle à la quatrième puissance. La lumière de la bougie nous permettait de très bien voir tout. Sur du papier parfaitement blanc, tous les quatre, nous voyions sous mon doigt, *et sous mon doigt seul*, au fur et à mesure que je le promenais sur le papier, apparaître une ligne bleue.¹

Or, c'est là un phénomène si étrange, si inhabituel, qui fait une telle rupture avec nos habitudes quotidiennes, avec toutes les données scientifiques ou vulgaires, que malgré ma certitude sur son authenticité, je suis amené à dire que c'est une certitude de second ordre, parce que les phénomènes ne peuvent pas être répétés et parce qu'ils font violence à toutes les données usuelles.

Je pourrais citer encore bon nombre de phénomènes objectifs qui me paraissent avoir la même force probatoire, mais je ne peux pas faire ici un cours de métapsychique ;

¹ Arnaud de Gramont m'assura avoir vu le même phénomène avec Eusapia. A. de Rochas en parle sommairement (*l'extériorisation de la motricité*, page 140).

et je me contenterai de dire encore que nous aurions mauvaise grâce à reprocher aux sceptiques leur scepticisme. Ils n'ont rien vu et ils doutent. C'est bien explicable, puisque nous avons vu et que nous avons tant de peine à accepter ce que nous avons vu. Cela justifie ma formule précédente, à savoir qu'on ne manie pas la conviction par des démonstrations expérimentales, logiques ou mathématiques. La conviction résulte de l'habitude et non de la démonstration. Faire assister à ces expériences d'ectoplasmie des personnes qui n'ont encore rien vu de tel, c'est, selon toute probabilité, ne pas les convaincre. Il m'a fallu près de vingt cinq ans d'études persévérantes, parfois dans des conditions extrêmement favorables, pour me rendre. J'ai fait une défense désespérée avant d'être convaincu de la réalité de la métapsychique objective. Comment demander aux autres hommes cette longue et prolongée patience ?

Voilà pourquoi je n'ai aucune sympathie pour les commissions d'enquête, les contrôles auxquels sont convoqués des hommes loyaux et intelligents, certes, mais inhabiles à ces études, et surtout non habitués aux phénomènes bizarres (et, dans le sens vulgaire du mot, énormément absurdes) de la métapsychique.

D'ailleurs, presque jamais la science ne progresse que par le travail d'un individu isolé. Elle n'est pas un fruit collectif, plus que ne peuvent l'être un drame ou une statue.

Cette nécessité de répéter les expériences, même quand on en a obtenu de tout à fait certaines, explique pourquoi, quand il s'agit du phénomène tant contesté, mais à mon avis nullement contestable, de l'ectoplasmie, nous recommençons l'expérience sans nous lasser, alors cependant, que, selon toute vraisemblance, rien de nouveau ne va se produire. Les expériences innombrables que je fis avec Eusapia et avec Gouzik sont d'une monotonie effarante. Des contacts, des impressions de mains ou de moignons, de ridicules mouvements d'objets, tous phénomènes qui se répètent sans se perfectionner, et qui ne paraissent guère capables d'un progrès quelconque.

Et cependant, chaque fois qu'on a assisté à une télé-

kinésie indiscutable, quand il y a eu une ectoplasmie dont la réalité n'est pas douteuse, on est très satisfait. On se confirme dans son opinion, et la certitude devient de plus en plus impérieuse.

Mais—chose singulière—cette certitude s'envole avec le temps. En sortant d'une belle et décisive séance, on n'a pas l'ombre d'un doute. Mais, à mesure que le temps passe, le doute arrive. On est pris de scrupules rétrospectifs, car tout ce qu'on voit autour de soi est contraire à cette étrange ectoplasmie, qu'on n'a pu entrevoir que pendant quelques secondes. Au bout d'un an, on est devenu tout à fait hésitant, et, pour peu qu'on reste quelques années sans nouvelles expériences, on est envahi par un scepticisme plus dangereux encore que celui des individus qui n'ont rien vu.

Je le répète de nouveau, car c'est le point fondamental que je veux établir : *pour croire complètement à un phénomène, il faut y être habitué.*

Aussi me paraît-il très important, après qu'on a noté tous les détails d'une expérience, de ne pas se contenter de cette notation, mais d'y ajouter quelque chose d'essentiel, *la conviction qu'on avait immédiatement après l'expérience.* Il faut écrire résolument sur ses notes : "je suis absolument convaincu que nulle fraude n'était possible." C'est cela qui compte, et non les doutes rétrospectifs qui peuvent, à tout moment, et parfois sans raison, s'emparer de notre esprit.

CONCLUSIONS.

Et maintenant, il faut conclure, car sans être des apôtres, nous avons malgré nous, tous, plus ou moins l'ardent désir de faire passer notre conviction dans l'esprit des hommes. Ce que nous croyons être la vérité, ce qui nous paraît être la certitude, malgré notre rébellion instinctive pour tout fait inhabituel, si cela n'est accepté ni par le public, ni par les savants, alors nous en ressentons une vraie douleur intellectuelle. C'est même un sentiment assez noble que cette tendance à faire partager notre opinion aux autres hommes. Car, en réalité, le vrai

savant est celui-là, qui, sans aucun intérêt de vanité ou de lucre, veut répandre des faits qu'il regarde, en toute conscience, comme certains.

Donc il faut d'abord commencer par acquérir notre certitude personnelle. Elle ne pourra être obtenue que par de répétées expériences. Ne craignons pas de les multiplier, même quand elles ne nous doivent donner que du *déjà vu*, car chaque nouvelle expérience justifie notre croyance, et, sans doute, chaque fois qu'on la répète, on a éliminé un doute, un scrupule, qui nous empêchait de croire sans réserve.

Notre conviction personnelle ne peut pas, pour les choses métapsychiques, être livresque, due à la lecture de tels ou tels ouvrages, aux récits qui nous sont apportés par des témoins, même dignes de foi, ou par des savants, même très habiles. Toutefois, pour appuyer notre certitude, il est bon de relire et de méditer ce qu'ont dit les maîtres. Ils ont eu les mêmes doutes que nous, et ils ont obtenu la certitude par les mêmes voies.

Alors ce n'est pas seulement pour le public que l'appui d'autres témoignages autorisés est important, essentiel : c'est encore pour nous. *Vae soli*. Malheur à celui qui est seul à soutenir une opinion, car, malgré toute sa confiance en son jugement, il va se sentir affaibli dans sa certitude, s'il est tout seul à l'avoir.

Ainsi donc, pour notre propre certitude, voir beaucoup d'expériences, les répéter sans se lasser, lire et relire ce qui a été écrit par d'excellents observateurs, je ne vois pas d'autre moyen efficace pour combattre notre néophobie naturelle, notre aversion pour les idées nouvelles qui ne cadrent pas avec l'ensemble dogmatique de la science contemporaine.

Une fois que nous serons arrivés à la certitude absolue, irréfragable, il s'agira de la faire partager au public. Mais cela, c'est très difficile, et peut-être même assez stérile, car nos observations et nos expériences, malgré leur précision, n'entraîneront pas la conviction de nos lecteurs ou de nos auditeurs. Là encore il faudra la répétition. Il faudra rendre les phénomènes métapsychiques *habituels*, car les hommes (et les savants peut-être plus que les autres

hommes) n'acceptent pas ce qui ne leur est pas répété à satiété.

Et, pour justifier mon opinion, je prendrai un exemple récent, celui de l'aviation.

Jusque aux premières années de ce siècle, personne ne croyait qu'il fût possible de voler avec des appareils plus lourds que l'air. On ridiculisait les constructeurs de ces aéroplanes. Ils passaient pour des fous, des illuminés. En 1894 j'avais construit et essayé une machine volante (plus lourde que l'air, naturellement). Alors on m'a montré, dans une caricature répandue à profusion, tenant grotesquement à la main une de ces stupides machines.

Quand je dis que personne n'y croyait, j'exagère. Il y avait bien, de par le monde entier, une trentaine de personnes persuadées que les oiseaux ne volent pas par des moyens surnaturels, et que le problème de l'aviation par des machines lourdes, était un problème soluble. Et pourtant la néophobie générale était telle que les quelque trente individus croyant *au plus lourd que l'air* étaient considérés comme des demi-aliénés.

Mais, une fois que la démonstration a été faite—et je ne parle pas de la démonstration scientifique qui ne touche pas le public, mais de la démonstration industrielle, qui seule a de l'effet—alors aussitôt un phénomène psychologique des plus singuliers s'est produit.

Ces machines volantes, auxquelles personne ne croyait, tout le monde y a cru, et non seulement on y a cru, mais encore, ce qui est profondément comique, *on a affirmé y avoir cru toujours*. En 1910, on n'aurait pas trouvé une seule personne disant : "je n'ai jamais cru au plus lourd que l'air." Tous les hommes ont pensé, en toute bonne foi, je suppose, qu'ils n'avaient jamais mis en doute la possibilité de cette invention.

Eh bien, pour les phénomènes métapsychiques, au jour, prochain peut-être, où les expériences pourront se répéter facilement, tout le monde sera avec nous, et on dira "j'y ai toujours cru !"

Attendons donc ce jour et ayons confiance.

Ne vous laissez pas, mes chers collègues, dans votre labeur.

Et surtout soyez convaincus que les vérités de la métapsychique sont plus importantes que toutes autres vérités scientifiques. C'est un monde nouveau, aux horizons imprévus et splendides, qui s'offre à l'intelligence de l'homme, avide de connaître, ne fût-ce que par fragments, la destinée qui l'attend.

MRS. PIPER AND THE EMPEROR BAND OF
“CONTROLS.”

BY A. W. TRETHERY.

(1) THIS paper is based on the articles about Mrs. Piper's mediumship which have appeared in the *S.P.R. Proceedings*, and on the typed records of Hodgson's sittings with her from 1896 to 1905 in the S.P.R. library. The Stainton Moses, Emperor, Rector, etc., of Mrs. Piper's trance are designated as S. M._P, Emperor_P, Rector_P, etc. The references to volumes and pages are to the *S.P.R. Proceedings*, and those to dates and pages with the word “Records” are to the books of typed records.

(2) So much has been written about Mrs. Piper's mediumship by experts in psychical research, that it may seem presumptuous on the part of a tyro to add to the literature. My excuse is that I shall restrict myself to a single problem—namely, the question of the identity of the Intelligences who communicated through her under the names of Stainton Moses and his controls Emperor, Rector, Doctor, Prudens and Mentor—and this point is one on which I may claim to have some special knowledge, as far as the internal evidence goes, owing to my study of the work of Stainton Moses.

(3) There seem to be two main difficulties in the discussion. The first is the difference in the kind of communication ordinarily received through the two mediums respectively, which suggests a difference in their methods and therefore makes it unsafe to argue from one to the other on the basis of analogy. For instance, much of the information which came through Stainton Moses is traceable to a printed source, with which it is probably connected, even if it did not originate therein. The unconscious exercise of clairvoyance may reasonably be regarded in

his case as an alternative to the spiritualistic theory. With Mrs. Piper, on the other hand, the alternative appears to be rather a form of telepathy. Another instance of the difference between them is the occurrence of physical phenomena at séances with Stainton Moses, which, by their connection with the automatic writing, tend to support the spiritualistic theory, whereas there were no physical phenomena with Mrs. Piper except the withering of flowers attributed to supernatural agency.

(4) The second difficulty is inherent in the spiritualistic theory, and consists in the uncertainty of estimating the degree in which the medium's mind may colour or distort the message. The application of this factor should not be strained to cover every contradiction or inaccuracy, but the only check on its use is *a priori* speculation, an unsatisfactory guide.

(5) For the present purposes I assume that the "Controls" or "Guides" of Stainton Moses were spirits with existence independent of his, and not merely the creations of his subliminal mind. I make a similar assumption in Mrs. Piper's case, to facilitate the comparison of the two groups, except in so far as the consideration of a specific alternative theory may clear the ground in some particular situation. The question to be discussed is whether her "Controls" were identical with his, and not who or what they were if the answer is in the negative.

(6) As the spirit of Stainton Moses professed to communicate through Mrs. Piper and to introduce the spirits who had controlled him on earth, it will be convenient to deal with his case first. He did not come without an invitation. Hodgson in *Proceedings S.P.R.*, Vol. XIII. page 408, gave a short account of the sitting at which the subject was broached, and stated in a footnote that a more detailed account would be given in Part II. of his report. Part II. was never written by him, but the incident seems to be the same as narrated by Professor Romaine Newbold (W. R. N.) in Vol. XIV. pp. 36 *et seq.* On June 19th, 1895, the sitter (W. R. N.) quoted the writings of Stainton Moses in the course of an argument with George Pelham_P, and at the next two sittings asked that

his attendance should be procured if possible. On the 22nd and 24th Stainton Moses_p came and gave some information about the opinions expressed in *Spirit Teachings* and about the identity of his "Controls." He said that some teachings given through him in his earth life about the condition and practices of the spirit after the physical death of the body were wrong in certain respects. He accounted for these errors (Vol. XIV. page 40) as having been due to his misunderstanding the communications from his Guides in his earth life. This explanation is hardly credible, for the subjects were essential parts of their teaching. The only other theory that seems to me at all plausible, while consistent with his identity, is that owing to conflict with the views of Mrs. Piper or the sitter his replies to the questions did not come through properly. If either of these persons did hold strong opinions about the subjects discussed, a point on which I can find no information, this aspect is worthy of consideration, though the assumed distortion of the message exceeds the limits of probability.

(7) The information given by S. M._p at these sittings about the names of the "Controls" had not "the least semblance of truth" (page 41 *id.*), but the names which he gave are not quoted in the *Proceedings*, and blank spaces have been left where the names should be in the typed records of these séances. The original manuscript records are not in the S.P.R. office, but Mrs. Sidgwick has recently obtained the information from Professor Newbold and has kindly passed it on to me. On June 22nd, 1895, S. M._p said that Rector was Dr. Wallace, and that Doctor was his (S. M.'s) father. On June 24th he corrected himself, stating that Rector (not Doctor) was his father, and that Doctor was not Wallace but Walton, a "Dr. Walton" whom he had known at college. Then on being questioned as to who Emperor was, he gave the name of David, and on being asked whether he meant King David he assented, adding that he had written it ("David") in his script without divulging it to anybody. The names which these Guides gave to Stainton Moses are mentioned in paragraph 26 below. Stainton Moses' father

was alive while his son was doing the greater part of his automatic writing under the influence of these "Controls"; he took no interest in, and apparently displayed no knowledge of, his son's mediumistic experiences.

On a later occasion, October 14th, 1896, S. M._P stated through G. P._P that Imperator had been St. Joseph, the father of Christ (Vol. XXVIII. page 90). When G. P._P was told that this statement was wrong, a *soi-disant* Dr. Arthur Myers_P intervened with the unsatisfactory allegation that Stainton Moses' father and not Stainton Moses in person had been responsible for it (pp. 91, 459 *id.*). S. M._P certainly was correct in stating on November 9th, 1896, "Records" page A.165, that Plato had been one of his Guides. The inclusion of so well known a person may have been due to guess work, and this presumption is strengthened by the fact that he mentioned Demetrius also on the same date, though no such name is to be found in Stainton Moses' books of automatic script or séance records.

(8) On February 17th, 1897, "Records" page 193, S. M._P said that for the automatic writing of his earth life he used to give each of his Guides a separate pencil. This statement was untrue. A pen, and not a pencil, was used in the books of automatic script, and the same pen was kept in use in spite of a change of writer. On page 273 of *The Controls of Stainton Moses* is an illustration of the pen being adapted to a remarkable alteration in the handwriting. In reply to Mr. F. W. Percival's questions, he made other mistakes about features of his mediumship. He wrongly mentioned hyacinth and lily of the valley as scents frequently produced at séances, and an opal instead of a turquoise as the stone especially brought for Mr. Percival, to whom I am indebted for these corrections.

(9) In matters not connected with his mediumship S. M._P was often in error. On April 2nd, 1897, "Records" page 15, Hodgson told him that Massey said that all his answers to Massey's questions were wrong. In Vol. XXVIII. page 97, Mrs. Sidgwick quotes what seems to have been a pure invention. He referred to an evening spent at Professor Sidgwick's house, though in fact he had never been inside the house.

(10) On a slightly different footing but equally unsatisfactory was his conduct in connection with his mother's death. She survived him, and died at the end of 1896 or early in 1897, while he was frequently attending Hodgson's séances with Mrs. Piper. He said nothing about her death, and thus missed a capital opportunity of giving a good test, as Hodgson told George Pelham_p on January 19th, 1897, "Records" page 119. In reply to Mr. F. W. Percival, he said that he had gone to the funeral, but he could not give the name of the officiating priest, and he described wrongly the position of the grave, as I have ascertained from Mr. Percival, whose help I acknowledge with gratitude.

(11) The most important point in his favour is that he does appear to have furnished on one occasion "some private information unknown to the sitters, and afterwards verified in England, and well adapted so far as it went as an indication of identity" (Vol. XIII. page 408). Hodgson, who was responsible for this statement, gave no particulars, and Mrs. Sidgwick, who referred to it (Vol. XXVIII. page 98), could not discuss its evidential value for want of the information. She gathers "from the way Hodgson speaks of it that it does not go far to outweigh the many irrelevant, unplausible, and false statements which have to be explained away." This conclusion seems quite fair.

(12) The communications of S. M._p make a favourable impression on me only when he laments in a general way his inability to remember the events of his earth life, and describes in touching words the confusion of mind produced by renewing contact with the plane from which he has passed. His manner is then plausible, almost convincing indeed, and I feel that perhaps he may be the real Stainton Moses struggling vainly with elusive memories and incapable of expressing himself. This impression is obliterated as soon as he commits himself to details. Sympathy then gives place to distrust. On page 98 of Vol. XXVIII. Mrs. Sidgwick's opinion is recorded—"We must regard W. Stainton Moses as having failed to establish his identity." I would go even further and say that we are justified in regarding his claim as false, for in my

opinion if a person still in the flesh made such a claim and gave such evidence in a court of law he would not only lose his suit, but would probably be prosecuted for perjury.

(13) Of course the failure of S. M._P reacts on the claims of his "Controls," Imperator_P, Rector_P, etc., to be identical with the "Controls" of Stainton Moses who used the same pseudonyms. In fairness to them, however, their cases may be considered on their merits without being prejudiced by the collapse of their sponsor, S. M._P. Mrs. Sidgwick, in rejecting their claims (see page 98 of Vol. XXVIII.), seems to have based her decision mainly on the communications made by S. M._P and by them in 1896 and 1897, several of which have been reproduced in that volume. The statements which they made about the names which they had borne in earth life, and the accounts which they gave about the characters of the Bible, seem to me too preposterous to deserve serious discussion. At any rate, if the latter cannot be proved to be false, though contrary to the contents of the Bible, they are certainly quite out of keeping with the teachings given to Stainton Moses by the original Imperator.¹ In this respect, however, there is one excuse to be made for them, as put forward by G. P._P on April 3rd, 1900, "Records" page 376, who said that they ought to realise that they had not developed properly when they talked this nonsense in the early days of their association with Mrs. Piper. There is really something in this plea. Whatever view is taken of their personalities, it is undeniable that the coherence, the thought and the diction of their communications at Hodgson's séances improved a great deal after the first half of 1897. Too much stress should not be laid on the early absurdities. Other aspects of the case should also be considered.

(14) There certainly is in some respects a similarity between their attitude towards Mrs. Piper and the attitude of Stainton Moses' "Controls" towards him, but perhaps

¹ One point not expressly noticed in Vol. XXVIII. may be mentioned. On March 10th, 1897 (p. 480 *id.*), Imperator_P expressed a high opinion of Abraham, but Stainton Moses' Imperator on more than one occasion distinctly expressed a rather low estimate of the qualities of that personage.

no greater than we should expect to find between all good "Controls." In both cases they were very careful of the medium's condition; they insisted on the maintenance of a good state of health for the exercise of psychic powers, and they restricted admission to sitters in whom they felt confidence. Hodgson, in Vol. XIII. pp. 408, 409, expresses a very decided opinion of the success of their management; see also his letter to Dr. Hall, page 286 of Vol. IX. of the *Journal* of the S.P.R. At a later stage in 1910, 1911, they gave several warnings of the expediency of stopping sittings, declared their intention of withdrawing, and subsequently carried it out. This was on a par with the later stages of Stainton Moses' mediumship.

(15) To some extent the objects of the "Controls" of the two mediums were identical. In the case of Stainton Moses they professed to have a mission for the enlightenment of the world through him, and used his powers grudgingly for other purposes. Mrs. Piper's controls, to do them justice, may have had a similar object in view when they undertook to repair her organism. They certainly preferred teaching to tests, but in order to provide funds for the support of the medium they had to admit on payment sitters who wished to converse with deceased relations and friends. Keeping in view their favourite purpose, they insisted on sittings being allotted to a particular sitter, Mr. Z., on whose mission they laid stress. They seemed to take great pleasure in giving him instruction and preparing him for his duty. It seems unlikely, however, that Stainton Moses' band would have returned to earth again, or, having returned, would have remained, to be in charge of a medium who could be used so little for their main purpose. It is to me quite incredible that they would ever have condescended to give advice about investments after the manner of Mrs. Piper's "Controls" (see Vol. XXVIII. page 111; and "Records," June 27th, 1899, pp. 351 *et seq.*; June 29th, 1899, pp. 364 to 368).

(16) The teaching given to this sitter is sufficiently important to deserve notice in detail. On February 1st, 1899, "Records" pp. 75 *et seq.*, he was encouraged to consider that he had a mission in connection with the

Band, that he would be in rapport with them and inspired by them. On April 17th, 1899, pp. 141, 142, he was told —“ a new light is opening through thy life whereby divine truth can be revealed to the world . . . but, friend, we see thee often lapse back into a state of questioning . . . We act with such as thee directly, with others remotely.” On January 22nd, 1900, “Records” page 82, and on February 12th, 1900, “Records” page 153, it was said that, inspired by the Band, he would write for the benefit of mankind. He was not always responsive. For instance, on June 17th, 1902, “Records” pp. 693, 695, he abruptly changed the subject, interrupting the teaching by asking for advice about his own immediate needs. Apparently the Band were not always satisfied with him, for on July 1st, 1902, “Records” page 725, they said: “We love thee but not thy moods, they are not of the highest.”

(17) The following extracts from the typed records will show the tenor of these teachings :

April 10th, 1899, page 137 : “Thou art a part of God, the Spirit of God is within thee, we will bring thee into a higher condition than thou hast ever known.” Page 138 : “Cease to regret the past, pray to the spirit of calm and peace for power to control thy body.” Page 139 : “God hath promised us that we may remain until we have satisfied Him with our work.” Page 139 : “Thoughts cannot injure others, but acts can.”

December 26th, 1899, page 600 : “Finding God is finding a better side of one’s self and living by it, listening to its promptings ; it is being guided by the higher thought, which *does* come from the infinite and all-wise Spirit ; the true Ego, the higher, better self, is a part of God.”

February 20th, 1900, page 177 : “God is spirit, we do not say a spirit, but *spirit* . . . All life is spirit.”

March 12th, 1900, page 286 : ‘Struggling’ in pursuit of knowledge is deprecated. “Work for it, but do not struggle. We do not know struggling here.” Page 286 : “Canst thou not believe that there is a power above thee, surrounding thee, working for thy development . . . Our power, and God’s power, and our power is God’s power.”

April 2nd, 1900, page 357: "So long as thou dost put thy trust in the higher power thou wilt be relieved from physical distress: thine own mind has developed sufficiently to hold thee from doing aught but what is wise in this regard." Page 359: "This we state from absolute knowledge, as in communion with the all-wise God; He has sent us as His prophets."

April 16th, 1900, page 401: When Paul prayed for those in prison he meant "those in the imprisoning body."

May 22nd, 1900, page 428: "God doth prompt the spirit and if the spirit doth listen and wait for this prompting it will never be misled."

April 3rd, 1901, pp. 251, 252, an example of prayer: "Oh God, I am conscious that I am of Thee a part . . . Give me light through my spirit, which is a part of Thee." Page 252: "Become perfectly passive and calm, holding thy spirit in communion with God."

June 17th, 1902, page 692: "If thou dost ask for help in thy work, thy writing, I should be conscious of that the instant thou dost wish it; therefore my power is of God and far-reaching, and the thought which we convey to thee spiritually is a part of the one great thought in the universe, God-like thought and the thought of God." Page 693: "What doth seem to thee wise and reasonable to pray for, pray for it in perfect faith that it is for thee, and thou wilt surely receive some recognition of thy prayer."

July 1st, 1902, page 723: "Relax into a state of *peace* with thyself." Page 723: "Live out of self more, and receive the great peace of the great spirit friend. Do this by relaxation and not by fighting. . . . Seek within thyself for greater peace."

January 5th, 1903, page 3: "We do not speak of the Infinite as a spirit but as *spirit*." Page 4: "The Infinite in His own wise way doth work many miracles on the earthly side of life. And He hath sent His messengers." Page 6: "Thou shalt know thyself and to know thyself is to be free." Page 8: "Have faith and patience to place thyself in God's hands and in ours also, as we are a part of Him."

January 18th, 1904, page 73: "Relaxing and leaving it to the Great Thought," is commended as better than auto-suggestion.

March 8th, 1904, page 392: "He [God] is the life from which life comes, the One, the Whole, the Life of man. The body is *nothing*, it is the suit of clothes, keep it clean, keep it whole, in the thought that the spirit is the man and the reflection of God."

April 5th, 1904, page 560A: "God is the intelligence that is not personal."

(18) It is a pity that there is no such complete record of this teaching as there is for Stainton Moses' automatic writing. For almost all the sittings, owing to Hodgson's absence, Mr. Z.'s notes are the only record. Sometimes there is no record, either because the communications were treated as private and confidential, or because they were made by word of mouth instead of being written, and were spoken too quickly to be taken down. The notes seem rarely to be more than fragmentary. Perhaps if there were a complete record the instructions would be more satisfying than what is embodied in the notes, and there would not be so many gaps and unfulfilled promises of imparting knowledge.

(19) It is noticeable that two ideas of God run through the discourses. One is that God is the all-pervading spirit of which man's spirit is a part. The other is the anthropomorphic conception of a supreme personality who has commissioned the Band as his agents. Illustrations of both conceptions are to be found in the extracts quoted above. The following passages, taken from communications addressed to Mr. Z. and other sitters, are quoted below to bring out the anthropomorphic conception more fully:

April 30th, 1900, page 408: "He [Imperator] is next to the All-wise."

March 4th, 1901, page 175: "God hath most profoundly stated that under our guidance all will end well."

April 18th, 1901, page 331: "Per order from the Most High through His Messenger † Imperator."

January 23rd, 1905, page 153: "We do know and God hath promised us greater knowledge of the conditions surrounding him [S]."

April 26th, 1905, page 742: "We do not see Him [God], but we feel Him."

(20) The inconsistency between the two conceptions of God is hard to understand, but speculation about the origins of the two conflicting ideas is outside the scope of the present article. It is sufficient to say that neither conception is suggestive of the attitude of Stainton Moses' Guides. The level of their teaching may not have been above the best productions of Mrs. Piper's "Controls," but it was on different lines—the truth to be found in all religions, the consequences entailed by actions, the fallacy of the popular doctrine of the Atonement, the discussion of Reincarnation and the "Occult." Imperator_P is practically silent on the subject of Biblical history during this phase of teaching, and does not refer to his own dependence on Elijah when he mentions his mission, two points which were very prominent in the messages of Stainton Moses' principal Guide. It is true that the original Imperator did claim that his mission was part of a movement under the leadership of Jesus, but he never ventured to claim the close connection with God which Imperator_P asserts.

(21) Miss Newton, the Secretary of the Society for Psychological Research, to whom I mentioned the principal lines of the teaching given by Imperator_P, suggested that the ideas might be found in Dresser's *The Power of Silence*, London, 1898, which in her opinion Mrs. Piper had probably read. A perusal of that book shows considerable similarity between its contents and the thoughts expressed by Mrs. Piper's Band. Ideas of this kind were much in the air at that period, and there is nothing improbable in the theory that the subject-matter of the teaching may have come from the mind of the medium or the sitter. Rector_P said on March 20th, 1905, "Records" page 492, that the Band took their words but not their thoughts from the sitters' minds, a statement which may point to their dependence on the sitters' knowledge for the subject matter

of their messages, though they limit their obligation to verbal expression.

(22) This is a convenient place to mention some replies given by Mrs. Piper's "Controls" to Dr. Savage's questions about the nature of Jesus. On January 14th, 1903, page 36, Dr. Savage was told by the communicating spirit, his deceased son "Phil," that Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary. Rector corrected Phil immediately, stating that Jesus was the "Son of God" . . . "born of Mary in the body but not as other mortals." Rector went on to say that Jesus was not God or to be worshipped as God, but was the son of Joseph, that He existed before birth and was reincarnated. Rector then declared that God was never visible in the spirit world, and was spirit, not a spirit, thus returning to what had been told to Mr. Z. on January 5th, 1903. He went on to say that Christ was the only mortal or spirit who was reincarnated, but admitted, when reminded of the Band's earlier teaching about Melchizedek, that Melchizedek had also been reincarnated. Then, apparently to explain the contradiction, he added that Christ (Jesus) was the only Christ who had been reincarnated. These statements will be found in pp. 37 to 40 of the typed records for January 14th, 1903. The denial of the divinity of Jesus corresponds with the teaching of Stainton Moses' Guides; but the agreement on this point is not a striking coincidence, for it is an opinion held by many people, and the confusion and contradiction, as contrasted with the reasoned arguments of Stainton Moses' Imperator, deprive the incident of any weight as a proof of identity. On May 5th, 1903, "Records" page 514, Mr. Z. was again told that Christ as well as Melchizedek was a reincarnation.

(23) There are some minor points which deserve notice as bearing on the question of the identity of the "Controls" of the two mediums. Those which are favourable to the claim of Mrs. Piper's Band will first be discussed.

(a) There is some resemblance in the religious atmosphere which surrounds each band, especially marked in their frequent prayers. It is possible, however, that in Mrs. Piper's case this trait may have been imitated, for Hodgson

explained to her Emperor's relation with Stainton Moses, and gave her a copy of *Spirit Teachings* to read (Vol. XXVIII. page 100). The style of the prayers in her script may have been borrowed from that source; the expression "All-wise" used by her occurs there too. That book was also familiar to Hodgson, no doubt.

(b) The serious characters of Emperor_p and Rector_p, and the deference paid to the former by the latter as described by Hyslop in Vol. XVI. page 181, agree with the traits of the "Controls" of Stainton Moses bearing the same names. It is possible, of course, that the dramatisation or personation was based on the contents of *Spirit Teachings*, or even on Myers' articles in Vols. IX. and XI. of the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R., with which the sitter was probably familiar.

(c) Mr. Z. was told on January 15th, 1900, "Records" pp. 62, 63: "Neither do we pretend to see all that goes on in the material . . . but on all the points on which we speak, we are cognisant of the truth, . . . our knowledge is *knowledge* and not conjecture." A similar claim was made by Stainton Moses' Guides.

(d) What Doctor_p said to Hodgson on February 8th, 1899, about having been with him as a silent helper (Vol. XVI. pp. 376, 377) his predecessor with the same name asserted to Stainton Moses.

(e) Mrs. Piper's Band commended the character of Mr. Z.'s mother in terms which remind one of the high appreciation of Mrs. Speer's attitude expressed by Stainton Moses' Guides. See January 15th, 1900, "Records" page 64.

(f) The admonitions given to Hodgson about his failings recall the tendency of Stainton Moses' "Controls" to take him to task for similar infirmities of temperament. See "Records," February 20th, 1899, pp. 93, 94, and November 3rd, 1902, pp. 861 to 863.¹

(g) On February 19th, 1902, "Records" pp. 208, 209,

¹Hodgson was much impressed by the advice which he received from the "Controls." On January 30th, 1901, "Records" p. 30, he told them: "I believe that I feel that what you have already done for my spirit is worth more than all, even should God's guidance stop this communication and I should never hear from you again."

Rector_P told Hodgson that Mrs. Piper harmed herself by teaching too much, and on Hodgson's expressing surprise admitted that he might be confusing her with Stainton Moses, who had injured his health in this way.¹ This statement may have originated from confusion of ideas produced by the sitter's knowledge of the case of Stainton Moses.

(24) The minor points unfavourable to the claim of identity are stated below :

(a) The style of conversation adopted by Mrs. Piper's "Controls" with sitters is sometimes quite out of keeping with the manner observed by Stainton Moses' Guides in addressing him. Perhaps such practices as the use of the second person singular and of "Sabbath" for Sunday with her, but not with him, may be attributed plausibly to the influence of the medium's mind. The same explanation will hardly fit such a contrast as is brought out in the conversation quoted in Vol. XXVIII. page 93, where Emperor_P repeatedly addresses Hodgson as "Sir," using the word apparently in the obsequious and not the American sense. One cannot imagine Stainton Moses' Emperor talking in this way. For the strange use of "Sir" by Rector_P, see also page 147 *id.* See also February 2nd, 1897, "Records" page 17, where Rector_P uses the inappropriate expression, "Very truly yours."

(b) In 1897 "Records," on March 19th, page 172, and April 1st, page 2, Rector_P excused himself for confused writing by alleging that it was difficult for him to express Emperor's_P words. This attitude was quite different from that of Stainton Moses' Rector, who professed to be in perfect rapport with Emperor and to act with facility as his amanuensis, but to experience difficulty in understanding and expressing the thoughts of some other spirits who constituted "the Mystic Band." Perhaps some allowance

¹ This is the last of the referenees of the "Controls" to their association with Stainton Moses that I have noticed in looking through the records of Hodgson's period. In Vol. XXIII. page 235, Sir Oliver Lodge states: "Whatever relationship may exist between these personages and the corresponding ones of Stainton Moses, there is little or no identity . . . it would appear as if they did not very seriously pretend to be identical." It seems, therefore, probable that after Hodgson's time their claim to identity was dropped, or at any rate not asserted.

should be made for him in this matter, because the statement was made before he and Emperor_p had developed properly; see paragraph 13.

(c) On June 29th, 1898, "Records" for May, page 358, Mrs. Piper gave a clairvoyant description of Emperor_p: "Tall, looking like a priest, with no hair on his face. He was dressed in long flowing garments looking like soft white silk, and had a silver cross on his breast, hung by a cord . . . and had a halo about his head." This does not correspond with the description given of the prophet Malachi, who Stainton Moses' Emperor professed to be. See *Controls of Stainton Moses*.

(d) On January 11th, 1900, "Records" page 52, Hodgson was told: "In Moses' case we were unable to use the voice at all, or very vaguely"; and a similar statement was made to him on March 4th, 1901, page 174. As a matter of fact, Stainton Moses used to give trance addresses at séances, and his voice was freely used in this way by Emperor and other personages. This inaccuracy seems to me very important. The only explanations consistent with the claim of identity that occur to me as possible are either that the subliminal mind of Mrs. Piper distorted the statement, or that, as has sometimes been alleged in spirit communications, spirits using one medium are unable to recall their former experiences with another. Neither explanation seems satisfactory.

(e) In Vol. XXVIII. page 95, it is stated that Doctor_p wrote a large and heavy script. Now the script used by Stainton Moses' "Doctor" was remarkably small and fine, requiring the use of a magnifying glass sometimes for facility in reading it. Perhaps this difference may be due to the difference of the medium, but the omission to refer to it and explain it is unsatisfactory.

(25) In my opinion a comparison of paragraphs 23 and 24 shows a balance against the claim to identity. The similarities noticed in paragraph 23 can be accounted for rather easily as due to coincidence or to the knowledge in the minds of the medium and the sitter. Even without these deductions their value is not high. It is more difficult to find satisfactory excuses for the inaccuracies set

forth in paragraph 24, and the points at issue are more definite as tests.

(26) The five "Controls" of Mrs. Piper who profess to have been Stainton Moses' Guides were Emperor_P, Rector_P, Doctor_P, Prudens_P, and Mentor_P. His Guides bearing the same pseudonyms alleged to him that they had been the following persons in their lives on earth: Emperor, the Prophet Malachi; Rector, Hippolytus, Bishop of Portus near Rome; Doctor, the Stoic Philosopher Athenodorus; Prudens, the Neo-Platonist Plotinus; Mentor, the Arabian Ghazali or Algazzali. Mrs. Piper's "Controls" did not give the same account of themselves. From what Hyslop wrote in Vol. XVI. pp. 262 *et seq.*, they do not seem to have been much pressed on the subject of their past history, but to have been accepted as helpers on account of their successful management of the medium, a more important matter than their personality. To the few questions that were put to them about their earthly names, they gave answers that did not agree with the claims of Stainton Moses' Guides. Without laying too much stress on the statements made at an early stage of their development (see paragraph 13), I will merely say that the substitution of other names with Mrs. Piper for those which they had claimed with Stainton Moses can hardly be explained by forgetfulness of earth life or difference of mediums. If the personalities were really identical, the failure to get the right names through the medium might perhaps be intelligible, but no plausible excuse occurs to me for the invention of such wrong names as Dante, "Lidgates," Homer, and Ulysses. To pass on to later statements, Rector said in 1907 that his name had been Francis (see Vol. XXVIII. page 110). His ignorance of Latin (see page 110 *id.* and Vol. XXII. page 314, and Vol. XXVI. page 150) seems incompatible with the rôle of Hippolytus, who lived in Italy in the third century A.D. There is frequent reference to Plotinus in Vol. XXII. in connection with a cross-correspondence about a passage in his writings, and to Prudens as a trance personality of Mrs. Piper, but there is no recognition of any relation between the two, a significant omission.

(27) In paragraph 5 it has been stated that for the purpose of this article it is assumed that the "Controls" of Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper respectively were spirits with independent existence, and not merely creations of the medium's subliminal mind. Summing up the case on this basis, I find that the internal evidence points to the two groups not having been identical. There are, it is true, slight resemblances, but they are either so vague as to be well within the sphere of coincidence where two good bands of controls are concerned, or they are of a nature to suggest an origin from the mind of Mrs. Piper or her sitter. On the other hand, the ignorance and the errors of her "Controls" concerning the earth-lives of the Guides of Stainton Moses whose names they bore, and concerning important features of his mediumship, are altogether inconsistent with their claim to identity. A considerable degree of oblivion might be excused, but the mistakes do more than weaken the case, they justify a finding that the claim is false. The force of this argument does not seem to be diminished if it is conceded that Stainton Moses' Guides may not have told him their right names of earthly life; for even so, if they had become attached to Mrs. Piper and claimed to have been associated with him, they would surely have adhered to their former stories and given correct accounts of his mediumship. There is only one difficulty which occurs to me in rejecting the claim. It is hard to see why spirits whose objects are good should tell lies about their antecedents. One conceivable explanation, of course, is that the "Controls" of Mrs. Piper had not independent existences, but were creations of her subliminal mind. Another is that they were separate spirits, and that they personated Stainton Moses' Guides, wishing to do good to the medium and sitters and feeling that this was the easiest way to obtain success, the end justifying the means. The doubt about this point is similar to the failure to discover a plausible motive for a crime, a failure which is not necessarily a bar to conviction.

(28) Hyslop's position, as far as I can understand it, may be noticed briefly. From his article in Vol. XVI., dated October 1901, he seems to have reserved his opinion

as to the personalities of Mrs. Piper's "Controls," but to have favoured the view that they were independent spirits, though there was no proof of identity (pp. 177 *et seq.*, 262-267). This seems to have been still his view in 1910 (see Vol. IV. of the *Proceedings* of the American S.P.R., pp. 189, 196). In the *American Journal*, Vol. X. page 265 (May 1916), he quoted Imperator's name as Malachi. There, and in Vol. XI. *id.* page 76 (1917), he argued that "Malachi," according to a certain Hebrew scholar, was not the name of a prophet at all, but a word for "messengers," a term by which Imperator_P described himself and his Band, and that therefore it might be said that the same name was given through both mediums. In Vol. XI. page 76, however, he dropped this point, and continued: "The proper name that I have obtained for him through Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Chenoweth, and which also came through Mrs. Piper and Stainton Moses, is of a well-known historical character in the Christian Church of early times." I think that by Stainton Moses he must here mean Stainton Moses_P, because the real Stainton Moses in his life-time left no record of any other name than Malachi for Imperator. He does not seem to have changed greatly his opinions of 1901, but to have become slightly more inclined to the theory of the identity of the two groups of "Controls," and not to have discussed the possibility of the Piper group being spirits external to her and falsely personating Stainton Moses' Guides.

In Vol. XI. of the *Journal* of the American S.P.R. is an article by Raynes supporting Hyslop's views against the opinions of Mrs. Sidgwick expressed in Vol. XXVIII. of the *Proceedings* of the English S.P.R. He apparently considers Julius Caesar_P to be a "mischievous fool of a spirit" impersonating Julius Caesar (page 139). He criticizes Mrs. Sidgwick because she "nowhere entertains the possibility of spirit personation except in the vaguest possible way" (page 142). Hyslop, as I have stated above, has not dealt with this question in any of his writings that I have read. As Hyslop had so much experience of Mrs. Piper's mediumship, his views are of interest; but as he seems to have come to no conclusion on the question

of identity, I do not think it necessary to discuss them further.

(29) In paragraph 5 I have said that the question to be discussed is whether Mrs. Piper's "Controls" were identical with those of Stainton Moses, and not who or what they were if the answer to the question is in the negative. Perhaps, however, a few remarks on the light thrown by Hodgson's records on the nature and origin of the Band may be interesting to the readers of this article. There is at least a superficial appearance of personalities external to Mrs. Piper.

(a) The dialogue between the "Controls" and the spirits communicating through them with the sitter may, of course, be the result of dramatisation on the part of the medium's subliminal mind, but on some occasions it seems to offer convincing evidence of the presence of independent external personalities, *e.g.* on June 17th, "Records" pp. 691 *et seq.*, and November 10th, 1902, "Records" pp. 869 *et seq.* Two of Miss Pope's (Theodate) séances furnish support on other lines to this theory. On May 18th, 1904, "Records" page 786, she told G. P._P that Miss Porter's spirit had given much more evidential information than had John's spirit. This remark gives some reason for supposing that these two communicating spirits were different entities. On May 24th, 1905, "Records" pp. 22 *et seq.*, Miss Pope had a conversation with Rector_P as to whether he got names from her mind by telepathy and whether he really had an existence separate from Mrs. Piper. To prove that he had powers of his own and was an independent spirit, he quoted some of her conversations with Hodgson about the sittings, and referred to the knowledge about absent persons which he was able to obtain by the use of "influences" (psychometry). He made out a plausible case.

(b) In pp. 264 to 266 of Vol. XXVIII. Mrs. Sidgwick has discussed the ignorance of Mrs. Piper's normal state professed by her "Controls." If they were really creations of her mind, their ignorance of the following matters is very difficult to understand: her correspondence about them in a newspaper, October 21st, 1901, "Records" pp. 347 *et seq.*; her mental attitude towards them, April 28th,

29th, 1902, "Records" pp. 460, 467; the death of her brother and the illness of her husband, October 26th, 1903, "Records" pp. 742 to 745; the interruption in the series of sittings due to her illness, January 6th, 1904, page 1; the death of her husband, June 27th, 1904, "Records" page 61; her physical condition (they had to have a sitting with her daughter Alta in order to get the information for the diagnosis of Mrs. Piper's case), November 1st, 3rd, 8th, 1904, pp. 273, 274, 319 to 320 (b), 332.

It is conceivable, no doubt, that in these cases the ignorance was not real, but was falsely alleged in order to support the claim to an independent existence. I do not see, however, why the "Controls" should wrongly disclaim the ability to exercise on Mrs. Piper the same powers which they professed to use on her sitters. Their knowledge of her condition, thoughts, and affairs would be regarded as the natural consequence of their association with her, and would not be considered inconsistent with their claim to be separate spirits.

(c) The "Controls" frequently prescribed for sitters present at the séances and for absent persons whose influences were psychometrised by them (see pp. 305 *et seq.* of Vol. XXVIII.). Doctor_p, who made the diagnosis, did not profess to be Stainton Moses' "Doctor," but a deceased medical practitioner of modern date. How far his medical knowledge exceeded that possessed by the medium and the sitter, and whether the degree varied according to the sitter, are points on which I can give no opinion. The investigation might lead to valuable results if made by somebody sufficiently conversant with the qualifications of those concerned. There is one curious point, a sort of development of the theory of influences. On April 8th, 1904, "Records" page 587, Doctor_p, after feeling Hodgson's chest, predicted that an absent person would die during the current season; pneumonia had been prophesied as the cause of her death, January 14th, 1903, "Records" page 41. On other occasions Hodgson's body was touched in the appropriate spot prior to the diagnosis of the case of an absent person.

(30) It may be that in both cases (Stainton Moses and

Mrs. Piper) the "Controls" had an element of external influence outside the scope of subliminal dramatisation, and depending on states of personality beyond the range of mundane experience. If this theory is correct, there may have been some connection between the two bands in links which cannot be appreciated by our intelligence. Except for the uncertainties entailed by such reflections, I cannot see in the material before me sufficient evidence of any closer connection than one would expect to find between any two groups of good "Controls," where the medium and a sitter with one group had the supraliminal knowledge about the other which Mrs. Piper and Hodgson had about the mediumship of Stainton Moses.

REVIEWS

I

Experimentelle Telepathie. Neue Versuche zur telepathischen Übertrag von Zeichnungen. By DR. MED. CARL BRUCK of Berlin. 80 pages and 22 illustrative plates, published at Stuttgart, 1925, with a short preface by Mrs Sidgwick (who, however, was not present at any of the experiments), and an interesting introduction by Dr. Arthur Kronfeld who was present at a considerable number and is able to testify to the care with which they were conducted.

THIS book is chiefly a detailed account and discussion of 114 experiments in the transference of drawings and diagrams (including a few prints) carried out by Dr. Bruck, he being himself the "agent" throughout, and it is an important and valuable contribution to the evidence for telepathy. Dr. Bruck prefers to speak of "Versuchsleiter" and "Versuchsperson" (which we may perhaps translate "experimenter" and "experimentee") rather than agent and percipient on the ground that in telepathic experiments we do not know which of the two persons concerned plays the active part. This is true and has been pointed out at various times in our *Proceedings*, but it is an objection to Dr. Bruck's alternative names, that they are not applicable in spontaneous cases nor even in all experimental ones. Of the experiments 111 were carried out systematically between July 1922 and February 1923 with four young men as percipients who were all easily hypnotisable. The remaining three experiments were made separately with other percipients. The degree of success, which was clearly beyond what chance might produce, can best be judged by inspection of the illustrative plates, which give the originals and reproductions in most of the distinctly successful cases, besides giving some others to illustrate points discussed in the text.

Dr. Bruck's reason for experimenting with easily hypnotisable persons was that he wished to form an opinion on the question whether telepathic percipience is assisted by hypnotisation or not. He generally woke the hypnotised percipient after each experiment, and frequently tried alternate experiments with the percipient awake and hypnotised. On the whole he concluded that the hypnotised state appeared to be advantageous by facilitating concentration. But it seemed to have disadvantages also, leading, for example, in some cases to repetition of an impression when a new one should have come.

Dr. Bruck devoted much care to the method of experimenting, especially with a view to excluding the possibility of normal seeing of the drawing to be transferred. As a general rule he went into another room and either selected one out of a large number of previously prepared drawings, etc. (which he kept entirely in his own control unseen by others) or occasionally used one drawn on the spur of the moment by himself—or by a friend assisting in the experiment. After looking at the selected drawing and fixing it in his mind, he placed it in a portfolio (*Mappe*) held in his hand and took it into the room where the percipient was. In many of the experiments it remained in the portfolio throughout and was therefore obviously invisible to either the percipient or any other persons who might be present. But Dr. Bruck thought at first, though he seems to have modified this view later, that he could help the telepathic process by continuous concentration of his own mind on the object to be transferred, and being a bad visualiser, and the time occupied by an experiment being often long, he found such concentration difficult without constant re-inspection of the object. He therefore in many of his experiments took his drawing from inside the portfolio and placed it on the top so as to be able to look at it. These he called open (*offen*) experiments, the others being described as portfolio (*Mappen*) experiments. It is, we think, a pity that he does not describe any general method of screening the drawing from observation by others in "open" experiments. He gives, however, in detail the precautions in some cases and is obviously so careful that one cannot doubt that the precautions were adequate in all.

Moreover, the results do not seem to indicate any comparatively greater success in "open" experiments than in "portfolio" ones. We may remark that Dr. Bruck devotes particular attention to the danger of reflection from any shining surface and particularly from eye glasses and even the cornea. We cannot in a short review examine the variations in his experiments introduced by Dr. Bruck in hopes of throwing some light on the process of telepathic perception. The number of experiments was not sufficient to establish much except the general fact of success beyond chance, but he made observations of a useful and suggestive kind. One thing that interested him was the occasional deferment of the percipient's impression, and rather curiously he classes with deferment a case of apparent anticipation. It was an "open" experiment, but he had put into his portfolio three drawings which he intended to use in succession in the same series. The drawing selected for immediate experiment represented a medicine bottle. The percipient got as far as what looked like the cork and the rim of the neck of the bottle¹ and then stopped, putting down his pencil. Contrary to his usual practice, Dr. Bruck urged him to go on, whereupon he started afresh and drew a street lamp which was a remarkably good reproduction of the second of the three drawings in the portfolio. This can be regarded as in a sense an anticipation of an intended experiment, but to us it seems rather a confirmation of the view that great concentration by the agent on the subject to be transferred was not a necessity or even important. He had just selected the drawing of the street lamp for experiment in the series begun with the medicine bottle. It was therefore in his mind, and from his mind the percipient probably got it.

Dr. Bruck has the advantage of being not only a good experimenter, but himself a good agent. He does not dwell on this, and we are not sure whether he accepts the view that it is not everyone who can transfer thoughts and impressions to a percipient, or—to put it otherwise—whose mind lies open to a percipient trying to get an impression from it.

¹ As will be perceived, it also resembled a top hat, and as the percipient could not always interpret correctly his own drawings, he may have regarded it as a competent drawing of a hat.

As he has this power, we are glad to note that he hopes to find opportunities of further experimenting, and that he will thus add to our knowledge of telepathy as well as to the evidence for it—as the experiments published in this book certainly do.

II

I. *Grundversuche auf dem Gebiete der psychischen Grenzwissenschaften.*

By Prof. Dr. CHRISTOPH SCHRÖDER. Berlin, 1924, Pyramidenverlag. Dr. Schwarz & Co. Pp. 66.

It would seem that among the results of the War and the Revolution in Germany has been an effective breaking down of the official *tabus* formerly imposed on psychical research or “occultism,” as the Germans prefer to call it, in that country. At any rate there now appear to be a number of competent inquirers and investigating societies in Germany, who do not find it impossible to engage the attention of scientific people and to get their researches published by several new publishers. They have already produced a considerable literature, which is in the main a record of careful experiments in “telepathy,” “clairvoyance,” and “psychometry,” as well as in the more spiritistic type of phenomena, and is decidedly impressive. Among these researches Prof. Schröder’s book deserves to rank high. It forms the first publication of the German Society for Scientific Occultism, and is composed for the most part of the (very concisely written) original notes of a systematic series of the experiments at 68 sittings with 6 sensitives (two men and four women, and all apparently unpaid) in Berlin, from February 1920 to September 1921. Prof. Schröder set himself to test whether the supernormal knowledge shown by his sensitives could possibly be ascribed either to hyperaesthesia, or to telepathy; but though he started with a prepossession in favour of the former, and at first seemed to get corroboration for it, finally arrived at results which he (not unreasonably) claims, entirely exclude both these hypotheses, as well as merely fortuitous success. Towards the end he had so trained his sensitives, who were generally in a state of light hypnosis, that they could in total darkness pick out correctly (in about three cases out of four) one out of five or six objects, such as visiting cards on one of which an imaginary picture or coin had been impressed (for them) by suggestion, or such as empty bottles of which one was supposed to be filled with

otto of roses, after these objects had been so shuffled by various people that no one present knew which was the marked object, and this moreover without the object being even touched by the sensitive! What renders his record peculiarly instructive is that he shows us how he gradually developed his *technique*, and found out the sort of tests that were practicable, and then tried them, with approximately equal success, upon his various sensitives. It must be admitted that Prof. Schröder's methods do not appear to be open to any very obvious objection, and that none of the explanations ordinarily suggested seem to apply to his results, though it seems decidedly sanguine on his part to suppose (p. 65) that they cannot possibly, in view of their impersonal character, be ascribed to inspiration by "spirits." It certainly appears an odd occupation for a dead man (or a devil) supranormally to observe on which of a number of visiting cards a hallucinatory image had been suggested to a sensitive in order supranormally to prompt the latter in identifying this card; but then this oddity is in no way removed by Prof. Schröder's only theoretic suggestion (p. 63), which postulates a potential omniscience to be drawn on in an emergency. Perhaps it is wisest to admit that for the moment, in psychical research as in physics, experimental observation has outstripped theory; we shall be all the readier to appreciate the ingenuity and tact which have enabled Prof. Schröder to obtain his remarkable results.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

PART XCVI

A REPORT ON SOME COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED
THROUGH MRS. BLANCHE COOPER.

BY S. G. SOAL, M.A., B.Sc.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of the present paper is to discuss a series of experiments and observations carried out during the years 1921-1922 with a direct voice medium, Mrs. Blanche Cooper, who practises at the British College of Psychic Science. The sittings, which began on September 1, 1921, were with occasional lapses held once a week until the following June. I will say at the outset that my studies of Mrs. Cooper were concerned entirely with mental phenomena and do not touch at all upon the physical aspects of the case. If one sets out to investigate mental phenomena one is perhaps justified in ignoring those physical concomitants which belong properly to the province of the expert physicist or the expert physiologist. I am not, therefore, interested in the question as to whether the voices heard at Mrs. Cooper's séances are truly independent or are produced by the exercise of her ordinary vocal apparatus. It does not matter from my point of view if Mrs. Cooper holds the trumpet to her mouth and speaks into it in the ordinary way, since I am not concerned at all with how the voice is produced but simply with what the voice says and with any characteristic intonations which it may possess. But whatever may be the physiological explanation of the voices it is

certain that they involve a degree of mental dissociation and present many of the usual stigmata of unconscious mental phenomena. The medium does not go into trance and in the intervals when the voice is not speaking she is apparently normal and able to converse with the sitters, and sometimes even able to repeat words which the voice has just said. There is, however, right through the sitting a certain degree of absent mindedness and the medium is sometimes slow to respond to questions addressed to her by the sitter. While the voice¹ is not speaking she keeps up a continuous humming noise with her lips, and this humming ceases when the voice comes into play. Throughout the period of my own experiments the medium seemed unable to sustain the voice for more than a minute or two at a time, and the information was given for the most part in rapid snatches, punctuated by periods of silence lasting from a minute up to a quarter of an hour.

Moreover, it appeared that the voice could only be produced while the musical box was playing, and only on one or two occasions were words spoken a second or two after the music had ceased. Objective lights were seen at every sitting, but these appeared in the silent intervals and were never simultaneous with the voices. These lights varied in appearance from dim amorphous patches to bright bluish discs about the size of a half crown. When one attempted to touch them, even without warning the medium, the lights invariably receded in the direction of the cabinet. In the light there often appeared the dark outlines of the upper half of the four fingers of a hand which may well have been the right hand of the medium which was free.

METHODS OF TRANSMISSION.

The mechanism by which ideas are transmitted through the mediumship of Mrs. Cooper seems to be somewhat different from that used by a trance personality like Feda in the séances of Mrs. Leonard. My own experience of

¹I have no record of any occasion on which two or more voices appeared to speak at the same time.

Mrs. Leonard is limited, but judging from the few sittings I have had and from reading the long series of reports of Lady Troubridge and Miss Radclyffe-Hall, it would appear that the method by which ideas are presented to Fedá is in the main¹ a pictographic one. Fedá sees pictures and from these pictures she has to try to build up a story that will be intelligible to the sitter. Now my experience with Mrs. Cooper rather strongly suggests that her unconscious mind and the co-conscious personalities which exist within it are concerned very little if at all with the receiving and interpretation of visual impressions. On the contrary the function of her automatism seems to be the transmission of *auditory impressions*.² Mrs. Cooper gives names and phrases which I am convinced could awaken in her subconscious mind nothing beyond the mere sound of the words themselves. At Sitting No. 31, for instance, the control Nada pronounced the name "Shagoian" quite clearly and almost perfectly. In giving this name Nada simply said "Something from your brother which you will understand." Asked what it meant she said she did not know. It was the name of a student of mine, Mr. Armenag Shagoian, whom I had been coaching in mathematics for several weeks previous to the sitting. This apparent direct transmission of word-sounds seems to extend not only to individual words like "Starbobs" [Sitting No. 6, p. 499], but sometimes to whole phrases, which give the impression that they have been heard and faithfully reproduced in some mysterious manner. Thus in Sitting No. 13 [p. 506] there is the phrase "grove gate" used to describe a certain gate near our old home at Stambridge. It was the expression invariably used by

¹ Fedá, of course, does on occasion get auditory impressions and even olfactory sensations, but I think most students will agree with me that her method is in the main a method of visual pictures. The expression "She's showing Fedá something" constantly occurs in the various reports of her utterances.

² The writer has since learned from a reliable source that on one occasion at which Mrs. Cooper's sitters were Dutch people some fragments of Dutch—a language with which Mrs. Cooper is quite unfamiliar—were communicated. This fact rather supports the theory of the transmission of audile verbal imagery.

the members of our family when they wished to refer to this particular gate, and probably by no one else in the neighbourhood except perhaps a few boys like Walter Valentine and Percy Paternoster who had learnt the phrase from us.

Had Fedá been aiming at a reference to this same gate she would probably have seen a field with a path leading from it to a wood and then perhaps have noticed that the wood consisted mostly of tiny trees with some bigger ones and that there was a gate near the bigger ones. Both methods doubtless have their own peculiar advantages. For while Mrs. Cooper's terse phrase "grove gate" has a definiteness that no general pictorial description could ever attain, Fedá, on the other hand, while taking longer to arrive at her destination, would perhaps have given many more collateral facts in the process of getting there.

The direct voice seldom speaks in complete sentences. Short condensed phrases are the rule and by this means a great deal of ground is covered in a short time. Questions asked by the sitter are seldom answered immediately in the case *when the sitter is holding the correct answer in his conscious mind*. In such cases¹ it was usually found that the idea had to pass back into the unconscious mind of the sitter before it could emerge from the automatism of the medium. The communicator, when asked for an answer, would usually reply, "I cannot give it now, but will try to give it later." Then at a later period of the sitting when the sitter had quite forgotten the matter in question the correct answer would be forthcoming. In cases when the correct answer was not known to the sitter a direct question would often result in immediate success; such instances are to be found on p. 542, Sitting No. 18, J. F.'s answers; Sitting No. 20 Item No. 17 [p. 563]; Sitting No. 21 Item No. 47 [p. 565]. In considering the output of the present series of sittings it must be borne in mind that we are dealing with the results obtained through a combination of two psychic personalities. The sitter is himself an automatic writer and is therefore—at least to some extent—subject to

¹Cf. p. 496, l. 14.

dissociation, although he did not develop automatic writing until a year after the direct voice sittings were finished. It is, I think, now generally admitted that a degree of mental dissociation in the mind of the sitter is one of the determining factors in the production of supernormal information. That is to say, a sitter who is himself mediumistic will in general be more successful with mediums than another sitter will be who is quite undissociated. This fact of mental dissociation on the part of a sitter does not, however, seem to account for the variations of success which are encountered by the *same* sitter in experiments with *different* mediums. Personal sympathy between medium and sitter, though a most helpful factor, does not seem in itself always sufficient to ensure results. The present writer found for instance that while he "got on" very well indeed with a certain well-known clairvoyant, yet the output of supernormal knowledge was extremely meagre. One may suggest that success will depend at least to some extent on the fact of the medium and sitter possessing *the same predominant types of mental representation*. If the transmission of ideas and images from the mind of the subject to that of the medium plays any important part in the mental process, we should expect such similarity as I have mentioned to be a vital factor. The writer himself is a good "visual" and an indifferent "audile," but he possesses in addition an exceptional tendency to visualise words and to articulate them inaudibly. Thus, if someone suggests to him the idea of a *mountain*, he will see in his mind first a picture of a mountain and next he will usually see the word "mountain" spell itself out in white letters. Then, as often as not, he will find himself saying the word "mountain" inaudibly to himself. This predominance of verbal imagery in the mind of the sitter may possibly account for his success with a direct voice medium in comparison with the interesting though less striking results he obtained with mediums whose method is largely pictographic.

It is hoped in the near future to secure the co-operation of the large number of people who have had sittings

with Mrs. Cooper in order to ascertain if any correlation exists between types of mental imagery in the sitter and success with the medium.

THE MEDIUM'S SUBJECT MATTER.

As is the case with most professional mediums the communications obtained through Mrs. Cooper are of psychological rather than of intrinsic interest. Her supernatural faculties exercise themselves almost entirely on certain trivial aspects of the lives of deceased personalities. In rare cases, however, the subject which the medium describes may be a living person whom the medium has mistaken for a dead person. In the important case of "*Gordon Davis*," it will appear that except for the mysterious prevision of the future house *the same kind of facts* are given about a living personality as are given about a personality that has once lived. In no case did the medium's trance-consciousness occupy itself with subjects of intellectual or artistic interest.

CHARACTERISTIC QUALITIES OF THE VOICES.

The voices produced at Mrs. Cooper's séances show variations in pitch and timbre to correspond with the different personalities which are supposed to be communicating. Thus, when a young boy communicates, the voice takes on a boyish intonation and alters somewhat in pitch, and similarly in the case of a young girl. Some fundamental quality of Mrs. Cooper's own normal voice is, I think, to be observed in all the voices. In the case of my deceased brother who was the most frequent communicator, I could not recognise the voice produced at the séance as the normal earthly voice I had known. The general pitch was perhaps the same, but the voice itself I could not identify. It is of interest, however, to note that in the case of my brother a "séance voice" was developed which preserved certain marked characteristics so that immediately this particular voice spoke I was able to recognise it as the voice intended for my brother.

Even in the case of a purely fictitious communicator like "John Ferguson" the voice conserved the same individual qualities from séance to séance. Only in the case of the living communicator "Gordon Davis" did the voice really remind me of the living person. I am unable to say whether the voices of "James Miles" and of "Benson"¹ resembled those of the real persons for the simple reason that I was never acquainted with them. There was certainly an asthmatic hoarseness to be noticed in the voice of the old man in the "Benson" case, and it transpired, in fact, that he had suffered before his death from a chest complaint. There has to be considered, however, the possibility of certain qualities such as the asthmatic hoarseness in the "Benson" case and the very precisely articulated utterance of "Gordon Davis" being introduced *for the express purpose of conveying dramatically certain facts about these particular personalities.* That is, we may suppose, that what was intended was not to give a faithful reproduction of the voice of "Gordon Davis" in all its almost inimitable qualities, but merely to convey in this way certain facts about the man—such as the fact that he had cultivated a very precise accent, etc. Here is another point to be noted. My brother during life spoke with a rather marked North Country accent. No attempt was ever made to reproduce this at the Cooper séances.²

NADA AND AFID.

There are two voices which manifest at all of Mrs. Cooper's séances. These call themselves "*Nada*" and "*Afid*," and purport to be Mrs. Cooper's guides and say that their function is to look after the medium and to help the other communicators to manifest themselves. The voice of "*Nada*" is a rapid girlish whisper; the voice of "*Afid*" is gruff and sepulchral, and was seldom heard until the very close of the séance, when he would

¹ The case of "Benson" is not discussed in the present paper.

² The north country accent (Yorkshire) was, however, noticed at a trance sitting with Mrs. Brittain on July 22, 1919, when my brother purported to communicate.

announce in nearly always the same formula that “*power is going.*” The voice of Nada was heard frequently during the séance and often though not always spoke at the commencement before the other direct communicators. “Nada” like “Feda” sometimes spoke in asides to the direct communicators, giving them instructions not to forget certain details, etc. She seems aware of things which happen in the immediate environment of Mrs. Cooper, as when, for instance, she remarked that one of the medium’s pet mice had died. On one occasion “Nada” opened the séance by saying, “what dreadful weather we are having.”

Like many other secondary personalities both “Nada” and “Afid” are under certain delusions concerning their pasts and have come to believe certain stories about themselves which I do not think it necessary to repeat here. Of the two controls “Nada” seemed the more developed as an independent personality, and it is possible that she may be a sort of resuscitation of Mrs. Cooper’s girlhood. “Afid,” on the other hand, with the sole exception of one occasion on which he advised me on my health and offered to send a “spirit doctor” to see me, whom he called “Doctor Alder,” remained silent during the séances, only coming in at the end with his invariable reminder that “power is going.” Supernormal information was sometimes volunteered by “Nada,” who professed to get it from the purporting communicator, but I found on the whole that information given by “Nada” was *slightly* less reliable than when it came direct from the communicator himself. [In the “Gordon Davis” case, “Nada” is as reliable as “G. D.” himself.]

GENERAL ABSTRACT OF EXPERIMENTS.

Section 1 of my paper is devoted to a series of sittings at which the sole communicator was a *deceased brother*. In addition to recording and analysing a large number of spontaneous communications I consider in this Section certain experiments whose object was the obtaining of facts that were unknown to the sitter.

Section 2 is the study of what is perhaps the most

interesting of a number of *fictitious* communications. This case of "*John Ferguson*" is very interesting as showing the interplay between the minds of medium and sitter. The study of such purely imaginary communicators affords, we believe, a valuable method for observing the transference of ideas between sitter and psychic.

In *Section 3* we discuss the case of "*James Miles*," a fictitious communicator of an entirely different type. This case appears to emphasise the necessity of the existence of a *physical link* relating the *sitter* to the *deceased personality*, and argues the impossibility of obtaining in the absence of such a link information about a deceased personality which is not already present in the mind of the sitter.

Section 4 deals with what is perhaps the most interesting case of the whole series. It is a case in which a person *believed by the sitter to be dead*, communicates spontaneously through the direct voice. He reproduces more or less accurately the tone of his voice, its accent and his characteristic mannerisms of speech. He describes incidents of his boyhood known to the sitter and speaks of one or two matters unknown to the sitter. Most interesting of all he gives an accurate description of the environment and interior arrangements of *a house which he did not occupy until a year later*. Going back into the past he is able to reproduce accurately the place of his last meeting with the sitter and the substance of the conversation. Further, he is dramatised as if he were a deceased personality, desiring to send messages of comfort to his wife and child. In the end we discover that he is still living. By means of a diary kept by him, we are able to discover accurately just what he was doing at the times of the first two sittings.

METHOD OF TAKING NOTES.

One difficulty presented itself at the outset of my experiments. This was the difficulty of taking accurate verbatim notes of what was said both by myself and by the voices at sittings which were held in total darkness,

while the right hand of the sitter was held by the left hand of the medium the whole time. In the case when a friend was introduced it was quite impossible to take any notes at all while the sitting was in progress since on these occasions neither of my hands was free. I soon found, however, that the difficulty was not insuperable. The voices seldom spoke more than a few phrases at a time, and there were considerable pauses during which by means of a hard pad balanced on my knee, and using my left hand, I was able to take what were practically verbatim notes. But even had I been entirely unable to take any notes while the sitting was in progress, the amount of matter which is given at a sitting is always so very small that, for a person who is fortunate enough to possess as good a memory as my own, exact memorisation would be no very difficult feat, especially if the sitter were keenly interested. In every case in which it was impossible to make exact notes during the sitting, memorised notes were written out in pencil before leaving the séance room. It was not until the third sitting that I made any attempt to take notes with my left hand, but after this sitting, unless a friend happened to be present, I invariably used this method. Before the war I had the misfortune to injure my right arm, and for a period of three or four months I cultivated ambidexterity, writing letters and even lecture notes with considerable facility. I found it, therefore, no very difficult feat to maintain a stiff pad on my knees while writing with my left hand. I found that the *darkness* itself presented no real difficulty whatever. I could write as legibly in the dark as in the light. Nothing in the way of rapid writing was needed as is the case with "Feda" talk.

THE COMMUNICATOR OF SECTION I.

The communicator of Section I purports to be the writer's deceased brother, and a few words about his life history and subsequent psychic history may not be out of place.

My youngest brother, Pte. Frank Soal, 6th Leicester Regiment, died in France at the age of nineteen, from wounds received in action on September 5, 1918. Of the nature of his wounds, or how he received them, we know little, save that he appears to have been wounded on September 1st, to have died four days later at a Casualty Clearing Station, and to have been buried in Bagneux British Cemetery.

Born at Little Stambridge, near Rochford, Essex, on March 9, 1899, the earlier part of his life up to his sixteenth year was associated almost entirely with the fields and trees of the Essex countryside. Until 1914 he lived at the old Rectory, Little Stambridge, two miles from the Railway Station at Rochford, but in the winter, 1914-5, the family moved from these purely rural surroundings to Prittlewell, which is five miles away and a suburb of Southend-on-Sea. In that same year, 1915, my brother was apprenticed to a large firm of electrical engineers. Of a strongly scientific and constructive bent of mind he soon developed the keenest interest in electrical work, and made excellent progress. He was essentially of a practical experimental type of mind, and not of the type that could appreciate abstract symbolism. Hence he was never able to make much progress in mathematics. In the last years of his life he developed in a remarkable way, showing unexpected interests and enthusiasms. At eighteen years of age, in March, 1917, he joined the Army, was a keen young soldier, and entered into his training with zest at Colchester, Sevenoaks, and Westport, Ireland. He was sent to France in April, 1918. A month later he was slightly gassed, sent to the base for a few weeks, returned to the Front and was killed in September. I missed him keenly. About a year before his death I had become interested in psychic research, but being in the Army I had no opportunities for sittings, until I was demobilised in 1919. In April of that year I became a member of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and it was at one of the public meetings of this body that I obtained my first personal experience of super-normal faculty. This occurred on May 20, 1919, at an L.S.A.

meeting when Mrs. Annie Brittain was giving clairvoyant impressions from the platform. I had never seen her before, and was sitting in the front row, when, towards the end of the meeting, she turned to me and said, "Do you know *Canuter*? or it might be *Canuder*?" She did not know if it were a place or a person. I replied, "I think it is a little village I know well." She said, "Well, there seems to be someone from there who wishes to speak to you." Nothing more was forthcoming then. Now "*Canewdon*" is a little village situated about three miles from Stambridge on a low hill overlooking the marshes of the Crouch. It is about two miles away from our old home, and we lived within sight of the ancient flint church tower, which is a landmark for many miles around. Canewdon is, in fact, the next parish to Stambridge. My own associations with this place are stronger than in the case of my deceased brother, for when I was six years old I walked there every day to a Kindergarten School held at the Rectory. My brother might have been there once or twice in his life.

I was so impressed with the medium getting this name that I arranged with her by letter for a private sitting which took place twelve days later at her house at 50 Westbourne Park Road. At this sitting, during which the medium did not go into a trance, a very good description of Frank's personal appearance was given together with his name "Frank." At the end of the sitting I recalled to Mrs. Brittain the "Canuter" incident and asked her how she came to give this word. She replied, "Oh, that funny word! I remember! I will tell you. I saw a boy in an oak tree, or it might have been an apple tree. He peeped over a branch and I heard him say, 'this is Canuter,' but I could not tell that before all those people. They would have laughed at me. So I just said, 'do you know *Canuter*?' " It is rather curious that the name *Canewdon* has often been given at sittings. It appeared for instance at my first sitting with Mrs. Leonard on March 28, 1922. I was accompanied to this sitting by Mr. B. E. C. Davis, M.A., Lecturer in English Literature in the University of London, who made

shorthand notes. During the train journey to Oakleigh Park, Mr. Davis, in a conversation about historical Essex, mentioned the fact that he had once visited Canewdon. I then related to him the above psychic incident. Towards the end of the sitting with Mrs. Leonard, whom I had never seen before that day, and who did not know my name, "Feda," who had been describing a bridge, spoke as follows :

FEDA. "He (my brother) says the name "C" is connected with it—rather a long name—its more than one syllable—(what's that) Canterbury no it can't be Canterbury—Can—Can—Cana—Cana—Can—Canadon. (I was careful to refrain from giving any assistance. S. G. S.)

S. G. S. Just say that word again, Feda.

F. Cana—Canadon (I spell as pronounced by Feda, S. G. S.).

F. The people call it that. He says they are a funny people there—They keep together—they're clinging—"conservative" he calls them—looking upon themselves as a class apart from the rest.

S. G. S. Try to describe the place, Feda.

F. It seem as if it's away from London. Feda don't feel it's a town—a sort of place with wide spaces as if there were no shops or trams.

[*Note.*—This particular way of pronouncing the word by Feda is interesting. Throughout history there have been many variations in the pronunciation of the name of this village ranging from "*Canweedon*" to "*Canudon*" and "*Cannadon*." The modern pronunciation is "Can-u-don," the u being pronounced as in "tube." Among the native peasantry of the place it is often spoken of as "*Cannadon*" exactly as given by Feda. Through my early associations with the place I was perfectly familiar with this latter pronunciation, but I feel certain that Frank would have said "Can-u-don."

The description of the place by Feda is rather vague, but the expressions "funny people," "conservative," "looking upon themselves as a class

apart," are all appropriate in a general way and suggest an isolated community, a rather out-of-the-world place. Canewdon is in fact four miles from a railway station, and until recently there was at least one inhabitant who had never been in a train.

The name "Canewdon" was again spelled out at an Ouija sitting with Mrs. Travers-Smith, held in May, 1923. At the time my hand was *not* resting on the slider.]

At a second sitting with Mrs. Brittain on July 22, 1919, at which the medium went into a trance my brother again purported to communicate, speaking a few words in the North Country accent we used at home. The sitting, however, was not very evidential. Fairly good personal descriptions of my brother were given by *Mrs. Cannock* and other platform clairvoyants, but no very remarkable evidence was secured until the present series of sittings with Mrs. Cooper.

On August 28, 1921, I received a letter from Mrs. B. M'Kenzie, Hon. Secretary of the British Psychic College, informing me that a sitting with Mrs. Cooper had been arranged for September 1st, and that I was at liberty to bring a friend. The question arises—How much could the officials of the Psychic College be expected to know of my private affairs? At that time I had been a member of the College for a little over a year, but with the exception of one experiment with the Crewe Circle in August, 1920, and a Bessinet séance in July, 1921, I had had sittings with no other medium at the College. The following would be a fairly exact summary of the facts which, without elaborate enquiry and special detective work, the College officials could be expected to know:

1. My name and the address "Scratton Lodge," Brook Road, Prittlewell, Essex.
2. That I was a recognised teacher in the Faculty of Science in the University of London.
3. That I was very interested in psychic science and that I knew the medium Mrs. A. Brittain and her husband who introduced me to the College.

4. That I had lost a brother in the war. From the report of the Bessinet séance at the end of July, which I sent to Mrs. M'Kenzie, she might have learnt that my brother's name was *Frank*, but nothing else respecting him.
5. That in May, 1920, I had published an article in *Light* on Einstein: the Mathematician as a Mystic.

I have no reason to believe that any of these facts were communicated to Mrs. Cooper, whom I met on September 1st as a complete stranger.

SECTION 1.

My first two sittings with Mrs. Cooper were not very evidential, and the supernormal information obtained was not of that clear-cut and conclusive character which is apparent in the later sittings. I have thought it advisable, however, to give a detailed account of Sittings 1 and 2—first, in order to give some general impression of what Mrs. Cooper's sittings are like, and next, as an illustration of the way in which a communicator comes upon the scene. The notes of these two sittings were written from memory at the end of the séance before leaving the room.

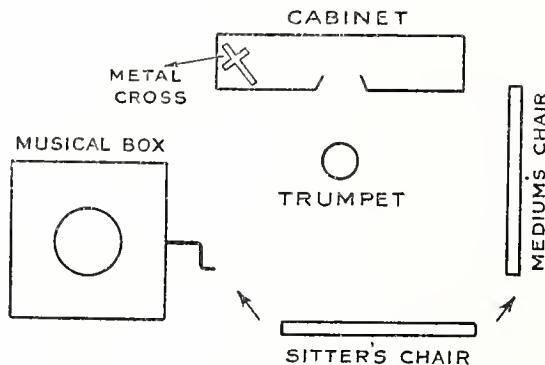
Sitting No. 1.

2.25 p.m. September 1, 1921.

Present: MRS. BLANCHE COOPER (medium).
S. G. SOAL.

I arrived at the British Psychic College at 2.25 p.m. and was met by Mrs. M'Kenzie, who welcomed me and informed me that I should find Mrs. Cooper waiting in a séance room at the top of the building. I found this room, in which a musical box was playing, and knocked at the door, which was opened by Mrs. Cooper whom I did not remember having seen before. She said she was expecting a sitter, but did not know whether it would be a lady or a gentleman. Mrs. Cooper shut the door

and turned the key in the lock and then pulled a heavy curtain across the door. The window of the room was closely shuttered, so that no light could enter from the street. Above the fireplace a shaded electric light was burning controlled by a switch near the door. A cupboard in the corner of the room contained some old clothes. The furniture of the room consisted of three plain wooden chairs, a musical box, and a "cabinet," about five feet high, and of rectangular cross-section 2' by 1'. The front face of this cabinet was formed of a pair of wooden folding doors opened so as to leave down the centre a long vertical slit of about 2" aperture. Resting on the floor in a corner at the bottom of the cabinet was a small metal cross about a foot long, illuminated with phosphorescent paste. The medium informed me that this cross had been used while she was developing her mediumship with Mrs. Leonard, but was not in use at present. The medium arranged the musical box and chairs as shown in the plan, and told me I should have to keep the musical box wound up with my left hand. She also explained how to start and stop the box. Standing immediately in front of the cabinet aperture and about a foot away was a large light hollow cardboard cone called the "trumpet" which rested on a broad end, diameter eight inches.



The above plan is not drawn to scale, but is only intended to give a general idea of the arrangement of the séance room. The measurements given in the text are fairly accurate.

The medium explained that during the sitting this trumpet was levitated in the air and that the "spirits" spoke through it. Having arranged the chairs as shown in the plan the medium left her own chair a moment to switch off the light. In total darkness she groped her way back to her chair and asked me to take hold of her left hand with my right. This attitude was maintained throughout the whole sitting. With my left hand I had at intervals of about ten minutes to wind up the musical box, which kept repeating the same record.

After we had been sitting in the dark for perhaps three minutes Mrs. Cooper asked me if I could see a light. I looked round and said I could see nothing. She replied, "You will see the light presently." At the end of about another two minutes I noticed a very dim amorphous patch of light moving slowly about in front of my face. It seemed at a distance of about nine inches away. The musical box played loudly all the time. This light soon grew fairly bright and took the form of a disc of the size of a crown piece. It was never still, but dodged about in the circle space, disappearing and after a minute or so reappearing again. When I reached out stealthily with my left hand to touch it the light would always recede in the direction of the cabinet. Mrs. Cooper said that the light was produced by a spirit and that I had better speak to this spirit and ask it its name. I therefore said, "Are you a relative of mine?" Thereupon the disc of light made three complete vertical oscillations, which in the spiritualist code signifies "Yes." Just then the medium said she could see clairvoyantly a letter "J" upside down, and she asked me if that meant anything to me. I said "No." I then addressed the light again, saying, "If you are a relative of mine spell out your name by moving the light." Deliberately and slowly the patch of light made six complete vertical oscillations. I asked for this to be repeated, and called out A B C D E F at each movement of the light. This I understood to be the first letter of the word intended, *i.e.* the letter "F." I asked the spirit to try to give the next letter, but nothing more was attempted. The medium asked if this

letter was correct, but I merely said "I think perhaps it might be." The medium then asked me to turn off the box and to join her in singing a few verses of "Abide with Me." I did my best, but could not remember the words. During the singing no lights or other phenomena were observed. When the hymn was finished I was asked to turn on the music again. Immediately the box had started to play, I heard, apparently close to my ear, a rather deep toned but not very strong voice saying, "I am so glad to see you—so glad you have come—Sam, I want you to know that it is really me."

S. Try to tell me your name.

VOICE. Sam, it's really me, *Frank*.

S. Frank, I wonder if you remember the old house where we used to live.

F. Yes, yes, dear old place.

S. I am glad you remember. Try to imagine yourself in the garden and tell me where you would come to if you crossed over the bridge.

F. Into the field where we used to play.

[*Note*.—I had not expected this answer, but it is perfectly correct and really apt. I had actually expected him to say "If you keep on you will come into the grove (a copse where we used to roam). This copse, however, is separated from the bridge over the moat by a pasture field some two hundred yards wide which was a favourite playground when we were boys. I had expected that the communicator's mind would leap over this field to the copse beyond.]

(Pause.)

After an interval.

F. Nineteen eighteen. Nineteen eighteen. The year of my passing.

S. That is almost exactly three years ago, isn't it?

[*Note*.—My brother was killed in September, 1918.]

S. Frank, I wonder if you would remember the names of any of the boys who used to play with you when we lived at the old house.

F. The answer was inarticulate.

S. Well never mind. Can you remember anything at all about the old house ?

F. Pond there.

S. Yes there was a pond. Have you anything to say about it ?

F. Dooks, ducks.

[*Note.*—Pond is correct. There is a conspicuous pond at the old Rectory, but the answer may well have been a guess. At one time there were ducks on the pond, but the answer might easily have been a reaction by association to the word “pond.”]

S. Frank, can you remember the day you and I rode to Chelmsford ?

F. Yes, yes. Father was very angry.

[*Note.*—I did not expect this answer, but it happens to be relevant. My brother and I rode to Chelmsford only on one occasion in the summer of 1911. I was at that time about twenty-one years of age and I had cause to remember that on the day following this excursion my father was extremely angry with me, although the matter had no connection with our visit to Chelmsford. In my memory I have always associated the ride to Chelmsford with my father’s displeasure on the following day.]

S. Frank, can you remember the village school at all. What was there near the school ?

F. Church, church.

[*Note.*—The playground of the village school was separated from the church by a brick wall. At the time I was not thinking of the church but of a steam flour mills at the head of a creek nearby.]

S. Frank, can you remember anything about that church-yard wall in reference to yourself ?

F. Fell off. (Natural answer to such a question.)

S. Yes, you fell off, but what did you do to yourself ?

F. The word “head” was heard, but the rest was inarticulate.

[*Note.*—I asked this question to see if he would mention breaking his two upper front teeth. An accident whose results were ever afterwards slightly noticeable.]

- S. Tell me anything else you remember.
- F. Ernest, Ernest.
- [*Note.*—I do not know whom this name refers to.]
- S. Who was Ernest?
- F. (Inarticulate.)
- S. Frank, have you met Uncle since you passed over?
- F. Seemed some attempt to make a "G" sound, but the name of the Uncle which was George was not given. (At this point a voice whispered "I am Nada. This spirit must have a rest. He has been working very hard.")

The light now reappeared floating in the air. The medium called to my brother, "Try to show yourself to us." I do not attempt to explain the appearances which followed, but for the sake of completeness I merely record them. What seemed to be the rough outline of a human ear showed on the disc of floating light. This appeared and disappeared and then reappeared. There followed what seemed to be the outline of part of a hand showing four fingers from the knuckle to the finger tips. These "fingers" made the motion of opening and closing and appeared as dark outlines in the centre of the patch of light. No "thumb" could be seen. Then something was shown in the light which looked rather like a pair of lips. I called out "Open your mouth," and the lips made a definite motion, as of parting, and when I cried "Shut your mouth," the lips closed. I tried this several times. Then something was shown which looked like a hooked nose seen in profile. Considerable time was spent over these appearances, and when the light had disappeared the voice of Frank was heard again. It appeared excited.

- F. Sam, did you see my ear, my hand, and my mouth?
- S. Yes, I saw something which looked like a hand and ear and mouth, but what was that last thing you were trying to show?
- F. It was part of my forehead.

[*Note.*—Frank's nose was straight, but his forehead was decidedly arched.]

A rather deep voice was now heard to say "Power is going."

The medium explained that the voice which had just spoken was that of "Afid" her Eastern guide.

The voice of Frank was heard again.

F. Sam, I won't say "Goodbye" because you will be coming again.

S. I hope so, goodbye.

The medium then said, "Turn off the box," and when this was done we concluded the sitting by singing the last verse of "Abide with Me."

On consideration I came to the conclusion that while there was no very strong evidence of supernormal information at this sitting, yet the results were sufficiently interesting to warrant a further trial. I therefore arranged with Mrs. Ford, the Assistant Secretary of the Psychic College, for another sitting to be held on Thursday, September 8, at 2.30 p.m.

Sitting No. 2.

Thursday, September 8, 1921, 2.30 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER (medium).
S. G. SOAL.

The conditions were the same as at the first sitting.

The patch of light soon made its appearance and I observed in quick succession what seemed to be the dark outlines of a hand and an ear. I was also touched lightly on the knee by what might have been the trumpet. We sang a few verses of the hymn, and when the box was restarted, the voice which I recognised as the one which I had heard at the previous sitting commenced to speak.

F. Sam, I am so glad to see you again. Sam, I was with you yesterday.

S. Yes, and where did I go yesterday?

F. Dogg—Dogger—Dog—Dogget.

S. Doggets ? That's right.

[*Note.*—On the previous afternoon Wednesday, September 7, I paid a visit to a friend who lives close to our old home, Little Stambridge Rectory. To reach this friend's house I took the 2 o'clock bus from Southend-on-Sea to the little market town of Rochford and then walked the remaining distance of two miles across the fields of a large farm called "Doggets Farm." This farm, adjoining as it does the rectory fields, was a familiar haunt of our boyhood days, and on this particular afternoon I strayed from the footpath and spent an hour or so wandering round the plantations, etc., for old times sake. I then proceeded to my friend's house. My present address is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles away from Doggets Farm and my visits to this place are not more frequent than once in three months. On Sept. 7 I did not decide to pay this visit until 1 o'clock in the afternoon and even the people at home did not know where I was going when I set out after lunch. Moreover, on reaching Southend-on-Sea I first took a tram towards Thorpe Bay which lies in quite another direction, as I had some business to do there. I then returned by tram and walked down High Street to Victoria Corner, where I caught the Rochford bus. Had I been followed by strangers I fancy I should have noticed them if they had tried to follow me over the deserted fields of Doggets Farm. Southend-on-Sea is forty miles from London, and assuming private detectives to have been employed by the medium or College, the one word "Dogget" would be a somewhat meagre "bag" after such an exciting chase.

It may of course be suggested that what the medium actually said was "Dog" and that an uncertain second syllable was added when she divined that "Dog" was not effective. Against this explanation it must be urged that "Dog" was not a rational answer to the question I asked. The actual answer I anticipated was "Reeves" (the name of the people I went to see) or "Rochford" or "Stambridge." Doggets, however, was an excellent answer. I have given this detailed discussion

- not because the incident itself is important, but merely because I made such an analysis at the time of the sitting.]
- S. Now Frank, do you remember the *hut* we had at the top of the big field?
- F. Yes, Sam, I remember.
- S. Well, can you tell me what we used to do at the hut?
- F. We built a fire and sat telling stories.
- S. Quite right. That's very good. Tell me, who used to be with us.
- F. Charley.
- S. Not very often. Charley sat once or twice in the hut. Can't you remember who was most often with us?
- F. W—War—Warra—(not very distinct but the first syllable certainly sounded like *War*).
- S. (After some unsuccessful attempts to get the word)—All right, never mind that now. Can you remember anything about the inside of the hut?
- F. Twelve bricks.

[*Note.*—In the autumn of 1910, when I was twenty years of age, my brother Frank and myself with the assistance of two other boys named Walter Valentine and Percy Paternoster cleared out a hollow in a thick hedge on the borders of a copse (called the grove) near Little Stambridge Rectory. With ivy and interlacing branches we formed a roof and in the centre of the floor space we sunk a brick fireplace. During the whole of September and part of October we spent many of our evenings in this hut in which we had constructed rough seats. Within the brick fireplace a large wood fire was always burning and round this fire we sat telling stories or reading stories aloud from books until “the evening star washes the dusk with silver,” and the mists rose in the meadows.

It will be seen therefore that the answer “built a fire and sat telling stories” together with the mention of the bricks¹ was as good an answer as could have been devised in this limited number of words. At the time of the sitting I was interested to see how nearly an answer of equal correctness could have been approximated

¹The actual number of bricks would not exceed four or five.

to by guesswork. I therefore interviewed about a dozen persons to whom the existence of the hut was quite unknown and questioned them as follows: "Imagine yourself to be a fraudulent medium who is impersonating my dead brother. I say to you 'Do you remember the hut we had at the top of the big field? Tell me what we used to do there. Now you must make a guess in not more than eight or nine words.'"

Judging by the results of the little questionnaire given below, guessing is by no means a good method for the fraudulent medium.]

S. Now we will leave the hut. Do you remember the first time I took you to London?

F. Yes, Sam, it seemed very wonderful. I saw the River Thames for first time.

[*Note.*—This visit took place when Frank was about 12 years old in the summer of 1912. It would undoubtedly have left a strong impression on his mind. The reference to the Thames is interesting. On reaching Liverpool St. from Rochford we took the Underground to Mark Lane with the intention of visiting the Tower. On leaving the station we walked down to the river and stood for some time watching the shipping and I remember pointing out St. Paul's to Frank. Thus the first real glimpse my brother had of London was the view from the River Thames and therefore this reference to the Thames seems very apt.]

S. Then where did we go?

F. Tuss—Two—swords. (If this is intended for Tussaud's it is quite incorrect as we never visited the place at all.)

S. Where did we go in the afternoon?

F. Wild—wild animals. Z—z—zoo.

[*Note.*—We spent the afternoon at the Zoo, but the answer might easily have been a guess.]

S. Frank, I have in my pocket a photo of a group of boys taken at your school. Could you tell me whereabouts you are on the photo.

F. Yes, remember very well. I am fourth from left.

[*Note.*—Fourth from left is correct, but the photo was very familiar to me.]

(Interval of silence.)

NAME.	ADDRESS.	REPLY.	COMMENTS BY S. G. S.
1. Mr. J. Arthur Hill -	"Claremont," Thornton, Bradford.	"Flew kites."	We flew kites in the same field, but not at the time we had the hut.
2. Capt. Stubbs - -	7 Falklyn Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.	Played Indians.	We did not play Indians at this period.
3. Mrs. H. Rankin -	Broomhills, Rochford, Essex.	Played ericket.	We did not play cricket near the hut.
4. Mr. H. Rankin -	Broomhills, Rochford, Essex.	Had a good feed there.	We seldom ate anything in the hut.
5. Mr. H. Sloman -	42 Westminster Drive, Southend-on-Sea.	Played robbers.	Untrue.
6. Mrs. H. Sloman -	42 Westminster Drive, Southend-on-Sea.	Held a seeret society.	Untrue.
7. Mr. E. Hunt - -	22 Westminster Drive, Southend-on-Sea.	Imagined you were eow-boys.	Untrue.
8. Mr. A. Shaghoiain -	1696 Sitter St., San Franseiso.	Buried treasure there.	Untrue.
9. Mr. A. L. Gregson -	West Street, Prittlewell.	Played cards.	Never on any occasion.
10. Mr. Thomas Barnett	High Street, Helston, Cornwall.	Chopped up wood and did odd jobs.	We did ehop wood to make the fire.
11. Mr. Pascoe - -	High Street, Helston, Cornwall.	Thought you were smug- glers.	Untrue.
12. Mr. Chapman - -	Roehford, Essex.	Planned desperate deeds.	Untrue.

F. Bicycles, bicyeles.

S. Are you referring to what we were speaking about last time ?

F. No, Sam, two bicycles.

S. Do you mean the ride to Chelmsford ?

F. No. Two bicycles. Sam, I am afraid I can't get it.

S. Never mind. Perhaps it will come to you presently.

(At this stage Nada interposed saying "This spirit is very powerful. You bring a great deal of power. . . . He must have a rest now.")

The voice ceased and lights appeared for a short time. A hand appeared outlined in the light.)

(After an interval.)

F. Sam, I've got it now. Pat was with us at the hut. Pat.

S. That's very good. You've got it at last.

F. Yes, Sam, you see how we can get things through when you don't worry us.

[*Note.*—It will be recalled that earlier in the Sitting in connection with the hut I had asked the question "who was with us in the hut?" and the answer had been "Charley," succeeded by something which sounded like "War." Now the two boys who helped us to build the hut and who were constantly with us were Walter Valentine sometimes called "Waller" and Percy Paternoster whom we invariably called "Pat." Charley is my living brother who seldom came to sit in the hut. It will be noticed that at the time when the question was asked and the name "Pat" was in the field of the sitter's consciousness the answer was not forthcoming. The present records are full of similar cases.]

F. Sam, soon I shall be able to speak to you as I used to.

(Interval.)

F. Friday, Friday.

S. What about Friday ?

F. The birthday into a new life. The day of passing into a new life.

[*Note.*—The only information we possess with regard to the exact date of my brother's death is a letter from an Army Chaplain addressed from 3rd Casualty Clearing Station and dated September 6, 1918 (no day of week

mentioned). The letter contains the phrase "*we buried him to-day.*" A probable inference would be that Frank died either on September 6, or on the preceding day, September 5. Now I find that September 6, 1918, is on a Friday. I had of course seen the Chaplain's letter when it arrived, but had never thought about the day of the week. The result, if not a chance coincidence, might have been derived by sub-conscious computation from the date September 6.]

[*Additional Note.*—We have records now to show that Frank *died* on September 5, 1918, which day is *Thursday*. He was therefore *buried* on a *Friday*.]

NADA. The power is nearly gone.

F. Goodbye, Sam.

S. Goodbye.

AFID. Power is going.

(Sitting concludes.)

I shall next relate a series of spontaneous incidents in which the evidence for supernormality is particularly strong. These are scattered throughout the whole series of sittings and are arranged here under separate heads. In each case the record is copied direct from my case book.

NO. 1—INCIDENT OF THE TWO BICYCLES.

Sitting No. 5.

Monday, September 19, 1921, 8 p.m.

This was a group sitting at which seven persons were present including Mrs. Ford. At such a sitting all the persons were linked up by holding hands, the left hand of the person on the extreme left having to manipulate the musical box, while the medium sat on the extreme right. The trumpet would come to one person and then to another giving short messages to each. The sitters in the immediate vicinity of the person to whom the voice was speaking could generally hear the words, but those who were farther off could not. Quite early in the sitting the voice of Frank spoke to me.

- F. Sam, I'm glad to see you again. I want to give you that test.
- S. I'm pleased to see you. What test is it?
- F. Two bicycles. Two bicycles.
- S. Is it what you were speaking about last time?
- F. No, Sam, it was two bicycles. Sam, I can't get it.
- F. Will come again a little later.
- The voice then moved away to someone else. Towards the end of the séance it came again to me.
- F. Two bicycles, two bicycles.
- S. Yes, what about them?
- F. One went so fast it ran away from the other.
- S. Now I think I know what you're driving at. Can you remember the place where it happened?
- F. Yes, Sam, it begins with "D." Long hill and sandy road. D¹—D—many ferns.
- S. Try to get the name.
- F. D—D—difficult, try another time.
- The trumpet passed away again.

[*Note.*—When I heard the phrase "one ran away from the other," I recalled at once the incident to which the communicator was referring. One afternoon in August, 1914, my brother and I rode together on bicycles to Danbury Common, which is about eighteen miles from Southend-on-Sea and is one of the highest points in Essex. The return journey from Danbury is a long downhill for about a couple of miles. We mounted our machines and let them rip. Frank soon took the lead and, outpacing me, disappeared from sight round a bend. When I reached level ground to my dismay I could see nothing of him and feared that he had taken the wrong turning. I dismounted and waited for some time by the side of the road, but when he did not appear I was disturbed and imagined he might have met with some serious accident and was perhaps, even then, lying unconscious somewhere on the road. However, I decided to ride on and to my relief I overtook him

¹Throughout this record D— P—, etc. (with a dash), mean that the sounds of these letters were articulated, *i.e.* the *D* sound not letter D.

some two miles farther on near Woodham Ferris. He had dismounted there and was waiting for me. To the best of my knowledge neither of us ever mentioned this incident to a living soul. The mention of the "long hill" and the "ferns" (really braeken) and the "sandy road" are truly excellent bits of description. As one enters the Danbury district the roads become bordered with braeken; indeed, there are acres of braeken on each side of the road, which is of yellow sand. When we also add the letter "D," it will be seen that we have a remarkable incident in which the psychie showed knowledge that probably belonged to only one living person.]

NO. 2—INCIDENT OF THE "STARBOBS."

Sitting No. 6.

*September 20, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER (medium).
S. G. SOAL.*

(After an interval Frank speaks as follows:)

- F. In the barn. Set fire alight. Starbobs flew out.
Sam, this is important. Starbobs.
- S. What sort of a fire was it?
- F. With bricks.
- S. Was it outside the barn or inside?
- F. Outside—near the—(inarticulate).
- S. Were the starbobs burnt?
- F. None of them were hurt.
- S. Was I there?
- F. No you could not come.
- S. Who was with you that day?
- F. Perey.
- S. Were the starbobs old or young?
- F. Some old and some young.
- Nothing more was forthcoming about this matter.

[*Note.*—The scene of the above happenings was Little Stambridge Rectory, and the time was the summer of 1909. The old Rectory at which we lived for 12 years is situated two miles from Roehford

Railway Station. A lonely place, it has attached to it 34 acres of glebe land, and about 40 yards from the house is a large dilapidated outbuilding, weather boarded and thatched, and known to the family as "The Barn." The Barn was divided into two compartments of which the smaller was called "The Stable." Hence when I heard the phrase "the barn," this building was at once pictured on my mental retina. I found by enquiries after the sitting had concluded that the word "Starbobs" conveyed nothing to the mind of the medium, but immediately I heard it I recognised at once a local nickname used by boys in this particular district for the starlings which in the winter settle in their thousands in the copses and groves. In the evening they make the air clamorous with their cries, and the immense flocks as they fly to their roosting places pass overhead like a darkening scarf. At the time of which I write my brother was about ten years of age and spent most of his time out of doors climbing trees after eggs and young birds. I have made enquiries about the word "Starbobs" and find that it is in fairly common use among boys in the Rochford district. It was certainly used by Frank and his companions. (See Walter Valentine's statement (p. 591) in Appendix.) These boys would organise massacres of the starlings on winter evenings. Frank's old companions are, however, now widely separated, and I would hazard an opinion that "Starbobs" is about the last word that a fraudulent medium would be expected to get by enquiries in the district.

But to continue with the incident. When I heard the words "in the barn. Set fire alight. Starbobs flew out," I conjured up in my mind an imaginary picture of boys lighting a fire inside the barn and the half-burned birds crawling across the floor. But immediately the words, "a fire with bricks. Outside—near the ——" were said I vaguely recalled having seen such a fire in bricks. On the following Saturday I rode across to Stambridge to interview

Walter Valentine, who was perhaps the most regular companion of my brother at this period. I asked him if he could remember any fire that he and Frank made outside the barn. He answered at once, "We had a fire in some bricks just in front of the Stable."

He said he thought it would be "just under the eaves of the thatch" and he seemed quite clear that the fire was "in the summertime, when the thatch would be full of nesting starlings." He could not actually remember the smoke driving the starlings out of the thatch, but thought "it very likely happened," and that "he was certain the thatch was full of young starlings at that time." My sister, Miss Lottie Soal, corroborates "the fire in bricks outside the barn," and she says that "Walter and Frank had it burning every day for more than a week." It is quite certain that I must have seen this fire myself and I have an indistinct recollection of seeing the brick fireplace in front of the barn. The statement "you could not come" would possibly mean that I was busy with my studies all day in the house and was unable to join the boys in their play. All members of the family corroborate the fact that there were scores of starlings' nests in the thatch of the barn. That picture of the upward-curling smoke rising into the thatch and disturbing the birds never entered my conscious mind until Valentine showed me the position of the fire. I should add that Valentine, though uneducated, is intelligent and has a reliable memory. On the same day on which I saw Valentine I also interviewed Percy Paternoster, who was mentioned in the account of the séance. He was unable to recollect any fire outside the barn, but reminded me that at about that period he only saw Frank on very rare occasions, and it was not until 1910 that he became a regular companion. Since "Pat" lived a mile away from us, I think it improbable that he ever saw this fire. It is practically certain that to-day Valentine would not use

the childish word "Starbobs"; he would probably say "starlings." There is, however, no reason to suppose that he has been interviewed by any agent of the Psychic College. It would be quite characteristic for my brother to relate an incident connected with starlings since during his lifetime he was intensely interested in birds and their ways, collecting eggs, bringing up young birds, etc., while I had scarcely any interest in them at all. It is just possible that the incident is a fabrication of my own unconscious mind founded on the memory of the fire which I had seen. That is, the incident may be a mixture of truth and fabrication.]

NO. 3 INCIDENT. "FATHER M'KENNA."

Sitting No. 4.

Tuesday, September 13, 1921, 2.30 p.m.

*Present: MRS. COOPER (medium).
S. G. SOAL.*

(Towards the middle of the séance, after a pause, my brother begins to speak again.)

- F. Father Father M'Ken.
 S. Father what ?
 F. Father M'Ken—Kenna—Father M'Kenna.
 S. Yes, what about Father M'Kenna ?
 NADA. I hear him say church, church.
 F. Father's M'Kenna's church.
 S. What did you do at Father M'Kenna's church ?
 F. Helped him with his lights.
 S. That's very good. Can you remember the name of the church ?
 [Note.—I do not think I ever knew the name of the church (S. G. S.).]
 F. Electric. It was his lights.
 S. Yes, but I asked the name of the church.
 F. St.—St. (inarticulate).
 S. I couldn't hear that. Try again.

F. It was the Saered—can't get it, Sam. The Saered—can't get any more.

[*Note.*—It was well known to the family that in the year 1915 Frank was slightly acquainted with Father M'Kenna and sometimes used to visit him at his "Church of the Saered Heart," which was situated off the London Road, Southend-on-Sea. On one occasion he helped Father M'Kenna to adjust his electric lights. At home Frank often spoke of Father M'Kenna, who appears to have amused him. I remember him relating how on his first visit he addressed Father M'Kenna as Mr. M'Kenna and that gentleman replied "Father M'Kenna, my boy, Father M'Kenna." The word "Saered," which was recorded before leaving the séance room, is certainly part of the name of the church, and I cannot remember ever having heard it, or ever having seen the church. It is interesting to note that this reference to electric lights is the first in the whole series of sittings to the subject of electricity which was a predominant interest in my brother's life.

Since the incident occurred six years previous to the sitting and in a town 40 miles from London, and was known to perhaps only two or three people in Southend, a fraudulent medium would have experienced some difficulty in ferreting it out.]

NO. 4 INCIDENT. "THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

Sitting No. 7.

Wednesday, October 5, 1921, 3.30 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER (medium).
S. G. SOAL.

(Towards the middle of the sitting Frank speaks again.)

- F. A Christmas Present. Christmas present you gave me.
S. Yes, I remember. What was it I gave you?
F. Electric thing, with two handles.
S. That's very good. Remember anything else about it?

F. Shock, shocks.

S. That's right.

[*Note.*—At Xmas, 1912, I bought Frank a small induction coil as a present. This was the only Christmas present that I can remember ever having given him. It pleased him immensely and he amused himself by connecting the coil to a dry battery and giving people shocks. The mention of "two handles" is a most definite piece of description, since the machine had two bright metal handles which people held for the purpose of getting shocks. Two or three people outside our family may have seen the coil, but I do not think that anyone except ourselves would know that it was given to Frank as a Christmas present. The coil is still in my possession.]

(Frank speaking again.)

F. It was green. Sam, I would like to connect it up to a battery.

S. I put it away with your other things, but you won't ever connect it to a battery again, Frank.

NADA interposing. "You don't know what he'll do."

F. Try to connect it up, Sam.

S. I will. Have they any electricity where you are, Frank?

F. Inarticulate.

[*Note.*—The colour of the coil was a bright green. Altogether the incident provides excellent evidence of supernormal power on the part of the medium, but does not go beyond the content of my own mind.]

NO. 5 INCIDENT. "THE SCALDED HAND."

Sitting No. 8.

*Thursday, October 13, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(At the beginning of the sitting after Nada had spoken Frank begins:)

F. Sam, a test—what you did to your hand.

S. What did I do to my hand?

- F. Burnt with water. It was very upsetting time.
- S. Tell me what you remember about it.
- F. Mother was very upset. Spoilt exam—examination.
It was Sunday, Sam. You upset the (inarticulate).
- S. I understand. Can you remember anything else?
- F. Yes, Sam. Went to Doctor about it.
- S. Quite right, what else. What was the name of the
Doctor?
- F. (Inarticulate) Can't get it, Sam.
- S. Well never mind the name. See if you can remember
anything else.
- F. Remember the day before.
- S. The day before what?
- F. Day before hand was done.
- S. Well, what do you remember?
- F. It was wet and C—cl—cla—Claude—Claude came with
gun.
- S. Why, Frank, I had quite forgotten that. What did
Claude do?
- F. Round field for hares.
- S. That's very good.
- F. You see, Sam, I remember things better than you do.
Pause.

[*Note.*—This is one of the best incidents, although none of the information given was unknown to me. The facts are as follows. On Sunday evening the first week in June, 1913, I upset by accident a large pan of water (almost boiling) over my right hand. I had good cause to remember the event for it happened on the eve of my M.A. examination and on account of the injury to my right hand I had to postpone taking the examination until the following June. On Monday morning I saw Doctor A. C. Lewis of Rochford who bandaged my hand and put it in a sling. My mother was naturally much upset about the affair more on account of the examination than anything else. When my brother mentioned about "Claude and the gun," I at once remembered that on the Saturday evening before the accident Frank and myself accompanied Claude Butcher, a

friend of ours, round the Rectory fields on the chance of starting a hare or rabbit. About that period Claude Butcher used to come with his rifle almost every Saturday afternoon or evening, Saturday being his only free day. Frank and I invariably accompanied him on these occasions.

We have in this incident very clear evidence of information being acquired by Mrs. Cooper in a supernatural way.]

NO. 6 INCIDENT. "THE BIG TREE."

Sitting No. 13.

*Thursday, November 10, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(At the beginning of the sitting Frank speaks as follows :)

- F. So glad you've come again, Sam. I've thought of a good test.
- S. Then let us have it, Frank.
- F. It's about the big tree, Sam. Do you understand?
- S. I know what you used to call the big tree.
- F. Built hut right at the top. Do you know what I mean?
- S. I know very well, Frank. Can you tell me where the big tree was?
- F. Near Grove gate, Sam. Where wood-cock used to be.
- S. That's excellent. The woodcock is not there now, is it?
- F. Gone long ago.
- S. Tell me what you could see from the top of the big tree.
- F. Could see River—riv—Couch.
- S. Are you sure you could see the River Crouch from the top of that tree?
- F. Quite sure, Sam. We often saw it.
- S. What else could you see?
- F. Inarticulate. (The voice ceases to speak here.)

[*Note.*—There was a particularly tall elm which stood close by a gate leading into a copse about two

hundred yards from the Rectory. This copse was christened by the family "The grove," and the wooden gate the "The grove gate." At the top of this tall tree Frank and another boy, Walter Valentine, in the summer of 1914 constructed a kind of nest or eyrie in which they would sit for hours. My mother remembers this hut very well. She was in fear that the boys would break their necks. The reference to the woodcock is very remarkable. The bole of this elm which Frank always called the "big tree" was somewhat hollow and rotten at the base and had projecting from it a curious piece of timber which bore a rough semblance to a large bird or cock. Seen from a distance it certainly did resemble a cock and for several years Charley—my eldest brother—always spoke of it as the "wooden cock." This piece of rotten wood disappeared somewhere about the year 1907 or 1908. Frank must have heard us talk about it often and have seen it himself when a small boy.

But perhaps the most interesting feature is Frank's statement that "you could see the River Crouch" from the top of the big tree. I had never myself climbed to the nest or eyrie and at the time of the sitting I had no idea that the Crouch would be visible from such a comparatively low altitude. When I asked the question at the séance I expected him to reply, "you can see Prittlewell Church," or "you look down on the grove." On a Saturday, in October, 1921, to satisfy my curiosity on this point I actually climbed to the topmost branches of this elm—no easy feat owing to the slenderness of the higher boughs. To my surprise I could plainly see the silver streak of the Crouch over the top of a gentle rise to the north. It is, of course, just possible that the boys might have mentioned seeing the Crouch and that I had heard them at the time and forgotten it. The incident, however, is certainly interesting in its unexpectedness.]

[Note added April 23, 1925.]

Yesterday (April 22) I saw Walter Valentine and

made a little experiment. I had not previously mentioned to him anything about the "Big Tree Incident" and "the view of the Crouch" as I felt at the time that the matter could be best tested by climbing the tree myself. Yesterday, however, it occurred to me to put to Walter Valentine without any warning the same question that I had previously asked Frank at the séance. I asked suddenly "Do you remember the hut at the top of the big tree?" He answered "Yes, very well." I then asked "What could you see from the top?" Without the slightest hesitation Valentine replied, "The white sails of the yachts on the River Crouch."

The purporting communicator and the living person therefore in this case agree that it was the view of the Crouch that impressed them most from "The Big Tree." For Valentine's corroboration see Appendix [A].

NO. 7 INCIDENT. "THE CONAN DOYLE STORY."

Sitting No. 14.

*Thursday, November 17, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(After John Ferguson had finished, Frank communicated the following incident:)

- F. Sam, we sat on the grass. You read to us. Do you remember?
- S. Do you mean when we were in the hut?
- F. No, Sam, before hut.
- S. You mean before we made the hut?
- F. Long time before.
- S. What is it you want to tell me?
- F. We sat on the grass and you read a book.
- S. I can't remember the time you mean.
- F. It was more than once, Sam.
- S. What do you mean more than once?
- F. I mean it wasn't finished all at once—sounded like "next week."

S. Well, what did I read to you about ?

F. About—about big animals and birds with teeth.

S. I think I know now what you mean, Frank. Tell me something else about it.

NADA interposing. He's laughing about it. He whispers "yes young fel—my lad."

S. That settles it. I understand perfectly now. It's a good test. Frank do you remember who was with us ?

F. Pat was with us.

S. No, that's wrong.

F. Think it's W—W—

S. Try to get it.

F. W—W—there isn't much power, Sam.

S. Well never mind.

(A pause.)

S. Don't forget to bring John Ferguson next time, Nada.

NADA. He'll be there.

F. Goodbye, Sam.

S. Goodbye, Frank.

AFID. Power is going.

[*Note.*—The incident is a very good one, but it does not go outside my own conscious knowledge. In the summer of 1912, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story, "The Lost World," was appearing in mouthly instalments in the *Strand Magazine*. Frank and I eagerly looked forward to the successive instalments of this fascinating story, and when the magazine arrived we would take it into the field where, sitting on the grass, I would read it aloud to the others. It was, in fact, the only magazine serial that I ever did read aloud to the boys. "Birds with teeth" refers obviously to the pterodactyl with which Professor Challenger and his companions had such perilous encounters; "big animals" would refer to the dinosaurs and other extinct monsters. The phrase "young fel—my lad" (young fellow my lad) was always on the lips of Lord John Roxton. W—W— is perhaps an abortive attempt to give the name of the boy (Walter Valentine), who with Frank listened

to the story being read. On enquiry I found that Mrs. Cooper had not read "The Lost World."]

There is, I notice, an incorrect statement in Frank's account which I overlooked at the time of the sitting. Frank is wrong in saying that the incident took place "before" the building of the hut. In fact, as the hut was made in 1910, this incident occurred a couple of years later.

NO. 8 INCIDENT. "THE BIG EEL."

Sitting No. 14.

*Thursday, November 17, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(Frank was the first voice that spoke in this sitting. He communicated the following incident and then withdrew in favour of John Ferguson.)

- F. Good afternoon, Sam. I want to tell you something before Ferg comes.
- F. A big eel. We caught it, Sam, in the Moat. Such a big eel.
- S. Say again where you caught it.
- F. M—M—moat. It was near the house.
- S. I remember very well, Frank. Tell me something else about it.
- F. Set lines at night. (Inarticulate)
- S. That's quite right about setting the lines at night. Can you remember anything else about the moat?
- F. R—R—rats—bow and arrow.
- S. I know what you mean, but what about the bow and arrow?
- F. For rats. Do you know now, Sam?
- S. Yes, I understand. Can you remember anything else?
- F. Funny birds on moat. Dashed down—dashed down the water.
- S. What did we call those birds?
- F. Inarticulate.
- S. Tell me more about the birds.
- F. Dashed with a big fluster.

- S. That's right, but what is the name of the birds?
 F. Can't get it. They were wild, Sam, not tame.
 S. I quite understand.

(Pause. Interval after which John Ferguson appears.)

[*Note.*—During the year 1914, Frank and Walter Valentine set lines overnight to try to catch eels in the moat. To everybody's surprise they found one afternoon a huge eel at the end of the line. The same week they caught another as large as the first. The family had not expected that eels of such size lived in the moat. My mother remembers cooking the eels which no one except Frank really liked, as they had a muddy flavour. The getting of the word "moat" is in itself very interesting. What we called the "moat" was in reality a very wide ditch which surrounded the Rectory on three sides. Water-rats abounded in its banks and it is remembered by the whole family that on one occasion Frank made a bow and arrow and succeeded in shooting one or two of these rats. The mention of the birds which "dashed down the water" vividly recalls the moor hens or water hens which made their homes there. Very frequently if one walked unperceived to the edge of the moat one of these birds would scuttle away down the water in a great flurry. We have, therefore, in this incident very definite evidence of supernormal information, although the facts given were in my mind.] [See Appendix A.]

NO. 9 INCIDENT. "THE BURIED MEDAL."

Sitting No. 8.

*Thursday, October 13, 1921, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
 S. G. SOAL.*

[This incident has a special significance since there is at least a possibility of some of the facts given being known only to the communicator himself. I will first give the record of the sitting and then my brother's account of the developments which took

place afterwards. The incidents given below occurred just before the "Benson" case opened a little later in the same sitting.]

(Frank, who has been speaking, continues, after a pause, as follows :)

- F. Sam, I buried it. In the—
 S. What was it you buried ?
 F. I buried it in the hut one day.
 S. Which hut do you mean ?
 F. Top of big field. It was a medal, Sam.
 S. What sort of a medal ?
 F. (Sounded like) "metal" (but uncertain).
 S. Where did you get the medal ?
 F. Given to me by a boy.
 S. What was the name of the boy ?
 F. Inarticulate—sounded something like "school."
 S. Was it a boy at school ?
 F. Boy at school. It had a piece of chain on it.
 S. Where did you bury this ?
 F. In the hut. You weren't there, Sam.
 S. Was anyone there ?
 F. Only me, Sam. It was near the fireplace.
 S. Do you mean where the bricks were ?
 F. Near the bricks—left hand.
 S. On the left hand of the fireplace ?
 F. Left hand of bricks.
 S. How far away was this from the fireplace ?
 F. Close to. Not far away.
 S. Did you tell anyone you buried it ?
 F. Told no one, Sam.
 S. Why did you bury it ?
 F. (Sounded like) "amuse"—it wasn't worth anything.
 S. Did you have a spade ? Was it very deep ?
 F. Not deep, Sam. May have sunk a bit now.
- After a pause I again questioned him.
- S. Frank, did you bury the medal with a spade ?
 F. No, Sam, just poked it in with sticks.
 S. Did I know anything about it ?
 F. You never saw it, Sam.
 S. What was there on this medal ?

- F. Can't remember, Sam, it had a piece of chain I carried it by.
- S. Was it very large ?
- F. (Sounded like) "inches" (but not clear).
- S. Try to tell me some more about it.
- F. Not much to tell, Sam—heavy (inarticulate).
- S. Where did you say you got it from ?
- F. Someone gave it me.
- S. Someone at school ?
- F. W—Perhaps at school.
- S. Did Pat or Walter know anything about it.
- F. No, I was by myself—when I—school.
- S. Do you mean when you came back from school ?
- F. Yes, Sam, think it would be then.
- (No more was forthcoming about the medal.)

STATEMENT BY MR. C. W. SOAL.

SCRATTON LODGE,
 BROOK ROAD,
 PRITTLEWELL, ESSEX,
 October 24, 1921.

On Thursday evening of October 13, my brother, Mr. S. G. Soal, showed me the records of a sitting which he had had that day with Mrs. Blanche Cooper at the British Psychic College. These notes purported to be a communication from my deceased brother Frank and indicated the possibility of the finding of a medal under the earthen floor of a hut made by us some years ago in a double hedge near Little Stambridge Rectory. No description was given of this medal except the statements that it was heavy, and had a piece of chain attached. The position of the buried object was indicated fairly exactly by the phrase, "near the brick fireplace." I did not remember my brother possessing any such objects, but he may have done. I remember that the hut was used in the year 1910, and understood that it had fallen to decay since.

On Saturday, October 15, my brother suggested that we should ride over to Stambridge and have a look at the place. Neither of us had any real hopes of finding

anything and I consented to accompany my brother merely for the sake of the ride. We set out at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon and reached the Rectory fields sometime after three. We found the hut had fallen in and its floor was overgrown with brambles and undergrowth of various kinds. I stayed near the hut while my brother walked over to the Rectory to borrow a spade and pick from Mr. Williams, the present occupier. It was Mrs. Williams who lent him the spade and pick. On his return we cleared away the brambles and roots and soon found the remains of the old brick fireplace. We delved around this with the pick as the ground was iron hard. Presently we were able to remove some clods with the spade, but at first found nothing. On prising out a large clod on the left-hand side of the fireplace, I detected something metallic sticking out of the underside of the piece of earth. The object was firmly bedded in and from the state of the ground it could not have been put there at all recently, *i.e.* not during the present hard condition of the earth. It was found at about the depth of three quarters of a spade depth. When extracted it proved to be a disc of lead of about two inches in diameter and nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. At about half an inch from the circumference a hole had been bored through the disc, probably for the purpose of inserting a chain or string. No chain was however found. The edge of the disc looked as if it had been cut by a chisel from a sheet of lead. There was no inscription or any sign of machine work on the disc, and I cannot conceive for what purpose it could have been used unless as a lad's plaything to be whirled about at the end of a chain or piece of string. The hut was built on virgin soil, and therefore if any object was found buried it was most probably buried by one of the boys who inhabited the hut. Neither my brother nor myself can recall ever having seen the object before. The other two boys, Percy Paternoster and Walter Valentine, who used to sit in the hut, can remember nothing about it. There seems, therefore, at least a possibility that it was put there by Frank as stated in the *séanee*. The surface of the lead showed evidence of severe oxidiza-

tion, but I could see no signs of iron rust near the hole where a chain might once have been and have rusted away. The disc could not properly be described as a medal, but might perhaps be called a medallion.

C. W. SOAL.

A consideration of the statement of my brother, Mr. C. W. Soal, argues at least a fair possibility that my brother Frank buried something in the hut, and that this interment was known only to himself. It is important to note that the object was found in the position indicated at the séance. In addition, we have the important statement that it was "heavy," while the object found was made of lead. Although no chain was found yet the hole in the disc seems to suggest the possibility of there having been a chain at some time. I have since made enquiries of several boys who knew Frank at school, but not one of them can remember having given him the medallion, or ever having seen it before. This lack of corroborative evidence that the medal was ever in Frank's possession is perhaps the chief flaw in the case.

ATTEMPTS TO OBTAIN INFORMATION ABOUT MATTERS UNKNOWN TO THE SITTER.

Towards the end of September I interviewed Walter Valentine, one of the boys who had known my brother intimately during the Rectory period, and asked him to think over a few striking incidents connected with my brother's life at Stambridge, of which I should be entirely ignorant. These incidents I asked him to put in the form of questions so framed that I could not myself easily guess the answer, but which nevertheless admitted of fairly definite replies. Valentine, who thoroughly understood the object of the experiment, said he thought it would be difficult to frame such questions for the reason that I myself knew most of what Frank had done at Stambridge. He promised, however, to think the matter over in his spare time, and when I visited him in about a week's time he had made three or four such questions.

I regret to say that I did not ask him to enclose them in an envelope to be opened only at the séance, but copied them at his dictation into my pocket book. There was therefore the possibility of rapport being established in the interval preceding the séance between Valentine's mind and my own. Very little is, I think, known about the conditions under which spontaneous telepathy operates from A to B via a third person C. One or two cases, however, have I believe been recorded which seem to indicate that this kind of transference may sometimes occur. The questions propounded by Valentine read as follows :

1. What did we have to eat on the day when you and me and Pat walked from Fambridge Ferry to Creeksea Ferry ?
2. When you and I went to bathe at the Mill one day what happened to our boots ?
3. One day when you and me and Pat were sitting in the hut I did something that made Pat very angry, what was it ?

I put the first and last of these questions at Sitting No. 7 on October 5, after the incident of the "Christmas Present." I said to Frank :

- S. Frank, Walter has made some test questions of which I don't know the answer. I want you to do your best to get the answer through.
- F. All right Sam, fire ahead.
- S. The first question is this, "When you and Walter and Pat walked from Fambridge Ferry to Creeksea Ferry, what did you have to eat on that day ?" Take your time to answer. Do you know the time I am talking about ?
- F. Remember it very well, Sam. Were tired to death.
- S. Now do you remember what you had to eat ?
- F. Sam—Samfer—samfer—samphire.
- S. Samphire is that the answer to the question ?
- F. Think that's the right answer, Sam, but there was something else.
- S. Something that you had to eat ?

- F. Something to eat—it was in a field—inarticulate.
 [Note.—At the words “in a field” I immediately thought of turnips. S. G. S.]
- F. In a field—s—s—sw—sweet—sweet—swedc.
 S. Say that word again, Frank.
 F. Think it was swedes, Sam.
 S. Then samphire and swedes are the answers ?
 F. Try samphire and swedes.
 (Pause.)
 S. Now, Frank, I am going to put you another question.
 S. You and Pat and Walter were sitting in the hut one day and Walter did something that made Pat very angry. What was it ?
 F. Walter ran away—inarticulate.
 S. What did Walter do to make Pat angry ?
 F. It’s very difficult Sam, I can’t get it.
 (Pause.)
 F. It might be when Pat was sitting over the fire and—
 (Pause.)
 S. Yes, Pat was sitting over the fire and what then ?
 F. Walter knocked the tin of water on the fire.
 F. Pat was mad.
 S. Is that the answer ?
 F. That may be what he means.

On the evening of Friday, October 28, 1921, I rode over to Great Stambridge to interview Valentine with regard to the tests. To avoid the risk of his memory being influenced by my answers I asked him to go into his cottage and write the correct answers on separate pieces of paper, while I wrote the answers obtained at the sitting on other pieces of paper. I was first to show my answers to Valentine, and if they were reasonably correct he was to show me his corresponding answers. If, however, my answer was hopelessly wrong or inadequate, he was to keep his own answer so as not to spoil the test for a second sitting. I first showed Valentine the paper on which I had written “samphire and swedes.” Valentine produced his piece of paper on which was written, “we ate swedcs.” I asked him about the samphire, but

he said he was quite sure that none of them ate samphire on that day.

I then showed Valentine the second answer which read "Walter ran away—Pat was sitting over the fire and Walter knocked the tin of water on the fire. Pat was mad."

Walter Valentine said that the phrase, "Walter ran away," was quite relevant, but that the rest of the answer about the tin of water was altogether wrong. He did not show me his paper in this case, but suggested that I should try again. I did try at a subsequent sitting, but no intelligent answer was obtained.¹

[*Note.*—It will be seen that a success was scored with the word "swedes." Had I not heard Frank say, "in a field," my conscious mind I feel sure would not have suggested "turnips," in fact, what I was thinking of was "winkles," or some sort of shell fish, since I knew this walk was on the sea wall. The answer "samphire" although definitely wrong is very interesting. From the way in which the question was put Mrs. Cooper or her subconscious mind could scarcely have guessed that the walk was by the side of a tidal river on whose saltings the glasswort (locally called samphire) blooms in profusion during the month of September. I, however, was quite familiar with the plant from which a sort of pickle can be made and the stems of which even in the raw state are not unpalatable. I had sometimes during my rambles on the Essex marshes nibbled at the green stems; they were salty but not disagreeable. Samphire, however, does not suggest edibility to the majority of people, and I very much doubt if Mrs. Cooper even knew that it grew in Essex.]

The question as to whether the boys could have eaten glasswort on this journey, I have settled definitely in the negative. The excursion took place on a Good Friday (this is confirmed by several people, including my mother), and at this time of year the glasswort has not begun to thrust its shoots through the mud; at anyrate they are

¹ For the real answer to Valentine's question and additional notes see Appendix [A].

just beginning to appear and could not be eaten. The getting of the word "sapphire" suggests therefore either transference from my own mind or the emergence of an associated memory in the mind of the communicator.

The answer given to the second question even although it may be wrong as a reply to the question certainly suggests supernormal knowledge—possibly of a telepathic nature. Mrs. Cooper could not possibly know by any normal means that a tin of water was always kept in the hut for the express purpose of extinguishing the fire when we left at night. The incident described was just the sort of prank that a mischievous boy like Walter would be likely to play on another boy seated over the fire. Having emptied the tin he would then naturally run away to escape the wrath of his victim. The incident may actually have happened, or, on the other hand, it may have been a pure invention of my own subconscious mind. It is not the sort of thing that Mrs. Cooper herself could have invented; it reveals too intimate a knowledge of conditions at the hut.

For Valentine's corroboration of these tests see Appendix A.

The third test about the boots when put at a subsequent sitting elicited no intelligent answer. It will be seen therefore that one definite success was scored in the series of tests.

UNVERIFIED INCIDENTS WHICH SHOW SUPERNORMAL KNOWLEDGE.

It will be observed that almost all the preceding incidents refer to a particular period of my brother's life, namely the years when we lived at Little Stambridge Rectory, and during which I was most closely associated with him. From the year 1915 onwards I saw much less of him for I was away on my Army service. After the thirteenth sitting I encouraged him to speak of things connected with this later period of his life, as I thought that such incidents would afford a greater chance for the exclusion of direct telepathy from myself. From time

to time Frank attempted to speak of matters connected with his life in the Army, but unfortunately the incidents he selected were such as were almost impossible to verify. But though it seemed absolutely impossible to prove his statements they were from a psychological standpoint very interesting as the setting of the incidents invariably showed supernormal knowledge. The statements made were true as far as the sitter knew anything about them, but the main incidents although plausible could not be checked.

A typical example occurs in Sitting No. 16, held on Thursday, December 1. At this sitting Mr. A. L. Gregson was present.

(Frank spoke first and related the following story :)

F. Sam, I'm trying to give you something about when I was in the Army.

S. Good, that's just what I want.

F. Sam, it was when we were in Kent. We all had bicycles.

F. Two of us went—inarticulate.

S. Two of you went—I didn't get that, Frank.

F. Two rode ahead for scouts.

S. I think I've got that. Two of you rode ahead for scouts.

F. I was one of them, Sam.

S. Then what happened ?

F. We stopped near a—inarticulate.

S. Try and get that, Frank. You say you stopped somewhere.

F. Stopped near a thatched house.

S. What then ?

F. There was an old woman—gave us apples.

S. Yes I've got that. Go on.

F. Gave us lots of apples—filled our pockets—it was hard to ride, Sam—I mean for the apples.

S. Would you remember the name of this village ?

F. Didn't notice, Sam. Wasn't a village.

S. Well would you remember whereabouts in Kent it was ?

F. Mid—middle—orchards—pause.

(After a pause Frank refers again to the matter.)

F. The old woman said something, Sam.

S. Yes, what did she say ?

F. About "I have a boy—

S. Yes, I have a boy—

F. I have a boy just like you.

S. Is that what she said ?

F. Yes, Sam. If you could find out about it.

S. It would be very hard unless we knew the name of the place.

F. In Kent, Sam—when we were—

S. Where were you going then ?

F. A great time, Sam.

S. But where were you going ?

F. Right to the C—C—

S. Where.

F. Right through to the—we saw the sea at the end—it was over the d—downs.

S. Did you get right to the sea ?

F. Right there, Sam.

(The voice ceases and lights appear. At the end of the sitting when John Ferguson had gone I questioned Frank again about it, but could get no additional information.)

Now the medium could hardly have known that my brother had belonged to a Bicycle Section whose Headquarters were at Sevenoaks in Kent. The fact that Frank's Battalion rode on manœuvres through Kent to the Sussex Coast was known to me since it was mentioned in one of his letters to my mother. These manœuvres appear to have lasted a week or two, and my brother in his letter mentions such things as "passing through Groombridge," "fighting all the way," carrying "pack 90 lbs." with bicycle 60 lbs. up a three miles' hill on the first day's journey from Sevenoaks. As the letter is dated September 8, 1917, the time certainly corresponds with "apple time." There is, however, in this letter no mention of his being sent on scouting operations or of any old woman who gave him apples. Nor is there any definite mention of a sight of the sea in this letter although I have some hazy recollection that when my brother visited me in Maida Vale hospital one day at the

end of September 1917, he mentioned catching a glimpse of the sea from the Downs. I have also a distinct recollection that he told me on that occasion that they had ridden 80 miles and that he mentioned Lewes. It is one of those tantalising problems which we shall probably never solve. Have we here a superstructure of fabrication reared upon fragments of knowledge obtained supernormally from the mind of the sitter? Or was my brother detailing an incident which actually occurred? The next section of our paper will perhaps throw some light on this question of fabrication. A similar series of unverifiable incidents were given by my brother in connection with his electrical career, but it is perhaps scarcely necessary to describe them. The best that can be said for them is that they appear plausible and show a knowledge of matters which the medium could not possibly have obtained in any fraudulent way.

Other cases similar to this in connection with electricity were obtained, but the one described above should suffice.

I have been asked the question, "Did your brother ever profess to remember an incident which turned out to be definitely false—not merely unverifiable?" I would reply that in the case of incidents spontaneously volunteered by Frank I can find no intelligible story which proved to be definitely false. There is, it is true, one case in which Frank talked about "a letter" "sent to the old house" "after you left"—"you did not get it." But the wording is so very vague that some doubt might be felt about the meaning. Though I tried to clear the matter up by questions the story still remained incoherent. If, as I suppose, it refers to a letter being addressed to us at Little Stambidge Rectory after we had moved to Prittlewell, I think it highly improbable that we should not have received it since the P.O. would certainly forward it.

He also stated in a sitting that "a great friend of his, M——, had put a green wreath on his grave." It seems highly improbable that he ever had such a friend who would put a wreath on his grave. We cannot imagine who it can be.

I have records of two or three questions I put to him to which he returned definitely false answers. Often it seemed as if he (or the medium) were merely guessing. Thus on one occasion I asked the question, "Where did Pat hide his money?" This referred to an incident that Frank, if living, would certainly not have forgotten. The answer I hoped for was "In a hollow willow tree where we found his hoard one day." Frank, however, merely muttered, "In Drawer—Drawer," and then lapsed into silence when told that the answer was wrong. It is safe to say that no *spontaneous* incident of the same importance as say "The Starbobs" incident was ever given which proved to be false.

On three occasions Frank gave book-tests, but only one of these appeared to be a success. The successful one (if not due to chance coincidence) is rather remarkable and is recorded in *Psychic Science* [April 1923].

Frank gave no descriptions of his life in the other world—perhaps for the reason that I never encouraged this kind of message. On one occasion he uttered a few sentences about "the beautiful summerland," but I must confess I thought at the time that both the voice and the views sounded very like Mrs. Cooper. Frank once purported to give a description of how he was wounded on the battlefield.

"Such a big flash, Sam—such a big flash. They found me lying—I saw a beautiful mist all round me—the first thing I thought of was 'Mother.' We were going over the top—"

There is nothing in this description that I have been able either to verify or to disprove, but I well remember that at this particular sitting the atmosphere seemed charged with emotion and I had a strong impression at that moment that I was really in touch with my brother.

SECTION 2.

The Study of a Fictitious Communicator.

The chief interest in the following case lies in the fact, that by means of a quasi-experimental method we are

able to watch the mental interplay which goes on between the minds of the sitter and the medium. I do not mean to suggest that there is anything *transferred* from the mind of the sitter to the mind of the medium, but merely state that there is a *causal nexus* between the working of the two minds; of the fundamental nature of the process I know nothing. I use the term "transference" merely on account of its convenience and not as implying any theory of what is observed to happen. The case of John Ferguson seems, however, to suggest some of the conditions to be observed when carrying out similar experiments. The stories about the communicator which the sitter suggests to his subconscious mind should in the first instance be plausible and not such as would conflict with the statements given by the communicator at the previous sittings. The arguments on which the sitter bases his conjectures of what is to transpire may be quite unsound from a logical point of view; what seems important is that they should be psychologically suggestive. In other words the sitter must be able to convince the *irrational* side of his mind that the arguments he employs for arriving at his conclusions are plausible, and that his absurd conjectures have at least a sporting chance of coming true. It is necessary, in fact, that the ideas which he wishes to transfer to the medium should in the first place have become active in his own subconsciousness, for there is some evidence to show that it is those ideas which are coloured by an emotional tone which have the best chance of becoming externalised by automatism. In my own case I actually came to half believe the things I had supposed about John Ferguson, and had a sort of desperate hope that they might turn out to be facts after all. At the same time the logical, reasoning part of my mind told me that my arguments were childish and absurd. I was able to establish beyond reasonable doubt that John Ferguson was a pure fiction—a personality built around certain scenes and events connected with my own thoughts and environments.

The case of John Ferguson, which extended over ten sittings, shows throughout a curious consistency, not

uncommon in such fictitious cases, which was kept up till the fiction was finally exploded at the end. Thus it will be observed that John Ferguson never got mixed in his dates, age, etc., but would repeat in Sitting 19 what he had said in Sitting 11. He would invent new scenes and happenings to cope with new facts discovered by the sitter.

The case may be said to have opened at Sitting No. 11, when the mention of *Brentwood* first occurs. *John Ferguson* himself, however, did not communicate directly until the next sitting. I will first quote the record of Sitting No. 11.

Sitting No. 11.

Thursday, November 3, 6 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER.

DR. A. C. DUNSTAN.

S. G. SOAL.

(This was a very poor sitting. Both the sitters and the medium complained of being cold. Until the end of the sitting the voices were feeble and indistinct, little of any interest being said. Towards the close of the sitting Nada speaks:)

NADA. There's someone wishes to speak—Wescot Road—Brent
—Brentwood.

S. What was the name of the road?

NADA. Wescot Road, Brentwood.

[*Note.*—Dr. Dunstan said, “I think it said Wesgate Road.” I however distinctly noticed that the last syllable was “cot,” and said so at the time. S. G. S.]

S. Who is it speaking?

NADA. Think it's a man and a child.

S. Can you give their names?

NADA. Difficult because he's not strong enough to speak.
Think it's a father and daughter.

S. Are you sure of Wescot Road?

NADA. Quite sure—Wescot Road, Brentwood.

(Pause.)

AFID. Power is going.

I arranged to have the next sitting on the following Saturday morning as I did not think it would be advisable

to wait so long as a week. No enquiries were made about Brentwood or Weseot Road. I should mention here that Brentwood is an old world market town about 18 miles from London on the Great Eastern Railway, and enjoys the distinction of possessing both a Grammar School and a Lunatic Asylum. In my journeys to town I had passed through the station for many years, but had never visited the town. Nor to the best of my knowledge had I ever consulted a directory of Brentwood.

We will now proceed to the next sitting.

Sitting No. 12.

Saturday, November 5, 11 a.m.

*Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(Nada spoke first.)

NADA. Pleased to see you, Mr. Soal.

S. Pleased to see you, Nada. Are you going to bring the man from Brentwood.

NADA. He's going to try to give his name.

(Pause, during which Nada was heard to whisper aside as if addressing an unseen communicator—
“Now don't forget. There are two houses. Two quite different houses.”)

A rather deep, but not unpleasant voice said briskly:

VOICE. I am John Ferguson—brother's name is Jim—Brentwood—I want to describe a house—in an avenue—trees on each side all big houses with gates painted dark red—quite large houses.

S. Where is this avenue?

J. F. Brent.

S. Brentwood?

J. F. Yes, in Brentwood.

S. What is the name of the avenue?

J. F. H—H—can't get it, but it begins with H. It's a large house. People there very musical. Keep fowls. I was 33 when I passed over—Jim is my brother.

S. Does your brother Jim live at this house?

J. F. Must enquire there—find out about Jim.

- S. Can't you give the name of the street ?
- J. F. Not now it's gone from me.
- NADA. You mustn't press him so. You must give him time to breathe.
- S. Very well, Nada. But has this house anything to do with Wescot Road ?
- NADA. Yes, there's a connection between the two families.
- S. What is the connection ?
- NADA. Can't say. He isn't strong enough to tell much yet.
(Pause.)
- (FRANK speaking) Sam, I'm glad to see you.
- S. Frank, do you know anything about this man Ferguson ?
- F. Only what I heard Nada say.
- S. What did you hear Nada say ?
- F. About a large house at Brentwood and red gates. I was interested, Sam, because I remember Brent.
- S. What can you remember about Brentwood ?
- F. First time—first I ever slept from home.
- S. Quite right. When was that ?
- F. The Army—joined there.
- S. Good, do you remember anything else about it ?
- F. Only that I didn't like it, Sam—not there long.
[*Note.*—Frank joined the Essex Yeomanry at Brentwood (Warley Barracks) in 1916. Stayed there a night or two and was sent on to Colchester.]
- NADA. There isn't much power left. He'll try to tell more next time.
- F. Must say goodbye, Sam.
- S. Goodbye, Frank.
- AFID. Power is going.

Sitting No. 13.

Thursday, November 10, 3.30 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.

(For the first part of the sitting Frank communicated incidents of his own life and after he had finished Nada spoke :)

- NADA. John Ferguson's here. He'll try to speak, but he isn't very strong.

- S. Let him do his best.
(I now heard the same voice as at the previous sitting.)
- J. F. John Ferguson sends his love to brother Jim and his wife. Give my message.
- S. I will gladly do that if you will tell me where your brother Jim lives.
- J. F. You must enquire at the avenue H—H—it won't come to me.
- S. That doesn't help me much.
- J. F. Wish I could get it—it's a large house—stands in grounds not joined up—all large houses just there.
- NADA whispers. Think there's trellis work at the back in the garden.
- S. Never mind about that. When did John Ferguson die?
- NADA whispers. Surely you can tell him that. When did you pass over?
- J. F. Think it was in 1912 about March.
- S. Are you sure of that date?
- J. F. Yes, pretty sure.
- S. How old were you when you passed over?
- J. F. I was 33 years.
- S. Where did you die?
- J. F. My mind is confused. It was in a very large town.
- S. In Brentwood?
- J. F. No not Brent, quite another place.
- S. What was your occupation?
- J. F. Machines—engin—engincer—a room with big machines—several men worked under me.
- NADA. He makes me hear sound of whirring wheels.
- S. Was this in London?
- J. F. It might be London.
- S. Were you married?
- J. F. Yes, married, but she passed over before me. One daughter Amy and she's dead.
- S. How old was Amy?
- J. F. Amy was just a child—Amy buried—same grave as her father.
- NADA. Think there's a large cross at the head of the grave.
- S. How do you know that?
- NADA. Because he makes me see it.

S. Well, can you see what it says on the cross ?

NADA. I'll try to see. It's John Ferguson, died 3rd March, 1912, aged 33 years. There's something else, but I can't see it.

S. Where is this grave ?

NADA. Don't know—I just see the grave. Trying to make him tell me—it's a very large cemetery. Thousands of white stones.

(Pause.)

(After this Frank communicates upon a different subject.)

Sitting No. 14.

*Thursday, November 17, 3.40 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(Frank communicates for a while and during a pause I ask :)

S. Nada, is John Ferguson coming to-day ?

NADA. We're waiting for him to come.

(Short interval.)

J. F. Good afternoon, it's John Ferguson speaking—I wasn't ill long, it was pneumonia after falling into the water—while we were fishing—boat upset.

S. What happened then ?

J. F. Jim and I got ashore and Jim took no harm. I caught my death.

S. Where did this happen ?

J. F. The boat was not far from the—not far from the shore.

S. Was it at the seaside ?

J. F. No, not at seaside but near the sea—a large river—we went on a week-end.

S. Can't you tell me the name of the place ?

J. F. Sorry, names have all gone.

S. Is Jim younger than you or older ?

J. F. Much younger by ten years.

S. What is Jim's occupation ?

J. F. Jim was—inarticulate.

S. Can't hear. What was Jim's occupation ?

J. F. Jim was a bit of a scholar—but he gave it up and joined me.

- S. What did he join you in ?
- J. F. With the machines—mo—mo—motors.
- S. Where is brother Jim living now ?
- J. F. Sorry I can't get that. I only remember an avenue and the big house.
- NADA. Believe there's a large picture in the drawing room with eyes that seem to look all round the room—lots of cats at this house.
- S. Do you mean the house at Brentwood ?
- NADA. Yes, Brent.
- S. Had this house at Brentwood any name or had it a number ?
- J. F. It had a name, but forget it.
- S. Try to think of the name.
- J. F. Makes many efforts to pronounce words but nothing articulate is given.
- NADA. It's no use pressing him any more to-day. He isn't clear. Perhaps he'll be clearer next time.

(No more from John Ferguson at this sitting.)

[*Note.*—It was between this sitting and the next that I recalled having known a boy named James Ferguson who had once attended the Southend-on-Sea High School at the same time as myself. I made his acquaintance in the year 1902, at a time when we should be both about 12 or 13 years old. I distinctly recollect his telling me that his father was an Army Instructor or kind of schoolmaster at the R.G.A. Station at Shoeburyness. He also mentioned having been at Gibraltar when his father was serving there. Our acquaintance was slight and confined entirely to school hours. I never visited his home, and knew really very little about him. I have a hazy recollection that he intended to follow in his father's footsteps and become an Army Schoolmaster. He must have left the school in about 1904, possibly on account of his father being transferred to another garrison. Be that as it may, I lost sight of him after my first year at Southend High School and have heard nothing of him since. I did not know he had a brother—at least I cannot remember his

ever having mentioned it. At this stage I formed in my mind the first of a series of purely fanciful conjectures about the communicator John Ferguson. I amused myself with the following absurd arguments.

1. J. F. said he died in 1912 at the age of 33. His brother Jim would therefore be about 13 in the year 1902, since J. F. had said that Jim was ten years younger than himself. In 1902 the James Ferguson I knew would be about 13.
2. J. F. said his brother was a bit of a scholar. This would probably mean that Jim attended the High School while John had had no such advantages. Quite possibly, therefore, Jim went in for Army teaching but finding something more lucrative gave it up for engineering. Of course, needless to say, I knew these arguments to be absurd, but I hoped vaguely that "there might be something in it." I was, however, very surprised to see the effect of these imaginings upon the next sitting, No. 15.]

Sitting No. 15.

Thursday, November 24, 3.30 p.m. *Present: MRS. COOPER.*
S. G. SOAL.

(John Ferguson appeared quite early in the sitting.

It was Nada who spoke first.)

NADA. Good afternoon. John is so anxious his brother should know he is still alive.

S. I shall be able to tell him if I knew where Jim lived.

NADA. He's going to try to tell you, but he finds names so difficult. He's awfully worried because he can't remember things.

S. Well you must try to help him, Nada.

NADA. We're doing all we can.

(Pause.)

J. F. speaks. Good afternoon. I want to tell you this.

My father—my father—

S. What about your father. Is he still alive?

J. F. No, has passed over. I want to tell you this. He had to do with the Army.

S. Was he a soldier ?

J. F. Not exactly a soldier—was with soldiers a lot—he used to help them.

NADA interposing. He makes Nada frightened Boom—Boom—he makes a noise like big guns—the noise would break all the windows—Nada wouldn't like it. Big guns in the sea.

S. I quite understand all that, Nada, but what had John's father to do with soldiers ?

J. F. speaking. Used to—to—inarticulate.—Maps lots of maps—he read the maps with the prism compass—he used to—inarticulate. Can't get it, perhaps you will guess what I mean—helping the soldiers.

S. Never mind, you've said enough about it. Had Jim anything to do with the Army ?

J. F. A bit—he helped father with the maps and compass.—Soon gave it up—not enough go for him.

S. What did Jim do then ?

J. F. I got him work with me.

S. Is Jim still in the same place ?

J. F. Same work—not same firm.

S. What sort of work ?

J. F. Mo—m—motors.

(Pause.)

S. Ask John Ferguson, Nada, if Jim ever knew me.

NADA. I'll ask him that. (Nada is heard to whisper aside).

NADA. He's not strong now, but he says "school." He means Jim, not himself. Says Jim mentioned you at home—something about "always top of the year—all the prizes"—I don't know what he means.

S. Does he tell you anything else ?

J. F. Think that's all I know about you.

(Pause, after which Frank communicates.)

[*Note.*—This sitting is a remarkable illustration of spontaneous telepathy from sitter to medium. The mention of the guns breaking the windows most clearly recalls Shoeburyness, where many windows are broken every year. Then again the mention of the maps and prism compass vividly recalls the duties of an Army schoolmaster in an Artillery School.

The prism compass is, of course, the prismatic compass used for finding bearings of distant objects. As a person who once instructed cadets in Artillery work I was quite familiar with the prismatic compass, but could Mrs. Cooper even have heard of it? We see the idea which I had formed before the sitting clothing itself in imagery. Again the phrases "always top of year" and "all the prizes," are clear evidence of telepathy from myself. At Southend High School we did not speak of forms in those days, but of "years." James Ferguson and I were at school together in our first year. I was the top of this year and top of every terminal examination also. The phrase "all the prizes" also obviously refers to myself, since at the end of my first year at Southend I took first prizes for mathematics, English, physics and chemistry. Clearly what was intended to be conveyed was the fact (obtained telepathically from myself) that Jim Ferguson had brought home to his brother news of my successes.]

FIRST VISIT TO BRENTWOOD.

On Monday, November 28, I visited Brentwood for the first time in my life, although I had frequently passed through it on the railway. My object was not to settle the question of John Ferguson's identity but to glean a few facts about the locality and watch what effect it would have on the next sitting. I alighted at the railway station, walked down the High Street, and presently met some Grammar School boys in their red caps. Entering into conversation with the boys I asked if there was a street in Brentwood called "Wescot Road." "Oh yes, sir," one answered, "there is a Warescott Road. It is a good walk from here and lies off the Ongar Road." "How do you spell it?" I asked. "It is spelled W a r e s c o t t, but we say it like Waiscoat or Wescut." "I will give you a riddle," said I, "it is to find a street in Brentwood consisting only of large houses with red gates which has an avenue of trees and whose name

begins with H." The boys thought a while and at last one of them answered, "It could only be Highland Avenue." And checking off the points one by one they all presently agreed that Highland Avenue was the only street that would fit the description. "And where does Highland Avenue lay," I asked. "It is off the Ongar Road a good mile from here, and Warecott Road is not far from Highland Avenue." Bidding the boys adieu, I set out for Highland Avenue, which I reached after a quarter of an hour's hard walking. It is a comparatively new road running at right angles to the Ongar Road and contains perhaps not more than a dozen large houses each standing majestically in its own grounds. The gates were all nicely painted of a dark red colour, and on each side of the street was a row of young trees. It certainly seemed to answer John Ferguson's description. I did not, however, enquire whether anyone lived there of the name of Ferguson, but walked a few hundred yards down the hill to view Warecott Road. I found a short street of about thirty-two houses, obviously the homes of the artisan classes of the town. The houses were not detached, but built into two long blocks on each side of the street. "What a contrast," thought I, "this street presents in comparison with the spacious opulence of Highland Avenue." What conceivable connection could there be between families living in such different environments? So musing I made my way back to the railway station.

Sitting No. 16.

December 1.

Present: MRS. COOPER.

MR. A. L. GREGSON, B.Sc.

S. G. SOAL.

(During the first part of the sitting Frank communicates and then after a pause John Ferguson began to speak.)

J. F. It's all coming back to me about Brentwood.

NADA. He's so excited because his memory is coming back.

J. F. The house is near the—

NADA. Now don't get out of breath.

- J. F. The house is near—near the Ong—Ong—Onget Road.
S. Say that name again.
J. F. The Onget Road.
S. What is the name of the avenue ?
J. F. H—H—H—I nearly got it. It's near the Onget Road.
S. Well, never mind. Perhaps it will come to you presently.
Try to tell me the name of the house.
J. F. Inarticulate.
NADA. He says there's two funny gas lamps at top of Wescot Road.
[*Note.*—I had noticed two rather curious globes on my visit.]
S. Never mind that, Nada. Don't give me gas, give me the name of the street.
NADA. Don't be so impatient. He's doing the best he can, it's very difficult.
J. F. High—High—Highlands—I've got it at last.
S. Is that the name of the house ?
J. F. Name of Avenue.
S. Where is the house ?
J. F. House is Onget end of Avenue.
S. Good, in which side of the Avenue is it ?
J. F. Left—left side from Onget end.
S. How many houses from the end, one, two, three, four ?
J. F. (Inarticulate.)
S. Is it the very end house ?
J. F. Not the end house—not more than four or five from the end.
S. Well, tell me what connection there is between the family in Highland Avenue and the family in Warecott Road.
J. F. Enquire for Ethel—Ethel is the link.
NADA. He says Ethel connects it up.
S. Ethel who ?
J. F. Ethel (inarticulate).
S. Was Ethel a relative ?
J. F. No. Ethel is a young person in Warecott Road.
NADA. There isn't much power left.

(Frank comes to say goodbye.)

[*Note.*—At the end of sitting Mr. A. L. Gregson, B.Sc., corroborated the word "Highland" given by the voice.]

[*Note.*—The day after the previous sitting I made another imaginative conjecture. I asked myself “What connection can there be between Ethel who lives in Warecott Road and the well-to-do-people who live in Highland Avenue. They could hardly be poor relatives. “I have it,” I said, “Ethel is a trusted servant of the house in Highland Avenue. Her people, however, live in Warecott Road.” We shall see how this idea is worked out in Sitting No. 17.]

Sitting No. 17.

December 8, 1921, 3.30 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.

(Frank communicates for the first part of the sitting and after this came an interval during which lights were shown. After the interval J. F. speaks.)

J. F. Pleased to see you.

S. Good afternoon, are you John Ferguson?

J. F. John Ferguson.

S. Can you tell me anything more about Ethel?

J. F. Ethel Lloyd, she was the young person in Warecott Road.

S. But who was she?

J. F. Maid to the family in Highlands—went there to help every day. She didn't live at Highlands.

S. Why did you mention Ethel at all?

J. F. Someone here wanted to send message to her.

S. Who was this?

J. F. Think it's her mother, but she is hard to get at.

S. Can't she come to speak herself?

J. F. Not strong enough.

NADA (interposing). Think she died of cancer.

S. Is she Ethel's mother?

NADA. We think so, but we're not sure.

(Pause.)

S. John Ferguson, can you tell me the name of the house in Highland Avenue?

J. F. Inarticulate—It's quite near the Onget Road, on the left hand.

S. Is Ethel Lloyd living in Brentwood now ?

J. F. Was before War.

S. But is she there now ?

J. F. Can't say—out of touch.

S. What was the number of the house in Warecott Road where Ethel Lloyd lived ?

J. F. Have forgotten—Ethel was well liked at Highlands.

NADA. There isn't much power to-day. Perhaps he'll tell you more next time.

(Frank speaks for a few moments and the sitting concludes.)

SECOND VISIT TO BRENTWOOD.

On the evening of Monday, December 12, 1921, I visited Brentwood for the second time and interviewed Mr. Symonds the Postmaster, who at my request consulted the directories and informed me that there was no person of the name of Ferguson at present on the Postal Register. He further informed me that he himself lived in Highland Avenue, and had lived there since before 1913. He had never heard of the name of Ferguson in connection with anyone in Highland Avenue. With the exception of one house called "Paglesham," all the houses had retained their original owners since 1913. A certain Captain Shoemsmith,¹ who had been living in "Paglesham" in the year 1913, had quite recently left the district and the house was now empty. Mr. Symonds did not inform me where Captain Shoemsmith had gone. On this point I am positive since I made notes in my pocket-book at the time. While I was conversing with Mr. Symonds, there came into the Post Office a postman whose round had included Warecott Road for a great many years. This man told me that no people of the name of Lloyd lived in Warecott Road at the present time. Some seventeen years ago, however, he remembered a "very dirty old woman," called Mrs. Lloyd, who had lived in one of the houses, but this woman had left some sixteen years ago. He could not recall her initials, but thought the number of

¹ Pseudonym.

the house at which she lived was 16. As the communicator had described "Ethel" as a "young person," who presumably lived in Warescott Road somewhere about the year 1912, this clue seemed scarcely worth following up. I next visited Warescott Road and learned from a resident that no "young person called Ethel" was living there at present.

I next visited Mr. Cottee of 11 Rose Valley, the Registrar of Births and Deaths, and was informed by him that no directory of Brentwood had been published since 1913, owing to the War. On consulting a 1913 Directory, I verified that no Ferguson was living in Highland Avenue in 1913, and no Lloyd in Warescott Road at that time. Captain Shoemith, R.N.R., was, however, living at "Paglesham," as stated by Mr. Symonds. Reference to old directories showed that no Ferguson had lived in Brentwood for many years before 1912. On leaving Mr. Cottee, I walked over to Highland Avenue and noted that "Paglesham" was the third house on the left from the Ongar Road. I then returned home.

[*Note.*—Between the date of the above visit and the next sitting, which was held two days later, I invented more theories around the enigmatical personality of John Ferguson. I thought of Captain Shoemith, R.N.R., who had just left Highland Avenue for a destination unknown. The tenor of my argument ran as follows:

1. Captain Shoemith was a naval man.
2. The Navy is in close co-operation with the Coast Defence Artillery. What more natural than the idea that John Ferguson's father should have met Captain Shoemith at Shoeburyness. The fathers became friends and consequently the sons of Ferguson became friends with the sons of Shoemith. Hence we have an explanation of John Ferguson's request for us to "enquire at Highlands about Jim." These conjectures the communicator most obligingly confirmed at the next sitting.]

Sitting No. 18.

December 14, 3.30 p.m.

Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.

(Nada spoke first :)

NADA. Pleased to see you, Mr. Soal.

S. Good afternoon, Nada. I want most especially to speak to John Ferguson to-day. It's very important.

NADA. I'm going off to bring him.

(Interval of a few minutes.)

VOICE OF J. F. Glad to see you again.

S. Good afternoon. Are you John Ferguson ?

J. F. Yes, John Ferguson speaking.

S. Then listen, John Ferguson. I've just been to Brentwood and have found out that neither you nor your brother ever lived there. What do you say to that ?

J. F. Pardon me, I did not say we lived there. We had friends there.

S. I understood that your brother Jim lived there.

J. F. Oh no, we motored to Highlands weekends from town—they were very musical. Jim played the violin and I the 'cello.

S. What year was that ?

J. F. About 1911 or so.

S. Then why on earth did you spend all this time talking about a place where you never lived ?

J. F. We had to do it. Brent was the link with yourself. Jim was another link.

S. But I had never been to Brentwood.

J. F. No, but you had some connection with it. Often went through it.

[*Note.*—At the end of the first sitting I mentioned to Mrs. Cooper that I often travelled through Brentwood.]

S. Well, try to tell me the house of your friends in Highland Avenue.

J. F. Can tell you now—you've made fresh links.

J. F. Think it was third house from Onget Road.

S. And what was the name of your friends ?

J. F. They were friends of my father's—N—N—

- S. Does the name begin with N ?
- J. F. Na—Na—Naval—friend of my father.
- S. Say that again.
- J. F. He was Naval man—Sh—[Shoeshine]¹—think that was his name.
- S. You're nearly right—say it again.
- J. F. Sh—Shoeshine.
- NADA. Shoeshine ; it sounds a funny name.
- S. It's near enough.
- S. Now tell me the name of Shoeshine's house.
- J. F. It's where eowslips grow in eock—
- S. What was that last word ?
- NADA. Cowslips grow in eockle beds—think it's something you would know.
- S. That's very good indeed.
- J. F. Do you believe in me now ?
- S. You seem to know a great deal.
- NADA. Frank's laughing about this.
- F. Sam, I heard that. We've been where they are.
- S. What do you mean Frank ?
- [*Note.*—I had guessed his meaning.]
- F. There were eockles but no eowslips, Sam.
- S. Quite right, Frank, I understand.
- F. Not even eockles, Sam, only empty shells. Do you understand.
- S. I guess what you mean.
- F. We saw them, Sam, and on the way we passed a mon—monk—it was a tree, you know—riddle of a tree—do you know now ?
- S. That's very good indeed. I know perfectly.
- NADA. He must have a rest after giving these splendid tests.
(There is a pause during which lights appear.)
- [*Note.*—This complicated series of allusions merits a special study. In the first place the phrase "where cowslips grow in eockle beds" is a most ingenious method of introducing the name "Paglesham," which it will be remembered was the name of Captain Shoemith's residence at Brentwood. Now Paglesham

¹It has been necessary to alter the name given at the sitting to correspond with the pseudonym given above on p. 537.

is the name of a small hamlet on the Essex coast situated about four miles from Little Stambridge Rectory. Frank and I visited this place several times. It is noted for its cockle and oyster beds. Moreover the word 'Paglesham' (Ham of the Paigles) is Anglo-Saxon for "cowslip meadow."¹ This derivation was, of course, known to both Frank and myself, but I could hardly imagine that Mrs. Cooper could have known even the place, let alone the derivation. The next phrase "cockles but no cowslips" clearly refers to our own visits to Paglesham, on which occasions we could always discover the cockles but never the cowslips. The succeeding statement "not even cockles, Sam, only empty shells," is once more an allusion to the visits which my brother and I made to Paglesham. Walking along the sea wall by the side of the creeks, we often came across shallow rectangular tanks of concrete full of sea water, and the bottoms of these tanks were inches deep in cockle shells. But all the shells were empty and never a cockle could be seen. The reference to "a riddle of a tree" and "mon" also clearly shows supernormal knowledge. On our walks to Paglesham we passed a house which had on its lawn a well grown "Monkey Puzzle," and I distinctly recall that we always stopped to admire this tree,² which was the only specimen in the neighbourhood visible from the high road. The whole incident is probably a curious and involved example of spontaneous telepathy from the sitter.]

(To continue with Sitting No. 18.)

NADA. After the interval. John Ferguson is here again.

S. Are you there, John Ferguson ?

J. F. What else do you wish to ask.

S. Your friend [Shoeshine] has left Brentwood now. How can I find out where he lives ?

¹The etymology of the word 'paigle' is doubtful, but it is still in common use in the Eastern counties to denote cowslip.

²This tree, which is fifty years old, still stands in front of the house of Mr. Wiseman, of Buckland House, East End, Paglesham.

J. F. Think he has gone to seaside.

S. To Southend-on-Sea ?

J. F. Not Southend. P—P—

S. Do you mean Portsmouth ?

J. F. Not that. P—P—Plym—

S. Plymouth, is that the name ?

J. F. Try Plym—

NADA. There isn't much power left.

(Pause.)

F. I've come to say goodbye, Sam. So glad you knew about the eekles. It was a good test.

S. Very good. Goodbye, Frank.

AFID. Power is going.

Sitting No. 19.

*Tuesday, December 20, 1921, 3.40 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(Frank communicates for the first part of the sitting. After him John Ferguson speaks.)

J. F. Good afternoon. Have you found [Shine shoe] yet ?

S. Not yet. I haven't tried. I wish you could tell me your brother Jim's address.

J. F. It's difficult. Think he lives in London now.

NADA. Believe his house has two white pillars—six steps to it.

S. That won't help me very much.

NADA. Don't be so rude. I give you what I can get.

J. F. Sorry can't get Jim's address. I worked in Glas—
Glasgow for some years. Father comes from Glasgow.
He was educated at Union University, Glasgow.

S. Union University ? I never heard of such a place.

J. F. You will find it's right. Union University.

[*Note.*—Union University is quite absurd, but there is a building connected with Glasgow University called the "Union."]

S. Were you educated at Union University ?

J. F. Not me. Father was.

S. How did he come to get into the Army ?

J. F. He left the University quite young. Didn't pass his examinations. Then got job with the Army.

S. Were you ever at Gibraltar ?

J. F. Faintly remember it. Very small then. Father often talked of it.

S. You say you worked at Glasgow for some years. What part of Glasgow?

J. F. Pollok Shields.

S. Say that again.

J. F. Pollok Shields.

S. Where did you die?

J. F. Don't use that word. I've only passed to another life.

S. Well, where did you pass from?

J. F. Glasgow Pollok Shields.

S. Then were you buried at Glasgow?

J. F. Yes, that's right, Glasgow.

S. Was your wife buried at Glasgow?

J. F. No, London—Kensal Rise.

J. F. Amy buried with me.

S. How old were you when you died?

J. F. Just 33.

S. What was the date of your death?

J. F. 3rd March.

S. What was the year?

J. F. 1912.

S. You say the same things as you said before.

J. F. Why shouldn't I if they are true.

S. How did you die?

J. F. Caught cold in water.

S. Where was that?

J. F. River near Glasgow.

S. Can you give the names of any streets in Glasgow?

J. F. Union Street—difficult. Remember two friends of my father who lived near there.—Robert Lecky and James Fraser—like two old brothers.

S. Did they live in Union Street?

J. F. Not far away.

S. Is Robert Lecky alive now?

J. F. Not sure. Must be old man.

S. Are you sure you were buried at Glasgow?

J. F. Quite sure.

(Pause.)

AFID. Power is going.

[*Note.*—On December 26, 1921, I addressed a letter of enquiry to Captain Shoemith, R.N.R., "Paglesham," Highland Avenue, Brentwood, Essex, and marked the envelope "To be forwarded." In this letter I mentioned all the facts of the case, describing the object of my experiments and including a brief list of the statements of the communicator. To this I added a request that Captain Shoemith would be so kind as to throw any light possible on the subject, with the assurance that the matter would be treated as confidential. Captain Shoemith's reply to my letter did not arrive till the morning of January 9, so that I remained in suspense during the next sitting which was held on January 4. Previous to this sitting I procured a plan of Glasgow and spent a couple of hours on the evening of January 3 poring over the names of the plan. I noted the names of all the cemeteries both large and small, and observed in particular that the two large cemeteries which seemed to be nearest to the Pollok Shields district were called "the South Necropolis" and "Janefield Street." I took this map with me to Sitting No. 20 the next morning, and when the light had been switched off unfolded it and spread it on the floor in the dark. In my own mind I had decided that the name of the cemetery in which John Ferguson was buried was a toss up between South Necropolis and Janefield Street, since these seemed nearest to the district in which he resided. Here follows the record of the sitting.]

Sitting No. 20.

Wednesday, January 4, 1922, 11.10 a.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
 [Postponed from December 28, 1921] S. G. SOAL.

(I did not mention to Mrs. Cooper that I had brought a map with me and when the light was extinguished I unfolded it and spread it on the floor as stated above.

Nada spoke first, and then Frank, but to my

surprise John Ferguson did not appear, but instead a most remarkable communicator, called "Gordon Davis" appeared, whose case is considered in the last section of my paper. When Gordon Davis had lost control there was an interval and at the end of this interval John Ferguson spoke.)

J. F. Pollok Shields—Pollok—is where I lived.

S. Could you tell me the name of the street ?

J. F. It's difficult.

S. I've laid a map of Glasgow on the floor. Won't that help you ?

NADA. He's gone away to study it.

[*Note.*—A scratching sound was heard on the floor.]

J. F. Now it comes back to me. I worked for a time in India Street not far from Charing Cross.

S. But Charing Cross is in London, isn't it ?

J. F. No, Charing Cross, Glasgow—George Street was not far away.

S. What were you working at ?

J. F. Oh, motors.

S. What was the name of the firm ?

J. F. Inarticulate.

S. Now try to tell me where you were buried.

J. F. It was a large cemetery—South—South Necrop—

S. Say that again.

J. F. South Necrop—

[*Note.*—Clearly an attempt to give South Necropolis, one of the names I had chosen. At the moment of the sitting, however, I had forgotten it.]

S. Would you remember anything about the grave ?

J. F. A double grave—Amy my daughter—a large cross—one grave for two.

S. How old was your daughter Amy ?

J. F. Four years. (*Note.*—Consistent with previous statement.)

S. What were you doing with motors ?

J. F. Sounded something like "design" but uncertain.

S. When did you come to London ?

J. F. About 1903.

S. What made you come to London ?

- J. F. Firm had a branch there. Was sent—then got Jim into London branch.
- S. Did Jim go into the firm about 1903 ?
- J. F. No, about 1908.
- S. What was Jim doing before then ?
- J. F. Helping father—instruct—inarticulate—sounded like maps.
- S. Where was Jim working ?
- J. F. At seaside place.
- S. Can you tell me the name ?
- J. F. Can't get it.
- (Pause.)
- F. Glad Gordon was able to come.
- S. Do you know anything about him ?
- F. Think he was shot, poor fellow—I never knew him, Sam.
- S. Well, don't forget to bring him next time first thing.
- F. Shan't forget—there's no power, Sam—Goodbye.
- AFID. Power is going.

[*Note.*—On the morning of January 9, which was the date arranged for my next sitting, I received before leaving home a brief note from Captain Shoesmith, R.N.R., stating that he was sorry he was unable to throw any light on the questions contained in my letter. Further, “he had no recollections of pictures or cats” in connection with the residence “Paglesham,” which he did not occupy prior to 1913. All the statements of John Ferguson with regard to Highland Avenue are therefore definitely proved to be false. There is, however, one curious point to be noticed. Captain Shoesmith's letter bore as its address the single word “Plymouth,” and is dated January 7, 1922. In Sitting No. 18 it will be remembered that in reply to a question of the sitter, John Ferguson stated that “Shoeshine” had gone to the seaside and mentioned “Plym” as the name of the place. This new residence of Captain Shoesmith was quite unknown to myself and my letter of enquiry was addressed to Brentwood. At my interview with Mr. Symonds, the Postmaster, I merely learned that Captain Shoesmith had left

Brentwood. Had Mr. Symonds mentioned Plymouth I should most certainly have taken a note of it at the time. Quite possibly, therefore, we have in this case telepathy from Mr. Symonds to Mrs. Cooper via myself. I will give now the record of part of Sitting No. 21 which contains the denouement of the Ferguson case.]

Sitting No. 21.

January 9, 1922, 3.40 p.m. Weather fair.

*Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

(The first part of this Sitting was occupied by attempts to induce Gordon Davis to communicate directly and to the statements which Nada purported to be getting from him. But towards the end of the sitting and before James Miles appeared, I enquired after John Ferguson in whom I had now lost interest.)

S. After a pause. Nada, I would like to have a chat with John Ferguson.

NADA. Is not coming any more—Says he's fed up—no use—he only gets worse and worse.

S. Couldn't you bring him for the last time?

NADA. He says it's no good—no more.

S. Was he really a spirit?

NADA. Yes, but he was muddled.

S. [Shoeshine] said he never heard of him. What do you say to that?

NADA. Suited [Shoeshine] not to own him perhaps.

S. You still stick up for him?

NADA. Yes. It's wicked trying to confuse spirits.

S. I didn't try to confuse him.

NADA. I think you did.

S. No, I tried to help him.

NADA. We won't discuss it.

(Pause.)

(Frank speaks.)

F. Sam, you shouldn't let this worry you.

S. What do you think of John Ferguson?

- F. Think he got mixed up, Sam. Mistook your thoughts for his own.
- S. How do you mean ?
- F. His mind was blank. He caught at any thoughts flying round—he'd have believed he was Jonah if you had told him so.
- S. But I didn't tell him he was anything.
- F. You thought it—no difference.
- S. How did he get hold of that address Warecott Road, Brentwood ?
- F. Bit doubtful—might really have been someone from there.
- S. Do you mean a spirit from there ?
- F. Yes, spirit (inarticulate). You see, John had forgot all about himself—clutched at any straw in the wind—couldn't bear to think he was nobody.
- S. Could I make you think you were somebody else ?
- F. Inarticulate.
- S. Could I make you think you were John Ferguson ?
- F. No, Sam. Should see through it.
- S. Why would you see through it.
- F. Things would come back to me—you know too much.
- S. What do you mean ?
- F. Know too much about me. Could always find myself in you.

(Voice becomes faint and ceases. After an interval a new communicator, James Miles, appears, whose case is considered separately in Section 3.)

[*Note.*—At this stage the statements of John Ferguson were virtually disproved. It only remained to disprove his assertions about his burial in the year 1912 at the South Necropolis, Glasgow. On January 5 I addressed a letter to the Keeper of the Cemetery, asking him to make a list for me of all the Fergusons, male and female, who had been interred in the South Necropolis since the year 1890. An examination of this list show conclusively that no John and Amy Ferguson were buried in the same grave, and further that no John Ferguson was buried on March 3, 1912.

A communication from James Anderson, Keeper of the South Necropolis, Glasgow, is printed in Appendix C.

On examining the map after Sitting 20, I found that the streets mentioned—namely, George Street, Charing Cross, and India Street,—were all quite close together. India Street was in very small type indeed. It would seem as though a little area of this map had been visualised by myself unconsciously and transferred to the medium.]

It would appear from the study of "John Ferguson" that the case for spontaneous telepathy between medium and sitter is far stronger than the average psychic researcher usually admits. Indeed, it would seem to be so extensive that in the present state of our knowledge we are not justified in putting any limits to it. A large number of the incidents described in Section 1 purporting to come from the mind of my deceased brother may be so many examples of spontaneous telepathy from myself. And it would even appear that a purely fictitious communicator like John Ferguson can sometimes give supernormal information about facts unknown to the sitter, *e.g.* his knowledge of Captain Shoemith's removal to Plymouth.

The hypothesis of conscious fraud on the part of the medium in this case may obviously be lightly dismissed. No intelligent person who cares to study the evidence could entertain it for a moment. If there was fraud we should clearly have to assume that the sitter was also a party to it. In the end, therefore, the case rests largely on my own honesty, and there I must leave it.

SECTION 3.

The Case of James Miles.

Although the evidence is mainly of a negative character, I have thought it worth while for purposes of comparison to give some account of this case.

The case of "James Miles" would appear to be one of cryptomnesia rather than of conscious fraud. The cases discussed elsewhere in our paper do not support the theory of conscious fraud on the part of the medium, and there seems no reason to assume it here. To suppose that

Mrs. Cooper had read the account of James Miles' death in the *Daily Express* and unconsciously dramatised it is, on the whole, the most rational explanation. There is in the later sittings a certain amount of evidence for telepathy from the sitter's mind but practically no evidence for any independent exercise of the medium's supernormal faculty on the life of James Miles.

It may be suggested that the reason why real supernormal information was not forthcoming in this case is possibly to be found in the fact that no link of any kind existed between James Miles and the sitter. Exactly what constitutes a link is at present a very difficult matter to determine. Osty seems to look upon a link as consisting of some object, living or inanimate, which has had physical associations with the subject upon whom the psychic desires to exercise her powers. But, however this may be, it is certain that the sitter neither possessed any object connected with James Miles nor was acquainted with any of his friends or relatives. Nor had he ever been to Bath, the place where James Miles lived, or previous to the sittings to the best of his knowledge known any people who hailed from there.

ABSTRACT OF FIRST TWO "MILES" SITTINGS.

In lieu of quoting the full records which have been filed for purposes of reference, it will be sufficient to give a summary of the various statements made by the communicator.

Sitting No. 21.

*Monday, January 9, 1922, 3.40 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

Towards the end of the sitting there spoke a boyish voice saying in rather pathetic accents, "Oh! where am I? I don't know where I am."

This communicator then said that his name was James, and that he had fallen into the water, "while trying to catch" something. At this sitting he was unable to give his surname but said that he was only thirteen years old

and had lived at Bath. He had fallen into the River Avon. At home they called him "Jimmy," and he was very anxious that his father should hear from him. In reply to a question by the sitter he stated that he had "passed over," only a few days ago.

Between this sitting and the next no enquiries were made by the sitter relating to the matter.

Sitting No. 22.

*Monday, January 16, 1922, 3.40 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

"James" appeared again. The voice and style of address were reminiseent of the last sitting. The boy said that his father was a painter, who lived at "Clarenee Place." He next spelt out his surname as M—I—L—E—S, giving James Miles as his full name. In reply to a question he said that his father did not live at Bath, but in a town uot very far away. This place was ultimately spelt out as W—E—S—T—O—N. The medium (who comes from Bristol) suggested that Weston might be Weston-super-Mare, a place with which she was acquainted.

James told us that "He had lots of brothers and sisters," and mentioned, "Little Sid" or "Little Sis." He said that he was on a visit to Bath, and was playing with some other boys. Asked what it was he was "trying to cateh," he said it was "nothing alive," but something "I had given me."

He then attempted to give the name of a street where he lived as LOCK—followed by another syllable having the PR or BR sound and a D at the end. The last half of the word "had to do with water." Asked if the day was warm and sunny when he fell into the water, he replied, "No, it was very eold." In reply to the question "Did no one try to save you?" he gave the answer, "It was too deep."

As a result of the information obtained at the two previous sittings, I consulted the English directory on January 17 and discovered that UPPER WESTON and LOWER WESTON are parts of BATH, and that further

there is a LOCKSBROOK ROAD in LOWER WESTON. The statement that the second part of the name "had to do with water" made it practically certain that I was on the right track. I accordingly selected the name of a responsible resident, "J. T. Fryer, Esq., Builder's Merchant," living in LOCKSBROOK ROAD, and wrote to him asking if he would kindly confirm the facts given at the sittings. I addressed a similar letter to the "Registrar of Births and Deaths," Bath.

On January 19 I received a reply from the Rev. A. T. Fryer, 63 Newbridge Road, Bath. The following is an abbreviation of Mr. Fryer's letter :

63 NEWBRIDGE ROAD,
BATH,
18.1.1922.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter addressed to my brother J. T. Fryer, (who died six years ago) came into my hands this morning. As an hon. associate of the Society for Psychical Research¹ I am naturally interested in your enquiry, and shall be pleased to aid you in this case as far as possible. James Miles was drowned a short time since near here. I will try to get the newspaper report of the inquest and forward to you (rest of letter omitted),

Yours faithfully,
A. T. FRYER.

On Friday, January 20, 1922, I received from the Rev. A. T. Fryer a cutting from the *Bath Herald* of Friday, December 30, 1921.

THE "BATH HERALD," FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1921.

BOY'S LIFE FOR A TOY

SLIPS INTO THE AVON AND IS DROWNED

CORONER SAYS ALL BOYS SHOULD SWIM

Inquest on Weston Victim

That all boys should learn to swim is tragically emphasised by the death of James Alymer Miles, 13, son of

¹It will be remembered that the Rev. A. T. Fryer was a member of the Council of the S.P.R. for several years.

Charles Miles, of 5 Clarence Place, Lower Weston, who, in trying to recover a toy balloon from the Avon yesterday slipped in and was drowned in the presence of his three chums. The inquest was held at the Guildhall to-day by the City Coroner (Mr. F. E. Shum).

“JIMMY IS IN THE WATER.”

Charles Miles, the father, who is a painter by trade, said he last saw his boy alive at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. He was at West Twerton School. He was a very strong healthy lad, but could not swim. He was at home about 1.30, mid-day, when three boys came to inform him of the tragedy. They said that “Jimmy was in the water drowned.” He asked where it was and at once hastened to the spot, between the Midland Railway bridge and the Weston toll bridge, but he could see nothing of him in the water. There was no one there at the time. Witness went to the Twerton Police Station, where he was informed that a boat was being procured to drag the river. He himself returned to the river bank. He was present when the body was recovered by the police, between 3 o'clock and half past. It was taken to the mortuary.

Leonard Pitt, aged 12, a schoolboy, in giving evidence, said James Miles was a friend of his. They went straight from home to the river bank. The day before a boat had been pulled out and they went to see it, but it had been removed. . . . Then “Jimmy” saw what appeared to be a toy balloon in the water near the bank. “Jimmy” said he was going after it. The bank was not very steep there, the deceased put his foot on a loose piece of turf and slipped in. . . . Witness and some other boys ran up for a drag pole near the bridge, but there was none there. (Rest of account omitted).

On Saturday, January 21, 1922, in reply to my letter addressed to the “Registrar of Births and Deaths,” I received from Mr. W. E. Winckworth, Superintendent Registrar of 12 Charlotte Street, Bath, a cutting from the *Bath Weekly Chronicle*, published before the date of the inquest on “James Miles.”

From this account of the tragedy I shall quote only such items as are important in view of developments at subsequent sittings. Under a sub-heading "A FATAL SLIP" we read:

Miles, it appears, noticed a toy balloon floating down the river near the bank. He at once exclaimed, "That's my balloon," and endeavoured to secure it. His two companions appear to have taken little interest in his find, and were possibly engrossed in a game of their own. At all events, Miles appears to have attempted to secure the balloon without the assistance of his companions. He scrambled down the bank, which is rather steep at this point, and presumably encountered some insecure foothold. At all events, his horror-stricken companions told a *Bath Chronicle* representative that they watched him "roll" into the water. . . . No cry was heard and the tragedy seems to have ended before help was forthcoming.

Further on in the report occurs the statement: "The boy, James Miles, was a member of 'Uncle Fred's' League, which is conducted in connection with the *Bath Weekly Chronicle*, and was one of the recipients of a 'Joy Parcel' in the recent Christmas distribution. His mother is in somewhat poor health, and recently underwent an operation in hospital. Thursday's tragic happening has naturally distressed her extremely."

I had arranged to have my next sitting on Monday, January 23, but unfortunately an attack of influenza obliged me to postpone it until Monday, January 30.

In the meantime on Friday, January 27, I visited the offices of various London newspapers and copied from the files the accounts of the fatality published on December 30, 1921, and December 31. I found that accounts of the tragedy had appeared in three London Newspapers—the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Daily Express*. Of these accounts only that given in the *Daily Express* tallied exactly with the statements made at the two previous sittings. This report read as follows:

“*DAILY EXPRESS*” DECEMBER 30, 1921.

Boy's Life for a toy

Drowned in rescuing his Balloon

A toy balloon received as a Christmas present caused the death of a thirteen year old school boy named James Miles at Bath yesterday. The balloon was blown into the Avon and Miles and two other boys tried to rescue it. Miles slipped while scrambling down a steep bank and fell into deep water. Meanwhile the balloon had drifted out of sight.

Miles was one of a family of eleven.

His father is a painter at Clarence Place, Locksbrook Road, Weston.

The *Daily Chronicle* mentioned all the facts given by the communicator with the exception of the address “Clarence Place.” The *Daily Mail* gave much less information than did “James Miles” at the sittings.

I will now give a brief summary of certain additional statements made by James Miles at sittings No. 23 and 24.

Sitting No. 23.

Monday, January 30, 1922, 3.40 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.

S. G. SOAL.

At this sitting the voices were rather indistinct. Nada appeared and gave the word LOCKSBROOK correctly. She then mentioned “a pink thing” which she thought “was on Jimmy’s bed.” A little later “James” himself purported to speak, and I asked him to give me details about his home and family. He mentioned a baby “named George that died when it was a year old.” “Bobby,” “Willie” and “J—” were mentioned as the names of his brothers. There was a reference to “Little Sid” (or possibly “Little Sis”)—“a sweet little thing,” and also a mention of an “Uncle Frank” (possibly an attempt to give the “Uncle Fred” of the *Bath Chronicle’s* report which I had read). A date June 20, was given as being that of someone’s birthday, possibly “Willie’s birthday.”

A little later came a statement which seemed to refer to some insurance money. "It wasn't much money. Father took it—paid to him—a big building—" (sounded like "£2").

Sitting No. 24.

*Monday, February 6, 1922, 3.30 p.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.*

"James" appeared again, but said "he was all mixed up, and didn't know what he was saying." He repeated the names "Bobbie" and "Willie" of the previous sitting, and gave an additional name, "Mary." He also mentioned a boy named "Seymour," aged 11. He went on to speak about "Two gates not far from where he lived," . . . "Two gates we used to go through . . . one broken . . . I scratched my name on it." "Scratched 'J.M.' and 'Olly.'" Towards the end of the sitting Nada made the statement, "The mother is very ill. That's a good test."

[*Note.*—I had read that the mother was very ill in the *Bath Weekly Chronicle*, but was not thinking of the fact at the moment. S. G. S.]

There was also a reference to "A man putting out a big stiek" (possibly some confused attempt to bring in "the drag poles" of which I had read in the inquest report. S. G. S.).

On February 7 I sent a list of the statements made at Sittings 23 and 24 to the Rev. A. T. Fryer for investigation, and on February 10 received a report from him. Mr. Fryer stated that he had had an interview with Mr. Miles at his home at 5 Clarence Place on Wednesday evening, February 8. It appears from Mr. Fryer's long and detailed report that practically all the information given at these last two sittings was incorrect. The names "Bobbie," "Willie," and "Sid," for instance, were not the names of the lad's brothers as stated. The "important date (June 20)" seemed to have no connection with the family. The bed coverlet was not pink, and although there was "a broken gate" in the neighbourhood of the

boy's home it appeared that "James" had not carved his initials on it. Mr. Miles had received some insurance money in respect to the dead boy, but states that he did not think "James" knew he was insured. Certainly the amount was more than "£2." The statement concerning the mother's illness was correct, but the sitter had read it previously in the *Bath Chronicle*.

At Sitting No. 25 held on February 13, 1922, when there was present, besides myself, Mr. Harold Rankin, of "Broomhills," Rochford, Essex, the name "Helen," or "Nellie," was given as the name of the mother of James Miles. This proved to be incorrect. "Jimmy" also mentioned that his father's name was "Charles," a fact which the sitter had previously read in the "Bath" newspapers. "James Miles" did not appear at any subsequent sittings.

It should be added that in a letter dated 16.11.1922, Mr. Fryer states that "James, so his brother says, was not given to cutting his name on any gate." "As to the mention of the lad named 'Seymour,' the children at home have made inquiries amongst the school children and the lads of the Boys' Brigade, but there is no 'Seymour' amongst them."

OBSERVATIONS AND DEDUCTIONS.

A careful inspection of the London press reports and comparison with the records of Sittings 21 and 22 shows that all the verified facts given at the first two sittings were published in at least one London newspaper, the *Daily Express*. Further we see that there is no correct statement obtained at these two sittings that could not have been deduced from the account in the *Daily Express* of December 30. An interesting feature of this case is the remarkable way in which every scrap of information given in the London press is utilised to support the impersonation of the deceased lad. Thus, when I ask "James" the question, "Did no one try to save you?" he replies, "It was too deep."

In the *Daily Express* we read "He fell into deep water."

Again "James" says, "I've such a lot of brothers and sisters," while the *Daily Express* states, "Miles was one of a family of 11."

It is when we come to compare the wealth of accurate detail given at the first two sittings with the press account and then contrast this with the poverty and inaccuracy of the later "communications" that no doubt is left in our minds that the newspapers were the source of the information. "Jimmy," who was able to "get through" such complicated names as "LOCKSBROOK" and "CLARENCE PLACE" fails to give correctly the name of a single brother or sister or school mate. As the "spirit" of "James Miles" he falls obviously to the ground.

But in what sense is the newspaper the source of the information? I have satisfied myself that during the days December 30 and 31 I saw no newspaper except the *Daily Chronicle*. I was staying in the country at the time, and spent the days in long walks. During those two days the *Daily Chronicle* was the only paper available to me, but as the report of the fatality was printed on the first page I must almost certainly have read it. This paper, however, could hardly have been the source of the communications since the important name "Clarenee Place" is omitted from the account.

There is good reason for believing that the London *Daily Express* and not the "Bath" or West Country newspapers was the true source. In the first place, while the correct information given at Sittings 21 and 22 just covers the *Daily Express* account it does not nearly exhaust the store contained in the *Bath Herald* or the *Bath Chronicle*. But there is another more conclusive argument. In Sitting No. 22 "James" makes concerning the toy balloon the statement "It was something I had given me." Now all the London Papers state definitely that the balloon was a Christmas present to the boy James. In the "Bath" papers, on the contrary, there is nothing to lead one to believe that this balloon belonged to James Miles. In fact, the general impression made by reading the reports is to the effect that the boy found

the balloon in the water. Thus Leonard Pitt in his evidence at the inquest says: "Jimmy saw what appeared to be a toy balloon in the water near the bank." It is true that in the *Bath Chronicle* we read that the boy was the recipient of a "Joy Parcel," but we are not told that the balloon was part of the contents of this parcel.

One other interesting point calls for note. The "Direct Voice" gave correctly (a) the fact that the mother was very ill and (b) the father's name "Charles." Neither of these facts were given in the London newspapers, but they were not given at the sittings until the sitter had read them in the "Bath" papers. We have here some evidence for "transference" from the unconscious mind of the sitter to the automatism of the medium. It is the kind of transference which we have studied in greater detail in the case of "John Ferguson." By the study of such cases as these we learn that the mere dramatisation of a communicator by tricks of intonation, peculiar and consistent style of address and the like, affords no guarantee that we are in touch with discarnate agency. The tendency to impersonate seems to be a native tendency of the unconscious mind. It is by the quality of the information they communicate and by that alone that we must test the claims of so-called "spirits." Judged by this test the "spirit" of James Miles certainly falls to the ground. Nor need it be imagined that we are putting forward such cases as this as an argument against the possibility that *some* of the mental phenomena exhibited by mediums are the result of discarnate agency. It is almost certain that the mental phenomena of automatism have their origin in many sources. Sometimes the source (as in this case) is the acquired knowledge of the psychic, sometimes it is the acquired knowledge of the sitter transferred to the medium's automatism. The important duty of the investigator is to track each piece of information to its most probable source. In this spirit we hope to continue our observations.

To sum up then, we are bound to assume that the present case is one of cryptomnesia on the part of the

medium. The medium states that she does not read the *Daily Express*, and in view of this statement there is just the bare possibility that the medium clairvoyantly read the contents of the newspaper paragraph or that she obtained the information from the unconscious minds of the thousands who must have read and assimilated the accounts of the tragedy of James Miles. It is "in the air," so to speak. But if such clairvoyance there be, it scarcely seems to extend in this case beyond the limits of a London newspaper.

It is curious that Mr. Fryer in the course of his investigations should have come across a gate inscribed with initials. But this is probably a coincidence. Indeed it would have applied equally well, in fact far better if it had been given as a piece of information to support the impersonation of my brother Frank. Frank actually did carve his name on the gates near home, whereas "James" we are told "was not in the habit of scratching his name on gates." Again, there is the question of the insurance money paid to Mr. Miles, and not mentioned in any newspaper. That is curious, but it may be nothing more than a lucky guess by the unconscious mind of the medium. There is a lack of definite and clear evidence for any independent clairvoyance in this case and we cannot, therefore, assume it.

In conclusion, our thanks are due to the Rev. A. T. Fryer for his co-operation in investigating the facts given at the sittings; but for his help we might never have reached our present conclusions.

SECTION 4.

The Case of Gordon Davis.

A "Communication" from a Living Person.

In discussing this remarkable case it would be perhaps entirely illogical, although practically convenient to describe the case as one of "*communication*" by a living person. There is not a great deal of real evidence to justify us in

saying that the living Gordon Davis took any active part in the affair. We know that his conscious mind was busy interviewing clients on both occasions on which he was supposed to communicate. All that we are entitled to say is that a communication was received concerning Gordon Davis; that is to say, certain facts were communicated about his life history, past and future. Some of these facts were given in the form of verbal statements describing incidents which had happened or which were to happen; other facts such as his vocal characteristics were expressed in a purely physical way.

For mediums to obtain knowledge supernormally about a living person is not an infrequent occurrence, but cases in which the living person appears to "control" the psychic and is dramatised and made to speak in the first person are, I believe, extremely rare, although not unknown.

In the case under consideration the supernormal knowledge shown is of a high order. Not only is there penetration into the past of the "communicator," but there are considerable indications that the future was also anticipated.

There is further (I think) some grounds for the assumption that this prevision was of the purely psychic kind rather than of the kind that is built up upon inferences drawn from present data. Granting this assumption, the case has special interest in relation to those theories in which the material universe is regarded as a four-dimensional complex, with *time* as the fourth dimension. Looked at from this point of view, human beings have an extension in time as well as in the other three dimensions. They exist in their totality independently of the particular moment at which we choose to view them. The personality of Gordon Davis was arrested, as it were, at a particular point of the time stream—*i.e.* a special three-dimensional section was taken of his four-dimensional complex. He was dramatised in 1922 to appear as he would be in his new environment of 1923.

One very interesting point arises. This dramatised personality, so accurate in its other statements, apparently

believes itself to be a deceased person. We might, of course, assume that this idea was suggested to it by the spiritistic mind of the medium, who in turn obtained false information from the mind of the sitter. But is this the true explanation?

It is to be noted that Gordon Davis does not give any details about the circumstances of his death. It is true that "Frank" expresses some "belief" that G. D. was killed in the war, but it must be remembered that Frank could not tell anything else about him, and the possibility is that he was merely "guessing."

RECORD OF GORDON DAVIS SITTINGS.

Sitting No. 20.

Wednesday, January 4, 1922, 11.10 a.m. Present: MRS. COOPER.
[Postponed from Wednesday, December 28, 1921.] S. G. SOAL.

(At the commencement of the sitting Nada remarked, "think there's someone wants to speak to you.")

(Frank speaks.)

1.¹ F. Sam, I've brought someone who knows you.

2. S. All right, let him speak.

(Pause.)

(A voice well articulated and extraordinarily clear and strong began to speak. From the first moment I had a lightning impression that the tone was quite familiar to me, but I could not immediately place it. It was a surprisingly well modulated voice with a most fastidious accent. I knew at once that Mrs. Cooper had never produced anything so good at my sittings before.)

3. VOICE. Well, Soal, I never expected to speak to you in this fashion.

[*Note.*—This sentence was delivered with an extraordinary variety of tone, and also with great energy.]

4. S. Who are you then?

¹These numbers refer to Mr. Davis' statement, see below p 573.

5. VOICE. Remember Davis—Gordon from R—R—Roeh—
Roeh—
[*Note.*—This word was not completed, but I easily understood it was an attempt to say “Roehford.”]
6. S. By Jove, and it’s like Gordon Davis, too.
7. VOICE. The dead to the living. Queer world, what?—My poor wife is my only worry now—and kiddie.
8. S. Can you really be Gordon Davis? I had heard you were killed.
9. VOICE. The same—what’s left of me.
10. S. But what proof could you give me that you are Davis?
11. VOICE. Here, I must hold on—not used to this.
12. NADA. He’s a very strong spirit—may hurt the medium.
(Short interval of silence.)
13. VOICE. Remember the old school? How I always argued
13a. with H—H—Hs—Hs—oh confound these names
13b. —was for brighter geog—brighter geography—
harpoons and things.
14. S. I remember about your arguing with Histed but nothing about harpoons. Try to tell me where you lived. That’s something I don’t know.
15. VOICE. At Roeh—you mean?
16. S. That will do.
17. VOICE. (Not so strong)—Near the M—Ma—Malt.
18. NADA. He must rest for a bit.
(Another silent interval. Then voice is heard quite strong again.)
19. VOICE. Remember our last little talk?
20. S. Yes, I do quite well. Where was it?
21. VOICE. In the train—about guards—not train guards
21a. though. A little confab on the work of guards.
That help you?
22. S. I can recall it excellently.
23. VOICE. Seems ages since to me—remember Playle and O—
Over—Over—
24. S. I think I know who you mean, but tell me where your wife lives.
25. VOICE. Old chap, I can’t hold on—not a second longer.

26. NADA. He's losing control, but he's showing me the
26a. letter "E" and some figures, but I can't see what they are. Two E's.
27. S. What would the letter "E" mean, Nada?
28. NADA. Feel sure it has to do with the address of his
28a. wife. He's very anxious to send news to her, poor thing. It was a great shock to her.
29. S. Can't you bring him again?
30. NADA. Not this time—the medium could not stand it.—
30a. She went right out of her body.

(Pause.)

[*Note.*—I thought at this point the sitting had finished, but in a few minutes John Ferguson began to speak. All during the time Gordon Davis had been talking and during the intervals Mrs. Cooper had remained quite silent. At the end of the sitting she seemed quite confused and unable to recall either what John Ferguson or Gordon Davis had been talking about. She said her head was aching badly. I had not heard her complain of this before. Between this sitting and the next I did not make any enquiries about Gordon Davis.]

Sitting No. 21.

January 9, 1922, 3.40 p.m. *Weather fair.*

Present: MRS. COOPER.
S. G. SOAL.

(Nada spoke first.)

31. NADA. Pleased to see you again.
32. S. Pleased to see you, Nada. Can you bring Gordon Davis to speak again.
33. NADA. Doubtful—it's very bad for her—too strong.
34. S. Who is too strong?
35. NADA. Gordon.
36. S. Well I hope you'll try to bring him.
37. NADA. He mustn't come again like that. But I will try to make him whisper things to me.

(A short pause, during which Nada is heard to whisper something indistinctly.)

38. NADA. He's trying to tell me about his house. He says
38a. something about a funny dark tunnel—it's to
do with his house.

39. S. Is this at Rochford?

40. NADA. Don't think it's there.

(Nada is heard to whisper again, but I cannot catch a word.)

41. NADA. He says there's five or six steps and a half.

42. S. Is that at the front or the back of the house.

43. NADA. Think it's the front.

44. S. Could you ask him to tell you what is inside the house.

[*Note.*—I asked this question out of idleness. I did not expect there would be any truth in the answer.]

45. NADA. I'll speak to him (whispers again). (I catch the word 'house.')

46. NADA. He says there's a very large mirror and lots of
46a. pictures. Oh, these are not like the pictures in

46b. John Ferguson's. These pictures are all scenes.

47. S. What are they scenes of?

48. NADA. Glorious mountains and the sea—there's one picture

48a. where a road or something seems to go between two hills.

49. S. Anything else.

50. NADA. Some vases—very big ones with such funny tops

50a. and saucers, but not to drink out of.

51. NADA. He says there's a woman there now and a little

51a. boy. Believe it's a woman very fond of the

51b. country and country things.—Fond of flowers—think it's his wife.

52. S. Could you describe her or give her name?

53. NADA. I can't see her. He's telling me something, but

I can't hear. He's getting farther away.

54. NADA. Oh, downstairs there's two funny brass candlesticks.

55. S. Where are they?

56. NADA. Think they are on a shelf. He's so far away

56a. I can't hear him, but there's something right in

56b. front of his house—not a verandah—something that's not in front of the other houses.

57. S. Is the house in a street ?
58. NADA. Joined up to others—don't think it's a proper
58a. street—like half a street.
59. S. Could you give the name of the street.
60. NADA. Get the letter "E's."
61. S. Would that be East Street ? (Thinking of East
Street, Prittlewell. S. G. S.)
62. NADA. Don't think so, but he's gone right away.
(Voice ceases and there is an interval in which
lights appear. Afterwards John Ferguson commu-
nicates.)

In the record of my sittings I have found one and only one more slight reference to Gordon Davis. It was during Sitting No. 23, held on Monday, January 30, 1922, 3.40 p.m. This reference occurred during a pause in the middle of the sitting. James Miles had been communicating and was apparently resting. I asked Nada if Gordon Davis could come again.

- NADA. Is not coming any more.
- S. Can't he come and talk to you. He need not use the voice directly.
- NADA. He can't because he's too far away now.
- S. Try to get him.
63. NADA. Only see his house, but it's not clear—can't get anything. There's something about black diekie bird—think it's on piano—not sure about it.
- S. Would this be in Gordon Davis' house ?
- NADA. Think it would be his house—it's very uncertain because he isn't here.
(Frank then speaks and tries to give a book test, which is unsuccessful. Afterwards James Miles is mentioned again and sitting concludes.)

SITTER'S PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF THE COMMUNICATOR.

Gordon Davis and I were at school together during the years 1898 to 1901. At school I knew of him rather than knew him, for he was in a higher form than myself. I have a distinct recollection that he was a very intelligent

boy, disposed to ask disconcerting questions during our lessons in science and geography, which subjects I took with him in the same class. He was, even at school, something of a dandy, and somewhat more refined in his speech than the rest of us. Of his people I knew nothing, except that they lived at Rochford, while I lived $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. I feel fairly certain that I never knew in what part of Rochford, Gordon Davis lived. Doubtless we must have spoken to each other at school, but I cannot recall a single conversation. Probably I really saw very little of him, owing to the fact that I was a younger boy than himself, and in a lower class. I fancy he left school somewhere about the year 1901, and for many years after that I lost sight of him. I may have had some vague idea that he had started business in Southend, and I may possibly have seen him walking in the street, but I cannot remember ever speaking to him until one day in May, 1916, I met him on the platform of Shenfield Station, where we were both waiting for the London train. We were at that time both cadets, he in the infantry and I in the artillery, and we were both returning from week-end leave. I was, I remember, going to Bexhill, but I do not remember his destination. As boys who had been to school together we recognised each other, but he seemed to know me better than I knew him, for he it was who spoke first. We entered the same compartment and travelled together as far as Liverpool Street, which is about half an hour's journey from Shenfield. During the ride I am quite certain we did not discuss family matters at all; he did not even tell me whether he was married or not. We spent all the time comparing the routine of artillery with that of infantry cadets, and I remember very vividly how he mentioned to me that he had been detailed "*to give a lecture to the other cadets on the duties of the guard.*" Gordon Davis seemed full of the Army, and I noticed especially that he had cultivated a rather nice accent. We parted at Liverpool Street, and I heard no more of him for a long time. I knew, of course, that as an Infantry Officer he would be sent to the Front very soon. In August of the same year I was myself sent to France,

and did not return until I was wounded in June, 1917. I then returned to England, spent a year in the Isle of Wight as Instructor of Cadets, was sent to Oxford as chief instructor in mathematics at the Army School of Education, and was finally demobilised in the spring of 1919. It would be some time in the autumn of 1920, that I received a false impression that Gordon Davis had been killed in the War. On my way to visit a friend at Rochford one day, I met a man with whom I was very slightly acquainted, and with this man I walked for a mile, our paths being in the same direction. He began to speak of the men belonging to Rochford who had died in the War, and I feel almost certain that he told me¹ "Gordon Davis has gone west too." This news made a considerable impression on me at the time, and I mentioned at home that Gordon Davis had been killed. My remarks did not excite much comment, because no one at home knew Gordon Davis, and I did not personally make any enquiries, because our acquaintance had only been of the slightest. I often, however, thought of him and of our last meeting in the train, and how tragically things had ended for him. It never, indeed, occurred to me to doubt that he had been killed. I took it for granted that the news I had received was correct. Had I made the least enquiries I should certainly have had my impression corrected quickly enough, for he had started business in Southend as an Estate Agent, and was becoming very well known in the district. I live, however, in Prittlewell and do not very frequently visit either Southend or Rochford, and in this fact is to be found an explanation of my continued belief that Gordon Davis was dead. When I received my first communication from Gordon Davis on January 4, 1922, I was considerably impressed, particularly by the lifelike reproduction of mannerisms of speech, tone of voice, and accent, but I did not attach any very great weight to the subject matter of the communication which did not (at the time) appear

¹I have heard independently from both Mr. and Mrs. Davis that after the armistice there was a widespread rumour in the district that Mr. Davis had been killed.

to me to go much beyond what I had known of Gordon Davis. I was certainly impressed by the giving of the word "*Malt*," because I knew that there is a large building at Rochford called "*The Malting*," now used as a storehouse for flour, etc. At this particular period of my psychic researches I had just concluded the long study of telepathy in the case of *John Ferguson*, and I formed the idea that the case of *Gordon Davis* could probably be explained in a similar manner, *i.e.* by transference of fragments of knowledge from the sitter's mind to that of the medium. I paid still less attention to the description of the house by *Nada* at the sitting of January 9. I thought it was all the purest fiction. Very fortunately at both sittings I had taken verbatim notes of every detail, and my brother, Mr. C. W. Soal, corroborates reading these notes in the Christmas holidays of 1921, when he was home on vacation. It was in February, 1925, that I first learned indirectly that Gordon Davis was alive and practising as an Estate Agent in Southend-on-Sea. I heard also that he had only been living in Southend-on-Sea for a year or two, and I therefore conjectured that the verification of the details given by *Nada* about his house would be an extremely difficult matter. I learned, moreover, about the end of February that *Gordon Davis* was living at No. 54 *Eastern Esplanade*, and I was at once struck by the fact that the two "E's" mentioned by *Nada* as giving the address would be applicable to this street. Pressure of work prevented me from paying a visit to Gordon Davis until the evening of April 8, 1925.

RECORD OF MY VISIT TO GORDON DAVIS.

I arrived at Mr. Davis' house No. 54 *Eastern Esplanade*, at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 8. I noticed at once that to reach the front door one had to ascend a flight of six steps, and that the lowest of these steps was an extremely thin slab of stone in comparison with the other five steps. I noticed also that the house was part of a single long block of houses facing the sea. There were no houses on the other side of the street. I noticed also

before ringing the bell, a kind of curious tunnel which leads from the street into the back gardens of the block. There were several such tunnels—one between each two doors. The door was opened by Mrs. Davis, who admitted me into the drawing room on the ground floor, and asked me to wait for a few moments, while she informed her husband of my visit. At the time of my arrival the drawing room was in darkness but there was a light in the dining room which is in the basement. When the electric light was switched on in the drawing room, I immediately noticed that there were many pictures hung on the walls, and that all these pictures contained either mountains or seascapes. I also noticed several fairly large vases, and two objects on one of the walls which I should have unhesitatingly described as “saucers.” There was also a very large mirror above the mantelpiece which arrested my attention. In a short time Mr. Gordon Davis entered the room, and after we had exchanged greetings I began to broach to him the object of my visit. Before, however, I had showed him any of my papers I noticed that he had used the expression “Old man” twice, and “Old chap” once, which affords an independent verification of (25). When I explained somewhat hesitatingly that I had come to talk to him about psychic matters, he remarked, “Old man, I’ve tried all my life to steer clear of these things and I will tell you why. A man like myself whose mind is always running on his business has no time for this sort of thing. It’s all very well for people who have leisure. I’ve noticed another thing. I’ve noticed that people who go in for this kind of thing are nearly always damned unlucky. I suppose I’m a bit superstitious myself; would never walk under a ladder or use the third match.” I then explained briefly about my direct voice sittings and communicated to him the somewhat astounding news that he himself had been a communicator at one of these sittings. I then handed him a typewritten record of the sitting on January 4. He was very much amused, and kept exclaiming, “Just the very words I should use.” When he came to the word “Malt” he said, “Why,

that is the name of the house where I lived at Roehford, twenty-five years ago." It was always called "The Malting," if anyone wanted specially to refer to it. When he came to the phrase "harpoons—was for brighter geography," he cried "Well, that's damned funny." I next handed him the record¹ of the sitting on January 9 (also typewritten).

When Mr. Davis had finished reading the records, we set about the business of discussing them point by point, and when we had carefully examined the room and the room downstairs, and also the outside of the house and its surroundings, we repaired to Mr. Davis' office on the Midland Railway approach, where Mr. Davis keeps his personal diaries. It was obviously important for us to find out, if possible, what Mr. Davis was doing at the exact hours when his spirit was supposed to be communicating. With regard to this matter we were extremely fortunate. For several years Mr. Davis has kept a detailed record of his daily doings, the precise hours at which he gives interviews to clients, etc. We were, therefore, able to learn exactly what Mr. Davis was doing at the time of both sittings. I questioned Mr. Davis (who was keenly interested) on every aspect of the case that occurred to me, taking notes of everything he said. I next propose to exhibit in a tabular form Mr. Davis' statements together with any corresponding data obtained at the sittings in 1922. Each statement has been carefully scrutinised by Mr. Davis and its accuracy endorsed.

TABULAR ANALYSIS OF THE EVIDENCE.

Extracts from Mr. Davis' Diary.

January 4, 1922. Arrived at the office in Southend at 9.30 a.m. by train from London. (Mr. and Mrs. Davis

¹At his interview with Mr. Salter on September 19, 1925 (see Appendix B), Mr. Davis in my presence confirmed the fact that all the information concerning the description of the house, besides that which related to himself and family, was read by him from type-scripts on the evening of April 8th, and further, that these type-scripts contained no *written* matter whatever.—S. G. S.

were *living* in *London* at the time of the sitting, but Mr. Davis had an *Estate Office in Southend*, and travelled to *business every day.*) 11 to 11.45 a.m., interview with Mr. Short at Marine Parade (Marine Parade is an extension of the Eastern Esplanade which was to be Mr. Davis' future home).

January 6, 1922. Inspected for *the first time* the house at 54 Eastern Esplanade—interview with Mr. Sidney Playle (an old friend of Mr. Davis).

January 9, 1922, 3.30 p.m. Interviewed (a client) Mrs. Browning.

November 23, 1922. Visited the house on the Eastern Esplanade to make an estimate for repairs.

December 13, 1922. Moved into the house on the Eastern Esplanade.

[*Note.*—The above record shows, that at the time (January 6) of the interval between sittings on January 4 and January 9, Mr. Davis was occupying his thoughts with his future house in the Eastern Esplanade. It is interesting to note that at the sitting on January 4, before Mr. Davis had visited the house, the letter "E" indicating the name of the street was given, but that the detailed description of the interior of the house was not forthcoming until the sitting on January 9, *i.e.* until Mr. Davis had seriously begun to direct his thoughts towards the house. It is also rather curious that at the time of the first sitting on January 4, Mr. Davis should have been in the *Marine Parade which is quite close to the house in the Esplanade.*

We should also note the coincidence of Mr. Davis' interview with his friend Playle on January 6, and the mention of Playle as a school friend on January 4.]

The Personnel of Mr. Davis' Family.

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO. ¹	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
Mr. Davis was married before 1920. He has one child, a boy aged five years.	7 and 7a 51	The sitter did not know that Mr. Davis was married or anything of his children. ²
We always call the little boy "Kiddie" and never use the expressions, "my son" or "my boy."	7a	At the time of the first visit I did not see the little boy as he was in bed.
My wife is passionately fond of flowers. There never passes a week but I bring her flowers. She is fairly fond of the country.	51a 51b	Flowers were very much in evidence in the drawing room; more so than in most houses.

Mannerisms of Speech.

People have often remarked that my accent is very marked. They think it is a little pedantic, but it is really quite natural.		This is noted in record of sitting on January 4.
The phrases "the dead to the living, queer world—what" followed by an expression of concern for my wife and kiddie are quite characteristic. I should first see the humorous aspect and then revert to seriousness.	7 7a	

¹ See above, p. 562.

² At the time of my meeting with Mr. Davis in the train he was *not* married, and he informs me that at that time he had no prospects or thoughts of marriage.—S. G. S.

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE No.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
I am constantly using the expressions, "Old ehap" and "Old man."	25	Before I showed Mr. Davis my record he had used the phrase "Old man" twice and "Old ehap" once.
The word "confab" is frequently used by me. I often say "we'll have a little confab" on something or other.	21a	Such phrases as "That help you," "Remember our last little talk," are characteristic of Mr. Davis. <i>He says it's his way to omit</i> the opening "Do you" or "Does that."
The expression "confound the names" I should use in the company of women. Otherwise I should more likely say, "Damn the names." I have a very bad memory for names but a very good one for faces.	13a	

[*Note.*—It is important to notice that the Gordon Davis who purports to speak at this sitting does not seem to be the Gordon Davis whom I knew as a boy at school, but the Gordon Davis of 1916. The accent, mannerisms, etc., reproduced at the sitting do not remind me of the Gordon Davis I knew at school, but of the later Gordon Davis whom I met as a cadet. It is rather curious that even while "Davis" is reverting to his past life as a boy, he uses expressions of quite modern eurenery like "Brighter Geography." I doubt if this particular phrase was in use even in 1916, the time of my meeting with Gordon Davis.

S. G. S.]

Incidents connected with Rochford.

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>I was much impressed by the remark "How I always argued with Histed." I was keenly interested at school in everything connected with geography. I often remember raising discussions in class with Mr. Histed.</p>	<p>13 13a 13b</p>	<p>I remembered that Gordon Davis used to argue during geography lessons.</p>
<p>The reference to harpoons is connected with my great hobby. All my life since I was a small boy, I have collected weapons of various kinds—especially spears, boomerangs, etc.</p>	<p>13b</p>	<p>In the hall of Mr. Davis' house there is a large collection of spears and other savage weapons.</p>
<p>I fully understand the remark that I was "for brighter geography." I well remember how the master, Mr. Histed, when about to give a lesson on Australia asked me to bring a boomerang. On another occasion he said, "bring along that poisoned spear of yours from the Sandwich Islands." I gave a lecture to the class on this and I remember being a little "funky" because I knew the spear was poisoned.</p>	<p>13a 13b</p>	<p>I cannot remember him bringing the spears to school but it is a thing I have probably forgotten.</p>
<p>I recognised at once the word "Malt" as the name of the house in which I lived as a boy in Rochford 25 years ago. This house has the malting</p>	<p>17</p>	<p>To the best of my knowledge I never knew where Gordon Davis lived at Rochford.</p>

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>at its back and was often called "The Malting."</p> <p>It has a little porch in front which we called the "verandah," but the description in the sitting does not apply to this house or to any house in which I have lived except the house in Eastern Esplanade.</p>		<p>I had no occasion ever to visit his house and only had the slightest acquaintance with him. It is, of course, in the case of an isolated fact like this, difficult to be certain that I had not learnt it in some normal way as a boy and forgotten it.</p>
<p>I do not think I should have forgotten the name of my master Histed, but note that in the sitting I got the syllable "Hs."</p>	13	<p>Mr. Davis has had no experience of psychic research and knows nothing of the difficulties in transmitting names.</p>
<p>Playle is a name of an old friend of mine at Rochford. It is a family name at Rochford and there were Playles went to school when I did. I recognise the word "Over" immediately as an attempt to give the name "Overell," the name of a boy who attended school with myself.¹ He was not a friend of mine, but he</p>		<p>I did not know that "Playle" was a special friend of Gordon Davis, but knew the name.</p> <p>Cliff Overell was a great friend of mine at school</p>

¹I have since learned from Mrs. Overell that the eldest Overell boy (Leonard Overell) often spoke at home of Gordon Davis. In the above statement G. D. is probably thinking of "Cliff" Overell, who was certainly not a friend of his.—S. G. S.

MR DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>came from the same part as Mr. Soal, namely Doggets, and I would naturally associate him with Mr. Soal since they came to school together. Moreover, the two families Overell and Playle were friends.</p>	<p>23</p>	<p>and we lived quite close together. Playle was <i>not</i> a friend of mine and <i>I did not know</i> he was a friend of Gordon Davis.</p>

The Incident of a Meeting in the Train.

<p>I can recall my last meeting with Mr. Soal. It was on Shenfield Station when I was returning to my Cadet Corps at Berkhamstead from leave. I well remember talking about guard duties. In our Corps, they were mad on the subject, and paid more attention to it than to anything else, for we were told that the efficiency of a battalion depends on its guards. The expression "confab" is one which I should use.</p> <p>I remember lecturing to my brother cadets on guard duties.</p>	<p>21 21a 22</p>	<p>I remember that Mr. Davis told me on the train that he had been detailed to give a lecture on the duties of the guard.</p>
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Description of the House at No. 54 Eastern Esplanade.

<p>The house is part of a large block.</p>	<p>58</p>	<p>Verified by S. G. S. Statement at Sitting is "joined up to others"</p>
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MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
The houses are all on one side of the street. The other side is open to the sea.	58a	This therefore would answer the description of "half a street"
Name of the street is Eastern Esplanade.	26 26a 60	In 26a Nada mentions two "E's" as giving the address of the wife. In 60 the two "E's" are definitely stated to be the name of the street.
The curious passage-way between the doors of Nos. 54 and 55 in this street could be accurately described as "a funny dark tunnel," "it's to do with his house." This passage-way, which is very dark, is from 15 to 20 feet long, and leads from the street to the back of the premises. There are two or three similar tunnels at intervals in the same blok.	38 38a (see photo)	I was much impressed by the appearance of this passage-way. I do not remember having seen a similar tunnel in South-end.
Opposite the house on the other side of the street is a seaside shelter with seats all round, which would give the idea of a verandah. It is situated exactly opposite the gate of No. 54.	56a 56b	I have noticed that this shelter is precisely opposite the gateway to No. 54 and the statement "something that is not in front of the
No. 54 has six steps, the bottom one being very thin.	41	

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.

REFER-
ENCE NO.

REMARKS BY S. G. S.

other houses”
would be appli-
cable.

Verified by S. G. S.
Mr. Davis points
out that there
is actually a
“verandah”
round the roof
of this structure.



Steps. Tunnel through house.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. GORDON DAVIS' HOUSE
showing front door with steps and passage to back-garden.

The Interior of No. 54, Eastern Esplanade.

The drawing room is on the
ground floor slightly raised
above the level of the street.
There are seven pictures hang-
ing on the walls. Every

46

I myself was de-
ceived by the
two desert scenes
I said, “Surely
that is sea.”

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>picture is a picture of scenery. With the exception of two desert scenes every picture contains mountains, or is a seascape. In two or three pictures, mountains and sea are combined. The mountains are in the foreground in every case and not in the background. One of the pictures and only one is quite definitely a large picture of a road and a stream between two high hills or mountains. This is the sole subject of the picture. The two desert scenes could easily be mistaken for seascapes owing to the bluish colouring of the empty expanses.</p>	<p>46a 46b 47 48 48a</p>	
<p>Two of the scenes were painted for Mr. Davis by the Artist Fred Whistock in the summer of 1924.</p>		<p>Mr. Davis showed me the receipt for the payment for these pictures dated August 27, 1924.</p>
<p>In the drawing room there is one and only one large mirror above the mantelpiece. This mirror extends from the ceiling right down to the mantelpiece.</p>	<p>46</p>	<p>Inspected by S.G.S.</p>
<p>There are five fairly large vases in the drawing room. One is a Japanese vase with a curious lid.</p>	<p>50</p>	<p>Inspected by S.G.S. The Japanese vase did appear to me to have a curious top.</p>

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>On the north wall of the drawing room are two saucer-shaped china plaques, about the size of large saucers.</p>	<p>50 50a</p>	<p>I should have unhesitatingly described these plaques as saucers. They resemble nothing so much.</p>
<p>The dining room is down a flight of steps in the basement below the level of the street. On the mantelshelf of this room one at each end are two brass candlesticks—ornaments, since the house is lighted by electricity. They are the only two brass candlesticks in the house.</p>	<p>54</p>	<p>I inspected these candlesticks which are of brass. Nada's reference to "downstairs" is perfectly correct. The candlesticks were specimens of Elizabethan work and Mr. Davis thinks the "Drawing Room" would perhaps have been a better place for them than the room downstairs. Mr. Davis also told me that he had bought the two candlesticks at an auction sale in Southend before the war. In his London flat they stood on the mantelpiece in a bedroom.</p>
<p>So far as the pictures and candlesticks are concerned, none of these objects have been removed since summer of 1924.</p>		

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
<p>All the seascapes were obtained by me after the dates of the sittings. The picture showing the road between the mountains, I obtained in Ireland in the year 1920. The candlesticks were in my possession before the sittings.</p>	63	<p>On my first visit to Mr. Davis' house on April 8, by a curious oversight I entirely overlooked the statement concerning "black dicky bird on piano," and it was not until I reached his office later in the evening that I remembered to mention it. Mr. Davis then informed me that he had in his possession a small ornament in the form of a kingfisher which stood on a black china pedestal. At the time of my visit it was actually standing in a plant-pot on the piano and, owing to its being almost hidden inside the plant-pot, had escaped my notice. The</p>
<p>Previous to the evening of April 8, Mr. Soal had never been in my house. He had never met my wife and child until the same evening. No letters have ever been exchanged between Mr. Soal and myself.</p>		
<p>The description of the house and its interior would not apply to any house in which I have ever lived except the house in the Eastern Esplanade, but this house fits the description admirably.</p>		

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
		<p>china pedestal on which the bird stood was provided with holes for holding flowers, and when in use the ornament stood in the centre of a bowl of flowers on the window-sill. When not required for holding flowers the bird and pedestal were removed from the bowl and stood sometimes in the plant-pot on the piano. The bird, Mr. Davis says, has been on and off the piano ever since he moved into the Southend house. The bird itself is not more than 3 or 4 inches high; it is not black but might seem black from a distance. The</p>

MR. DAVIS' STATEMENT.	REFER- ENCE NO.	REMARKS BY S. G. S.
		<p>pedestal is quite black.</p> <p>A week or so later Mr. Davis informed me that he had bought the bird at Upton Park in the year 1921 when he was living in London. In the London flat it did not stand on the piano but was packed away with other ornaments as there was no room for it.</p> <p>S. G. SOAL.</p>

I have carefully read the foregoing record, and checked off the various statements and descriptions therein contained, and made any alterations necessary.

This matter is extremely surprising to me, as I have never dabbled in anything to do with psychic science. However, as this affair is particularly interesting to those who study these matters, I shall be pleased to answer any query or question that may be put to me.

GORDON C. DAVIS.

April 9, 1925.

STATEMENT BY MR. C. W. SOAL.

SCRATTON LODGE,
BROOK ROAD,
PRITTLEWELL,
ESSEX.

April 9, 1925.

I followed the records of my brother's sittings with Mrs. Cooper during the years 1921-22 with great interest, and remember reading week by week the instalments of the cases of Ferguson and James Miles, copies of which my brother sent me to Cambridge. The case of Gordon Davis I remember reading in the vacation of Christmas, 1921. This I read from the green books in which my brother wrote his original records. I have this morning compared his typescript with the records in those books and find them accurate and in order. I can recall most of the details of the description of Gordon Davis' house and have a distinct recollection that sometime during the summer of 1920 my brother told me that he had heard that Gordon Davis was dead. I never knew Gordon Davis personally. I have also, as far as possible, compared the typescript of Section I with the records in the green books and find them accurate.

C. W. SOAL.

ANALYSIS OF THE EVIDENCE.

A study of the foregoing records would appear to establish with reasonable certainty the following facts:

1. The communicator was able to give accurately, facts about the past life of Gordon Davis. Some of these facts were known to the sitter; others were not, *e.g.* the name of the old house in Rochford.

2. The communicator reproduced the characteristic mannerisms, accent, etc., of the living person. These we must consider to be, in a certain sense, also *facts* about the life of Gordon Davis, even although they are expressed in a dramatic form. We must beware of supposing that such facts are essentially different from the other class of

facts represented by incidents in the life of the deceased person.

3. The communicator gave accurate descriptions of the environment and interior of the house which he and his wife and child were to occupy a year later. The question arises, however, could the living Gordon Davis on the day when he first visited the house have formed in his mind, consciously or subconsciously, an idea of what its interior arrangement was to be like? The evidence seems to show that he could not by any *normal* process of thought. Though the kingfisher was in his possession he could scarcely have known that it was to stand on the piano. He informs me that his wife did not visit the house with him on January 6, and that when she did visit the house some months later she was for some time undecided whether the living room should be in the basement or on the ground floor. It is, therefore, highly improbable that Gordon Davis or his wife could have come to any decision by January 9, 1922, conscious or unconscious, that the two brass candlesticks in their possession were to stand "on a shelf downstairs" (54). Mr. Davis told me further that when he visited the house on January 6, 1922, he was not thinking at all about how it would look when his furniture was transferred into it. He says his chief preoccupation at the time was in planning how to get it clean. At that time the house was not empty, but occupied by tenants and in a dirty condition. Moreover, the pictures on the walls were as different as possible from the present selection and consisted mainly of cheap prints. Mr. Davis also said that at the time of taking over the house he had no particular predilection for "sea-scapes" but that he had always liked water-colours. He acquired the sea-scapes fortuitously and not through any special love for this kind of picture. These facts are important in helping us to a conclusion as to whether or not there was *true* pre-vision in this case or not. If I make the statement that there will be an eclipse of the sun on January 14, 1926, that is in a certain sense an act of pre-vision. In the last analysis this kind of scientific pre-vision is not more explicable than the kind of pre-

vision which one meets with in psychic research. There is, however, this essential difference. When I predict an eclipse of the sun, I base my prediction on hypotheses which have been tested and found to work again and again. I have, therefore, a certain degree of intellectual control over the phenomena which I predict, although I have no practical control. In the case when a psychic predicts the death of a certain person, he does not consciously follow any well-tested rationale and he does not know how his unconscious mind arrives at its results. It does not follow, however, that the unconscious mind does not follow a definite rationale in arriving at its conclusions. If we knew the nature of the hypotheses upon which the subconscious mind works, it might perhaps be possible to predict events in the lives of human beings with as much certainty as the astronomer shows when he predicts the return of Halley's comet. The two kinds of pre-vision may, therefore, not really differ in the last analysis. What we have to make sure of in this case, however, is whether the kind of pre-vision employed is of the scientific or of the psychic variety. We know that just two days before the house was described by the psychic the living Gordon Davis was occupying his conscious mind with it. He had visited it and gained knowledge of its environment and interior. Certain articles, such as the brass candlesticks and the picture of the mountain road, the saucers and the vases, were already in his possession. Certain tastes, such as a taste for water-colours, were in his possession. The bird also belonged to him. But could he have arrived at the knowledge that the bird would most probably stand on the piano and that no single *portrait picture* would be hanging on his walls in the next few years? Could he have known that the two brass candlesticks were to stand in the downstairs room and not in the upstairs room? If these questions are answered in the affirmative then we have a case of ordinary or scientific pre-vision: if in the negative, it is a case of pure psychic pre-vision.

In a discussion after the present paper was read before the Society it was suggested by Dr. V. J. Woolley that

the ease of "Gordon Davis" might be somewhat simplified by assuming that the *pre-visual agent was the sitter and not the mind of Gordon Davis*. Dr. Woolley suggests, in fact, that telepathy from Gordon Davis did not play any real part in the affair, but that when the future house was described the sitter was unconsciously pre-visualing, not an event in the life of Gordon Davis, but an event in his own life, *i.e.* his visit to the house on April 8, 1925. The sitter, therefore, saw the objects at the sitting as they appeared on the day of his future visit. This theory would clearly require us to assume that all the information given at the sittings about the past of Gordon Davis was the sitter's own normally acquired knowledge and not derived by any telepathy from Gordon Davis. Incidents like the address at the "Malting" we should have to assume were scraps of information once normally acquired by the sitter and now forgotten. Further, it would be necessary to suppose that the fairly close coincidence in time between the date of the sittings and the date, January 6, on which Mr. Davis first visited the house was due purely to chance. Again, the mention of "Playle" at the sitting and Mr. Davis' visit to his friend Playle two days later must also be attributed to chance. It will be remembered that on my visit to the house on April 8 I saw Mrs. Davis but not the little boy, who was in bed at the time. It would therefore be necessary to suppose that the pre-visualing of the things in the house not only extended to the things which the sitter *saw* but also to the *substance of his conversation with Mr. Davis*. Again, the expression "kiddie" applied to the little boy—an expression which was invariably used by Mr. and Mrs. Davis—must have been either the result of a lucky guess or of a pre-visualing of the future conversation of Gordon Davis with the sitter. Mr. Davis himself has expressed the opinion that the reproduction of mannerisms, mental attitudes, etc., are far too accurate to be attributed to the single half-hour's conversation which the sitter had with him in the train.

It may be added that if we care to push such theories of pre-visualing to their ultimate conclusion they may be

called upon to "explain" almost any psychic fact. Almost any piece of information given by a medium and afterwards verified by the sitter might be thought of as a pre-vision by the sitter of the moment in his life when he comes to verify the fact! I do not, however, suppose that Dr. Woolley or any other student would be prepared to go as far as that. But if pre-vision is to be accepted as a fact in psychic research, it does not seem possible in the present stage of our knowledge to set any very precise limits to its scope.

APPENDIX A.

IN my presence on April 22, 1925, Walter Valentine at my request wrote out the following corroborative statements. The words are his own but now and then I helped him to spell a word and to express a sentence more grammatically. But in no case did I suggest any alteration of the *sense* of what he intended to say.

S. G. SOAL.

GT. STAMBRIDGE,
NR. ROCHFORD,
ESSEX.

April 22, 1925.

1. Mr. Soal came to see me to-day to ask questions about his brother Frank. He asked me "Do you remember the hut at the top of the big tree?" I said "Yes, very well." He asked "What could you see from the top?" I said at once "The white sails of the yachts on the river Crouch: we could see them quite plain." Only a few weeks ago when walking with my wife I showed her the tree where we had the hut and told her you could see the sails from the top.

2. I remember giving Mr. Soal the question about "What did we have to eat on the day when we walked from Fambridge Ferry to Creeksea Ferry?" Mr. Soal wrote on his paper "Samphire and Swedes." I wrote on my paper "We ate Swedes." We took nothing with us and were out all day. We were so tired we could hardly drag ourselves home. I can't remember eating any Samphire. I remember the Swedes were in a field near Lion's Creek. We had nothing else to eat till we got home.

3. I remember Frank and me catching a big eel in the moat. We set the line at night and when we found the eel at the end of it we got very excited.

4. I can remember making the questions for Mr. Soal 4 years ago and the one about "What did I (Walter Valentine) do when Pat was sitting in the hut when I did something and made him angry?" What I did was to throw a sharp hemlock stalk with an elder head on the end through the hedge and it hit Pat on the cheek and Pat was very angry. It made Pat's face bleed. I often used to kick the water tin on to the fire for fun, but I can't remember doing it when Pat was sitting over the fire, though I may have done.

5. I remember the fire we had just outside the stable door. It was in a brick fireplace and just about nesting time. "Starbobs" is a common word for starlings round here among boys. There were a lot of starlings in the thatch of the barn. We sometimes caught them. I can't remember the fire driving the starlings out of the thatch but the fire was only a yard or two from the barn and under the eaves. Only Frank and me were there.

6. I remember Frank shooting rats with a bow and arrow on the moat. I can remember the bow was made of nut wood and the arrow had a six-inch wire nail tied tightly on the end.

I remember once how the head of the arrow passed through a rat's back and pinned it to the bank, holding it there.

[Signed] WALTER VALENTINE.

APPENDIX B.

STATEMENT BY MR. W. H. SALTER.

BY arrangement with Mr. S. G. Soal I visited Mr. Gordon Davis' house, No. 54 Eastern Esplanade, Southend, on September 19, 1925, and was kindly shown by Mrs. Davis the room apparently described in the sittings and also the downstairs room where the brass candlesticks are. The row of houses, of which No. 54 is one, is of a very unusual construction, quite unlike the general type prevalent at Southend or, as far as I know, elsewhere, owing to the peculiar effect of the "tunnel" between each pair of houses, flanked on each side by five full steps and a half step leading to the front door.

I also observed that the sea-side shelter to which Mr. Davis refers is directly in front of his house, and that the only other one of the kind on this part of the sea-front was at some distance away.

I confirm Mr. Soal's and Mr. Davis' description of the pictures and other ornaments in the house, except that the two desert scenes mentioned appear to have been moved to another room.

Mr. Soal and I then called on Mr. Davis at his office, and he showed me the entries in his diary, and fully confirmed Mr. Soal's statements as to their previous acquaintanceship, his lack of interest in psychical matters, and the circumstances under which he became interested in No. 54 Eastern Esplanade. I confirm the statement in the footnote on p. 571.

Mr. Soal also showed me the old Rectory where he formerly lived, and pointed out the scenes of various incidents mentioned in the earlier parts of his paper.

APPENDIX C.

[LETTER FROM THE KEEPER OF THE SOUTH NECROPOLIS,
GLASGOW.]

SOUTHERN NECROPOLIS (CENTRAL AND EASTERN DIVISIONS).

316 CALEDONIA ROAD, GLASGOW,
19th January, 1922.

S. G. SOAL, ESQ.

SIR,

At your request I have gone through the book from year 1890 till 1920, and enclosed please find list of all the John Fergusons therein noted. There is no trace of AMY Ferguson during these years as far as I can trace.

This is all the information I can supply you with as far as my books are concerned.

Yours truly,

JAMES ANDERSON,
Supt.

The detailed list enclosed with this letter can be consulted at the S.P.R. Rooms, should any one wish to examine it.

APPENDIX D.

It has been suggested by Miss Gertrude Tubby in a letter to Mrs. Sidgwick that an inmate of the Brentwood Mental Institution might have been responsible for the communications in the "John Ferguson" case. Miss Tubby suggested (a) that there might at the time of the sitting have been an inmate, living or dead, whose real name was or had been John Ferguson, or (b) an inmate, living or dead, who imagined or had imagined his name to be John Ferguson (which is the name of a character in a well-known play).

I wrote therefore to the Medical Superintendent of the Brentwood Mental Institution and received the following reply which effectively disposes of Miss Tubby's suggestions.

BRENTWOOD MENTAL HOSPITAL,
BRENTWOOD, ESSEX,
July 18, 1925.

Mr. S. G. SOAL,
SCRATTON LODGE,
BROOK ROAD, PRITTLEWELL,
ESSEX.

DEAR SIR,

I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 16th instant, and to inform you that there has never been a patient of the name of John Ferguson in this Mental Hospital. As far as I can ascertain, there has not been a patient with a false idea that his name was "John Ferguson."

Yours faithfully,

[Signed] M. ROBINSON,
Medical Superintendent

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OF THE

Society for Psychical Research

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